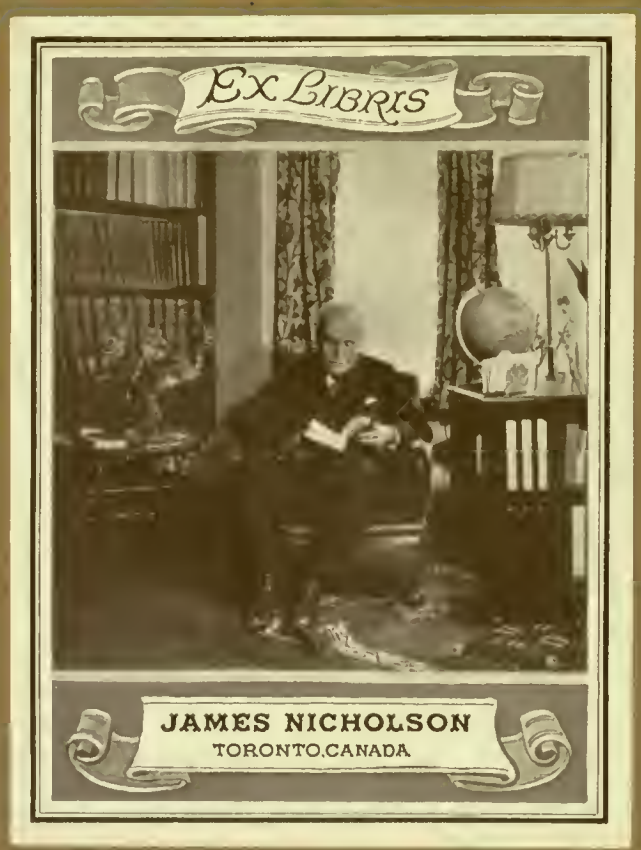



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PUNCH L LII



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LONDON:
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"BY Corona Borealis et Corona Australis," said MR. PUNCH, laying down the gorgeously artistic description by his friend WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, of the Hungarian Coronation, "*I* will be crowned. I wonder I never thought of it before. That's my modesty again. But I dare say the Universe expects it of me, and is afraid to say so. I *will* be crowned."

"Who is worthy to do it?" said MRS. PUNCH, indignantly.

"Asked like a dutiful and adoring wife," said her Lord. "Take this cheque and buy yourself the biggest diamond in London."

"I have it already," said MRS. PUNCH, blushing. "I have you."

"That is true," said MR. PUNCH. "Send the cheque to MRS. GLADSTONE, for her admirable Convalescent Hospital, with my best wishes that many may do likewise. Who is worthy? H'm. Yes, I know who. But I must consult authorities. What says MR. VINCENT, able editor of HAYDN?"

"The first coronation he mentions," said MRS. PUNCH, "was that of MAJORIANUS, 457."

"Who the deuce was MAJORIANUS?" said MR. PUNCH. "I know no more of history than SERJEANT GASELEE does of geography."

"I think I remember reading about him in my GIBBON," said MRS. PUNCH. "He was gentle to his subjects, terrible to his enemies, and he excelled in every virtue, PROCOPIUS says," added the *docta conjux*.

"He might have been describing me," said MR. PUNCH.

"Nay," said his wife, "at least I should be more copious than PROCOPIUS, with you for a theme."

"Best of women," replied MR. PUNCH, "more authorities. Look into CHARLES KNIGHT."

"I remember what he says," said MRS. PUNCH, modestly. "The Saxon Sovereigns were crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames."

"Not a bad place. They went over to Richmond afterwards, I suppose, and dined at the Star and Garter."

"I think," said MRS. PUNCH, hesitatingly, "that the Order was instituted rather later."

"So much the worse for the Saxon kings. Well?"

"The ceremony of anointing was first used here in 872."

"I'll have none of that. Did I ever sing you DR. MAGINN'S song on WILLIAM THE FOURTH'S crowning?" And he sang out lustily—

"I suppose all was right that WILL HOWLEY has done,
That for oiling the king he has warrant divine,
But when I am the Primate, as sure as a gun
I shall hallow my King with a flagon of wine.
And let nobody think that a drop of the drink
On head or on bosom away I shall fling,
No, bemitred I'll stand, with the cup in my hand,
And I'll cry, 'Here, you beggars, three cheers for your king!'

"As for kissing the girls——"

"My dear Lord," said MRS. PUNCH, "consider the neighbours."

"I do. I consider them fools, as LUTHER says, if they don't like song, especially mine. Anything else?"

"The Coronation Oath——"

"By George, by Jove, by jingo, and by gum," as another great bard wrote, "I'll have no oaths. They hamper a sovereign. Even that windbag, KING TURVEYDROP, was troubled by his oath—to be sure he could not understand it."

"The *Liber Regalis* has been, since EDWARD THE THIRD, the authority for coronation business here," said MRS. PUNCH. "It is kept with religious care in the archives of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

"Write to DEAN STANLEY and ask him, with my regards, to send it me by the Parcels Delivery Company."

"You will find its essence in STRUTT, dear."

"Yes, I believe the essence of a coronation is in strut, dear," said MR. PUNCH, laughing riotously.

That night he had a dream. It came through the gate of horn. He beheld himself, like the KING OF HUNGARY, bestriding a magnificent steed, which stood on a mound composed of earth contributed by the four quarters of the World. In fact, it was the World itself. And in his right hand was something which was not the Hungarian Sword, but a mightier weapon. It was the PUNCH Pen! And gazing forth with lion courage and eagle keenness upon creation, he waved with his Sword-Pen at the four points of the compass, and at each wave a Humbug howled and fell. And the loyal cheers of innumerable and unseen crowds went up to the firmament.

Suddenly there was a dead silence. Then the silver trumpet voice of the Emperor of the World was heard:

"There was but one worthy to crown me. I have crowned myself. In remembrance of this immortal day, I bestow upon the world as immortal a boon. I present it with my

Fifty-Second Volume.



THE CALENDAR

JANUARY 31 Days.

1	Tu	Circumcn.	17	Th	Franklin b.
2	W	S. r. 8h 8m	18	F	Prince
3	Th	K. a. 4h 3m	19	S	Wash. b.
4	F	Bartbol d.	20	S	2 S. af. Epip.
5	S	Ed. Conf. d.	21	M	Agnes
6	S	Epiphany	22	Tu	Vincent
7	M	Plough Mt.	23	W	Pitt d. 1806
8	Tu	Pr. A. V. b.	24	Th	Fox b. 1749
9	W	Nelson's fu.	25	F	Burns b.
10	Th	Linnæus d.	26	S	Presll disc.
11	F	Bil. Tm. b.	27	S	3 S. af. Epip.
12	S	Lavater d.	28	M	Prescott d.
13	S	1 S. af. Epip.	29	Tu	P. M. Evans
14	M	Oxf. L. T. b.	30	W	S. r. 4h 42m
15	Tu	Orsini plot	31	Th	Hil. T. ends
16	W	Gibbon d.			

FEBRUARY 28 Days.

1	F	S. r. 7h 41m	16	F	B. Lairia
2	S	S. s. 4h 43m	17	S	Burke res.
3	S	4 S. af Epip.	18	S	Septua. S.
4	M	S. Colpt	19	M	Luther d.
5	Tu	Galileani d.	20	Tu	Copernic. b.
6	W	Chas. II. d.	21	W	Hume died
7	Th	Q. of Sc. bh.	22	Th	Trinidad t.
8	F	Hf.-qr. Day	23	F	Ferguson d.
9	S	Darnley m.	24	S	Sexag. Sun.
10	S	Sexag. Epip.	25	M	Wren d.
11	M	C. Treaty	26	Tu	T. Moore d.
12	Tu	Collins d.	27	W	S. r. 6h 52m.
13	W	Cæsar W. a.	28	Th	J. Tranter
14	Th	Valentine			

MARCH 31 Days.

1	F	St. David	17	S	2 S. in Lent
2	S	Wesley d.	18	M	Pa. Lou. b.
3	S	Quinq. Sun.	19	Tu	Lucknow t.
4	M	S. s. 6h. 43m	20	W	B. Arkwd.
5	Tu	S. s. 6h 44m	21	Th	Benedict
6	W	Du Maurier	22	F	Goethe d.
7	Th	Perpetua.	23	S	Nat. Oak f.
8	F	Will. III. d.	24	S	3 S. in Lent.
9	S	Colbert b.	25	M	Lady Day
10	S	Quad. Sun.	26	Tu	D. Cam. b.
11	M	Inc. T. imp	27	W	James I. d.
12	Tu	Gregory	28	Th	Cæsca
13	W	Priestley b.	29	F	S. r. 5h 45m
14	Th	Byng shot	30	S	S. s. 6h. 28m.
15	F	Mazzinger. d	31	S	4 S. in Lent.
16	S	De Kent d.			

APRIL 30 Days.

1	M	S. r. 5h 38m	16	Tu	Buffon d.
2	Tu	S. s. 6h 33m	17	W	B. Colleden
3	W	Richard hp.	18	Th	Craunt m.
4	Th	Ambrose hp	19	F	Good Frid.
5	F	Nap. obd.	20	S	Spa. S. dra.
6	S	O. Lady-day	21	S	Easter Sun.
7	S	5 S. in Lent.	22	M	Easter Mon.
8	M	Give law. a.	23	Tu	St. George
9	Tu	Owls died	24	W	B. Landrec.
10	W	Hamlet b.	25	Th	Fra Alleo d
11	Th	Canning b.	26	F	Ca. S. T. b.
12	F	Young d.	27	S	Gibbon b.
13	S	Bradbury b.	28	S	Low Sund.
14	S	Palm Sun.	29	M	Shr. Brooks
15	M	K. L. T. beg	30	Tu	S. s. 7h 16m

MAY 31 Days.

1	W	F. Arthurb.	17	F	Tallevrd. d.
2	Th	S. s. 4h 25m	18	S	Rowell d.
3	F	S. r. 7h 35m	19	S	4 S. af. Eas.
4	S	Spring tkn.	20	M	Columbusrd.
5	S	2 S. af Eas.	21	Tu	Accession.
6	M	John Evan.	22	W	Derby Day
7	Tu	New St. Cal.	23	Th	C. S. T. dis.
8	W	[Hf.-qr. D	24	F	Q. Vict. b.
9	Th	Schiller d.	25	S	Pr. Hol. b.
10	F	F. D. vis t.	26	S	Rogn. Sun.
11	S	Chatham d.	27	M	T. L. T. b.
12	S	3 S. af Eas.	28	Tu	S. r. 3h 55m
13	M	S. L. T. s	29	W	Chas. II. res.
14	Tu	O. May D.	30	Th	Ascen. Day
15	W	Cuvier died	31	F	S. s. 9h 8m
16	Th	S. Albans			

JUNE 30 Days.

1	S	S. r. 3h 51m	16	S	Trin. Sun.
2	S	Sun. af. As.	17	M	Trin. T. s.
3	M	P. of Wls. b.	18	Tu	S. Waterloo
4	Tu	S. s. 8h 3m	19	W	S. Warren
5	W	Weber d.	20	Th	Qu. Vic. Ac.
6	Th	Calpes tkn.	21	F	Proclam.
7	F	Dr. E. T. s.	22	S	S. Fered
8	S	Dr. T. T. b.	23	S	1 S. af. Tr.
9	S	Whit Sun.	24	M	Midsum. D.
10	M	Hallsberg	25	Tu	S. r. 3h 49m
11	Tu	S. Bacon d.	26	W	Geo. IV. d.
12	W	Kmber Wk.	27	Th	S. s. 9h 13m
13	Th	Hant. bhd.	28	F	Qu. Vict. Cr.
14	F	B. Nasby	29	S	St. Peter
15	S	Mag Charta	30	S	3 S. af. Tr.

JULY 31 Days.

1	M	S. Boyne	17	W	Watts b.
2	Tu	Oxford Act.	18	Th	Sherlock d.
3	W	S. Sadowa	19	F	Petrarch d.
4	Th	Virginia de.	20	S	Margaret
5	F	Pr. Hol. m.	21	S	6 S. af. Tr.
6	S	O. T. Trm. s.	22	M	Salamanca
7	S	4 S. af. Tr	23	Tu	Lyceum b.
8	M	S. r. 3h 55m	24	W	Gibral. tks.
9	Tu	S. s. 8h. 14m.	25	Th	St. James
10	W	H. Mayhew	26	F	C. Bennett
11	Th	S. of Under	27	S	Talavera
12	F	Villafranca	28	S	7 S. af Tr.
13	S	D. Orleans b	29	M	St. Polycrb
14	S	5 S. af. Tr.	30	Tu	S. r. 4h 21m
15	M	S. Swithin	31	W	S. s. 7h 48m
16	Tu	Berenger d.			

AUGUST 31 Days.

1	Th	Lammas	17	S	Soulton d.
2	F	S. r. 4h 26m	18	S	9 S. af. Tr.
3	S	S. s. 7h 42m	19	M	Oscotars
4	S	7 S. af. Tr.	20	Tu	Saragossa
5	M	Ld. Howe d.	21	W	Sick. Ch. h
6	Tu	Pr. Alf. b.	22	Th	Oastler d.
7	W	Qu. Car. d.	23	F	Wallacebd.
8	Th	Hen. Silver	24	S	St. Bartholo
9	F	Dryden b.	25	S	10 S. af. Tr.
10	S	C. Kane b.	26	M	B. Cromy
11	S	8 S. af. Tr.	27	Tu	S. Verocell
12	M	Orsons s. b.	28	W	S. Leipsic
13	Tu	O. Lammas	29	Th	John Bap b.
14	W	Ld. Clyde d.	30	F	S. r. 5h 10m
15	Th	W. Scott, b.	31	S	S. s. 6h 49m
16	F	Gas introd.			

SEPTEMBER 30 Days.

1	S	11 S. af. Tr.	16	M	D. Colet d.
2	M	Fort. sh. e	17	Tu	Lambert.
3	Tu	S. r. 5h 16m	18	W	Gen. Ind.
4	W	S. s. 6h 39m	19	Th	S. Potters.
5	Th	Camte d.	20	F	B. of Alma
6	F	Colbert d.	21	S	St. Matth.
7	S	Battle Sun.	22	S	14 S. af. Tr.
8	S	12 S. af. Tr.	23	M	Erasmus.
9	M	S. Fleidon	24	Tu	S. Butler d.
10	Tu	B. Quesney	25	W	H. A. I. 1815
11	W	S. of Delhi	26	Th	St. Cyprian
12	Th	O. P. Siege	27	F	S. r. 5h 55m
13	F	C. J. Fox d.	28	S	S. s. 5h 44m
14	S	Holy Cross	29	S	15 S. af. Tr.
15	S	13 S. af. Tr.	30	M	Mich. Day]

OCTOBER 31 Days.

1	Tu	C. M. T. b.	17	Th	Ethelidreda
2	W	Arago d.	18	F	St. Luke
3	Th	Alfieri d.	19	S	Koellet d.
4	F	Bennie d.	20	S	18 S. af. Tr.
5	S	Pisciduo	21	M	Nelson d.
6	S	16 S. af. Tr.	22	Tu	S. Sige Hill
7	M	S. r. 6h 19m	23	W	Irish Reb.
8	Tu	S. s. 5h 22m	24	Th	Webster d.
9	W	St. Denys	25	F	St Crispin
10	Th	Oxf. M. T. b.	26	S	Dantes b.
11	F	Udd Mic. D.	27	S	19 S. af. Tr.
12	S	America d.	28	M	Wks. Elec.
13	S	17 S. af. Tr.	29	Tu	S. r. 5h 50m
14	M	B. Smiles	30	W	Sheridan b.
15	Tu	Murat shot	31	Th	S. s. 4h 54m
16	W	B. Boucicaut			

NOVEMBER 30 Days.

1	F	All Saints	16	S	Erskine d.
2	S	Mich. T. b.	17	S	22 S. af. Tr.
3	S	20 S. af. Tr.	18	M	S. r. 7h 25m
4	M	Per. Leigh]	19	Tu	Hone d.
5	Tu	Gun. Plot	20	W	L. Elgin d.
6	W	S. s. 7h 4m.	21	Th	Pres. Roy. b.
7	Th	W. 4h 22m.	22	F	Cecil
8	F	C. M. T. div.	23	S	St. Clemen.
9	S	Prof Wls. b.	24	S	23 S. af. Tr.
10	S	21 S. af. Tr.	25	M	Mich. T. s.
11	M	St. Martin	26	Tu	S. s. 3h 57m
12	Tu	Baxter b.	27	W	Pre. M. A. b.
13	W	Brutus	28	Th	Sussex d.
14	Th	Liebnitz d.	29	F	F. Burnand
15	F	Machutus	30	S	Mr. Lemon

DECEMBER 31 Days.

1	S	Adv. Sund.	17	Tu	Oxf. M. T. s.
2	M	S. r. 7h 47m	18	W	Grimaldi b.
3	Tu	Bradburyjn	19	Th	T. Brabe b
4	W	Bichelieu d	20	F	Shortst. D.
5	Th	Mozart d.	21	S	St. Thomas.
6	F	St. Nicholas	22	S	4 S. in Ad.
7	S	Fletcher b.	23	M	Jos. H. laid.
8	S	2 S. in Adv.	24	Tu	Christ. Eve
9	M	Vandyke d.	25	W	Christ. Day
10	Tu	Chalmers d.	26	Th	St. Stephen
11	W	Jas. Gay d.	27	F	St. John
12	Th	C. Gibber d.	28	S	Innocents
13	F	St. Lucy	29	S	1 S. af. Chr.
14	S	F. Albert d.	30	M	S r. 8h 3 m.
15	S	3 S. in Ad.	31	Tu	S. s. 8h 58m
16	M	Cam. M. T. s.			

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1867.



CALLISTHENIC COLLEGE FOR LADY MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.—Clubs are the weapons of the uncivilised. A husband is a savage who, if his wife threaten him with dining off cold mutton, is brute enough to fly for protection to his club.

A MATTER OF TASTE.—An ardent Entomologist lately fell in love with a lady solely because of her beetle brows.

SENTIMENT.—May we always be more ready to publish the faults of others than to correct our own.

IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—The Man who was Tied to Time is now Bent on a Separation.

A "MEDIUM" PEN.—What Spirits write with.

"SPEECH IS SILVERN, SILENCE GOLDEN."

THE French have a good saying, yet not polite nor deep,
"Old Bogie loses nothing when men their silence keep."
What a blessing for reporters and *Times*'-readers it would be,
Were this suggestion followed by each talkative M.P.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the Press.—*My Table-cloth.*
The Two Aunts of the Butler. By the Author of *The Six Sisters of the Valleys.*
My Pale Companion.—a bottle of Bass.

SENTIMENT.—Champagne to our real friends, and advertised champagne to our false enemies.

THE commercial consonants, L. S. D.

THE financiering vowels, I. O. U.





TO NEWLY-MARRIED PEOPLE.—Don't go to India: there is so much "tiffin" there.

SENTIMENT.—May we ne'er want a friend with a bottle to give us.

TO HOMŒOPATHS.—Never go to law, for *de minimis non curat lex.*

NEW CHRISTIAN NAME FOR OUR GIRLS.—Chignonette.

MRS. MALAPROP'S LAST.—Inviting her friends to partake of a Cold Relation.

PROVERB BY OUR BUTCHER.—You must take the Thin with the Thick.

"NATURAL" INDIGNATION.—When the dealer at vingt-un gets ace-king.



BUMBLEDOM'S BATH.



AMATEURS REHEARSING FOR A PRIVATE CIRCUS.



THE IMMOLATION OF REFORM.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.—The month that follows February is one most of us is glad to see at an end. It ought to be played out with appropriate music—the Dead March.

FOR THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When the great FARINA was meditating his immortal discovery of Eau de Cologne, he ate nothing but simple puddings made of sago, tapioca, arrow-root, &c. Hence the term Farinaceous food.

REFORMATION IN NATURE.—Of all the Seasons, Spring is the most commendable, for he turns over a new leaf every year.

SENTIMENT.—Confusion to the sentimental.



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

Bonsor (down upon little Stannery, who's a great boaster about his "Swell" acquaintance, and his extensive "Travel," and this year especially, down Palestine way). "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"

Stannery. "EH? THE—EH? OH, YE'—YES! JOLLY FELLARS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNAH!" *[Little S. has left the Club.*

EQUESTRIAN SENTIMENT.—The Thrown and the Halter, and may the bold fellow who rides with the second never be the first.

TOAST.—To the tongue that can keep a secret about the false teeth.

TRUTHS and toads lie at the bottom of the well. Leave 'em there.

PICKPOCKET'S TOAST.—The And that can feel for another's pocket handkerchief, and the Art that can prig it without detection.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—Several Costermongers have lately had their Cart(o)s taken.

LOYAL TOAST.—The PRINCE OF WHALES, and may his enemies blubber.



"OXFORD WINS."



MIND AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

Cotton-Man (fro' Shoddydale). "What dun yo' co' that Watter?"
Coachman: "Ah, ain't it Beautiful? That 's Grassmere Lake, that is——"
Cotton-Man. "Yo' co'n 'um all La-akes an' Meres i' these Pa-arts. Wk co'n 'um Rezzer-Voyers where ah com' fro'!!"



"MEN SHOULD BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

Mrs. Blumizen. "Oh, Mr. Bragshaw, how lucky! My Girls are longing for a Sail;—now do find a nice Boat, and take care of them."

[But Bragshaw, who 's only a sailor to look at—dresses the part to a fault, rather—and no better than a cat on the water, is paralysed.

PERSONS WHO OUGHT TO BE VOLUNTEERS.

Bishops.—Because of the Charges.

Dentists.—Because they are the men to be Armed to the Teeth.

Doctors.—Because of the good Practice.

Farmers.—Because of the Drill.

Footmen.—Because of the Powder.

Hosiers.—Because of the Ties.

Literary Characters.—Because of the Magazines and Reviews.

Magistrates.—Because of Judging Distances.

Mathematicians.—Because of the Cymbals and Triangles.

Meteorologists.—Because of the Drum.

Oculists.—Because of the Sights.

Oyster-eaters.—Because of a Good Score.

Persons who Squint.—Because of "Eyes-right!"

Pickpockets.—Because of the Rifling.

Policemen.—Because of the Bull's-eye.

Poulterers.—Because of the Goose-step.

Prophets.—Because of the Foresight.

Wine-Merchants.—Because of the Grape.

WINDOW GARDENING (FOR YOUNG LADIES).

Don't plant yourself at the window in curl-papers.

By careful choice of situation and attention to aspect, young ladies may, by means of window gardening, successfully cultivate every variety of the *sheep's eye* (*ovis oculus ardens*), and convert *coxcombs*, from the *single* to the double *variety* with great success, by the same agreeable pastime.

VOICES OF THE STARS.

Of all our voices, glad or grave,
This voice may be relied on—
Zadkiel's a rogue, old Moore a knave,
And fools who them confide on.

DUTY ON SUCCESSION TO REAL PROPERTY.

To let everybody believe it is twice as much as it really amounts to.

To give yourself all the airs of a landed proprietor.

To keep a good cellar, well-stocked preserves, a comfortable smoking-room, a slate billiard table, a constant succession of pleasant visitors, and to include *Mr. Punch* by a standing invitation.

PUZZLERS FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

Where are these lines to be found?—

1. "There was the weight that pulled me down, *Horatio?*
2. "He shall not look on what he likes again."
3. "Nor poppy nor mandragora,
   Nor all the ills the flesh is heir to."
4. "I do remember an apothecary,
   A man of an unbounded stomach,
   Whose virtues we write on glass . . ."

Fares by Distance.—Most actresses, not a few belles of the season, and all Madame Rachel's customers, may be noted as examples of "Fairs by distance."

Fares by Time.—No such thing known amongst the ladies, except in the case of a dear, old, happy mater-familias, who has the good sense to look her age, and dress it. She is really fair by time or in spite of it.

Prize Bad 'un.—If the Mayor of Garrett were ordered to make his bed in the sea, which one would he choose? *A-dry-attic*, of course.

Ecclesiastical.—The observers of external ceremonies are now called Ritualists, and those who watch their proceedings are Spy-ritualists.

The Game of Speculation (*as played in the Joint-Stock Share-Market*).—"Heads," I win; "tails," you lose.

The Two Great 'Varsity Teachers.—Uni-versity and Ad-varsity.

A Rash Act.—The Vaccination Law.

The "Pet" of the Ballet.—A strike in the *Corps*.



OUR COUNTRY CONCERTS.

"Oh, they 'Take' Immensely! Such Larks, too, sometimes! Why, the other Evening, at Rehearsal, when the Parson (he's our Conductor) said he'd unfortunately Forgotten his A-fork—his Tuning-fork—Little Joe Bilbury, one of our 'Firsts,' said his 'Feyther' had one, and Started off and Brought it!"

SHORT SENSATION DRAMA.

ACT I.

Scene—*The Thames Tunnel. Enter* Lady Dudleigh.

Lady Dudleigh. At last. Ha!

Enter Maximilian, *with a torch.*

Max. Together! We will fly!

Enter Maccabæus Mackenzie, *in his dressing-gown.*

Mac. Never! With life! or without it!
All. Then die!

[Maximilian *applies his torch to a crack in the wall, sets the Thames on fire. Blazes. Shopkeepers rush out, and strike attitudes. Flames. Tableau.*

ACT II.

Scene—*The Horizon. Enter Sailors.* Dick *steering.*

Sailors. Yarcly, Yarcly! Yeo ho! Merrily ho! Heavo! Belay!

[Dick *bores a hole in the boat. It sinks.*

Dick. Thus perish all proofs of my guilt.

[*Swims about, and is picked up after several years.*

ACT III.

Scene—*A Buddhist Temple, surrounded by Precipices and Avalanches. Enter Tyrolese Minstrel. Enter all the characters climbing round the corners. Re-enter all the Characters of the previous Acts.*

Max. (*to Lady Dudleigh*). And if our kind friends in front will only pardon this unwarrantable intrusion then——

Enter Dick (*with his beard growing*).

Dick. Never!
All. Die!

[*Flames burst out of the avalanche. Mountain torrents run up the sides of the Temple. The Precipices fall down their own heights. Everything gives way. So does* Maximilian, *who weeps. Crash. He disappears, leaving only his pocket-handkerchief. Tableau of one pocket-handkerchief and ruins.*

Mrs. Naggleton's Advice to a Wife.—Defiance, not defence.



SELF-RESPECT.

The Missus. "Oh, Jem, you said you'd Give me your Photergraff. Now, let's go in, and get it done."

Jem. "Oh, I dessay! an' 'ave my 'Carte de Wisite' stuck up in the Winder along o' all these 'ere Bally-Gals an' 'Igh-Church Parsons? No, Sairey!"

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERYBODY AND ALWAYS.

Cultivate acquaintances, if desirable; if not, cut them.

Never sow the Seeds of Dissension.

Weed your Library.

Invest in Stocks.

Get as much Heart's-ease as you can.

Fern-growers don't be too fierce in your rivalry; remember the Wars of the Frond(e).

Attend to Wallflowers and trim Coxcombs.

Emulate the Cucumber—be cool.

Beware of Auricula(r) confession.

Don't Peach.

Avoid Flowers of Speech.

Pot—a lot of money on race-courses.

"Bedding-out" is good for Plants, but not for friends.

Take the advice of the Sage, or you may Rue the consequences.

Ladies! Success to the great Rose show—on your cheeks, and may you always be Eyebright! (N. B. Never pay your bets in Foxgloves.)

A DIALOGUE.

A. (*who talks fine, to B. in love*). I hope your Suit is progressing favourably.

B. (*matter-of-fact Man*). Thank you, the tailor has promised to finish it by Saturday.

A distinguished divine states that there has been a great deal of confession this last year. We hope so, for there has been a great number of marriages, each of which should have been preceded by the only confession *Mr. Punch* tolerates—a confession of love

An Appropriate Offering.—A Printseller wishing to give the lady to whom he was engaged some Proofs of his affection, presented her with several choice Engravings.

Historical Fact.—According to the Lady of Shalott, vegetarianism is as old as the Crusades, for they had a *Salad-in* those days.

Etiquette.—A young lady who permits a kiss, should imitate the British cabman, who on most occasions gives his cheek.

Toast.—May the tear of sensibility be wiped by the pocket*handkerchief* of common sense.



"SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS."—COO

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.

A Pun is as good as a riddle to a stupid ass.

Slate loose is gone goose.

"Gee wo!" makes the horse go. "Mather way!" makes the horse stay.

Slow and slack gets the sack.

Matrimony. Better never than late.

Between two fires the breach is a post of danger.

The cricket-ball slips through the butter-fingers.

Hit me and I 'll hit you.

Do what you oughtn't, and come what must.

Everyone has his trade, as the undertaker said to the physician.

It is of no use trying to cobble horseshoes.

Every one to his liking, as the Frenchman said when he ate his horse.

Good wine needs no brandy.

A new knife is sharper than an old saw.

He that is out of spirits should drink wine.

The man is not always a thief who steals a march.

Strong beer makes the head clear.

'Tis a good wind that blows nobody rheumatism.

'Tis a wise child that knows its New Latin Primer.

Eat your ham and save your bacon.

Beauty unadorned is tripe without onions.

No man crieth, "Taters all cold!"

None but great musicians can do great shakes.

Chemical.—As the thief is to the dealer in marine stores, so is the retort to the receiver.

No alchemy equal to saving, as Mr. Pennycuick said wh he scraped his cheese.

No burden so light as that of a comic song.

One man's meat is another man's dinner, as the clown s when he carved his leg-of-mutton.

Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.

Don't set a beggar on horseback for your postilion.

Two eyes of a potato are no better than one.

Throw out tubs to catch a shower.

Well lathered is well whopped.

Do not kick the man who calls you an ass.

What is sauce for cod is not sauce for salmon.

Ostentation is a duty which we owe to our neighbou luxury, a duty which we owe to ourselves.

The red lamp of the doctor's shop is a danger signal.



NG OUR OWN CHRISTMAS DINNER.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

THE course of true love is a race-course where there is ten a false start.

Alas! how fleeting are the charms of Nature when unhelped Art! Who would long prize Beauty, if it were not for Soap?

Teeth are stopped with gold, and tongues may be so, likeise. A man with a rich wife is often silenced by her rowing her money in his teeth.

Philosophers have speculated as to whether men become asts after death; but let us reflect how often they make asts of themselves before it!

Cupid shoots with a rifle now, and not with bow and rows. Else how is it that girls can hear the popping of e question?

THE THOUGHTS OF A MISER.

"OH, that I had been born in the Golden Age, with a Silver Spoon in my mouth!"

"A penny for your thoughts," indeed! Why, most people's would be dear at two lots for three-halfpence.

It drives me frantic to read of "a glut of gold"—of money being "a drug in the market." I could take any amount of that drug.

The house I should like to live in would be a house at a peppercorn-rent.

The man for my money is the man who can kill two birds with one stone.

If children are ever "as good as gold," I shouldn't mind having a few.

What business has anybody to enjoy a laugh at my expense?

"Homœopathic Cocoa,"—that's the stuff for me; a little will go a long way.

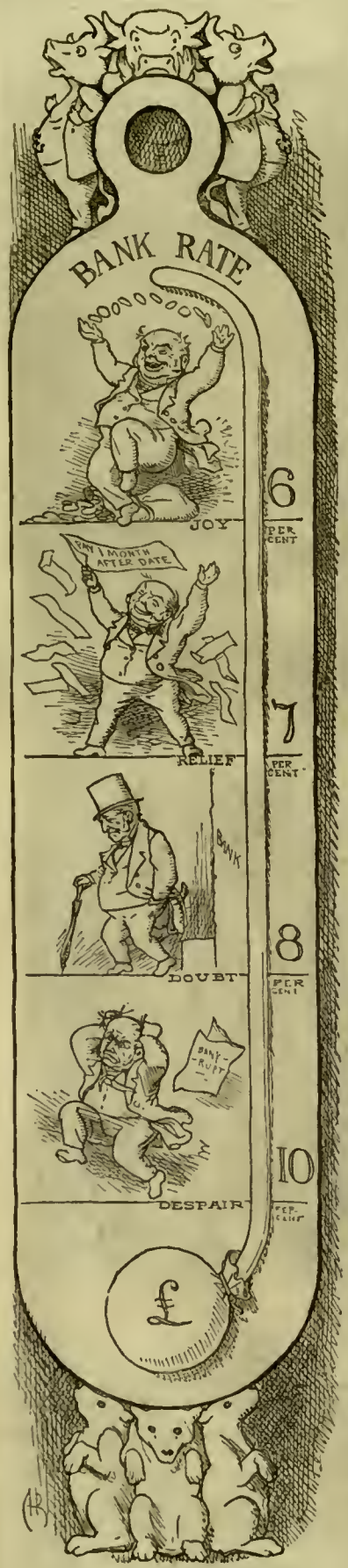
There's one thing I would give a trifle to see—a man made of money.

Why even Nature is on my side—remember its mean temperature.

"A Sovereign Remedy" forsooth! I think I would rather die than go to such an expense.

STABLE TALK.—How about the horse-power of a screw-steamer?

MEN AND MEASURES.—Each of the friends in *Auld Lang Syne* engages to be his own pint-stoup.



THE SELF-ACTING STOCKBROKER'S BAROMETER.



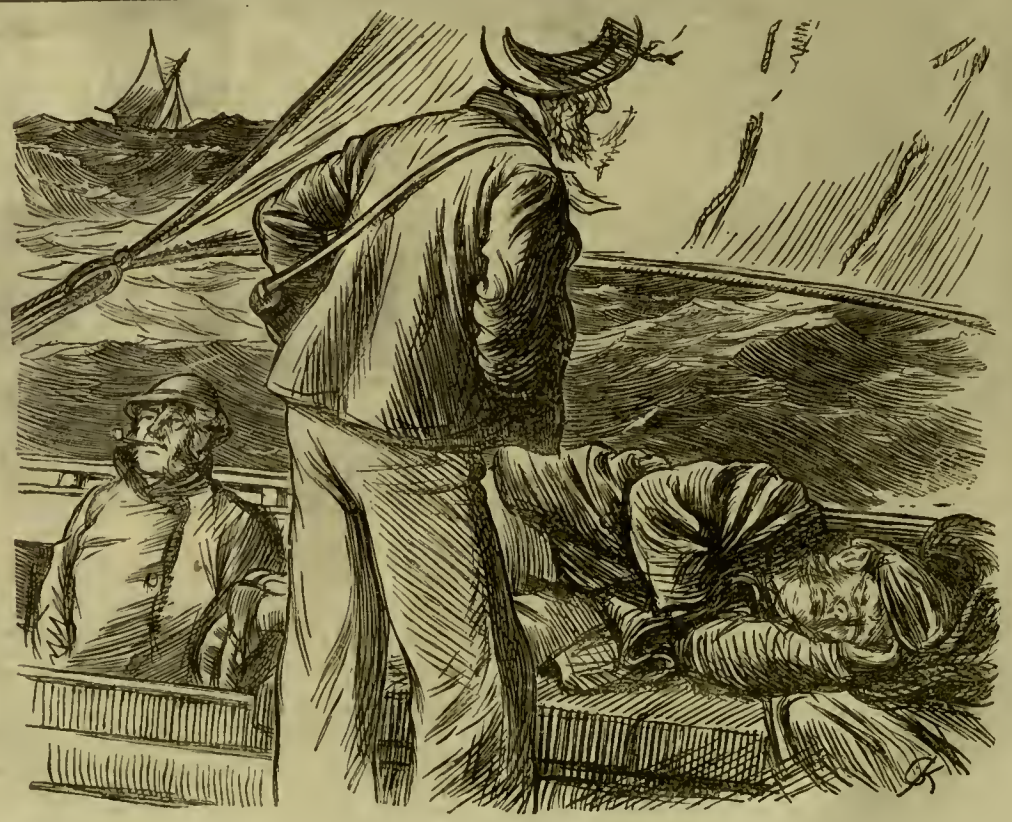
A WARNING; OR, "DRUNKARD'S PENANCE À LA RUSSE."

A Reason against Dramatic Copyright.—What should Dramatic Authors want with a right to copy French pieces, when they already exercise to the fullest the right to steal them?

Toast and Sentiment.—Every Quack in his pill-ory.

Civil Service Examination Question.—How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple ton.

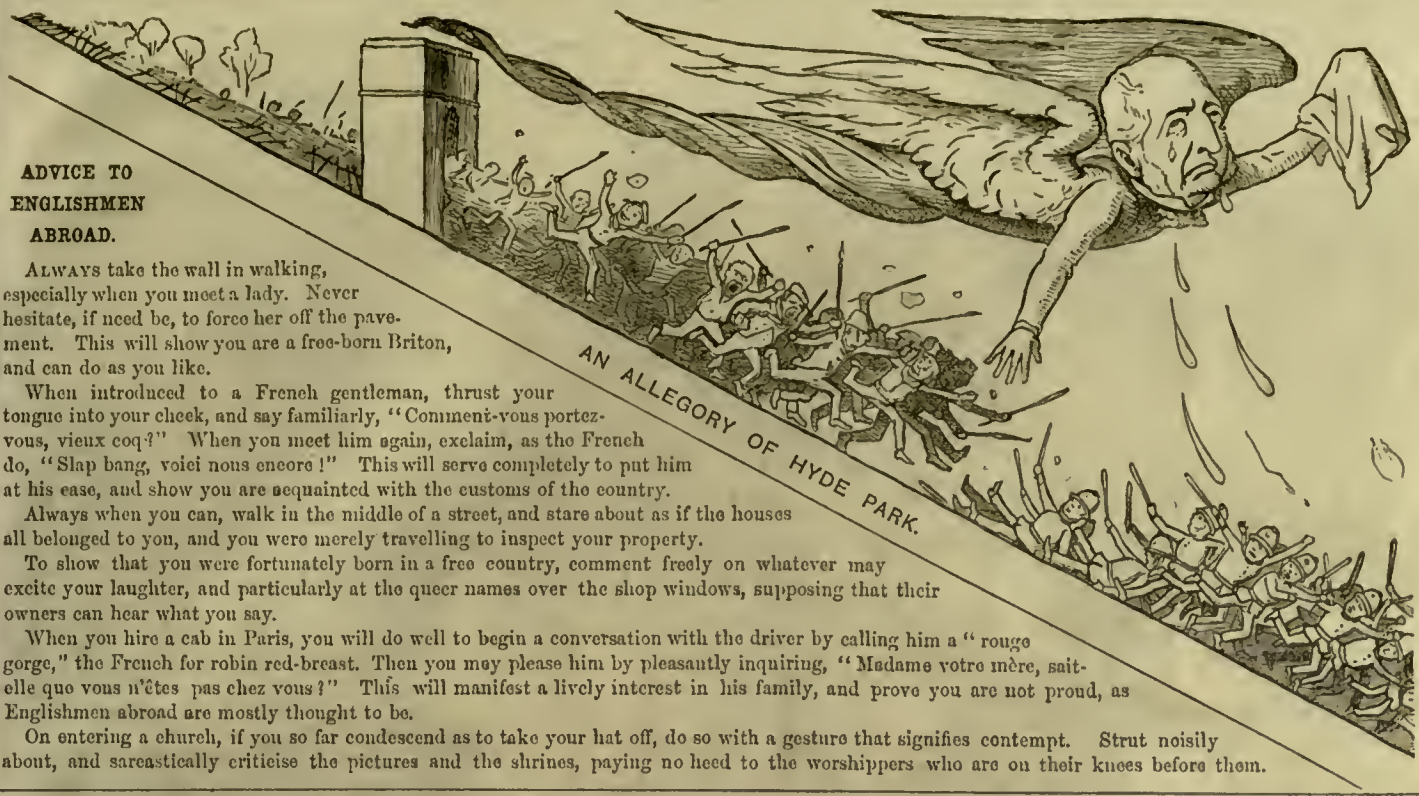
Advice to an Oldish Bachelor.—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

Squeamish accepts Stunsel's Invitation for a Month's Cruise in his 10-ton Yawl. He suffers much.

Stunsel. "Come, come, Squeamish, old Fellow, cheer up! You'll be all right in a Week or so!!"



AN ALLEGORY OF HYDE PARK.

ADVICE TO ENGLISHMEN ABROAD.

Always take the wall in walking, especially when you meet a lady. Never hesitate, if need be, to force her off the pavement. This will show you are a free-born Briton, and can do as you like.

When introduced to a French gentleman, thrust your tongue into your cheek, and say familiarly, "Comment-vous portez-vous, vieux coq?" When you meet him again, exclaim, as the French do, "Slap bang, voici nous encore!" This will serve completely to put him at his ease, and show you are acquainted with the customs of the country.

Always when you can, walk in the middle of a street, and stare about as if the houses all belonged to you, and you were merely travelling to inspect your property.

To show that you were fortunately born in a free country, comment freely on whatever may excite your laughter, and particularly at the queer names over the shop windows, supposing that their owners can hear what you say.

When you hire a cab in Paris, you will do well to begin a conversation with the driver by calling him a "rouge gorge," the French for robin red-breast. Then you may please him by pleasantly inquiring, "Madame votre mère, sait-elle que vous n'êtes pas chez vous?" This will manifest a lively interest in his family, and prove you are not proud, as Englishmen abroad are mostly thought to be.

On entering a church, if you so far condescend as to take your hat off, do so with a gesture that signifies contempt. Strut noisily about, and sarcastically criticise the pictures and the shrines, paying no heed to the worshippers who are on their knees before them.

A Good Calling.—Painting must be a most lucrative profession, for there is scarcely an artist who has not his own "vehicle."

Proverb by our Baker.—You must take the Crust with the Crumb.

A Chip of the Old Block.—Our butcher's daughter, who is an excellent pianist, prefers to all other music that of—Chopin.

Motto for a Servants' Hall.—"Learn to labour, and to wait."

A Phrase Amended.—Instead of "as sharp as a needle," say "as sharp as a needle-gun."

Star of the Female Oyster.—The *Georgium Sidus*, to be sure. Ah, but why? Because most people call it her shell.



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

Squeamish (better, but far from well; so he has been appointed Tea-maker and Steward in general). "Oh, when are you Fellows coming Down-stairs? Tea's on the——" *(correcting himself, with a sigh for the conveniences of terra firma)* "Tea's Weady!"

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1867.



THE TABLES TURNED AT THE "ZOO."

GAMES FOR ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR.

1. *How to tell a Number.*—Get a number, any number, and tell them. Very simple.

2. *How to discover what Number somebody else has Chosen.*—Ask anyone to choose a number. Add 11,867 to it. Treble it. Take 2,220,678,910 from it. Request him to tell you the number he thought of in a whisper. If he won't, don't play any more.

3. This is also a pretty game. Tie a ribbon to the poker, and pretend to be QUEEN ELIZABETH. This keeps up a knowledge of history. Then go on pretending to be any one else, until everyone's tired of you.

4. *Blind Hookey.*—Fasten a handkerchief round anyone's eyes. Then let everyone take fishing-rods, and try to hook him. If he guesses who has hooked him, he's out. This may go on for hours.

THREE TRUTHS.—He who asks to see his wife's accounts is a Snob. He who, asked by her, looks at them, is a Fool. But he who, after inspection, diminishes her allowance, is a Beast.

SENTIMENT.—May difference of opinion never alter expression of unanimity.

TOAST.—To the man who has courage to conceal his thoughts.

INTERPRETATION OF A SLANG PHRASE.

OUR own Chaff-Cutter sends us the following piece of information:—

"Get inside," cries the little street Arab to a Cockney equestrian.

The Cockney equestrian is perhaps unaware that the only method of "getting inside" is by "*entering*" *a horse for the Derby.*

NOTE BY H.R.H. IN RUSSIA.

(Communicated.)

IN Circassia the hairdressers have organised a mounted corps. Each man provides his own Circassian cream, and rides it. There is a report that, in consequence of their proficiency on horseback, the name Circassia is to be changed to *Circus-sia*, and MR. BATTY will be made Emperor.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—The man who came to a check in the hunting-field, didn't pocket it. The Master of the Hounds subsequently "drew" on a bank in the neighbourhood.

NAUTICAL AND PHYSICAL.—May the bark of friendship never sink in the quinine of ingratitude.



SUCCESS IN LIFE.

DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS HAS BARELY TIME TO SNATCH A HURRIED MEAL AND HASTY PEEP AT THE PERIODICALS OF THE DAY IN HER HUSBAND'S BOUDOIR.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

1. LETTERS may be sent under Cover of night, but the clerks are not to be Enveloped in darkness.

2. Postmasters must have the Stamp of respectability about them.

3. The Postmaster-General is not to accept any Foreign Orders.

TO PIANOFORTE-TORTURING YOUNG LADIES.—If you think your music be the food of love play on; but don't be surprised if your lover pleads another dinner engagement.

THOUGHT WHILE WAITING FOR SHAVING-WATER.—An upright attitude is favourable to truth. There is a great temptation to lie in bed.

WHY is gravel-digging Sir THOMAS WILSON, of Hampstead, the rudest creature in the world?—Because he is always making holes in his manors.

WE pity the over-worked baker. He ought to be allowed to sleep till morning, if only because the sun rises in the yeast.

MERELY NOMINAL.—The pro per term for a Military Congress would be a General Assembly.



THE COSTUME BALL.

LITTLE FITZTOOTLES HAS SOMEHOW CONTRIVED TO BE INTRODUCED TO BLANCHE VAVASOUR, AND IMPROVES THE OCCASION. ARRAYED IN THE PICTURESQUE ATTIRE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH (?), HE CONSIDERS IT "THE CORRECT THING, YOU KNOW," TO TALK THE LANGUAGE OF THE PERIOD.)

Fitztootles. * * * * "BY MY HALIDOM, AND IN GOOD SOOTH, FAIR LADY, THY DEVOTED SLAVE HATH NO MEAN SKILL IN A SARABAND! SHALL WE TREAD A MEASURE, I' FAITH? NAY, PR'YTHEE, SHALL WE JOIN THE MAZY DANCE?"

[Blanche Vavasour is speechless with amazement.

SENTIMENT.—May we never have to shed the ear of regret that we ever denied ourselves anyhing that we liked.

TOAST.—The dramatist who observes the unities y mercifully giving us only one act of his nonense.

"A CHECK in time saves nine," says a mean usband, explaining that unless you give your ife's extravagance a check, she will ask for one very week.

REFLECTION.—When a friend's arms are indeed elcome. When you see them on his carriage ent to fetch you to his dinner.

SENTIMENT.—May we never have occasion to serve a friend—with a writ.

RECIPROCITY.—You may safely mind other people's business. They will be sure to mind yours.

TOAST.—To brothers who are not bothers, and sisters who are not blisters.

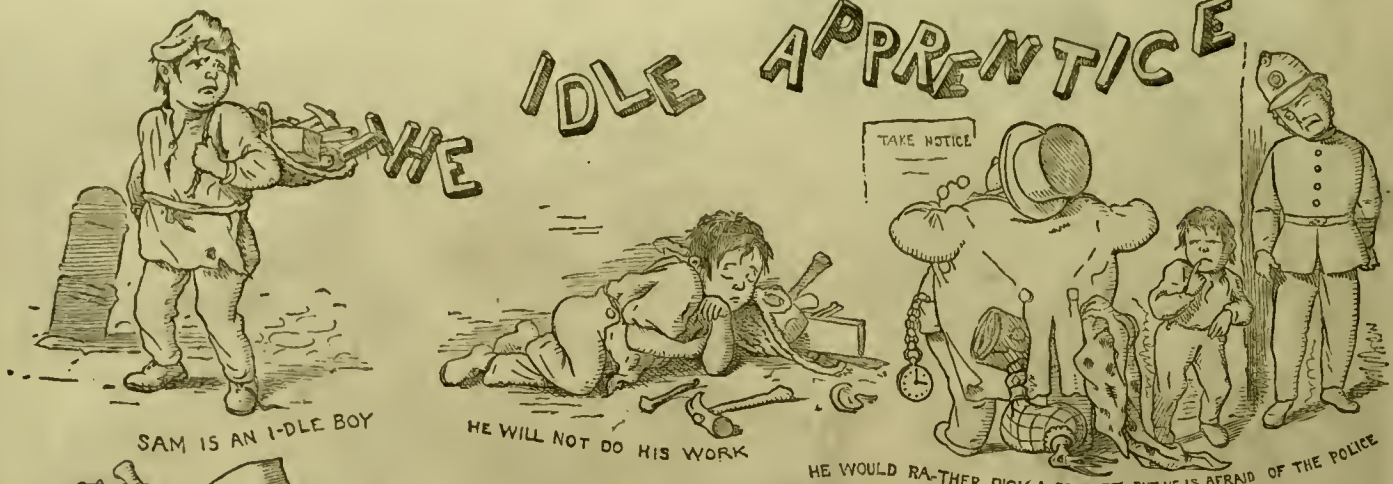
A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY THOUGHT.—Our Schoolboy says that the Better Half is the shorter one.

THE only excuse for the fool who fears to make his will, is that an execution is generally fatal.



A PAST POSSIBLE PIC-NIC. 1866.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE



SAM IS AN I-DLE BOY

HE WILL NOT DO HIS WORK

HE WOULD RA-THER PICK A POCK-ET, BUT HE IS AFRAID OF THE POLICE



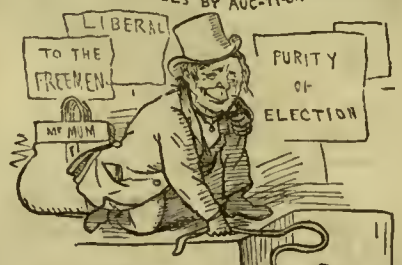
SO GOING TO SALES BY AUC-TI-ON IN-STEAD



HE HAS JOINED THE 'KNOCK-OUT'



AND NOW, SAD TO TELL, HE IS VE-RY RICH IN-DEED-



BUT FROM BAD HE SOON COMES TO WORSE, BRI-BING AND COR-RUP-TING HO-NEST E-LEC-TORS



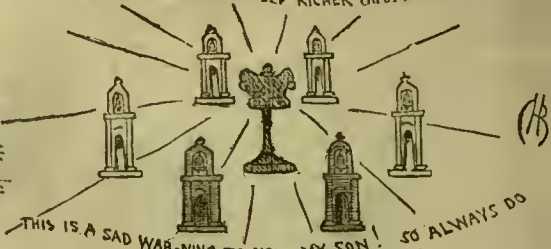
HE SOON FINDS HIMSELF RICHER THAN HE WAS BEFORE.





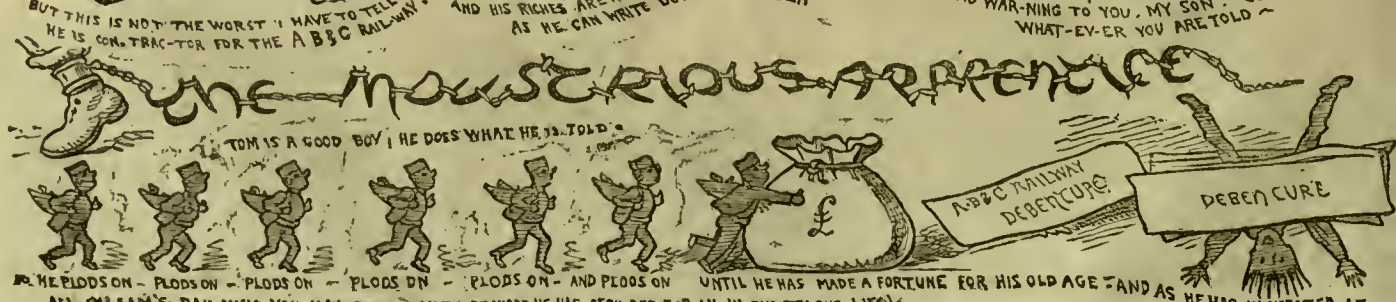
BUT THIS IS NOT THE WORST I HAVE TO TELL
HE IS CON-TRAC-TOR FOR THE A B & C RAILWAY.

AND HIS RICHES ARE NOW AS GREAT
AS HE CAN WRITE DOWN WITH A PEN



THIS IS A SAD WAR-NING TO YOU, MY SON! SO ALWAYS DO
WHAT-EV-ER YOU ARE TOLD —

THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE



HE PLODS ON — PLODS ON — PLODS ON — PLODS ON — PLODS ON — AND PLODS ON UNTIL HE HAS MADE A FORTUNE FOR HIS OLD AGE — AND AS HE HAS IN-VES-TED IT ALL IN SAM'S RAIL-WAY, YOU MAY GUESS WHAT A RE-WARD HE HAS SECU-RED FOR AN IN-DUS-TRI-OUS LIFE! —



KING PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S RECEPTION.

IN accordance with his usual gracious custom, His Majesty *Punch* held his Reception on New Year's Day. The *salon* was filled with his royal sisters and brothers, and His Majesty walked about with the utmost affability, saying a few kindly words to each guest.

His Majesty then ascended the steps of the throne, and spoke as follows:—

"Here we all are again, and how do you do to-morrow? What a smell of anointing-oil!

"LOUIS NAPOLEON, my friend, I am pleased with you. Your word, given to the Italians, has been honourably kept, and there are no French soldiers in Rome. So you do not let my beautiful friend on your arm go to see the Pope, as the old gentleman may possibly show her a certain coldness, which it befits not the Wife of France to endure. You are perfectly right. I presume that you are much occupied with the Grand Exhibition. It will not be a success unless you and I abolish the detestable Search of Personal Baggage. I hear that M. FOULD and MR. DISRAELI are anxious to do so, if possible, and that it is only the Custom House fellows that are in the way. Kick yours, and I charge myself with the duty of kicking mine. Madame, you look lovelier every day, but if you would join my JUDY in her crusade against extravagance in dress, you would be lovelier still, in my eyes. I hope your delightful boy is well. He has an English governess. That is good, but I advise you to send him to Cambridge as soon as he is old enough. My love to him, and this box of *étrennes*, among which he will find neither sword nor bayonet.

"ALEXANDER, I am very glad to see you. I wish you joy of the marriage of your son. He has made the very best choice that was open to him. Remember me to him, and to his charming DAGMAR, whose name I wish had been conserved. Very much obliged by your splendid kindness to ALBERT-EDWARD, though I fear the frozen provisions did him no particular good. I don't forget what you have done for the serfs, or any of your other good deeds. But I say, ALEC, no meddling in Turkish affairs, my brave.

"FRANCIS-JOSEPH, accept my condolence, but what could you expect, my dear fellow? A bundle of provinces is not an empire, and bumptiousness is not strong government. You are out in the cold. But you must pluck up heart. Don't think of fighting, but administer and improve the noble dominions left to you. Venice was never yours by right—think no more about it. Finer fellows than Austrians I never knew; and, if you mind what you are about, there are good times in store for you. Those shoe-buckles, which are *de rigueur* in Vienna, are very handsome and becoming. Send me a few pairs, for in this respect I will gladly tread in your shoes.

"ISABELLA, I am glad that you have the grace to be here. I am, however, exceedingly displeased with you. Priestly tyranny is the worst form of all, and the worst form of priestly tyranny reigns in Spain. Crozier and bayonet against pen will come to grief, and so will you, unless you repent. I will not detain you.

"WILLIAM, you are a Conqueror, and may think that the name of WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR commands my respect. Not in the least. I favour no cause but a just one. It may be that what BISMARCK has done will be good for Europe and liberty in the end, but we shall owe small thanks to him or you. Still, I cannot be altogether displeased that a strong Protestant power should arise in the centre of Europe, nor can I be otherwise than interested in a crown that will devolve on the husband of one of the sweetest of English girls. Examine your conscience, *mon vieux*, and be kind to those whom you have injured. You may stay to lunch.

"WILLIAM OF HOLLAND, I never hear anything but good of you, and I wish you many happy returns of the day.

"ABDUL AZIZ, *salaam aläikum!* I don't wish to be unpleasant, but I fear that the clouds are gathering over the Bosphorus. I will talk with you in private. Refreshments await you in my library; and my servants have neither ears, eyes, nor tongue, except at my orders, so take what you like, orthodox or heterodox. I can recommend the truffles in wine.

"VICTOR-EMMANUEL, my jolly, how goes it? Congratulations on Venice, and sorry you seemed bored with the demonstrations. Remember, you are paid to be a Ceremony, and you should behave as such. I dare say you see a great deal of spooniness in some of your subjects, but remember, they have not had the hardy, healthy Piedmontese education. And, I say, I don't preach, but some things are not in good taste. We are neither of us boys, old man, eh? Stop, of course, and we 'll have a smoke.

"LEOPOLD, most welcome, for your father's sake and for your own. I thank you for your regal kindness to my Household Guard. We 'll try to repay it at Wimbledon, and elsewhere. My humblest homage to your admirable Queen. May Belgium always prosper!

"CHRISTIAN, whatever may happen to territories, no good father can be unhappy whose dearest child has married as your ALEXANDRA has done. In fact, she is my child. With that fact before us, I cannot

condole with you—the less that some of your enemies have suffered for doing injustice, and the game is not yet played out. Welcome, for your darling daughter's sake, and your own.

"LOUIS, Portugal and England are friends of old, and you need not be told how glad I am to see you. A bore, that recent visit of a neighbour, no doubt; but we have sometimes to be civil to people whom we hate. I quite understood the situation, my boy. Stay, and have a smoke with your father-in-law, King Gallant-man.

GEORGE, my boy, we are happy to see you, but I think your father here will agree with me that the sooner you are back in Athens the better. I'm afraid you are not exactly in a bed of roses, but it is something to be called the KING OF GREECE.

PIUS, pray let me conduct your Holiness to a chair. I only wish you were come to stay with me. You do not want to be told that you should be made thoroughly comfortable. However, if it can't be, receive the assurance that, deducting that little matter of the temporal power, nobody would be so rejoiced as myself to see your Holiness honoured as the Head of the Catholic religion. Pray never think of the Catacombs while Malta is mine.

ANDREW JOHNSON, I hardly thought that you would come over, old hoss. Did you come in the *Henrietta?* A dashing thing, that race, and England is proud of her descendants, the American Sea-kings. Pooh, Fenianism—I understand you, don't bother. I have told STANLEY to settle the *Alabama* business, since it really rankles—what *is* such bosh between JOHN and SAM? Spex you'll have to cave in touching "My Policy." I love the American people, and I hate them who won't let 'em believe it. One of these days I'll come over by the CUNARD line, and talk it out with you all. Tell SEWARD I say so.

His Majesty *Punch* then went round the circle, and said something pleasant to divers sovereigns who happened to be without any Thrones to speak of, and then he gave the signal to proceed to lunch, which was served in the most luxurious and tasteful manner. At an advanced hour, he left his distinguished guests to enjoy themselves under the presidency of VISCOUNT TOBY, and after dispatching a kind note to Sandringham, went off to Osborne to offer to his own beloved Sovereign his humble congratulations for the New Year, and to act charades with the Princesses.



SHARP—RATHER!

First Boy. "I SAY, BILL, WHAT 'A YER GOT IN THAT WALLET?"
Second Boy. "HOW D' YER KNOW MY NAME WAS BILL?"
First Boy. "OH, GUESSED IT."
Second Boy. "THEN YER M' GUESS WHAT'S IN THIS 'ERE WALLET!"

MAN AND HIS MASTERS.

OLD philosophers have often said that man is a microcosm, or little world of order. The Isle of Man used to be a little world of disorder. Its House of Keys, as the Manx House of Commons was called (a self-elected and irresponsible body) has been in the habit of playing the strangest pranks, and frightening the isle out of its propriety by arbitrary taxation of its lieges, and if anybody grumbled, by arbitrary imprisonment of its critics in the local newspapers. But Reform has reached even Man. The members of the House of Keys who used to strut about in their irresponsible and self-elected majesty, like so many Pashas of three tails, must henceforth go, like the Manx cats, tail-less. GOVERNOR LOCH, taking his stand, as a LOCH had every right to do, "on the human understanding"—which we take to be only another name for the understanding of Man—has procured to be passed a Bill, duly promulgated on the Tynwald Hill, in Manx legislative fashion,—a Bill which allows the tight little island to elect its own members, and so leaves Man free to do what he likes with the Keys, instead of allowing the Keys to lock up the liberties of Man. It is only the Papal Keys which can claim that privilege now-a-days, and even they seem to be rapidly coming face to face with the alternative of renouncing their pretension, or being flung into the dust-hole.

THE RIGHT MANNS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—At the Crystal Palace.

OUR GYMNASIUM.

SOMETHING has lately been said on the subject of athletic sports (*Mr. Punch* must protest against "athletics:" once received in society, it will be followed by dramatics and other objectionable abbreviations) their danger, expense, and undue predominance at our universities, public schools, and generally amongst the youth of these Isles. Impressed with the conviction that a programme of manly exercises prepared by competent authorities, at his request, might be acceptable wherever the English language was spoken, *Mr. Punch* commissioned the Nine Head Masters to supplement their labours on the *Latin Primer* with a Vocabulary of athletic sports. They have obeyed his mandate, and he now dedicates their compilation to all parents and guardians, heads of colleges and other seminaries of sound learning, gentlemen engaged in sedentary pursuits, and muscular and sinewy people in general, confident that it will be found to contain nothing detrimental to life, limb, and pocket-money, or adverse to the due cultivation of the *Belles Lettres, Literæ Humaniores*, and higher branches of Mathematics.

Balancing—one's cash account.
Boxing—the compass.
Catching—an heiress.
Climbing—to the top of the tree.
Cudgelling—one's brains.
Driving a Carriage and Four—through an Act of Parliament.
Fencing—with a question.
Fighting—with shadows.
Fishing—for compliments.
Galloping—through a novel.
Hitting—the right nail on the head.
Hunting—the slipper.
Jumping—to conclusions.
Poaching—eggs.
Racing—up and down stairs.
Ratting—at elections.
Riding—the high horse.
Rowing—when dinner's late.
Running—up a house.
Sailing—close to the wind.
Shooting—folly as it flies.
Sporting—"the oak."
Swimming—with the stream.
Training—a vine.
Trolling—a catch.
Trotting—people out.
Tumbling—head over ears into love.
Wrestling—with difficulties, and
Walking—Mr. Punch's own particular sport—into everybody!

CON ON THE CONFESSIONAL.

IN what part of St. Paul's would you expect to find DR. PUSEY?
In the Whispering Gallery.

QUANTUM SUFF. IN THE WORKHOUSES.



CERTAIN papers this year, *Mr. Punch*, departed from their hitherto usual custom of publishing an enumeration of the pittances of beef and pudding distributed to the paupers in the London Workhouses on Christmas Day. The omission pleased me, for heretofore, on the day following that festival, being rather in a state of repletion myself, I have always felt considerably nauseated by reading the beggarly account of so many, or rather so few, "oz." of the above-named luxuries dispensed to the paupers. I thought how disgusted I should be if I had my dinner weighed out to me in "oz." I wondered how BUMBLE used to weigh the "oz." out, whether by so many "oz." a time, or so many lb. afterwards subdivided into "oz."; also if, having weighed out the "oz." of beef, MR. BUMBLE took the trouble to wipe the scales before weighing the "oz." of pudding, or *vice versâ* if the pudding, as was likely, preceded the beef.

But now, Sir, I am induced to hope that a change has come over the spirit of Boards of Guardians in regard to the poor, and that this year they have generally allowed the paupers consumption of the customary "good old English fare" *ad libitum*, thus precluding that sordid specification of "oz." which was wont to turn the stomach of,

Yours truly, a

SYBARITE.

P.S. Perhaps—who knows?—this time the raisins of the paupers' plum-pudding were atoned.

A PENANCE MADE PLEASANT.

AMONG many other Christmas customs, more honoured in the breach than the observance, is the newspaper custom of "doing" the theatres *en masse* on such popular festivals as Boxing-Night and Easter Monday. Everybody on the staff of every morning paper must turn out on these occasions as dramatic critics; and mysterious as newspaper dramatic criticism is always, its mysteries on such nights are more inscrutable than ever. *Mr. Punch* does not attempt this ubiquitous game. He is content to squeak through his own "swidgell," and is not ashamed to own that he has been too busy with Christmas trees and Christmas turkeys, to say nothing of Christmas boxes and Christmas bills, *out* of the theatre, to have much time for Christmas boxes and Christmas bills of the play. One theatrical debt, however, which he ought to have paid before this, he takes the opportunity of paying now. Christmas time, and of all days in Christmas time, Boxing-Day, has its penances. But some penances have a pleasant side to them. And such a penance is *A Sister's Penance* at the Adelphi. To give us the true pleasure of art even through pain, at once tasks and tests the power of a true artist. And the heaviest weight of *A Sister's Penance* is laid on the shoulders of one of the truest *artistes* now on the stage—MISS KATE TERRY. The authors of the piece have imposed a hard task on their heroine. In their first act they drive her out of the pale of our sympathies by a base act of selfishness, not the less base because it is prompted by passion; and then they leave her to win her painful way back to our compassion through sorrow and suffering, from under the *tutwars* of the Indian mutineers, out of the very shadow of death. There is no actress now on the stage who could achieve this feat as MISS TERRY does; no one who could so keep alive our pity and interest, even while sacrificing a sister and desperately attempting to kindle an answering passion in a dead heart. But these cruel authors have not been satisfied even with setting their heroine *this* hard task. After a second act, culminating in a scene of such physical strain and excitement, that the audience hold their breath, and men who have known the real horrors of Cawnpore and Agra, of Arrah and Jhansi, feel the terrible remembrances of that time revived, the authors of *A Sister's Penance* have risked anti-climax by a third act, in which, though they *have* thrown in such light sensational spice as a supposed poisoning and a real suicide, the main interest is moral, and not physical. It is in this act that MISS TERRY shows herself most a mistress of her art. She makes us feel that, terrible as was the penance of avowing a base act to the man she loves, and meeting death at the hands of the rebels in the Indian bungalow, it was less terrible than having to bear about the burden of unacknowledged sin in the presence of the sister whose misery that sin had engendered. The actress who can make us *feel* this pre-eminence of moral over physical suffering, proves that she understands the right balance of her art, according to which the strains and stirrings of the heart and conscience should incalculably outweigh those of the nerves and muscles.

Thanks to MISS TERRY's picture, in so brief a compass that only the nicest Art can reconcile it with possibility, of the struggle of a passionate nature between love and baseness, tenderness and treachery, the first act of *A Sister's Penance* has its own interest. This interest rises gradually in the second act, through the coquettish playfulness out of which the station-belle tries in vain to extract an anodyne for her aching heart and accusing conscience, though the high-bred grace, and serene, half-incredulous contempt of her reception of *Ahmedoolah's* declaration, and the struggle between a daughter's love and a woman's shame in her touching good-night to the old colonel, up to the crowning horror of that confession of her guilt to the man she loves, in the presence of death, which brings the act to a close.

Then comes the real *crux* for the actress—that the interest carried to this height in the second act, should not flag in the third. MISS TERRY meets and conquers this difficulty by the touching delicacy and mournful tenderness of her acting in a most difficult situation. She succeeds not only in winning back the sympathies she has alienated in the first act, but creates a climax of pathetic effect, even over the physical and sensational horror of the mutiny-scene.

The piece is well acted throughout, except by a very full-faced and obstinate moon, which will persist in gazing like a large moderator lamp from the same place in the heavens through the whole of the second act. But if Moon be stupid, *Marion* is played by MISS HUGHES—whom *Mr. Punch* welcomes heartily to the New Adelphi—with excellent taste and a quiet pathos in the third act, of the rare and right quality. MR. HERMAN VEZIN acts *Markham* like an artist and a gentleman. His lines are all laid right. All they want is deepening here and there. Both his sadness in the second act, and his languor of convalescence concurring with sadness, in the third, were excellently conceived, but wanted more emphasis to bring them up to the most effective stage-pitch. MR. VEZIN must learn to make more allowance than he makes now for stage-perspective, stage-concentration of effect, and stage-light. Stage-emotions, like stage-scenes, must be painted broad and strong, and many of the half tones must be left, for distance to supply. MR. BILLINGTON'S *Ahmedoolah* is the best played part we have seen the actor in, for some time, and he gives us the grace of the tiger while his claws are sheathed, and his ferocity when they are out of the velvet. MR. STEPHENSON'S *Old Colonel* and MR. ASHLEY'S honest *Indian Doctor* are as good as possible.

We are proud to bear witness that the piece thus acted—aye even MISS TERRY'S delicate and deeply-felt delineation of *Alice*—was appreciated as it deserved by a boxing-night audience—quite as ready to relish, afterwards, our dear MRS. MELLON'S graceful swagger, unfailing point, and exquisite coxcombry in *Fitz-James*, MISS FURTADO'S pretty sauciness in *The Lady of the Lake*, and the Celtic majesty of TOOLE—may his shadow and his salary at the Adelphi never be less—in *Roderick Dhu*. It is a real Christmas treat to witness TOOLE, multitudinous in martial array of weapons, gathering the Clans in the Pass of Benledi, to bet on him in the fight of Coil-nan-togle Ford, and to assist at his resuscitation, by help of a pinch of Scotch snuff, from stuffed dummyhood to re-animated mountain Dhu-dom in the Court at Stirling. MR. TOOLE acts burlesque as burlesque should be acted, earnestly, gravely, as if his life depended on it. He is the right man in the right place at the Adelphi, and we welcome his Highland clay-more, dirk, battle-axe and his whole *batterie de guerre*, back to the old Toole-house, in MR. HALLIDAY'S clever burlesque, which may be called, in the broadest sense of the word, an excellent "halliday" entertainment.

Another Parcel of Proverbs.

IF the cap fits, wear it—out.
Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.
None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!
Faint heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.
Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.
The best of friends must part—their hair.
Any port in a storm—but old port preferred.
One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

WILL THIS SATISFY MR. BRIGHT?

THE Suffrage is indeed becoming Universal. At the recent Cattle Show one of the chief prizes was taken by a Polled Bullock.



ACCOMMODATING—VERY!

"BEG PARDON, SIR! MUSTN'T SMOKE ON THE PLATFORM!"
"OH, MUSTN'T I? THEN I'LL GET INTO THE CARRIAGE!"

OUR PARTING KICK.

GET out, Old Year, get out, get out!
And don't keep lingering here about,
We don't care whether you 've got the gout,
Or what 's the matter, but just get out!
You stupid, sorrowful, sad old year,
You maundering, mischievous, mad old year,
O law, we 're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out!

Your life 's a chapter of griefs and woes,
You were always treading on people's toes,
Till you set great nations at brutal blows,
And gave their braves to the kites and crows.
You savage, slaughterous, sad old year,
You mocking, murderous, mad old year,
O law, we 're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You prolonged the plague that destroyed the ox,
You dashed our ships on the grinding rocks,
You aimed at credit such cruel knocks
That on came Panic with ruinous shocks.
You spiteful, slanderous, sad old year,
You mumping, miserly, mad old year,
O law, we 're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You stirred a quarrel of class and class,
And when we thought we 'd a chance to pass
A wise Reform, you abused the mass,
And slanged the few, and it went to grass.
You sulky, scandalous, sad old year,
You mouthing, muddling, mad old year,
O law, we 're heartily glad, old year
To enjoy the kicking you out.

You flung fresh food in rebellion's jaws,
You established Yankee and Fenian raws,
You frightened Erin, and gave us cause
To suspend fair Freedom's noblest laws.
You base, bewildering, bad old year,
You mean, malingering, mad old year,
O law, we 're heartily glad, old year,
To enjoy the kicking you out.

Come in, New Year, with your hopeful smile,
To end our ditty of blare and bile,
That mean old cuss was enough to rile
An angel's temper, but *you* 'll strike Ile.
You nice, no naughtiness, neat new year,
You smiling, saucy face, sweet new year,
Your look increases the treat, my dear,
Of kicking that old Cad out.

The Clemency of the Weather.

IN proof of the extraordinary mildness of the season, it may be stated that a hayrick in a field belonging to MR. SMITHERS, of Barnstaple became so heated on Christmas-day as to require the prompt exertions of several men to prevent it from catching fire. A family residing in the vicinity of Southampton had their Christmas plum-pudding iced.

A BONE TO PICK WITH ITALY.

HIS Holiness the POPE occasionally venerates the relics of Saints; for example, bones. It is said that the Holy Father has a particular fancy for the "temporal bone."

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Always to go to bed early—in the morning.



PUNCH'S PANTOMIME;

Or, the Old Year out, and the New Year in.





DECIDEDLY NOT.

Aunt. "I'M SURE, DEAR *THAT* 'PUNCH' CANNOT MAKE FRIGHTS OF US NOW!"

BALLADS FOR BACHELORS.

THE BRIEFLESS TO HIS BOY!

RUFUS! my chambers thou may'st close,
Draw in the outer oak;
And from our labours let 's repose—
Hang LYTTELTON and COKE!
My slippers find, my candles light,
My flute fetch from the press;
But bring no books—for this one night
We 'll give to idleness.

Oh, RUFUS, in those awful tomes,
How oft have I dug deep;
To hold dread converse with the gnomes
Who there pale vigils keep.
Thy day-dreams in an easy groove
Glide, checked by sorrows brief;
Thy brain burns not a court to move,
Or bow before a chief.

While Juniors with each others spar,
At clubs in sham debate,
You long to practise at the bar
Which tops some rustic gate.
Thy mind ambition never racks,
And more delight you 'd feel,
In netting humble stickle-backs,
Than bagging the great Seal.

To get silk with its charming gloss,
Long legal yarns we spin;
Your little games entail no loss—
At mine, heads only win.
Thou hast no reverence, I fear,
For shrines where learned dust is;
Nor would a fig give for the ear
Of even a Lord Justice.

Some ladies say I 'm growing bald
With mental wear and tear;
'Tis scarce three years since I was called
To shun my native hair.
Hark! there 's a knock—don't crush my wig
Good RUFUS—haste, go see,
And mind! if it 's a guinea pig—
There 's half-a-crown for thee.

CHARITY AT THE CHARTERHOUSE.

CHARITY, we are told, begins at home; but we are not told that it ought to end there. Yet there are many charities where Number One is looked on as the Golden Number. We cite for instance from the *Standard* a rather striking case:—

"The Charterhouse was intended to gather beneath its roof poor, aged, maimed, or impotent people, who had broken down on the respectable paths of life, and give them a dignified asylum. So wrote THOMAS SUTTON, when applying for his letters patent. It was also planned to include a free school for the maintenance and education of the poor children of reputable parents, and the founder expressly declared his hope and will that the funds of the endowment should never be diverted from the use of the needy. All increases of revenue he ordained should be devoted either to augment the number of brethren or to improve their allowances."

How religiously this ordinance of the founder is obeyed may be gathered from the fact that, while the pensions have been raised from £25 to £40:—

"The master's stipend was originally £50; it is now £800; the preacher's £40, it is about £400 at present; the maneiple has about £200 a year, and every other officer in proportion. Thus, while the master's salary was at first about eight fold the amount of a brother's pension, it has risen to twenty-two fold; add a house and furniture, with allowances for bread, beer, light, fuel, and linen, and a free dinner daily."

Where we further are informed that there is a staff of nearly four dozen officials for merely fourscore pensioners and four-and-forty boys, we think there is fair reason for saying that the Charterhouse "has assumed somewhat too openly the appearance of an institution set apart quite as much for patronage as for charity." As the Poor Brothers are "passing rich on forty pounds a year," they are obliged to buy themselves their groceries and clothing, and to pay for all such luxuries as boot-cleaning and washing. Perhaps it may be said that £40 a year are sufficient for this purpose, and it may also be alleged that the salary of the Master is somewhat more than sufficient for his labour or his needs. If so, let "the number of the brethren be augmented" as the revenue increases, and as the founder has ordained. No doubt it is a good thing to be Master of the Charterhouse; but it would be a better thing if the governors of the charity would bear in mind the purposes for which it was established, and remember that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is not to be considered as applied to Number One.

SAFETY FOR SOLDIERS.

As Christmas is a time of peace and general goodwill, it is pleasant to observe that nearly every other column in our newspapers just now is full of warlike topics. In one sentence we read how France is to be asked—we will not say, commanded—to augment her numerous army; in another we are told how Austria is ordering new breechloaders by the million; while a third describes the trial of big guns and armour-targets at Shoeburyness, or some other experiment in armour, such as this:—

"A trial has just been made in Paris of a cuirass in aluminium, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of turning a musket-ball fired at a distance of 88 paces, and resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. Each cuirass costs only 25 francs. Two regiments are to be immediately supplied with them as a trial."

A capital example, surely, and one for which all lovers of peace must wish success. Why should not living men of war be safely cased with armour as well as merely wooden ones? What a good thing it would be if soldiers were made shot proof as well as floating turrets! War certainly would cease if no one could be killed in it. If aluminium be ball-proof, let our army be encased in it forthwith from head to heel, heeding specially the latter, having memory of Achilles. Let our "Invincibles" henceforward bear the name of "Indestructibles," and let the world be warned that it would be a sheer waste of shot to blaze away at them. There would then be little trouble in finding new recruits, for the fear of being killed would be no longer a deterrent. Even *Falstaff* would have fought as bravely as a lion, and would not have needed the shelter of his shield, if he had been clad with a suit of steel-proof armour.

SPECULATION AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—What colour is Blind-man's Buff?



NOTHING LIKE A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Papa. "WHAT! YOUR GOLD-FISH COME TO GRIEF, ARCHIE?"

Archie (stoically). "YES, PA. ALL RIGHT LAST NIGHT, BUT I FOUND THIS MORNING TWO OF 'EM HAD GONE TO THE EVERLASTING SLEEP OF *HADES!!*"

MANY HAPPY NEW YEARS.

THE world is another year older,
So are you, my young fellows and dears,
Never mind, whilst the old fogies moulder,
May you see many happy new years.
There is hope that you will, for in store you
Health and wealth may be destined to find.
It may be many years are before you,
And maturity isn't behind.

Thereafter but few years, if any,
Can be happy—a truth to regret!
And whene'er an old friend you wish many,
'Tis what don't you just wish he may get?
All in vain 's the good wish of the season,
Would, indeed, you were able to say,
As on juvenile birthdays, with reason,
"Many happy returns of the day!"

Many happy new years an old man
Or old woman might count, O my son,
If at three-score-and-ten we began,
Going back till we reached twenty-one.
So on, over and over again,
As the planets revolve in their spheres;
With some reason and sense you might then
Wish your dad many happy new years.

Great Christmas Effect.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, in dealing with his Army re-organisation scheme seems disposed to borrow a hint from a well-known bit of pantomime business—dropping the hot poker.

BACHELORS OF DIVINITY.

RITUALIST young Clergymen seldom get slippers worked for them by girls. The fact is, that they show the cloven foot; and moreover they preach celibacy.

A STARTLING TRANSPOSITION OF KEYS.

No wonder the Papal keys should be *cross* keys, at the idea of being transferred from the ward of LOUIS NAPOLEON to the ward of VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*At the Feudal Castle: Morning.*)

Happy Thought.—No ghost after all: and they call this a haunted room. I don't believe in the old woman who was burnt to death here, unless (as a Happy Thought) they burnt her ghost into the bargain. Note for Vol. XI. of *Typical Developments*, "On Popular Superstitions."

Always wake early in the country, and always expect a nice bright morning in the country. Looking at the weather from my bed, I should say it drizzles. I don't hear anybody getting up. My clothes and boots have not been taken: it must be very early, or very late. My watch is on the table—can't see it from here. It *must* be very early—I'll lie in bed and think.* * * Odd: I was quite awake a minute ago. * * * I'll take my note-book and arrange some work for the day. * * * Put note-book on pillow.* * * Write down heading *Notes for Typical Developments*, Vol. IX. * * * which is all I find on the page when I wake up again with a galvanic start. Noise in courtyard below; jump out; it *must* be late now.

Frost or damp on the glass: window open: it looks on to the courtyard. Here, in mediæval times assembled pilgrims, retainers, faleoners, barons, knights, ladies, mitred abbots, pages, dogs in leashes, and good-looking young men coming of age on the steps.

"By my halidome! gadso!" quoth the shorter of the two knights, over whose fair head some twenty-five summers had shed their something or other, I forget what now.

Ah, I wish I'd lived then. On thinking over it, why? Chiefly I think because they said "By my halidome," and "zooks" and "the merry maskins," and, generally, because it was "the olden time." Ours will be the olden time one of these days. Perhaps this very room will be exhibited as the place where the author of *Typical Developments* slept. I wish this would happen while I'm alive, though: how it would surprise my relations.

Happy Thought.—Surprise my relations.

I will. Get on with *Typical Developments* as quickly as possible. I feel *now* that I *can* do it. I will dress at once: no more delay. I wish to goodness I could get my clothes brushed; and boots. Hang it, where's the bath?

Look out of window: drizzle over. Dull: housemaid kneeling in a crinoline cleaning steps of porteullis archway. A bumpkin of a boy stands under the archway, cleaning boots. He leaves off, to draw up the porteullis, being thereto summoned by the baker with the rolls, and, I hear a voice say, Muffins, outside.

Happy Thought.—Muffins. Buttered.

I say, "Hallo!" All three below puzzled: perhaps they can't see me. Put my head out: boy laughs—so does the baker. The maid still kneeling, sits on her heels, and smiles too. I think (from this distance) she sniffs: cold morning. I say, "I want my boots cleaned, please." The baker who evidently doesn't wish to be mixed up with the matter at all, looks at the boy. The boy replies, "Yes, Sir," takes the bearings of my room, cleverly deducing the locality of my body from putting this and that together. This being the head, and that the window.

He shuffles towards a side doorway in the quadrangle. The baker says something of an amatory character to the housemaid, at least, so I imagine, from her tossing her head in an "Ah,-yes,-I-dare-say" sort of style, as she resumes her work, while the gay young baker walks across the quadrangle, disappearing, after one look back at the housemaid, at a small side door. Demoralising life a baker's or a butcher's, if he has to call at many houses every day. Might call them butterfly tradesmen, sipping the sweets from every———come in. Boot boy. He will also take my clothes. MARY, he explains, however brushes *them*. Will he be good enough to ask MR. ENGLEFIELD if he'll let me have the bath? He will be good enough, and goes.

Happy Thought.—"Conferring on the boy the order of the bath." I'll say this at breakfast. Must manage to introduce it neatly. SHERIDAN used to arrange a lot of good things before he went out to dinner (I don't know if he said any good things at breakfast) and lead up to them. Note it down, or I shall forget it. If you don't note it down, it's a nuisance to bother yourself all day with trying to recollect what that good thing was you thought of in the morning.

Knock: come in. Boy and bath, with MR. ENGLEFIELD'S compliments. Dressing. * * * Dress anyhow in the country. Can't: ladies.

Happy Thoughts while Dressing.—One ought to have a secretary in one's room to write things down while one is dressing. I hum tunes when brushing my hair, which are really very good, if some one could only catch them and fix them on paper at the moment. I wonder how many composers are lost to the world through this. I'm certain I could do an oratorio. Hum one, I mean: I can't write it, or play it. Oratorios are not effective with one finger on the piano. I find, that, on trying to pick out on the piano any original composition, I lose the tune before I can hit upon the notes. Also find that what I thought was original, some one has heard before. I think I might have been a composer if I'd never heard anybody else's tunes. As to arranging a piece for an orchestra, that would be easy enough, as I can imitate most instruments with my mouth, which would show any practical musician what effect I want, and then he'd do it.

Boy comes for ENGLEFIELD'S bath. I ask, "Is anyone down?" and am told, "Oh, yes, Sir; MRS. CHILDERS is breakfastin'."

I wish they'd ring a bell, or send up to one's room. Now, for MRS. CHILDERS.

Awkward stairs—find my way—came through this hall last night. There's the screen—here's the door. No. Suddenly find myself in courtyard. See warm-looking room in right corner of quadrangle: see breakfast-table: a lady eating, and a man's back, seated, and by the movement of his elbows, eating.

They see me: I must look unconcerned, as if I was up and taking the air, without any idea that breakfast is going on. The window is opened by STENTON, the rising philosopher, who says, "Good morning." I ask him "How he is?" and he replies, "Come in at this door, here—breakfast is quite ready."

The philosopher is dressed in knickerbockers and a shooting coat, and has his hair cut like a VANDYKE child. This strikes me as original. I like the idea. Now, I shall see what MRS. CHILDERS is like. Walk in briskly and smilingly. Be agreeable. Show her that though I do write on deep and serious subjects, yet there is a lighter and brighter side to my nature.

In the Breakfast Room.—There are two ladies, one is making the tea, the other the chocolate and coffee. It is a round table, so there is no top or bottom. Which is MRS. CHILDERS? CHILDERS is not down. The philosopher, STENTON, has to introduce me to them, which he does in a stupid fashion of his own, by merely mentioning *my* name to them, and not theirs to me. Which is MRS. CHILDERS? They are both blondes, and very nearly of an age. Will I have tea? I will, thanks. Muffin? with hesitation—yes, thanks. Oh (chocolate-lady hands them), pray don't: oh, thanks, thanks. Oh (to tea-lady who hands tea), thanks. Will I have some fish or some broiled ham? Mustn't be too long considering: I say in a hurry, "Ham, please"—meant fish. Oh, thanks, thanks. To the philosopher for the butter, to the chocolate-lady for the mustard, and to the lady for the pepper, Thanks, thanks, thanks. Then to the three collectively for everything, "Oh, thanks." I should like to say something brilliant now at *once*, but, here I am, flustered by a muffin.

Happy Thought while eating Muffin.—They're twins: sisters. Still, this doesn't tell me which is MRS. CHILDERS, and I want to ask after the children.

"Am I looking for anything?" No: thanks. I am though, but can't make out what it is; that's where my want of presence of mind bothers me. Oh, it's a small knife: on sideboard. "Oh, don't move," (to everyone) "thanks, thanks." *Note.* Must get out of this habit of saying "thanks": it's nervousness, not gratitude. Will I have any more tea? If you please. Finding that this wish of mine involves ringing a bell, fresh hot water, and trouble generally, I say, "No—no—please don't: I'd *rather* have chocolate. Thanks. I *prefer*, I assure you, I prefer chocolate." Tea-lady smiles, and says, "I'm sorry there is no chocolate." It turns out to be cocoa. I meant (I say) cocoa: all the same—cocoa and chocolate. Thanks. Philosopher STENTON says, "No, it isn't—quite different." I don't want a discussion before ladies, so I merely observe, smilingly, that it doesn't matter. Thanks. I think I've ingratiated myself so far with whichever is MRS. CHILDERS, Tea-lady observes, "MAT will want some tea directly he comes down."

Happy Thought.—MAT is CHILDERS—this is MRS. CHILDERS. I say, relying upon this, "This is a very quaint old place, MRS. CHILDERS." Having said it, I think it was a little rude; ought to have thought of that before speaking: that's just like me—me to the ground, in fact. The ladies smile, the philosopher smiles, so do I, but am uncomfortable. I won't try names again, or remarks on where your host lives; it *is* rude.

CHILDERS appears: he calls tea-lady NELLY, which makes me think I was right, until he addresses the chocolate-lady as ALLY—which unsettles me. I can't keep up conversation without names. Besides, I want to ask after the children. ENGLEFIELD arrives, very lively, and nodding at me, and is called BOBBY by everyone. Poss FELMYR (they all call him Poss, and he calls the ladies ALLY and NELLY, so there's no rule) comes down very shivering, and rubbing his hands; he nods at me encouragingly; they all nod at me, as they come in, encouragingly, as much as to say, "Don't be frightened—it's all right." I don't know why; and I find myself nodding back in the same style, as much as to assure them, "Yes, here I am, all right, not a bit frightened;" but I'm sure I shouldn't be doing this if I only knew which was MRS. CHILDERS. It's like being ignorant of a language. They are all BOB, MAT, ALLY, NELLY, POSS, JACK, and MAT to one another. They can't be *all* CHILDERSES?

The philosopher solves the difficulty; he asks MAT "How MRS. CHILDERS is this morning?" To which CHILDERS replies, "Pretty well," and that "she's coming down."

Perhaps, then, ALLY and NELLY are two MISS CHILDERSES. I won't hazard this in conversation, though. They might be any of the other fellows' sisters, as they are all Christian names to one another. Breakfast finished, but all waiting for MRS. CHILDERS. Children with nurses in the courtyard.

CHILDERS, in character of papa, looks out of window. Fair-haired child, very pretty, runs up.

"What a fine boy," I remark, to please CHILDERS.

There is a smile. "Girl," CHILDERS explains. At that moment I dislike the child. [Analysing this feeling for *Typical Developments* subsequently, I ascertain it to be the result of humbled pride. I had said the girl was a boy, and he was a girl. Chapter on *Insight into Character.*]

Nurses call children off, "like a huntsman and dogs," I say to CHILDERS, by way of a sharp simile, which will be appreciated by clever men. I fancy I'm saying rude things this morning. I wish MRS. CHILDERS would appear, and I should be on safe ground again.

The door opens: it is MRS. CHILDERS. Elderly lady—old enough to be MAT'S mother. I talk to her at once about her children. She smiles graciously: all smile. BOB ENGLEFIELD bursts out into a guffaw, and says he can't help it. MAT CHILDERS explains—"not his wife, his mother."

BOB ENGLEFIELD shouts out, "Oh, haven't you got a chance for a compliment." I laugh foolishly, I feel it's foolishly, and say, "Yes, I have." But the only thing I can think of is something about "A man not being able to marry his grandmother," which I don't say, thank goodness. But where *is* my repartee? That's where I fail. What ought I to have said? A quarter of an hour after, I shall think of it: provoking. However, I now find that the tea-lady is *the* MRS. CHILDERS.

"MY FAVOURITE."

King.—A new sovereign.
Hero.—The man who is one to his *valet de chambre.*
Author.—BRADSHAW.
Artist.—*Not* the lady who paints.
Opera.—The Opera of *Lucian.*
Song.—"*The Mistletoe Bough.*"
Play.—Upon words.
Actor.—Self in "Seven Parts."
Name.—*Her* name.
Dish.—Of chat.
Study.—A brown one.
Amusement.—*The Game of Speculation.*
County.—Beds.
Book.—My banker's.
Motto.—One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
Exercise.—A run on a Bank.
Ambition.—To be a Contributor to *Punch.*

DOMINO PUNCHIO ALUMNUS CANTABRIGIENSIS S.P.D.

LITERAM in periodicale vestrâ a puerculo qui ad Scholam mecum fuit, scriptam nuper vidi. Meum juvencm amicum a lucidâ compositionis ejus stylâ semi-oculo virgavi, quoniam ea styla caput-magistrum nostrum multùm sapuit. Jamque ad punctum. Insum ad Examen a doctis, "Parvo-pergo" vocatum, et rectè quidem, quum multis "nogo" est et nullus error. Quod novum tormentum, puer antique, 'Varsitatem nobis miseris tandem invenisse existimas? Quod extra-subjectum Græco, Latino, Mathematicis (puris impurisque), Pallido (qui veritate est nullus jocus), cæterisque difficilimis rebus additum esse putas? Horresco referens:—*papyram in Accidentiâ et Græcâ et Latinâ!* In Senatus-domo jam sum, illaque papyra ab inexorabili Examinatore mihi modo data est. Quum tamen eam facere non possum frœnum, hanc tibi literam, nobilissime Punchic, scribo.

Num pulchrum est rogare tales quæstiones? sic:—*Parse,* μινδεύρει, νωπωπέρη, ὠλδευρού, ῥιδάκοκκος, τοβαυβύριχρος, πολλιπυτθεκέττελον, et unquam sic multa alia. Claram ideam habeo. Est mihi in pocetto meo libellum cram-grammaticum. Id consulam, ὥσπερ ὄρνις, ut ait poeta. Venditus sum tamen; duo namque tauri-canes a tergo me stant, juvenesque quatuor miseri in fronte mei sedentes, edentesque fines pennarum me placidè contemplant. Quid in terrâ faciam? Nos septem totam horam nihil fecimus. O gemini! nunc tempus est reddere papyras nostras, ac nihil feci. Me miserum! Cura teipsum, mi puer.

VALE.



COMMON OBJECTS IN OUR HEDGEROWS.

Cousin Charlotte. "OH, WILLIAM, DO COME HERE!—SUCH A FUNNY PLANT GROWING ON THIS TREE!"

Cousin William (to himself). "MISTLETOE, BY JINGO! NOW, OR NEVER!"

A LITANY FOR THE SEASON.

(*Dedicated, without the least respect, to* MASTER A. C. SWINEBORN, *by an Old Bachelor.*)

FIRST ANTIPHONE.

ALL the plagues of the season,
Thick and threefold are down on me:
Lord of Mis-rule and Un-reason,
Christmas doth frown on me.
My patience hath gone by the board,
Ridden over rough-shod:
One growth Christmas trees should afford,
And don't—that's a rod!

SECOND ANTIPHONE.

Turkeys, plum-puddings, mince-pics!
Mis'rable sinner,
Must the sins of my youth arise
To make penance of dinner?
Why should I tip the breed
Of brats, all about me?
Why find Christmas boxes to feed
Harpies that scout me?

THIRD ANTIPHONE.

From dishes that ruin digestion,
From juvenile hops,
From wares readers should like a pest shun,
In the booksellers' shops:
From the coarse Christmas beef butchers kill,
With fat triple-lined;
From the twaddle of peace and good-will,
When I hate human-kind—

FOURTH ANTIPHONE.

From the vile begging-letter impostors
Thou bring'st out in swarms:
From the flaunting of pantomime posters,
And music-hall charms:
From the bills, boxes, bores that bewray thee
Arch-nuisance to be,
I pray thee, King Christmas, I pray thee,
To set the town free!

RACING EVENT.—The Black Horse wins the Sweepstakes.

POLYPHEMUS IN PARLIAMENT.

PUNCH, MY GOOD SIR,

I AM hurt. Though not accustomed to the melting mood I—*Polyphemus*—weep. A glass-blower (may his bellows wheeze and his ladle never get hot) flings sarcasms at my visual organ. I stagger. I reel. Sparks fly from my eye. For a moment I see double. Confusion seize thee, ruthless King—of bubble-blowers!

I had resolved to stand for Utopia as soon as that thriving colony was enfranchised; but now comes a Blower of Bottles, and like rude Boreas, blows fierce scorn at all monocular legislators. Again I say I'm hurt. It's grossly personal.

This æsthetic Bubble-blower requires *his* representative to be a model for PRAXITELES!

So ho, then! We are to have a House of Apollos! Ho! ho! ho! Pardon me for mingling laughter with my tears. If, *Punch*, it comes to that, you had better look to your Ladies' Gallery. Already the darlings complain of scant accommodation. Already there are honorable orators who perfume their eloquence with otto of roses to charm those birds of Paradise who flutter as they listen in their gilded cage. O! what clouds of incense will go up when 600 and odd worshippers of Belgravian beauty set about swinging their rhetorical censers! It makes me merry—the idea—M. P., Model for PHIDIAS!

But let us be grave for a moment. Why are *eyes* singled out by our fastidious Bottle-blower for invidious comment? What colour would he insist upon as a proper eye qualification for Members of Parliament? Is a gentleman to be driven from the Commons by a pair of greys? or if his orbs are darker than a feminine committee of taste may desire, is the candidate to be looked upon as black-balled? Is preferment to be the reward only of the far-sighted, and are Ministers to have a bright expression in spite of all opposition. Is an eye in a fine frenzy rolling to be pointed at as the unerring sign of a celestial Premier and the pledge of an enlightened policy? Is an eagle gaze always to command a working majority, and is no confidence to be reposed in an Administration who suffer from a slight—a very slight obliquity of vision? Must a Foreign Secretary sparkle like Venus—gem of the western sky—when he rises from his seat and every minor Member of the Cabinet be required to twinkle like a little star?

Are no optical glasses to be allowed on the Treasury Bench? Is a Conservative leader not to have the aid of "clearers" or an advanced Liberal to be denied the use of "magnifiers?" Is the watchword of party henceforth to be "looks not lungs." Is Parliament to produce every night during the season, as the Manager may direct, either a serious or a comic pantomime? And finally, are country gentlemen to be won over by side-long glances, and is a Chancellor of the Exchequer to be kept in office by a leer?

Punch these questions every man who is not blinded by prejudice will gravely con. The *argumentum ad hominem* is a light and pleasant mode of carrying conviction to a stubborn mind. If you have nothing solid to urge against an opponent, cast dust in his eyes. If he is a politician—well—call him a Polyphemus.

Give my love to the girls, and believe me, Yours ever,

POLYPHEMUS,
Chief Commissioner—Woods and Forests.

Cyclops Hall, Arcadia.
3*rd Dec.*, 1866.

Stanza in the Lucid Style.

THE sun sinks in emerald glory,
Like snakes in the sea.
There are many not old who are hoary:
There are slaves that are free.
Dost thou love me? No. Else thou wouldn't bite me,
And sting like a bee!

BITTER RIVALRY IN BEER.

IT has been whispered in musical circles that one of our eminent brewers is performing as a *contra-basso*. The gentleman referred to is MR. ALLSOPP.

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PROBABLE.

"HALLO, OLD BOY, YOU 'VE GOT A BAD COLD. *How* DID YOU GET IT?"

"WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I THINK I MUST HAVE LEFT OFF MY HAT-BAND TOO SOON!"

THE MARTYR-BUNG.

OUR friends the Licensed Victuallers are always holding meetings for self-glorification, and for the purpose of declaring that they are the victims of Legislative oppression. They are perpetually defending themselves against some imaginary danger, and imputing dark designs to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the time being. That right honourable gentleman, be he who he may, is supposed by them to lie awake whole nights considering what cruel blow he can inflict upon the virtuous and noble Victualler, and upon the principle that it is best to cry out before you are hurt, as it is of no use bellowing afterwards, our friends may be wise. Sometimes they get a member of Parliament, usually one who is not much regarded in the House, to preside over their Banquet of Howling, and it is funny to read how that unfortunate senator tries to reconcile the business of adulating the Bungs with his own sense of truth and statesmanship.

Lately, however, *Mr. Punch* has noticed that a good many hundreds of Victuallers (who, however, by no means represent the whole class) have taken a method of obtaining the approbation and admiration of the public, instead of confining themselves to enthusiastic eulogies on themselves. In the long lists of persons who have recently been fined for using False Measures, the Licensed Victuallers have been distinguished. Indeed, they always head the array, and are convicted in batches. This we deem a proof of the workings of conscience behind the bar. To adulterate is human, to filch the adulterated liquid is divine. These Witlers, who doubtless manipulate their liquors after the fashion of their fellow tradesmen, who are thought honest, do something towards mitigating the evil wrought by their doctored fluids. They sell as little as they can for the money. In their banquets let the fact be noted—they rob their customer, but only rob him of the trash which helps to make him sick indeed.

Yet, we fear, the Licensing Magistrates may not be sufficiently refined to appreciate this delicacy of sentiment, and on the next application for licences may examine the list of convictions, and refuse the documents to those who have shown such tenderness of conscience. Well, the Martyr-Bungs must make the best of it, and comfort themselves with past profits.

MEDICAL.—We know a young man who is suffering severely from having had a girl "thrown at his head."

EUROPE'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

COME, each little King and Queen,
Let your reigning business be,
And gather round the green
Of Europe's Christmas-tree.
A pretty tree it is,
With a pretty crop of toys,
To irradiate the phiz
Of royal girls and boys.

Here 's a little Papal Bull
Of excommunication,
Which KING VICTOR'S free to pull,
And the whole Italian nation.
Here are warrants of arrest,
Gift of QUEEN ISABELLA,
To her Cortes, by request
Of her priestly Camarilla.

Here 's a *congé* for KING MAX,
From the hand of Uncle SAM,
Sealed with Imperial wax
By the ex-prisoner of Ham.
Here 's a broad hint for the POPE
With Rome accounts to square:
And a Papal Zouave, with rope
To hang himself in air.

KING WILLIAM, here 's your passport
To power—a needle-gun:
For the EMPEROR here 's a Chassepot,
For the KAISER ne'er a one.
Here 's a breech-loading, rifled
Ship cannon for JOHN BULL,
Who swears "My Lords" have trifled,
Or he 'd have a navy-full.

For my little CZAR so perky
Here *is* a tempting prize—
A nice old Christmas Turkey,
Devoured by greedy eyes:
Keep back, you little gluttons,
Or, at least, all start fair;
Mind, if you burst your buttons,
You must pay for repair!

Here are rifles, bayonets, sabres,
For little Sovereigns prone
To taking from their neighbours
And adding to their own.
Here are pretty oaths for breaking,
Like *bon-bons* sugared fair,
Treaties made for un-making,
And warranted to tear.

Then gather, little Princes,
Round Europe's Christmas-tree—
He 'll get most the least who minces,
And in grabbing most makes free.
Peace and goodwill may quake—
And if they do 'tis well:
What 's peace?—A thing you break:
And goodwill?—A thing you sell.

Puseyism and Poetry.

AMONG the candidates for the vacant Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, if its tenure were compatible with the Professorship of Hebrew, a peculiarly proper person would be DR. PUSEY. Who so fit to fill the Chair once occupied by KEBLE as the genius who is credited with the amendment of the *Christian Year?*

SEASONABLE.

THE Floral Hall is open for skating. Anticipating tumbles, *Mr. Punch* makes the witlings a present of a new name for the building — the Floor-all Hall. (N.B. One charge for admission: no sliding scale.)

LEGAL NOTE, BY MRS. BRIEFLESS.—Spring Circuits—Crinolines.

A CAPITAL PANTOMIME JOKE.



EE here is a good hearty bit of Christmas fun. A correspondent cites it for us from the *Chelmsford Chronicle*:—

"A DESPERATE RUFFIAN!—CHARLES LEONARD, aged eight, was charged with the unlawful possession of a piece of wood ten inches long and nine inches wide. The defendant, who appeared to be almost starving, and who said he picked the wood up to make a bit of fire for his mother, was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour and four years in a reformatory."

What a joke to send a boy of eight years old to prison, with hard labour, for the heinous crime of picking up a little piece of firewood! And what a famous bit of fun to send the little fellow for four years to a reformatory, in further expiation of his horrible offence! Of course, a boy of eight years old has read enough of BLACKSTONE'S *Commentaries*, and other English law-books, to know that picking up a scrap of firewood, even for one's mother, is an indictable offence, and one for which the punishment above named may be given. So we can have no pity for poor little CHARLES LEONARD, whose desire to help his mother led him, knowingly, of course, to commit a flagrant crime. We only hope our pantomimists will not hear of the hard sentence passed on the poor lad, lest they be tempted to ridicule the sage bench of Essex Magistrates, by exhibiting them nightly as a lot of Essex calves. A reformatory for country Magistrates might be suitably established in counties where a little boy is sentenced to hard labour, and then sent to a reformatory, for so trivial an offence as the one above described.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*A Day at the Feudal Castle.*)

GETTING STENTON, the philosopher, alone by the window, I find it all out. MRS. CHILDERS is CHILDERS's mother, yes, of course. I say "Yes, of course," as if I'd known it for years. NELLY is MRS. MATTHEW CHILDERS. "Yes," I say, "and the other is her sister." I am wrong. ALLY is no relation: ALLY is MRS. FELMYR. Oh, now I see it all: POSS FELMYR is MRS. FELMYR's husband. STENTON further explains: BOB ENGLEFIELD is POSS FELMYR's brother-in-law, and NELLY is his, STENTON's, the philosopher's sister. She was a Miss STENTON, and the other was a MISS ENGLEFIELD, and that MRS. FELMYR is a very old friend of MRS. MAT, and MRS. CHILDERS has known her from a child, and he and BOB were children together, and so was MAT and Old Poss, who has been brought up abroad, "and so they get on," he says, continuing what *he* calls his explanation, "very well together, more like brothers and sisters." "And mothers," I suggest, thinking of CHILDERS's mother. CHILDERS coming up at this moment seems grave; perhaps he thinks I was sneering at his mother. I wouldn't sneer at a mother for anything.

Happy Thought.—Not to say anything about it now: ask him quietly afterwards if he thought I was insulting his mother, and then explain that I wasn't. Good fellow, MAT.

"What would I like to do?" they want to know. Anything, I return. The ladies have gone to their household duties. BOB ENGLEFIELD is busy this morning, hard at work at a five-act drama. He won't tell me what it is about. STENTON informs me apart that it's about ANNE BOLEYN and HENRY THE EIGHTH: scene laid here, in Bovor Castle. STENTON is also hard at work: an article for a weekly review. CHILDERS whispers to me *The Saturday*. STENTON is evidently a superior man. May I ask what he is writing for that periodical. He smiles mysteriously: shakes his head, and says, "Oh, no, no, MAT's joking." I see by his manner that he *does* write for the *S. R.* Will ask him all about it afterwards. MAT tells me apart that STENTON's doing an article on "Henry the Eighth and Mediævalism,"—in fact, about Bovor.

Happy Thought.—Write for the *Saturday Review*: they needn't put it in, but I can smile and shake my head. I wonder if the contributors to that paper know one another by sight? or by any masonic signs? If they do, I should be found out. I wish I could find out STENTON.

POSS FELMYR says, looking at his watch, that he had no idea it was so late, and must get to work. What work? His novel. May I ask what's the story. He can't say: send me a copy when published. ENGLEFIELD tells me, apart, that it's to be called *Bovor*, and is about HENRY THE EIGHTH and CARDINAL WISEMAN—he means WOLSEY.

MAT CHILDERS must get to work too. What *he* at work? I say with surprise. All laugh except CHILDERS, who, I think, doesn't seem pleased at my remark. POSS FELMYR takes me aside immediately afterwards and asks me didn't I know that MAT was engaged on a grand historical picture for next year's Academy. I didn't, I wish I had: in fact, I didn't know he painted. What? didn't I hear last season about the row and the A.R.A.'s? It won't do to go on being ignorant of these sort of things, so I say, "Oh, *that*," as if he'd brought it all, vividly, to my recollection now.

Happy Thought.—Get an almanack or something, and see who's President of the Academy. Ought to know these things.

It seems that MAT is an injured man, academically speaking. I will condole with him, if he likes it. What is the subject of his picture, I ask him? Historical, he says. They are none of them willing to enter fully into their subjects. FELMYR takes me aside and informs me that MAT is painting *Bovor Castle in the Olden Time*, and is portraying ANNE BOLEYN playing on the dulcimer to HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Being asked what I'm going to do, I reply, as they're all so busy, I've got plenty of work to do, and commence giving a brief outline of *Typical Developments*, its scope, subject, and object. This is to impress them, and to show them that I am not a mere idle lounger, but an artist, one of themselves. They are not much interested in my work.

Happy Thought.—The Future: I'll astonish them. One day they'll be cringing to me for a copy of *Typical Developments*.

MAT wants to know, if, before I go to work, I'd like to see the Castle. I should, but don't let me take him away from his work. Not in the least: they'll *all* show me over. We take umbrellas (it is raining) and look at the moat. The moat is swollen and has risen. If it goes on like this, says MAT, the baker will have to come in a punt. The water will be over the drawbridge and into the Castle. They show me the piggery; there are no pigs. And the orchard; no apples, to speak of. They show me a fine old room with painted panneled ceiling and side gallery. ENGLEFIED, who, MAT informs me is an authority on these matters, says that this was the old Chapel. We (none of us) think it could have been the chapel, because of the fire-place. Then says ENGLEFIELD, positively, it was the Refectory. Refectories, says MAT CHILDERS, were only in monasteries. I chime in, "Yes, only in monasteries." ENGLEFIELD is positive that it *must* have been the chapel or the refectory, or, after some consideration, the armoury. "But," objects Poss, "they wouldn't have had that sort of window." ENGLEFIELD says, "why not?" which is treated as an absurd question; whereupon he suggests that it's the Hall. "No," says STENTON, "the other's the Hall." They all agree with STENTON, "Oh, yes, the other's the Hall." I say, "Yes, I think the other's the Hall," meaning the place I came through last night, where BOB ENGLEFIELD looked through a window in the screen at me. ENGLEFIELD, after looking at the chamber for a minute longer, says with certainty, "This was two rooms once," and we leave him there regarding the chamber sorrowfully.

MAT then takes us up winding stone stairs to top of tower. I think, while going up, what's the best way of coming down again without feeling giddy; sideways, like a horse down hill. On the roof. I always thought castle roofs were flat, and that warders with Carhonels (am not sure of the word, so won't say it) walked up and down. This castle roof is like any roof on an ordinary second-rate London house; very disappointing. In fact, but for the name of the thing, it is simply being "on the leads." There is no view, as Bovor lies in a valley, and is hemmed in by hills. If they were snow mountains it would be grand, but they're only spongy-looking green hills. There are no gargoyles to discharge the rain. I want to know which is a bastion? ENGLEFIELD, who is an authority on all these subjects, as he is getting them up for his historical drama, doesn't know what a bastion is, but shows me a gable. I want to know where the Donjon Keep is? It appears it hasn't got one. What a castle! ENGLEFIELD, however, says that it's one of the few in England that has a barbican. "Don't I know what a barbican is?" "Well, we can't see it from here, but it's a—sort of—it's difficult," he says, "to describe exactly, but surely I *must* know what a barbican is." I answer, "Of course I've seen one often enough; but I don't *exactly* know what it is." With this answer he seems satisfied, as he merely returns, "Oh, of course you do," and volunteers no further explanation about the barbican.

Happy Thought.—There's a Barbican in London, somewhere. Where? Wonder if I've seen it.

"Some of the passages, here," says ENGLEFIELD, as we descend, "are beautifully corbelled." I am getting tired; I hate sight-seeing,

and having knowledge thrust on me, so I merely reply, "Yes, beautiful," and nearly fall down the winding stairs. BOB ENGLEFIELD, on the drawbridge, shows me what he calls a first-rate idea for a scene. Troops pouring out from under the Norman arch, enemy coming down on them from the heights; the fair Thingummy, ALICE, anyone, he says, a prisoner, waving her hand from the turret, while the tyrant is below ready to dispatch her. Good that," he says, appealing to me, "and original, eh?" I say, "Yes, very original." But on consideration I suggest to him diffidently, "Isn't it a little like *Blue Beard?*" He says, "Oh, if you turn everything into ridicule—why——." I think he's annoyed. We meet MAT, JACK STENTON, and POSS. They've none of them been to work yet; they all say they *must* go, at once, as it's getting so late. MAT asks ENGLEFIELD if he's shown me the machicolated battlements. BOB says no, rather sulkily. Odd, he can't get over *Blue Beard*. I say I don't care about machicolated battlements. Well, we'll leave them till to-morrow. By all means—till to-morrow. They say they are going to work in earnest now till luncheon time. One hour.

Happy Thought.—Write some letters. Ask when the post goes out?

CHILDERS says, "Oh, not till night," that is, he explains, not the regular post. From which I gather that there is an irregular post which goes out in the day. I am right: the irregular post is the butcher. He comes from Beckenhurst, and to oblige us will post any letters before two P.M. at Beckenhurst. The only thing against the butcher is, that he's rather uncertain on account of his pockets. If my letter is not very important I'd better send it by the usual post. If it *was* very important I certainly shouldn't intrust it to the butcher. There's no sort of necessity for my letter to go by an early post, but the fact that there is only a late one seems to cause me a great deal of inconvenience. Why? Analyse this feeling for Vol. XII., *Typical Developments*, Sec. 2, par. 3.

We meet at luncheon time: it is still raining. The ladies regret that we're running into winter because there's no more croquet. MRS. MAT CHILDERS says if the rain continues the feudal castle will be swamped. MRS. FELMYR says she'll be glad to get back to town; it's so damp. POSS FELMYR says, "Pooh! they came down to rough it." CHILDERS sides with him. There's a row threatening: awkward for a visitor. MRS. CHILDERS asks me if I think it's fair to keep her down in this dismal place all the season, and only to return to town when nobody's there? I feel that CHILDERS's happiness in private life will materially depend upon my answer, but I can't help agreeing with MRS. CHILDERS. If I knew her better I wouldn't, as I hold with MAT's view of the case—picturesque feudal castle, rustic scenery, *versus* town house and right-angled streets. I shall explain to CHILDERS afterwards that I only said it to please his wife. [When I *do* tell him afterwards, he says testily, that "he can't understand how a man can be such a humbug," having evidently had a scene with MRS. CHILDERS in consequence of my observation.]

Poss wants to know if I'd take a walk in the rain. For exercise. I will. STENTON stops at home to do something with some photographs he's been taking. When he's not writing for a review, he's always going in and out of the back-kitchen with wooden frames, glasses, and slips of damp paper. When there's a sun he holds glasses up to it. He shows me views of Bovor, and portraits with a backing of coat-sleeve. He says I can't see them now. He's right. When in the back-kitchen, which is a dark place, one may just catch a glimpse of him stirring up wet photographs in a large red pie-dish. [His pictures are always "getting on," or "coming out very well," but they don't come out of the pie-dish, at least while I'm here.] He offers to take one of me.

Happy Thought.—To be taken with MS. of *Typical Developments* in my hand.

My difficulty is to get an expression on my face which shall be neither a scowl nor a grin. To be taken to-morrow. Walk now—in the rain.

A MARVELLOUS WOMAN.

A LINCOLNSHIRE paper apprises us that:—

A THOROUGHLY DOMESTICATED CHRISTIAN LADY is requiring a re-engagement as HOUSEKEEPER where one or more Servants are kept. *She was* 11 *years in one position*, and has been accustomed to Children. Good references.—Address X.

Eleven years in one position! But that she particularly describes herself as a Christian lady (a remarkable article, as she supposes in this land of heathens) we should imagine that X is a she-Fakeer. We wonder what the position was. She must be awfully stiff. On the whole we think that she had better slacken herself by a course of Turkish Baths before undertaking a housekeeper's duties. It would not look well to see her come in hopping, or unable to remove her hands from her head, however thoroughly domesticated (how do they domesticate a Christian lady?) she may be.

THE MISER'S PARADISE.—The Guinea Coast.

TITLES AND HEADINGS OF CHAPTERS OF FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

Poles Asunder.

Chapter I. Lonely Lane.
II. The Note in the pink Envelope.
III. The Splash in the "Dutchman's Pit."

Fast and Loose.

Chapter I. The Match for £100,000 between *The Casual* and *Asphaltum*.
II. The Champagne Supper at DE TAWNAY'S.
III. The Struggle in the Tunnel.

Changed at Nurse.

Chap. XXXIX. What they found in the Coal Cellar.
XL. LUCIA BURGOYNE lets down her back hair.
XLI. The Spot on the Floor.
XLII. A Telegram in Cipher.

Daggers Drawn.

Chapter XIII. Another Doctor called in.
XIV. Violet Eyes.
XV. Inspector FERRETT finds the Phial.

Spots on the Sun.

Chapter VI. The Ring at the Front Door Bell.
VII. In the Rain behind the Haystack—AVICE ELDON'S first Kiss.
VIII. Sleaping Churchyard at Midnight.

Brought to Bay.

Book the Third.

Chapter XLVI. A Splendid Woman.
XLVII. The Pool of Blood in the Osier Holt.
XLVIII. BLANCHE HAMERTON at her Secret Drawer.

Book the Fourth.

Chapter XLIX. The Footstep on the Stairs.
L. and last. Newgate.

THEATRICAL.

NUMEROUS applications were received by the Manager of Covent Garden from "professionals" wishing to take part in *The Forty Thieves*. It was not found possible to offer engagements to the following (amongst others):—

The Thief—who stole a march.
The Thief—in the candle.
The Thief—who was set to catch a thief.
The Thief—who stole the "purse" and found it "trash."
The Thief—who stole up-stairs.
The Thief—of time, *alias* Procrastination, and—
The Thief—who stole a kiss (overwhelming number of applicants).

Several correspondents are informed that DYKWYNKYN is *not* the author of *Masks and Faces*.

"A Mother and a Protestant" may take her daughters to the Adelphi to see *A Sister's Penance* without the slightest hesitation. There is nothing in this Play contrary to the tenets of the Reformation, or that countenances the absurdities of the Ritualists.

It is clear that of all the Christmas pieces not one can have so much spirit in it as *Mountain Dhu*.

Here is a startling novelty in Art! At the Haymarket you may see "The Living Miniatures."

THE PEACOCKS OF THE CHURCH.

LADIES sometimes are accused of having gone to Church to exhibit a new bonnet, or to examine the new bonnets which others there exhibit. But now that certain parsons are so splendid in their raiment, we should think that shawls and bonnets must be less attractive than tunicles and albs, and whatever other vestments may chance to be displayed. Instead of talking of the Sermon, ladies, after Church, will criticise the robes worn by the clergyman, and we shall hear such observations as "What a lovely tunicle the rector wore this morning!" or "What a sweet thing in dalmatics the vicar had to-day!"

Gorgeous vestments clearly are befitting to a Church, whose Founder specially enjoined us to pay no regard to raiment. Clearly, too, the robes of rainbow colours, the velvets, silks and satins now in fashion with some parsons, are precisely the things proper to be worn by the rectors of a Church, whereof the curates are in some cases dependent upon charity to provide them with clothes.

THE ANTIQUITY OF BEER.—Tradition has omitted to preserve a fact relative to the early historian, BEROSUS. He was fond of old ale.



BOXING-DAY.

(Mrs. Bustleton's favourite Cabman has called for his usual Christmas-Box in a state of——never mind.)

Mrs. B. "OH, SAWYER, I'M SURPRISED—I THOUGHT YOU SUCH A STEADY MAN! I'M SORRY TO SEE YOU GIVEN TO DRINK!"

Sawyer. "BEG Y' PAR'N MUM, NO S'H 'HING MUM *(hic)*. DRINK 'ASH OI'M T' ME, MUM, 'SH MORN'N, MUM!!"

A QUEER CHRISTMAS DAY.

CAN the gentleman named in the following extract from the *Times* be the MR. LAWSON who is one of the chiefs of the United Kingdom Alliance, and was formerly Member for Carlisle?—

"A VEGETARIAN FESTIVAL.—A rather remarkable festival was held at Blennerhasset, Cumberland, on Christmas-day, upon the farm of MR. WILLIAM LAWSON, son of SIR WILFRED LAWSON, of Brayton. The farm is conducted upon the co-operative principle—a tithe of the profits being divided among the workers, and MR. WILLIAM LAWSON and his servants are vegetarians."

For, if so, there can be no wonder in any sane mind that he has ceased to represent that borough. Diet may be regarded as very much a matter of taste; still there are probably few rational beings who will not think they discern somewhat of eccentricity, at least, in the foundership of the feast thus described:—

"At noon a meal of grain, fruit, and vegetables was given, which rather surprised some of the beef-eating peasantry who had assembled to take part in the festival. There were raw turnips, boiled cabbages, boiled wheat, boiled barley, shelled peas (half-a ton of each of these three last named); oatmeal gruel, with chopped carrots, turnips, and cabbage in it; boiled horse beans, boiled potatoes; salads, made of chopped carrots, turnips, cabbages, parsley, &c., over which was poured linseed boiled to a jelly."

This repast was preceded by the entertainments hereinunder specified:—

"All the people of the district who chose to write beforehand for free tickets or to pay 4*d.* on Christmas-day were invited. Musicians were requested to take their instruments with them, and it was added 'those who like may bring their own spoons.' About 1,000 people attended. The farm buildings were decorated, and in the large rooms singing and dancing and lecturing on phrenology, co-operation, vegetarianism and physiology went forward at intervals during the day."

The mixture of mental provender supplied by MR. LAWSON to his guests appears to have been about equally heterogeneous with the material banquet which he placed before them. That the character of the latter may be fully and duly appreciated, our readers must know that:—

"As there were no condiments of any kind, either upon the extraordinary messes or the table, and all being cold except the potatoes, it may be imagined that the guests did not sit down with much relish to their vegetarian fare."

Hunger is said to be the best of sauces; but even that condiment appears to have been as absent from MR. LAWSON'S board as salt, vinegar, mustard, and pepper. His guests had doubtless had enough of his dinner; yet we are told that "each one" of the beef-eating peasantry, as well as the herbivorous Lawsonites, "had an apple and a biscuit presented to him on rising from the table." The conclusion of this remarkable Christmas-day's festivities was answerable to the previous jollification:—

"In the course of the afternoon MR. LAWSON'S two steam engines, called by him 'Cain' and 'Abel,' set off with steam up and whistles screaming to lead a procession over the farm, but they did not get very far, and the procession was rather a straggling one. Good order was maintained all day, the farm servants of the establishment acting as officers, and MR. W. LAWSON himself performing the duty of special constable—a fact which was announced by placards posted up on the farm buildings, bearing the words, 'WILLIAM LAWSON, sworn constable.'"

The nature of the "establishment," at which such fantastic diversions as those above related were practised, would hardly be imagined to be simply agricultural. There are certain institutions at which the inmates, by scientific management, are enabled to exercise such faculties as they possess in various industries. It would naturally be taken, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, for one of those. Phrenology is enumerated among the entertainments provided for the vegetarians of Blennerhasset. What had it to say to their heads? Perhaps that the development of vegetarians coincided with that of teetotallers, and that both were also equal in quality of brain.

Among all the vegetables consumed by MR. LAWSON and his company, it may be remarked that no mention is made of thistles.

AFTER READING A NOTICE OF THE TWENTIETH.

HOMER is said sometimes to nod. Does he nod assent to all the translations that are published of his works?



RIVAL SWEEPERS.

General Chorus. "CLEAR YER DOOR-STEP DOWN, MUM?"



ANNUS PLORABILIS.

In vain, Old Year, with summer shows
Thou striv'st to prank thy dying face,
Mocking with green the month of snows
Till winter wears spring's breath and grace.
A sorry year thou camest in,
A sorrier year thou diest out;
Little 'twas thine for earth to win,
But death and dole, dismay and doubt.

At home, what have thy conquests been?
What goodly sheaves thy garner fill?
The many's cries, that little mean,
The few's retorts, ill-word for ill.
A battle, but no victory won
A problem set, but still to solve;
Loose arguments, the grasp that shun,
In vicious circles to revolve.

In high finance, in shares and stocks,
Swindling, collapse of credit wide,
A murrain on our herds and flocks,
With watchful Cholera at its side.
High Church, with Mumbo-Jumbo rites,
Stopping the road 'twixt man and heaven;
Low Church, content with Sabbath slights
Of Mammon, Lord six days in seven.

Death-dealing, e'en as it expired,
Thy breath spread ruin and dismay;
Kindled the spark the mine that fired,
Its hundreds at a stroke to slay.
Unto the palace of our pride,
And all its gathered treasures rare,
Thy dying hand the torch applied,
And left a ruin blank and bare!

Abroad, at one another's throats
Kings letting loose the dogs of war;
By armèd hosts, or doctored votes,
The nations' landmarks shifted far.
Soldiers in rivalry increased,
Till nations into armies turn,
And Peace goes armed when War has ceased,
That scarce their difference you discern.

Shakings of thrones, kings hunted out;
Of race and blood strange throes in air;
And throne of thrones, its props struck out,
All tottering, St. Peter's chair.
Go hence, Old Year, and hide thy head,
Leaving thy awful tasks undone
To the Young Year, with lightsome tread
And hopes of youth that fears outrun!

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

THE old year raised his dying head,
With pity in the glazing eye,
Though curses rang around his bed,
And not a loving look was nigh.
And all the angry tongues were hushed,
As with light like eve's after-glow
The sharpening features fired and flushed,
And he spake solemnly and slow.

"What metes have *ye* to mete my task?
What scales to weigh my good and ill?
Is *yours* the verdict I should ask
On what I leave or what fulfil?
Fools! that with the foot-rules of man
Think to gauge Him, who guides the spheres—
Whose voice, e'en through your buzz and ban,
Sounds audible for reverent ears.

"'Murrain and Plague'—Did not my hands
Bring blessing, even bringing these?
Shake penny-wisdom, where she stands
Guarding the dirt that breeds disease.
Prove pestilence another name
For duty shirked, and work ill-done;
Show where air, light, and water came,
How baffled Cholera must run.

"'Wars that shift land-marks, shatter thrones:
Armings of nations, far and wide'—
Is'not seed fed on dead-men's bones,
Seed of large growths that shall abide?
The year that made North-Germans one,
Swept Italy of aliens free,
Can show, besides these great things done,
Ground laid for greater things to be.

"'Strange stirs of blood, new throes of race,
Seeking new order, spurning old'—
Is it so hard His hand to trace
In young loves lit, grey hates grown cold?
The year that laid, 'neath ocean wild,
The wires of peace, good-will to man,
'Twixt mighty mother, mighty child,
Is not a year to blame and ban.

"'Battles of church and creed and class,
Roguery unmasked, and fraud laid bare'—
Does the storm end with storm, nor pass
And leave behind a healthier air?
The ills and miseries that men know
Are springs of good they cannot see:
Blest, and not curst, hence let me go;
Dark 'HAS BEEN' still shapes bright 'TO BE.'"

WHITE UPON BLACK.

MR. PUNCH has been abused for abusing the "Black Country," its ways and works—or, rather, its foul ways and its neglects. Some of the ladies of Wolverhampton, and of its gentlemen, too, in all probability, have emptied the phials of their wrath on *Mr. Punch's* head for rudely calling spades "spades;" an offence he never dreamed of being hauled over the coals for by a spade-making community.

Since his answer to his Wolverhampton censors appeared, he has received a letter, which shows that among the things which "they manage better in France," are parts at least of *their* "Black Country." His correspondent, who writes from Paris, and encloses his name, after a compliment which *Mr. Punch's* modesty forbids his putting in type, goes on—

"I read your reply to the Ladies of Wolverhampton on my return from visiting one of the great iron foundries of France, which, though under one proprietorship, is a small 'black country' of itself. I will tell you what I saw in that great French factory. I saw a town of 25,000 inhabitants, wholly built and owned by the miners and ironworkers themselves, who buy their land in fee simple from their employers as they require it for building. I saw 10,000 of these people, some few of them women, who do light out-door work, go daily to their duties, and 4,000 of their children go daily to their schools. I saw drawings and attended historical and scientific examinations in the higher classes of these schools, which would have done credit to Rugby and Eton, and heard, with a longing wish, that it were so in England: how none were allowed to leave the school for the workshop till they could read and write well, and do some arithmetic; and I heard with no surprise that several of the higher boys have passed up into the school of Government Engineers in France. I saw the château of the proprietors standing in the very midst of this town of workmen, and, within it, assembled round the venerable founder of this great industry, a little society principally composed of the officials of the place, which in refinement and intellect would have done honour to any capital in Europe.

"I saw all this, Sir, but I did not see a policeman, or a soldier. I believe there were in the place (of course not near the areas) three of the former, but none of the latter; and finally, during a ten days' stay, I did not see a drunken man, though I once heard one."

This is no community of hammer-men in Utopia—no black country of Cloud-land—but an actual translation of Bilston, Tipton, or Dudley, out of the vernacular of our Black Country, into French. This happy valley is called Le Creusot, situate in the department of Saône-et-Loire. The proprietors are not angels, but plain men, trading under the designation of "SCHNEIDER et Compagnie," and the head of the firm is M. A. SCHNEIDER, Vice-President of the National Assembly.

Will some great firm, or cluster of firms, in our Black Country go and do likewise?

FAT GIRLS.

A LADY of the teaching sort advertises thus:—

SCHOLASTIC.—MRS. PILGRIM, Cornwall House, Longlazyham, finding her Boarders so much increased, will REMOVE at Christmas to Nelson House. Terms, 25*l.*; sisters, 45*l.* Diet unlimited.

The unlimited diet has increased the young lady boarders to such an extent that their governess's old house is too small for the pretty giantesses and MISS DANIEL LAMBERTS. Well, but we *say*. If we had a daughter (we haven't), and wanted to send her to a boarding-school (we shouldn't), we are by no means sure that we should wish MISS PUNCH to be fed up in this alarming manner. However, we admire the lady's frankness, if not her grammar.



A SENSATION WATER-JUMP, OR SPORT (?) IN 1866.

SONG ON A STEEPLE-CHACE.

IF I had a 'oss wot could and would go,
D'ye think I 'd ride him to death? Oh, no!
I'd gallop him easy and cry, Soho!
Gently!—
If, &c.

When I was at Croydon t'other morn,
I witnessed cruel sport with scorn,
The ridin' of a steeple-chase,
With leaps 'cross every dangerous place.
If, &c.

I see a jockey come down smack,
Whereby he broke the hanimal's back,
The sight did so my feelins rack,
I cried, Swells!—
If, &c.

As though for breakin' of the peace,
The Humane Society's police
Had up these Swells, for all their state,
Before the sitting Magistrate:
If, &c.

They told his Worship the disgrace
Of that barbarious steeple chace;
But, lo, the Beak dismissed the case!
And thought I, your Worship—
If, &c.

The parties was released from Court,
Unpunished for their Croydon sport.
This ain't wot I calls equal laws
Between the 'oss and donkey's cause.
If, &c.

Them Swells their 'osses kills and maims,
And, though the Press their conduct blames,
They never gets committed or fined,
For their Worships and them is both of one mind.
If, &c.

Now, I'll maintain, 'tis werry 'ard,
Whilst punishment the Beaks award;
Whenever by chance it comes to pass
That a costermonger wollops his hobstinate Ass.
But, however——
If, &c.

RIDDLES.

BY TWO SIMPLETONS.

SIMPLE SIMON wishes to know—

Why a story handed down from generation to generation is like the thing on which the butler carries up the luncheon, and at the same time like everything on it?

S. S. supplies the solution, Because it is tray-dish-an'-all. [The word which S. S. means is, therefore, *traditional:* so we 've guessed it.]

Simple SOLOMON sends this:—

My first is one of several exclamations,
'Tis also used for gardening operations:
Of it the slave is oft a holder,
A nigger will carry it on his shoulder.
My second is what I will not do
About my whole, my friend, to you.
My whole is where I think I'll stop,
And so I will: so let it drop.

We have guessed it. The word of course is—*Ho-tel.*

Last and Best.—Why is a——*(to be continued in our next).*

Latest and Bestest.—If you saw the Great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure that he wasn't a Tartar?

Because he would evidently be *A Merry Khan.*

THE CLOWN'S BOOK OF COOKERY.



THIS is an extremely useful little work. Young housekeepers especially will find it quite invaluable. It contains above a hundred stage receipts for cookery, as practised by our clowns. We regret that we can only now spare room for two or three of them :—

Jerked Beef.—In order to prepare this fashionable delicacy, you must first of all "bone" a hit of beef, which you may do by simply stealing it from any butcher's shop-front, or taking it from the tray of the first butcher's boy who passes. When a policeman comes in sight, which (in a pantomime, at any rate) he is pretty sure to do, you must jerk your beef behind you towards your friend the pantaloon, saying, as you do so, "Look at my jerked beef!"

Collared Eels.—The way to collar eels is to go to a stage fish-shop where you see some eels. Rap at the door smartly, and then lie down flat in front of it. Of course the fishmonger will fall over you, and pantaloon will tumble on him and keep him on the ground, while you "collar" all his eels, and cram them in your pockets. When the eels begin to bite you, which, if they know their business, they ought certainly to do, you must jump about and scream as if you were in agony; then flop down on your back, and pretend you have squashed your eels, which will afford the greatest satisfaction to "the gods."

Raised Pie.—First catch your pie. This you can best do by standing near a pie-man, and stealing from his pie-can when he is not looking. Of course he will run after you, calling out "Stop thief!" and then all you have to do is just to throw your pie up high above his head. It is clear that by this process the pie will be a raised one.

MR. PUNCH TO MR. BRIGHT.

MY DEAR JOHN, *Osborne, Jan. 3rd,* 1867.

I AM spending some days here, and it is with regret that I apply myself at this time (or any other) to business, but I feel that there is something to be said to you.

First, old fellow, I wish you a happy new year. Our differences have never hindered our good fellowship. It is only half-educated coves, and cads, that let political antagonism interfere with the courtesy and jollity of private life. And talking of jollity, that was a capital evening at my house. I could not help commemorating it in a Cartoon. Come, didn't BOB LOWE tell good stories—not that some of yours were not first rate? As for my own epigrams, you both declared with a frankness that did you honour that you never heard anything like them. If you meant anything disrespectful, I forgive you.

But after pleasure, business. MR. DICKENS makes RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, reverse this arrangement, and insist on killing the King in the Tower before smothering the babbies, but I like my own way. Doctors now recommend the sugar-plum before the physic, as that arrangement destroys much of the nastiness.

Now, see here. We are on the eve of a jolly political row. The meeting of Parliament is fixed. Now, I say, let us fight through this coming campaign like gentlemen.

It is rather a good sign that you, my dear JOHN, are personally getting uncommonly particular as to what is said about you. Divers folks of late have retorted some of the freedoms which you have been taking with all kinds of persons, and you have been abused. I see that you set your clerk, MILLS, and your little brother JACOB, to write letters complaining of these things, and you have yourself burst out upon some parson who has called you names. You repay him by calling him worse names, and pitying a congregation that sits under such a muff. I was glad to notice this. I won't say that it isn't cool. You have been for months saturating the minds of the least instructed classes with a conviction that rich people not only maintain bad government, but are the personal enemies of the poor, and then you cavil at a few coarse expressions in return. Somebody accused you of saying that the poor only ought to make laws for the rich. I did not read anything of the sort in your speeches, and I don't think you would talk such nonsense. But if you countenance the idea of Manhood Suffrage, what else is this than asserting the right of the Poor to legislate. Who but the poor would have rule if Manhood Suffrage were law? But I am not finding fault, I am applauding your sensitiveness. Keep it up, my dear JOHN, cultivate it, and give others credit for the same feeling.

I have said that we are going to have a jolly row, and you may as well know my Platform. I expect that I shall have to hit hard, and you know that I hit from the shoulder. But I have always hit fair, and I mean to do the same thing again. I am in capital training, and I think that you will applaud my style of fighting, even if you should have the misfortune to catch a staggerer, now and then, and have to look nine ways for First Day.

I was a Reformer, my JOHN, when you were a very young man, and I am a Reformer now that you are fifty-six or so. (By the way, BOB LOWE and you were born in the same year. I wonder which first gave his nurse a black eye). And I know what I mean by Reform. You don't know what you mean, or you would not preach one thing in the House, and another among ODGERS, RODGERS, BUBB, and GILL, and that lot. You can't tell me what you mean, but I can tell you what I mean, in regard to the kind of Reform of which we are now thinking, the extension of the Suffrage.

This Suffrage I want to give to the intelligent, moral, self-respecting Artisan, who lives in a decent home, who if he has children, educates them, and who is an honourable citizen of whose aid in supporting and improving our Institutions all thoughtful men should be glad.

I mean to support a Reform Bill which shall give the suffrage to this man, and to some others now excluded. I don't care who brings the Bill in, but I tell you frankly that I don't see that the traditions of the Conservatives, and the absurd terrors of a good many of them, will permit them to make a complete measure. But if they do, I will support it, and if they don't, I will let fly at them, right and left.

And I will also let fly at you, my dear JOHN, and at anybody else who proposes to do mischief. Above all, I will put down the agitators for Manhood Suffrage, who would swamp both the educated and the artisan classes in an ignorant and passionate Mob.

Do you believe that I will give votes to all who happen "not to be paupers, and not to have been convicted of crime?" according to the precious definition of the Manhood Suffrage party. "Emancipate the Unconvicted," seems to me to be a pretty sort of cry for a great and noble nation. No, my dear JOHN, I draw the line a good way from the edge of the dock. A man convicted of any offence should lose his vote for seven years, and a man convicted of any serious offence (Totness bribers and Lambeth cheats, for instance) should be disfranchised for life. But I want as my fellow-voter a man who is not likely to be convicted. And you, if sincere, would give the vote to thousands who are extremely likely to be convicted, and I hope will be. No, my dear JOHN BRIGHT.

The Constitution of England is too solemn and serious a thing to be played with. I will not have it—

"Butchered to make a BEALES's holiday."

It contains its own machinery for its improvement, and that machinery shall be worked, and it will work admirably, as of old. I will allow no violence. I will have no beams removed by explosions. I will have no bulwarks torn down like Hyde Park railings. Do you mark me, JOHN? Let those who dare talk of physical force beware of such physic as I will give them. This Reform shall be the result of conviction, not of fear, and it shall be slowly and conscientiously worked out, according to the ancient usage of England. Do you mark me, JOHN?

Now, let us gird up our loins, whatever that operation means, or rather let us put on our great coats and hats and gloves, and go down to the House of Commons, attend the Great Debate, and if we are of the talking sort, take part therein. But let us, in the name of all that is decent and in good taste, address ourselves to the fray in the spirit of gentlemen. Order your tail of Cacklers to hold their tongues and go home. If you don't, and there is the slightest attempt at intimidation of Parliament, I shall assemble it at Windsor, or Oxford, or in Iona. For, please Providence, this great problem shall be worked out with the calmness due to a great constitutional process.

There, my dear JOHN. Now you know my sentiments. I might add more, but the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ATHOLE has just sent a great snow-ball at my window as a hint to me to brush my hair and come to lunch.

Ever yours affectionately,

Fifth Day. PUNCH.

What the Metropolitan Vestries Sang after the Great Snow-fall, Jan. 2, 1867.

AIR—"*Nix my Dolly.*"

SITTING at home so nice and warm,
We don't care nuffin for the storm,
Fake away!
Parishioners their rates do pay,
The snow must clear itself away.
Oh! Nix (*to other Vestrymen over their brandy-and-water*),
my jolly palls, (*derisively*) clear away!
Nothing of Nix will we clear away.

[*Dance of Vestrymen, and all go to bed.*



MR. PUNCH'S PRIZE RING.

THE HEIRDOM OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE brave are of the brave and good;
In steers and steeds, of sires innate
Is mettle, nor the dove's meek brood
Fierce eagles do progenerate.

The bearer of a noble name
May mount the coach-box; choose the lot
Of groom, or jockey, or, more shame,
Be knave, or profligate, or sot;

But, how a name may be defiled,
A guess the shrewd old saw supplics;
For truly still 'tis said, the child
That knoweth its own father 's wise.

A gentleman of lineage old
Of Hampstead's Manor was the Lord,
Its noble Heath, from being sold
To builders, he resolved to ward.

From bricks-and-mortar, by his Will,
Sacred he thought to keep the scene,
Preserve the beauty of the Hill,
The trees, the heather, and the green.

To all ancestral feelings dead,
His heir is of another mind,
With eye to mere pelf, like one bred
And born of an ignoble kind.

To pile with stucco Hampstead Heath
SIR THOMAS WILSON has begun.
Wise father he, who can bequeath
His land, securely, to his son!

ITALIAN MOTTO FOR THE FRONTISPIECE TO THE NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF DANTE.—Do-ré mi fa.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

To see MR. T. ROBERTSON'S play of *Ours*, which did much content me. As at the New Royalty, in *Meg's Diversions* and *Black-Eyed Susan*, so here, the actors play thoroughly well together. The piece is of course by this time an established success, and a genuine success too. *Ars celare artem*, and, with one single stagey exception, this piece is so thoroughly well acted as quite to remove from the spectator's mind the notion that he is looking at acting. Of the exception I shall only say that he is the tallest gentleman in the company, and the one who evidently fancies himself most of all at his ease. The piece is well written, but *that* alone wouldn't have insured its great success, which I, therefore, feel myself justified in attributing generally to good stage management. The author knows how to write for the stage, but, beyond this, he is evidently capable of directing the actors how to play his piece. The actors are to be praised for thoroughly carrying out the author's intentions. I'll be bound that most actors, of any position at all, would have thrown up the part of the Russian Prince in disgust.

I have also seen the Covent Garden Pantomime by GILBERT À BECKETT, whose first success will, for the sake of Auld lang syne, be hailed by *Mr. Punch* with real pleasure. Great praise is due to MESSRS. GRIEVE AND MATT MORGAN for the ingeniously designed Transformation, which, however, is not so startlingly original as MR. MORGAN'S Clock in *Cinderella*. MRS. WOOD is visible any Christmas night at the Princess's, playing *The Invisible Prince*, and I can't but think, that in a livelier part and a more bustling piece, she will prove herself a very first-rate burlesque actress, in a special line of her own. The last scene at this theatre is beautiful, and, with its cool groves and dripping wells, is quite refreshing after the gorgeous fiery displays at the larger houses.

Controversial Query.

THE Ritualists draw arguments in favour of the celibacy of the clergy from the most ancient ecclesiastical writers. How can they consistently appeal in such a case as this to those who, on all hands, are admitted to have been *Fathers*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN "RACE."—Across the Atlantic.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

MEMS. MADE IN THE FROST. BY A. S. CATOR.



FTER me the deluge." Just what I said of you, MR. FROST, when our water-pipes burst, and I had to go for the plumber at 6 A.M.

My youngest boy was sorely disappointed at the skating being over so soon. To make amends, he had some slides—for his magic lantern.

Vagueness and uncertainty to a degree almost incredible were displayed by well-dressed young men and women, expensively educated at public schools, universities, and fashionable finishing boarding establishments, on the subjects of zero, freezing-point, degrees of frost, and the difference between Fahrenheit and Reaumur.

My young friend, BURTON JOYCE, broke the ice on the Serpentine, and proposed to MAVIS ENDERBY. He is over head and ears now, but she is humane, and will extricate him.

I had the courage to go to MISS WOBURN'S dance. It was a regular snowball. Several stiff people thawed—after supper.

Four-wheel Cabs made a handsome thing of it.

People were getting meteorological (a knotty word for you to set your victims to spell, Messieurs the Civil Service Examiners!) in their talk. MR. VENIHAM said of a rich but vulgar woman, that she was several degrees below gentility point.

People were also becoming very cruel, for they had begun to go about sleighing their friends.

JESTERBY, one of those detestable creatures who are always asking riddles, compared me to a Welsh mountain, because I was Snow'don. After much hard thinking, I saw the drift of his joke.

Old SINGLETON, devoted to his whist, declared that all through the frost his best cards were ruffed.

As a proof of the severity of the season, several ecclesiastical dignitaries were seen, in St. Paul's Churchyard, clearing away the snow in their shovel-hats.

How grand we grow! One broken-down old labourer asked another, who was working at the snow in front of my town residence, whether he was doing it "by contract!"

The frost was bad for the laurels in the shrubberies: it was not good for the green baize in the theatres.

A foolish practice not altogether disused suggested a proverb: Don't make matters worse, don't sprinkle salt on snow.

Everybody put on extra clothing except ARTHUR and AMY, who were wrapped up in each other before.

CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

THE writer of an article in the *Daily Telegraph* has demonstrated that the people called Ritualists are, beyond all question, Dissenters. *Mr. Punch* had, long ago, pointed out the same fact, when he suggested that, for the sake of analogy, the Puseyites had better be called Puseyan Methodists. If the followers of WESLEY were styled Wesleyans, the adherents of DR. PUSEY ought, *à fortiori*, to be named Puseyans; for DR. WESLEY never taught doctrines contrary to any of the Thirty-nine Articles, nor did any of his disciples ever call them forty stripes save one. Whereas, whether the teaching of DR. PUSEY is right or wrong, he distinctly asserts what one, at least, of those articles distinctly denies. Calling names is low, and nobody who claims the right to think for himself can, unless he is an ass as well as a bigot, presume to call anybody else a heretic. Roman Catholics, indeed, can quite consistently denominate the Puseyites or Ritualists heretics, and their leader an heresiarch. But those who, equally with them, stand anathematised by the POPE, would only, by applying those terms to them, stultify themselves. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. But the appellation Dissenter, is not a bad name. Those who bear it mostly rejoice in it. And so should DR. PUSEY. So should his tail. They need not be ashamed of a name that was borne by BUNYAN, and BAXTER, and DR. WATTS. Call them Dissenters, simply as you call a spade a spade.

Puseyites and Ritualists are convertible terms, and the sect denoted by them may finally get converted to Popery. But whilst they remain out of the pale of the Pope's church they stand in relation to the Church of England simply at the pole opposite to STIGGINS. Only the bishops ought to let them know where they are. If that is more than the bishops can do, or more than they will do, what is there to hinder parsons from turning Independents, Baptists, Quakers, or Mormons, and yet retaining their position in the Church of England? Nothing but honesty.

Call, as aforesaid, a spade a spade. And call the Knave of Spades the Knave of Spades.

POST JANUM MARS.

WHAT class in the social scale comes after nursery-maids? Soldiers.



THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

Wife. "HAVE YOU LOST YOUR WATCH, LOVE?"
Husband. "NO, DEAR, 'TWAS A NEW BONNET I HAD FOR YOU SOMEWHERE."

A RECOMMENDATION TO RITUALISTS.

A DREADFULLY intolerant law prohibits Roman Catholic priests from going about in their sacerdotal costume, on the wretched pretence of preventing a no-Popery row and breach of the peace. But no such law restrains the clergy of the Established Church from perambulating the streets and thoroughfares in their canonicals.

It is therefore extremely desirable, for the propagation of Puseyism, that Anglo-Catholic divines should fully avail themselves of their privilege to march in procession, attired in their rubrical vestments in the very height of the fashion which the law allows. They will do well to carry plenty of ecclesiastical banners, emblems, and images, particularly a Madonna and a bambino at their head.

By frequent recourse to this expedient for converting the British Public, they will at least succeed in securing numerous followers among the juvenile part of the population, for the boys will follow them.

BRIGHT AND LOWE.

(*A Remonstrance, after the Laureate.*)

AIR—"*Soft and Low.*"

BRIGHT and LOWE! BRIGHT and LOWE!
Why with small fry make free?
For worthier foe keep your blow,
Let GARTHS and GUEDALLAS be.
Each of you into the other go,
LOWE into BRIGHT and BRIGHT into LOWE,
Hammer and tongs for me,
But let the little ones, let the silly ones, sleep!

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Session will come to ye soon;
Rest, rest, at *Punch's* request,
Session will come to ye soon:
Session will come, to see each at his best,
Breaking a lance on a worthier crest
Than that of a snob or a spoon:
Sleep, my wordy one, sleep, my sturdy one, sleep!

THE WORST KIND OF CORKSCREW.—The Man who is sparing of his Wine.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

RESPECTFULLY MODERNISED FROM THE CELEBRATED SCENE BY JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

A Dinner at the House of SIR BILBERRY TUNKS, M.P., *in Belgravia. The Party has just sat down.*

A Colonel (*in great measure covered by the dresses of his fair neighbours*). Not at all. Thanks. Plenty of room—aw. Pray, don't—— (*Studies the* menu.) Ah! (*to himself.*) Another of TUNKS's long, heavy dinners. Wish I hadn't come. (*Privately inspects his neighbours.*) Don't know the old woman. Couldn't catch the name of the girl I brought down. Good complexion—big ears. No (*to menial*), the clear. (*Eats his soup. Wipes his moustaches, and thinks he may as well say something.*) Riding this morning, I think?

Mrs. Wambleby (*the "old woman"*) *looks round at the sound of his voice, but perceives that he could not have been addressing her.*

Miss Glitterking. No, indeed! Papa would not hear of my going out; he said that the frost made it quite dangerous. Do you really think that there would have been any danger?

Colonel. Not a bit. That is, not to a good horsewoman, which you are.

Miss Glitterking. Well, I don't know that I am good, but I am not in the least frightened.

Colonel. Yes, you ride very well. I have often noticed it. (*He never saw her before.*)

Miss Glitterking. O, have you? (*Laughing.*)

Colonel. O yes. (*Smiles, and thinks that he has done enough in the way of sparkle for the present.*) Turbot. (*Eats it.*)

Mrs. Wambleby (*after a long pause, severely*). You shouldn't encourage young ladies to set up their judgments against those of their parents.

Colonel (*frightened out of his senses at this sudden onslaught*). I assure you—I—O—exactly, yes, yes. (*Wonders what right the old woman had to attack him, and also what right she has to stick her old self over with all those diamonds.*)

Sir Bilberry Tunks (*in continuation*). But in the present state of parties, and the even balance which exists, it is difficult to say whether a definite policy—yes, a *rissole—foie gras*, isn't it? yes—a definite policy would not disintegrate——

Mr. Snigger (*a wit, to his next neighbour*). Disintegrate—that's a good word—sounds like the nigger minstrels, don't it?

Miss Millikins. Hush—don't make me laugh, please. He is looking at us.

Mr. Snigger. I'm a looking at you, MISS MILLIKINS. Yes, take some *supréme*. Have you heard this riddle?

Miss Millikins. O no, tell me. I adore riddles.

Mr. Snigger. What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?

Miss Millikins (*eagerly*). I don't know.

Mr. Snigger. I'll give you an illustration. If MR. BRIGHT were to fall into a river, that would be an accident.

Miss Millikins. Ah, I don't understand politics.

Mr. Snigger (*aside*). Stupid idiot! (*To her.*) But it isn't exactly political. It may be anybody. (*Sotto voce.*) Let us say SIR BILBERRY. If he were to fall into a river it would be an accident.

Miss Millikins. Yes.

Mr. Snigger (*aside*). O, she understands that. (*To her.*) But if he were to get out again, that would be a misfortune.

Miss Millikins. O, delightful!

Mr. Snigger (*aside*). More than you are. (*Eats a cotelette, and, finding it cold, privately anathematises the house of* TUNKS, *and hopes* SIR BILBERRY *will lose his seat on petition.*)

Mrs. Cranchling (*to her neighbour*). Well, she has been pointed out to me at the Opera.

Mr. De Mumbles (*laughing*). Of course I mean that. Well, a fellow told me this afternoon that—(*sinks his voice, and it would be as well if he sunk his scandal*).

Mrs. Cranchling (*delighted*). O, but that's very sad. Very sad indeed. And his wife is so pretty—I thought they were so attached.

Mr. De Mumbles. So did everybody. But everybody does not know everything.

Mrs. Cranchling. Is it true, do you think?

Mr. De Mumbles. Why, I suppose I ought not to tell you, but the fellow who told me—(*voice sinks*).

Mrs. Cranchling. Well, well, it 's very shocking; but, as a mother, I suppose I must say that young men will be young men. But there can be no excuse for the Viscount.

Mr. De Mumbles. Awful ass, that 's the only excuse.

Lady Tunks (*to her neighbour*). O, don't look at me as if I knew anything about the dishes. When we lived in the country, it was my business, but BIBBY won't let me interfere now. I like to *see* my dinner.

Major Blaggon (*an old sponge*). So do I, my dear LADY TUNKS, and—a—a—admirable and elegant as this—a—a—arrangement is, I own that to recognise the—a—genius of the lady of the house in a—a—banquet, gives it an irresistible charm for me. But then I 'm an old fellow—one of an old school.

Lady Tunks. Of a good school, Major, I 'm sure. And if ever you find your way into Norfolk, I hope that you will come and see us.

Major Blaggon (*who intends to find out that way* moyennant *Bradshaw*). You are most kind, my dear lady. I think you are near a station, by the way?

Lady Tunks. Only four miles. And then, if we knew, the carriage—

Professor Omnis. The coal raised in 1865 amounted to about a ton per day for each of the 307,000 persons employed, and the number of collieries at work increased from 2,397 in 1853 to 3,180 in 1863, and 3,268 in 1865; but if you want an invaluable manual of statistics of all kinds, British and foreign, you should get FREDERICK MARTIN'S *Year-Book*.

Mr. Theodore Slopehead (*who had incautiously made a joke about coals, and drawn down a flood of information upon himself*). Thanks, deeply interesting, I 'm shaw. No, *dindon braissé*.

Professor Omnis. The name *dindon*, you are aware, indicates that the turkey came from what were called the Indies.

Mr. Slopehead (*oppressed*). Is he going to improve my mind any more? Just so, yes. I recollect. (*Doesn't understand it, even now.*) Noble bud, turkey. Turkey 's considered a noble country too, I bleeve.

Professor Omnis. Certainly, for though the area and population are known only by estimate, and not as the result of scientific measurement and a trustworthy census, we have information enough to enable us to approximate to the truth. The population of Turkey in Europe is about 15,000,000, and when we add Natolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and the African provinces, we arrive at a total of 35,000,000. The area is about 1,812,048 acres, so that the population to the square mile is 20. Now, if you will classify——

Mr. Slopehead is too utterly crushed to do more than make faces at the champagne for not being dry enough.

Mrs. Sternhold (*to her neighbour*). What nonsense it is for men to talk in that way. Merely because she has a pretty face, evidently painted——

Mr. Hopkins (*meekly*). I think not.

Mrs. Sternhold. You can see it across the room. And because, as I say, she has a pretty face, when it is made up, and writes flashy flippant books, you all conspire to call her a Muse. If she were ugly, we should soon see how her books would be demolished, and very rightly.

Mr. Hopkins. Are you not a little hard upon her? Remember, she has never learned anything, and has never been in society.

Mrs. Sternhold. Then, what does she write for?

Mr. Hopkins. Money, I suppose.

Mrs. Sternhold. Then she 'd better earn it honestly by going out as a governess.

Mr. Hopkins. Would you let her teach your children?

Mrs. Sternhold. I? No; but among the lower orders. How can you eat those truffles? Don't you know that pigs find them?

Mr. Hopkins. Well, and I eat pigs. (*Shuts her up, anyhow.*)

Mr. Gush Carper (*a critic, to his neighbour*). But, (*smiling with indulgent contempt,*) you do not mean to say, seriously, that you have been told to consider him a great painter?

Miss Merridew (*young and pretty*). I have not been told, but I use my own eyes.

Mr. Carper (*who is between the ages at which we compliment.*) Of course, if you take that way of—— (*Mumbles out the rest of his sentence and takes some Maraschino. Then has an idea that he might possibly be a little more civil, and adds*) I mean, you know, that—a—(*supremely*) he *can't* PAINT. But if you mean that his things, though worthless, are pretty enough in a sense, I don't know——(*relapses into his mumbles*).

Miss Merridew. They are very like nature, and they are very pleasant to look at often, and they are worth acres of the dirty, old, ugly, distorted things which are called high art, and which nobody but hypocrites pretend to admire.

Mr. Carper (*liking the girl, while detesting her sentiments*). I wish I could talk to you in presence of a REMBRANDT.

Miss Merridew (*thinks that she would prefer the distinguished man's talking to her in presence of a clergyman*). Pray do not register my nonsense, as I dare say it is, as an opinion. I would not have said such a thing to—to—well (*crumbles bread*) to a foolish person; but I feel that to you one might venture to reveal one's ignorance, as you know too much to make it worth your while to be hard on me.

Mr. Carper (*knows too much to take this fly*). Nay, but if you care to be informed——

Miss Merridew (*doesn't in the least, but listens as if to the Sphinx*).

This sort of thing goes on for two hours and a half, when LADY TUNKS collects some Eyes and rises. At that moment Polite Conversation is at its height.

Miss Glitterking. —and I thought you were such a silent creature.

Colonel —am. But you have waked me up.

Sir Bilberry Tunks. —between Democracy and Oligarchy, however,—

Mrs. Wambleby. —(*aside*) flippant girl—empty man.

Mr. Snigger. —like a peacock with top-boots?

Miss Millikins. —tell me up-stairs.

Mrs. Cranchling. —smashed decantera, flowers, everything on the table.

Mr. de Mumbles. —second-hand viciousness, imitated from the *demi-monde* of Paris.

Major Blaggon. —loses all charm when the ladies desert us.

Professor Omnis. —don't understand. Electricity travels faster than light; and—

Mr. Slopehead (*aside*). DR. LANKESTER 'll sit on *me*.

Mrs. Sternhold. —detest mock charity.

Mr. Hopkins (*aside*)—dam venomous old woman.

Mr. Gush Carper—your own forehead and hair, for instance—

Miss Merridew—please, don't make me so proud.

The ladies then go up-stairs, and the host, having shut the door, takes the seat lately occupied by his wife, calls on the gentlemen to help themselves, and anecdotes set in, which are usually stopped while the servants hand round coffee.

A SHAKSPEARIAN EXERCISE.



O tell the names of MR. SHAKSPEARE'S Plays
Is a feat, rather, in these prosy days,
So here 's a rhyme which (if you don't forget
A single link) may help you win a bet.

A *Monster*, and two *Black Men*, and a *Jew*,
Two *Gents*, Two *Wives*, Two *Dromios*, and a *Shrew*.
One *John*, two *Richard*, and seven *Henry* plays;
And now get alphabetical. Three A's,
Angelo, *Antony*, *Autolycus*,
Bottom and *Benedick*, two B's, my muss:
Two C's, *Coriolanus*, *Cæsar*. String
The *Dane*, the *Scot*, the ancient *British King*.
Romeo, and *Rosalind*, and *Rosaline*,
And *Timon* and *Thersites*; and entwine
Three of the dearest darlings seen of men,
Viola, *Mariana*, *Imogen*,
Lastly, throw in the bumptious fool, *Parolles*,
And there 's the list completed, bless your souls.

"MAKE YOUR GAME!"

A NEW newspaper from Brussels has been sent us, called *The Rifleman*, containing, among other novelties, the following report:—

"His Royal Highness the COUNT OF FLANDERS, while hunting lately in the Forest of Soignies, killed, reckoning the other guests of the company, 200 game."

This is inserted beneath the heading, "Sport;" and we long ago have learnt that what is sport to others may to some be death. Still, we hope our new contemporary has been misinformed. We trust it is not true that H.R.H. the COUNT OF FLANDERS reckons his guests among the game which he goes out to hunt. In England such barbarity would render him most certainly amenable to law, although we hear of guests in England complaining that their hosts are killing them with kindness; and we have heard of hosts who sometimes, under savage provocation, have made game of their guests.

Degenerate!

GENERAL SIR MARTINET BUCKRAM STOCK writes us a furious letter on the subject of regimental dress. We extract the following: "What, Sir!" says he, "Are we cowards? Are we going to turn our backs on the enemy? Is it for *this* reason that our soldiers are to be costumed more with a view to *running* than to *fighting*. Shame!"

MUSICAL.

A CERTAIN admirable Tenor always refreshes himself with oysters before he sings "*In Native Worth.*"



HERE YOU SEE

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AMATEUR MUSICAL PARTY OF THE SEASON. PIANOS, HARMONIUMS, &C., PROVIDED REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE. EVERY AMATEUR PERFORMING AT ONCE. CHOICE OF MUSIC OPTIONAL TO EACH. NO ONE COMPELLED TO LISTEN TO ANY ONE. NEVER ENJOYED THEMSELVES SO MUCH IN THEIR LIVES. JUBILANT OLD MAN, IN THE MIDDLE, STONE DEAF: CAUSE OF HIS JUBILATION UNKNOWN. HOSTESS LOOKING AFTER SUPPER. HOST SMOKING QUIET CIGAR IN THE KITCHEN.

[*Our artist apologises if any of the Instruments are incorrectly drawn. The only Instrument he can either draw or play upon correctly is the "bones."—(He came late, and left early.)*

THE GREAT MILL OF BLACKIE AND JONES.

I SING of a mill that the papers did fill—
  Eight columns of type closely piled—
At the town of Auld Reekie, in style rather cheeky
  And cool, "Modern Athens," self-styled.
Where in wordy-duello encountering his fellow—
  A DEMOSTHENES each, *with* the stones—
On Democracy's bane and Democracy's gain,
  Ding-dong at it went BLACKIE and JONES.

First BLACKIE went in determined to win,
  Or, O'CONNOR-like, die on the floor:
And with ink from the bottle of old ARISTOTLE
  Daubed the ancient Democracies o'er:
Proclaimed himself foeman of CICERO'S Roman,
  Picked Italian republics' old bones:
Made France sorrow sup, and the Yankees chawed up,
  In the first round of BLACKIE and JONES.

'Twas a caution to see with what truculent glee
  To the dead men he gave his one, two:
How he proved what none questioned, and all of the rest shunned,
  How wide of the question he flew.
Granting counsel were clients, and windmills were giants,
  That present but echoes past's tones,
Ne'er were giants so floored, ne'er such innings was scored,
  As the first in *re* BLACKIE and JONES.

Then BLACKIE to match ERNEST JONES toed the scratch,
  For Democracy did his *devoir*,
And drew with his blows as much *couleur de rose*
  As BLACKIE tapped *couleur de noir:*
With superfluous pluck ran a terrible muck
  At aristocrats, tyrants, and thrones,
At his own windmills flew, and his own giants slew,
  In round second of BLACKIE and JONES.

If our nobles were knaves, and our working-men slaves—
  If steam had not yet been invented;
If we kidnapped our labour, and hated our neighbour,
  And with Heathenism's law sat contented:
If A. D. were B. C.; England over the sea;
  If our calendar marked *ides* and *nones!*
But, without these large *if's*, mere spouting club tiffs
  Are debates *à la* BLACKIE and JONES.

Where BLACKIE saw evil and deeds of the devil,
  JONES saw good and the Gospel in action;
But as each *made* a case, where the facts had no place,
  Honest people may feel satisfaction.
Fights of BLACKIE-Democracy JONES-Aristocracy
  Are fights that can never break bones:
Though they *may* ease the mind, and get rid of the wind
  Of warriors like BLACKIE and JONES.

Variation on the Bones.

A LECTURE was advertised, the other day, "On the Skeletons of the Primates,"—by, we suppose, the kind permission of the Three Graces; that is, his Grace of Canterbury, his of York, and his of Dublin.

PROVERB BY OUR SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.—Wishes won't wash Dishes.



MOVE ON, BUMBLE!

"WON'T HAVE THE SNOW CLEARED AWAY, WON'T HE?"



A CHIVALRIC BALLAD.

"A LANGPORT ROMANCE.—On Sunday the congregation at Huish Church were amused by the forbidding of banns of marriage between FRED. BIDDLECOMBE, of Muchelney, and a girl named ANNE HARRIS, of Huish Episcopi. A dispute had arisen between the parties in consequence of a soldier having met the couple and insisted on a prior claim to the girl. A fight ensued, and shortly afterwards HARRIS decamped with the soldier, taking BIDDLECOMBE'S best clothes with her."—*Bristol Mirror.*



WILT kneel before the holy priest,
And be my blushing bride,
Thy life shall be one pleasant feast,
Myself thy friend and guide."

So spoke young BIDDLECOMBE the brave,
His hand in hand of ANNE'S,
Her whispered answer ANNIE gave,
"My FRED, put up the banns."

He published once, he published twice,
That reverend priest and good,
This Sabbath day to publish thrice
In holy church he stood.

"If any know a righteous cause
Why these should not be wed,
Cite the divine or human laws
On which they seek to tread."

Young BIDDLECOMBE he smole a smile,
Fair ANNIE blushed a blush,
When up the consecrated aisle
A Soldier rushed a rush.

His face was bronzed by Eastern suns,
He seemed to come from far,
As one who 'd charged on Indian guns,
And fought the Russian Czar.

To his broad brow his manly hand
He raised in grave salute.
The plighted pair that Soldier scanned
With gesture stern and mute.

Then turning to the priest he said,
"I do forbid those banns."
The bridegroom's cheeks are fiery red,
And pale are lovely ANNE'S.

"Before I joined the Ranks of Death,
Our foemen to defy,
To me she pledged her troth and faith,
ANNE! answer, if I lie."

No answer gave the trembling maid,
But glistening tears she shed,
Outspoke the bridegroom, "Who 's afraid?
I 'll punch that Soldier's head."

In vain the frighted Beadle cried
"This here 's no place for jaw,"
The lovers and intending bride
From holy church withdraw.

And e'er the good and reverend man
On knees hath meekly kneeled,
They stand, those twain, and faithless ANNE,
In an adjacent field.

Brave BIDDLECOMBE flings down his coat
His Sunday coat so gay,
The Soldier from his manly throat
Tears his cravat away.

From Huish there hurries many a clown,
They form the fatal ring:
The Soldier fires a furious noun,
Unmeet for bard to sing.

Then stern on guard, like Saxon men,
They both together fell,
If either spoke his rival then
'Twas scarce to wish him well:

Slap-bang with left the lover leads,
His right flies nobly out;
He 's home! he 's home! the Soldier bleeds
From his sarcastic snout.

Ha! well returned, the stream of gore
From FREDERICK'S muzzle drips,
That kissing-trap shall never more
Entrap sweet ANNA'S lips.

Then with twin yell the champions close,
And hit the best they can,
And blackened eyes and flattened nose
Attest the English Man.

By Jove, 'twould stir a coward's heart
Would make a mourner gay,
To see them on each other dart,
And nobly pound away.

While ANNE sits weeping on the grass,
And knows not which to choose,
Between that Soldier's arm of brass,
And FREDERICK'S iron thews.

'Tis done, 'tis done, that fatal blow,
Has stretched him, lax and loose,
He strives to rise; Brave FREDERICK, no,
Cooked, BIDDLECOMBE, thy goose.

One glance of hate, from darkened eyes,
The conquering Soldier sped,
Then whispers ANNA, "Love, arise,
And marry me instead."

She rose and followed him, to stray
Far from dull Huish's ditches;
But called at FREDERICK'S on her way,
And stole his last new breeches.



SELF-GOVERNMENT *v.* SHELF-GOVERNMENT.

(By an Indignant Metropolitan Rate-payer, with stinking drains, an overflowing dust-bin, an empty cistern, six inches of snow in the street, and a rate-collector on the door-mat.)

OF Local *Self*-Government too much we 've heard,
And Local *Shelf*-Government *should* be the word,
By which, save the duty of taking our pelf,
Every duty of Government 's laid on the shelf:
On that shelf, where the loaves and the fishes are stored,
Which go *to*, when, except them, all goes *by* the Board.

Anson's Annual (1867).

NEXT to the *Post Office Directory* we place the *Dramatic Almanack*, produced by J. W. ANSON. By the aid of our "*Anson*" we can visit the birthplaces of our favourite princes, chamber-maids, villains, lovers, or singers, and learn all we want to know of their ap- and dis-appearances. We can recommend this booklet to pass away pleasantly an hour either in an easy-chair before the fire, or when buried in a snow-drift in a railway carriage.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF (VESTRY-)MAN.—To do nuffin, and to abuse the newspapers.

WHY is my best pair of blue woollen socks like snow-flakes?
Because they both get into my best pair of shoes.



SHIVERLISATION.

Mr. Gelidouche (to himself, shivering as he breaks the ice in his bath). "SH—SH—SH! WISH I WASH KNIGHT I' MIDDLE AGESH—B'FORE ALL THIS—TZT! (*sneezes*) SHANATORY SHIVILISATION WAS THOUGHT OF—(*sniffs*). P'POSTEROUS RUBBISH!"

HOW TO PLEASE AMERICA.

YE Gentlemen of England who sail upon the seas, give ear unto the paragraph that follows, if you please :—

"A fund is being raised for the families of the six poor men who were so unfortunately swept overboard from the yacht *Fleetwing* during her recent match from New York to Cowes."

Of course all British yachtsmen will heartily contribute to so laudable a fund, and there will be a race between them, doubtless, to decide who can the most quickly draw the largest cheque. So all that COMMODORE PUNCH need add is, that subscriptions may be paid to the credit of the "Fleetwing Fund" at the National Bank, Charing Cross, and that the biggest contributions will be thankfully received.

RETALIATION FOR LADIES.

THRICE welcome, Thaw, Deliverer, comes,
The greedy cabman scowls and swears,
And thinks upon the awful sums
Extorted from his bullied Fares.
How, in those days when snow was ice,
He waged his war on great and small,
At times exacted ten-fold price,
At times refused to go at all.

Now, blest be Thaw, the snow is mud
Which rains and carts will clear away,
It drips with tears, it falls with thud,
In turn the Public has its day.
When next the greedy Cabman begs
For extra sixpence, answer "No"—
What joy to knock him off his legs
With "*Please remember New Year's Snow.*"

A Terrible Temptation.

WE never see a lady with her hair frizzled out in front, without fearing lest some wag should tell us that he thinks she ought to call it *cheveux de friz.*

A WARNING TO OXFORD.

IT may not be generally known that Logic is a most intoxicating study, it being so easy to get drunk on the premises.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Evening at Bovor. A Game at Whist.*)

EVENING, after dinner. On the moat in a punt with ENGLEFIELD. Dark night: cold: damp: romantic, but for this. ENGLEFIELD says abruptly, "Capital point." I ask here, what? He replies, "Two fellows, one the Villain, the other Injured Innocence, in punt: real water easily done on the stage. Villain suddenly knocks Injured Innocence into the water: he sinks: is caught in the weeds below: never rises again. Or, on second thought, isn't drowned, but turns up, somehow in the last Act." I own it a good idea, and propose going in-doors, as I see MRS. CHILDERS making tea.

In-doors.—STENTON, the philosopher, says, "Tea is an incentive. So much tea is found in every man's brain." Poss says it ought to be a caution to anybody not to use hot-water to his face, or he might turn his head into a tea-pot. I'm sorry Poss turns this interesting theme into ridicule, as I like hearing STENTON's conversation. He has a deep bass voice which is very impressive. There is a pause. Considering that we are all more or less clever here, it is wonderful how dull we are. I suppose that the truth is we avoid merely frivolous and common-place topics. ENGLEFIELD, who is a nuisance sometimes, suddenly looks at me, and asks me to "say something funny."

I smile on him pityingly. CHILDERS says, "Come, you're last from town, haven't you got any good stories?" This poses me: I know fellows who could recollect a hundred. I know fellows, merely superficial shallow men, who are never silent, who have a story or a joke for everything. I consider, "Let me see": I try to think of one. The beginnings of twenty stories occur to me, mistily. Also the commencements of riddles as far as "Why is a ——," or "When is a——." I 've got some noted down in my pocket-book, if I could only get out of the room and refer to it quietly, in the passage. I can't take it out before everybody; that 's the worst of an artificial memory.

Happy Thought.—To read two pages of MACMILLAN's *Jest Book* every morning while dressing, committing at least one story to memory.

CHILDERS proposes "Whist." I never feel certain of myself at whist: I point to the fact that they are four without me. Poss FELMYR says if I'll sit down, he'll cut in presently. "I play?" I reply, "Yes, a little." I am STENTON's partner: ENGLEFIELD and CHILDERS are against us. Sixpenny points, shilling on the rub. STENTON says to me, "You'll score." Scoring always puzzles me. I know it's done with half-a-crown, a shilling, a sixpence, and a silver candlestick. Sometimes one bit of money's under the candlestick, sometimes two.

Happy Thought.—To watch ENGLEFIELD scoring: soon pick it up again.

First Rubber.—STENTON deals: CHILDERS is first hand, I'm second. Hearts trumps: the Queen. It's wonderful how quick they are in arranging their cards. After I've sorted all mine carefully, I find a trump among the clubs. Having placed him in his position on the right of my hand, I find a stupid Three of Clubs among the spades: settled *him.* Lastly, a King of Diamonds upside down, which seems to entirely disconcert me; put *him* right. ENGLEFIELD says, "Come, be quick": STENTON tells me "Not to hurry myself." I say I 'm quite ready, and wonder to myself what CHILDERS will lead.

CHILDERS leads the Queen of Clubs. I consider for a moment what is the duty of second-hand; the word "finessing" occurs to me here. I can't recollect if putting on a three of the same suit is finessing: put on the three, and look at my partner to see how he likes it. He is watching the table. ENGLEFIELD lets it go, my partner lets it go—the trick is CHILDERS's. I feel that somehow it 's lost through my fault. His lead again: spades. This takes me so by surprise that I have to re-arrange my hand, as the spades have got into a lump. I have two spades, an ace and a five. Let me see, "If I play the five I"——I can't see the consequence. "If I play the ace it *must* win, unless it's trumped." STENTON says in a deep voice, "Play away." The three look from one to the other. Being flustered, I play the Ace: the trick is mine. I wish it wasn't, as I have to lead: I 'd give something if I might consult Poss, who is behind me, or my partner. All the cards look ready for playing, yet I don't like to disturb them. Let me think what 's been played already. STENTON

asks me, "If I'd like to look at the last trick." As this will give *me* time, and *them* the idea that I am following out my own peculiar tactics, I embrace the offer. CHILDERS displays the last trick: I look at it. I say, "Thank you," and he shuts it up again. Immediately afterwards I can't recollect what the cards were in that trick: if I did, it wouldn't help me. They are becoming impatient.

About this time somebody's Queen of Diamonds is taken. I wasn't watching how the trick went, but I am almost certain it was fatal to the Queen of Diamonds: that's to say, if it *was* the Queen of Diamonds; but I don't like to ask. The next trick, which is something in spades, trumped by ENGLEFIELD, I pass as of not much importance. STENTON growls, "Didn't I see that he'd got no more spades in his hand." No, I own, I didn't. STENTON, who is not an encouraging partner, grunts to himself. In a subsequent round, I having lost a trick by leading spades, STENTON cries out, "Why didn't you see they were trumping spades?" I defend myself; I say I *did* see him, ENGLEFIELD, trump *one* spade, but I thought that he hadn't any more trumps. I say this as if I'd been reckoning the cards as they've been played.

Happy Thought.—Try to reckon them, and play by system next rubber.

I keep my trumps back till the last; they'll come out and astonish them. They *do* come out, and astonish *me*. Being taken by surprise, I put on my king when I ought to have played the knave, and both surrender to the ace and queen. I say, "Dear me, how odd!" I think I hear STENTON saying sarcastically in an undertone, "Oh, yes; confoundedly odd." I try to explain, and he interrupts me at the end of the last deal but two by saying testily, "It's no use talking, if you attend, we may just save the odd."

My friend, the Queen of Diamonds, who, I thought, had been played, and taken by some one or other at a very early period of the game, suddenly re-appears out of my partner's hand, as if she was part of a conjuring trick. Second hand can't follow suit and can't trump. I think I see what he intends me to do here. I've a trump and a small club. "When in doubt," I recollect the infallible rule, "play a trump." I don't think anyone expected this trump. Good play.

Happy Thought.—Trump. I look up diffidently; my partner laughs, so do the others. My partner's is not a pleasant laugh. I can't help asking, "Why? isn't that right: it's ours?" "Oh, yes," says my partner, sarcastically, "it *is* ours." "Only," explains little BOB ENGLEFIELD, "You've trumped your partner's best card."

I try again to explain that by *my* computation the Queen of Diamonds had been played a long time ago. My partner won't listen to reason. He replies, "You might have *seen* that it wasn't." I return, "Well, it couldn't be helped, we'll win the game yet." This I add to encourage him, though, if it depends on *me*, I honestly (to myself) don't think we shall. After all, we *do* get the odd trick. STENTON ought to be in a better humour, but he isn't; he says "the odd, we ought to have been three." ENGLEFIELD asks me how Honours are? I don't know. STENTON says, "Why you (meaning me) had two in your own hand." "Oh, yes, I had." I'd forgotten it. "Honours easy," says STENTON to me. I agree with him. Now I've got to score with this confounded shilling, sixpence, half-crown, and a candlestick.

Happy Thought.—Ask BOB ENGLEFIELD how *he* scores, generally.

He replies, "Oh, the usual way," and as he doesn't illustrate his meaning, his reply is of no use to me whatever. How can I find out without showing them that I don't know.

Happy Thought (*while* CHILDERS *deals*).—Pretend to forget to score till next time. ENGLEFIELD will have to do it, perhaps, next time, then watch ENGLEFIELD. Just as I'm arranging my cards from right to left——

Happy Thought.—To alternate the colours black and red, beginning this time with black (right) as spades are trumps. Also to arrange them in their rank and order of precedence. Ace on the right, if I've got one—yes—king next, queen next—and the hand begins to look very pretty. I can quite imagine Whist being a fascinating game—— STENTON reminds me that I've forgotten to mark one up.

Happy Thought.—Put sixpence by itself on my left hand. STENTON asks what's that for?

Happy Thought.—To say it's the way I *always* mark.

STENTON says, "Oh, go on." I look round to see what we're waiting for, and ENGLEFIELD answers me, "Go on, it's you; you're first hand." I beg their pardon. I must play some card or other and finish arranging my hand during the round. Anything will do to begin with. Here's a Two of Spades, a little one, on my left hand; throw him out.

"Hallo!" cries ENGLEFIELD, second hand, "trumps are coming out early." I quite forgot spades were trumps; that comes of that horrid little card being on the left instead of the right.

Happy Thought.—Not to show my mistake: nod at ENGLEFIELD, and intimate that "He'll see what's coming." So, by the way, will my partner. In a polite moment I accept another cup of tea. I don't want it, and have to put it by the half-crown, shilling, and candlestick on the whist-table, where I'm afraid of knocking it over, and am obliged to let it get quite cold as I have to attend to the game.

Happening to be taking a spoonful, with my eyes anxiously on the cards, when my turn comes, STENTON says, "*Do* play, never mind your tea." Whist brutalises STENTON: what a pity!

Happy Thought.—Send this game, as a problem, to a Sporting paper.

Happy Thought.—Why not write generally for Sporting papers?

STENTON says, "*Do* play!" I do.

PAROCHIAL COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

"NAMING PAUPER CHILDREN.—The Guardians of one of our metropolitan Parishes the other day, having to settle the transference of some pauper children from one industrial school to another, met with two girls chargeable to the parish, named 'MARY UNKNOWN' and 'POLLY PANCRAS,' and it was proposed to change these names to the same as those borne by the Churchwardens or some of the Guardians, but as this was opposed on the ground that some people might look upon the matter in an uncharitable light, it was therefore resolved, after a long discussion, that the names of the girls should be changed to 'MARY SMITH' and 'POLLY JONES.'"—*Pall-Mall Gazette.*

SCENE—*The Board-Room of a Metropolitan Union. Board of* GUARDIANS *and* CHAIRMAN.

Chairman. Well, gentlemen, now we've a'most got through our bisniss. There's only them two gals.

1*st Guardian.* What two gals?

Chairman. What's to be removed from the hunder to the hupper industrial school. Their names is—let me see (*puts on his spectacles*) MARY UNKNOWN and POLLY PANCRAS.

2*nd Guardian.* Rummish names.

3*rd Guardian.* Why, yes, they do sound rayther queer. Who gave 'em their names?

2*nd Guardian.* Their godfathers and godmothers in their baptism—which——

Chairman. Was the Beadle and the Matron, I fancy. UNKNOWN and PANCRAS! Them was the Beadle's suggestions, I'll be bound. Shows deficiency in the inventive faculty, great want of imagination on the part of the Beadle.

4*th Guardian.* The poor gals will be chaffed about their names to death as long as they live. (*Laughter.*)

3*rd Guardian.* Mr. Chairman, I rise to order. It's irregular for any honourable member of this here board to talk Irish. (*Order, order, and cheers.*)

4*th Guardian.* You be blowed!

Chairman. Bisniss, gentlemen, bisniss. *Fugit tempus.* Them names had better be altered.

1*st Guardian.* They can't.

Chairman. Not the Christian names; no, but the sur. Wasn't the feller as was named JAMES BUG allowed to call his self NORFOLK HOWARD?

2*nd Guardian.* Yes, to be sure; and bugs have been called Howards ever since.

3*rd Guardian.* Well then, what shall we name 'em?

4*th Guardian.* Call 'em PUGH and HASSOCK, arter the Churchwardens.

Chairman. Humph! PUGH and HASSOCK isn't here. P'raps they mightn't like it.

3*rd Guardian.* Suppose we names one on 'em arter Mr. Chairman?

Chairman. Werry much obliged to the honourable member for his proposal, but it's a compliment I'd rayther decline. Would he like e'er a one of 'em to be named arter his self?

1*st Guardian.* There's no knowin what ill-natur'd persons might say.

2*nd Guardian.* Certainly, certainly; no doubt. If the gals was named arter any of the Guardians, 'twould werry likely give rise to invidjus remarks.

1*st Guardian.* Couldn't we call 'em arter the day they was born upon, like what 's-his-name—*Robison Crucer*—did *Man Friday?*

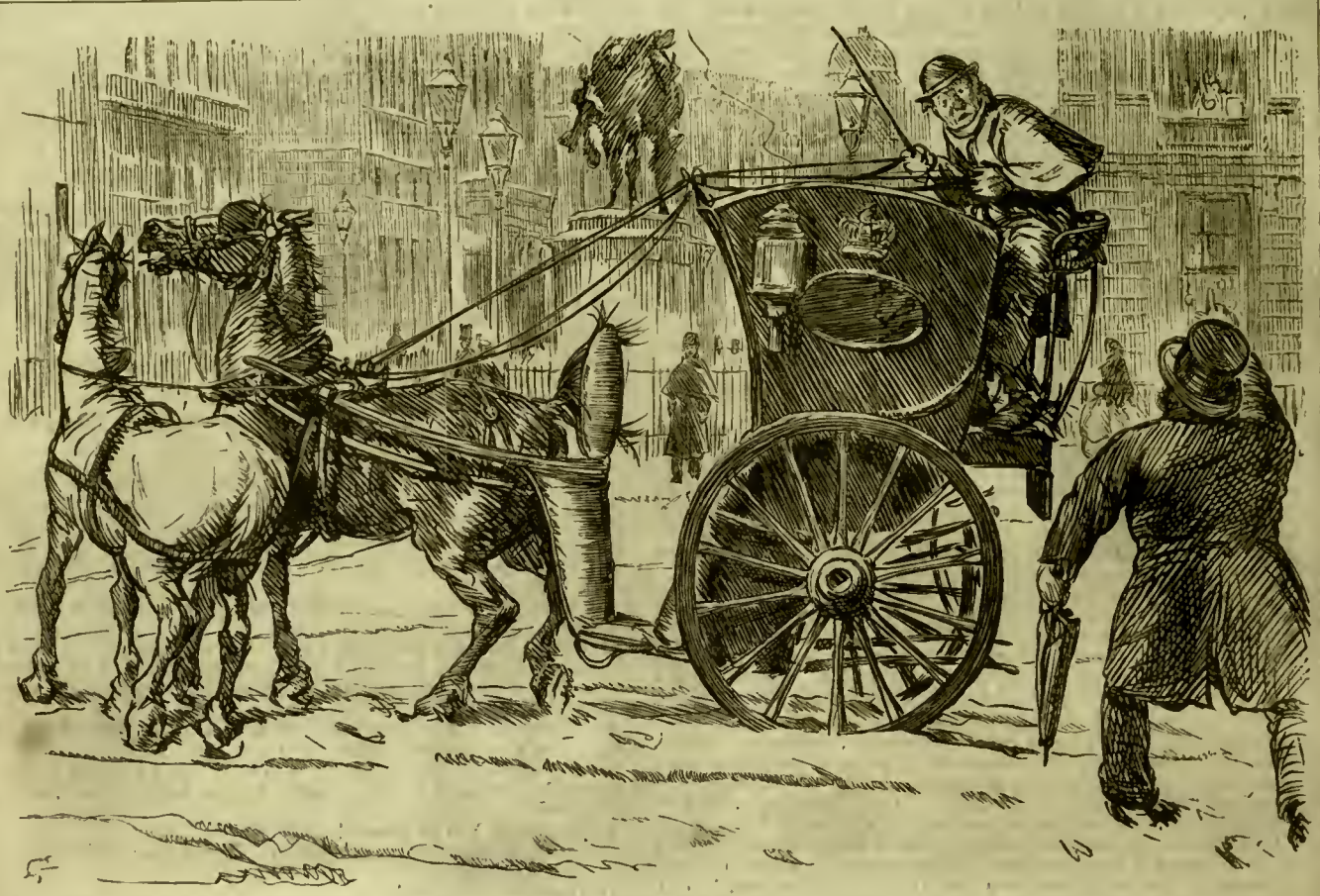
Chairman. We don't know the day of their births, and there's no time to inquire. Besides, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday, or Wednesday, would be as bad as either Unknown or Pancras. And hang it, we might as well be original.

1*st Guardian.* What do you propose yourself, then?

Chairman. Well, that's a question as requires some thought. Yer see, it wouldn't do to give 'em too pompous igh soundin names, unsooted to their station in life. Then, if we gives 'em names of the ornary kind, it might, as the honourable member justly said, cause invidjus observations, unless we gave 'em the werry commonest of all. But if we does that, then we can't give no handle and no offence to nobody. So upon the whole, and lookin at it altogether, my opinion is, that the best thing as we can do is for to call 'em MARY SMITH and POLLY JONES. There is too many SMITHS and JONESES in the world for it to signify who may be named SMITH or JONES. Them that's for MARY SMITH and POLLY JONES, old up yer ands. (*All hands held up.*)

Chairman. Carried unanimous. So much for that. And now, gentlemen, our evenin's bisniss bein concluded, I will, with your kind permission, wacate the chair. [*Scene closes.*

WHERE CARPENTERS OUGHT TO LIVE.—*Filey* and *Chiselhurst.*



THE SNOW-STORM, JAN. 2, 1867.

Cabby (petulantly—the Cabbies even lost their tempers). "IT'S NO USE YOUR A-CALLING O' ME, SIR! GOT SUCH A JOB WITH THESE 'ERE TWO AS 'LL LAST ME A FORTNIGHT!!"

A LITTLE WORD FOR LITTLE BIRDS.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,

YOU are a sportsman, I believe, and not a battue butcher. So I trust you have no sympathy with cruel brutes of gamekeepers, who go about with guns to murder pretty birds in this way:—

"RARE BIRDS SHOT.—MR. JOHN RODDAM, gamekeeper to R. D. SHAFTO, Esq., Whitworth Hall, has shot seven specimens of the Bohemian wax-wing. Three were shot on the 12th, one on the 18th, and three on the 24th. Amongst them five were males and two females. They are interesting and rare in this country. They were upon the hawthorn when shot."

Now, can anyone call this a case of justifiable avicide? What harm in the world had these pretty little wax-wings done that they should be thus butchered? Had they been hawks or kites, a gamekeeper perhaps would have been right in killing them. But wax-wings are quite harmless, unoffending little birds, and ought to be petted rather than be potted. "Rare and interesting" as they are in our benighted country, we ought to do our best to encourage them to live with us. How pretty they would look among our tomtits and our finches, and our common little hedge-warblers! "Welcome, little strangers!" should be our salutation to them, instead of bang, bang, bang, from the guns of stupid gamekeepers. "Specimens" indeed! As if a stuffed bird could be made to look as pretty as a living one. And where can be the use of shooting "seven specimens?" one male and one female would surely have sufficed for the biggest of museums.

Well, I am very glad that I am neither rare nor interesting, and not at all in any way worth stuffing as a specimen, being happily for me,

Yours simply,

A COCK SPARROW.

Art News.

IT is announced that a well-known Danish sculptor, at present in Rome, is "engaged in executing in marble three groups, all of which are destined for England." Pleasant intelligence for English sculptors. How they must all wish this lucky foreigner at—Jericho!

A PREVENTIVE OF BRASS KNUCKLES.

DR. PUNCH has frequently had occasion of late to express his approval of the active treatment resorted to in some of our penal institutions for the purpose of checking the propensity to commit robbery with violence. That treatment has consisted in the stimulating local application of the preparation of hemp commonly known as whipcord, administered in the form of a cat-o'-nine-tails to the patient's back. This acts as a counter-irritant, producing considerable excoriation, attended by severe smarting, which, however, is essential to a successful result.

At the Liverpool Police Court the other day, HENRY HANSOME, Second Mate of the American ship, *Resolute*, was charged with having committed a brutal assault upon one of the crew of that vessel, inflicting injuries which, in the belief of the Magistrate, could only have been caused by brass knuckles, otherwise called "knuckle dusters." The use of this weapon arises from the same propensity as that which actuates garotters, and would, doubtless, yield to the same practice as that which has been effectually resorted to in their complaint. It is to be hoped that, as soon as possible in the ensuing Session, a parliamentary prescription will be drawn up and appointed for the proper application of the remedy employed on the garotter to the other ruffian's dorsal region.

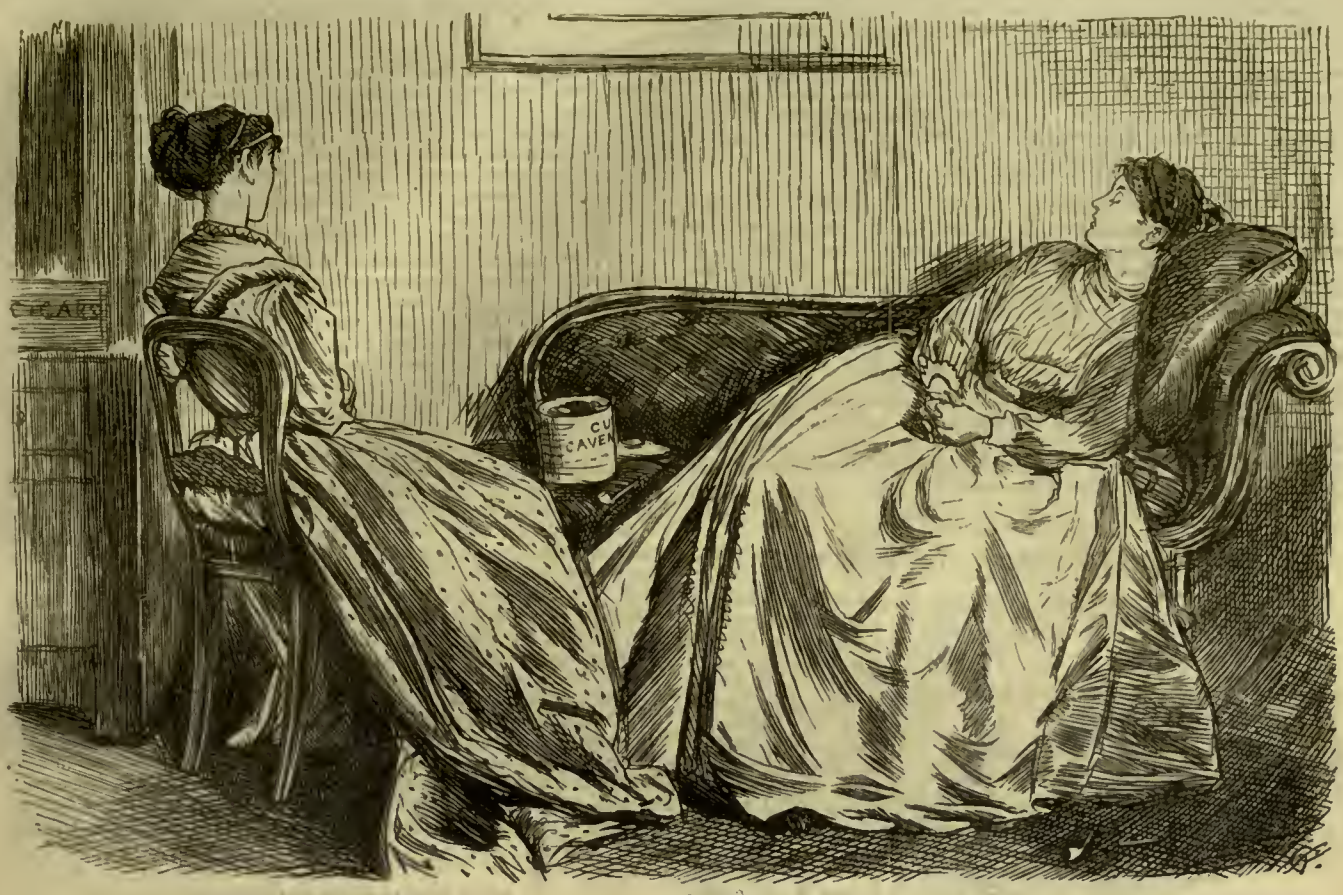
What Baronet is Missing Just Now.

PEOPLE may say that they don't care. But they ought to care. One member of the Baronetage is out of the way, and we fear is being ill-treated. For we read in the *Times* that a respectable firm of auctioneers announce the sale of a quantity of wine, "the property of a Baronet, now lying in his Cellar."

GETTING IT AT BOTH ENDS.

TREMENDOUS Rating—what the Vestries raise from the rate-payers, and bring down on themselves.

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A QUIET SMOKE.

Charlotte (in gasps). "OH, LAURA!—DO YOU THINK—IT WAS TOBACCO—WE TOOK OUT OF WILLY'S BOX?—I BELIEVE I'M—*DYING!!*"

ANTI-BRIGHT ANECDOTES.

THE principal business of the smaller Conservatives, while kept in the dark by the large ones, is to invent stories against MR. JOHN BRIGHT. But most of them bring the concoctors to grief, as was notably the case with MR. GARTH, on whom MR. BRIGHT laid the hands of vengeance somewhat heavily. Moved with compassion for the troubles of his fellow-creatures, *Mr. Punch* subjoins a series of anti-BRIGHT anecdotes, which Conservative writers may use with perfect safety, and which have quite as much to do with the question of Reform as any other allegations against MR. BRIGHT'S personal character. They are labelled in the pleasing American fashion.

HIS YOUTH.

When young, JOHN BRIGHT had many fastidious tastes. It was with great difficulty that he could ever be brought to eat an Orange. This un-boylike and un-English hostility to a beautiful fruit may be thought to have betokened his hatred for the Orangemen of Ireland, and her landlords.

HIS INDOLENCE.

JOHN BRIGHT was always an exceedingly idle young man, and his friends could seldom persuade him to take the needful amount of exercise. Pressed hard to take a walk by a Quaker relative, who said, "It has come to me, JOHN, that thou art unwise not to pay more regard to health. Dost not know that exercise is demanded by the constitution?" BRIGHT replied, scornfully, "Bother the Constitution!" Fully, deeply, wickedly has he acted up to the spirit of that deadly *double-entendre*.

HIS LOW TASTES.

Although MR. BRIGHT'S family was most respectable, and he might, had he pleased, have been a constant visitor at the best houses in the vicinity, he was remarkable, when a young man, for eschewing such intercourse. We have it on the best authority that one evening when he had been invited to a tea-party, after which there was to be an interesting discussion on Pre-adamite fossils, he absented himself, and was detected leaning over a wall and amusing himself by observing some dirty lads playing at skittles. And this was "the father to the man" who presumes to talk of the shortcomings of the aristocracy!

HIS BRUTALITY.

Small things show us a man's character better than large ones, because the former accidentally reveal the truth, while the latter are the result of premeditation. BRIGHT'S brutality was manifested at a very early period of his evil life. A Friend of his was endeavouring to induce him to play at leap-frog, a diversion which though not enjoined by the Quaker doctrine is not inhibited to Friends of any age or obesity. After several refusals to "give" his companion "a back," and the latter continuing to urge the claims of sport, JOHN BRIGHT exclaimed, suiting the action to the word, "I'll give thee a back-hander," and the unfortunate Friend went head-over-heels.

HIS FALSEHOOD.

We have so repeatedly exposed the unblushing falsehoods of MR. JOHN BRIGHT that the task becomes wearisome. But we fear that the line will go on to the crack of doom. The habit is ingrained in his nature, and was in full efflorescence at an early period. We have obtained from an aged servant in the BRIGHT family the following story which may be relied on, though we suppress her name, that we may not expose her to the vengeance which the un-English agitator is fond of taking on old women. His brother JACOB had a favourite knife, which on one occasion he missed. The poor boy demanded of his brother JOHN whether he saw the cherished article anywhere about. "No," was the answer. Yet at that moment it was in BRIGHT'S closed hand. He did not see it—such was his miserable subterfuge. Is it not like him?

HIS TREACHERY.

At the age of sixteen, JOHN BRIGHT, though brought up amid a strict sect, was not blind to the charms of the other sex. He was not an unwilling companion of young Quaker ladies in their walks, and perhaps was even then cultivating that feminine habit of re-iterated impertinence which so signally distinguishes him. Be this as it may, upon one occasion a young male Friend asked him if he knew whether a certain young lady, whose name we would certainly introduce if we

knew it, intended to be one of a walking party that evening. JOHN BRIGHT seriously assured the other that she could not come, for that he had heard her arrange to attend an aged aunt, to whom she was reading *Barclay's Apology*. Hearing this, the other young man stayed away, but what were his feelings next day when he learned that the young lady had been of the party, and had been escorted chiefly by one JOHN BRIGHT? Yet we are asked to rely on the word of such a man, when he promises not to subvert the Throne and the Altar!

HIS IGNORANCE.

MR. BRIGHT is exceedingly fond of citing passages from the older English writers, and sometimes they sound well by contrast with the intolerable and nauseating trash of his own composition. But we do not believe that he has really studied those authors. The selections are either made for him by his secretary, whom we dare say he ill-treats, or by some friend to whom he is probably ungrateful. We have reason to know that being asked to name the place where to find the line

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

he said that it was in a play of DRYDEN'S. Every Eton schoolboy knows that it is in no play at all, but in the prologue to a play of DRYDEN'S. The character of the mind that assails our noble system of classical education may be estimated, and we may truly say with CICERO, *Sic vos Non Nobis mellificatis oves.*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LABOUR.



URE enough, union in general is strength; but Trades-Unions in particular are weakness, at least on the part of skilled workmen who belong to them, and submit to be dragged down by them to the level of the unskilled, or idle. Natual equality for ever; artificial equality never! The former is the consequence of liberty; the latter is the effect of dictation. Didactic as these maxims must be confessed to be, they appear to express the sentiments of a large number of working men in the employment of the Staveley Company who joined, on Tuesday evening last week, in a great Non-Unionist demonstration in the schools at Barrow Hill. The following remark of their Chairman, MR. CHARLES MARKHAM, will find an echo in the brain of every intelligent working man who is determined to think and act for himself, and not endure coercion by a majority of his inferiors in intelligence:—

"The superior and industrious workmen would rebel against being ruled and governed by idle and thoughtless men, who were unable to raise themselves to the same level as the superior working man."

This is the sort of rebellion that any working man, inspired with a hatred of arbitrary power, may be advised to engage in. It is a rebellion that will bring him into no trouble of the nature of imprisonment or penal servitude; but on the contrary, will ensure the most respectful attention to his demand for political power.

King Bladud's Sleepy Pigs.

THE "genteel" people of Bath are what are called "goodies." They love all sorts of meetings, and mild demonstrations, and sometimes they get almost up to excitement point over religious controversies. But they seem a flabby lot. When we were all welcoming the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, Bath got up a testimonial to H.R.H.—that is, it ordered one. Where is the article? We read that Bath raised some subscriptions the other day, for an excellent purpose, by the attraction of a big doll, dressed as a collier. Perhaps another doll, elegantly attired as the PRINCESS OF WALES, would attract the Bath flabbies and tabbies, and get the testimonial out of pawn. They are welcome to the hint.

PICTURES FOR PRISON WALLS.

THE State is a small employer of Art. It has invoked painting and sculpture to decorate the Houses of Parliament. That is nearly all it has done for the encouragement of plastic or pictorial genius. A short-sighted utilitarianism incapacitates it from seeing the use of paintings and statues. It cannot understand the good of High Art, to which branch of Art its views are limited. But there is also such a thing as Low Art whereunto the eyes of Statesmen may be directed. Low Art might be employed with great and obvious advantages in the decoration of certain public buildings.

The prisoners sentenced at Leeds, before Christmas, by MR. JUSTICE LUSH, to be flogged, in addition to penal servitude, for robbery accompanied with violence, were punctually flogged on Wednesday last week at Armley Gaol. The *Leeds Mercury* contains an account of their punishment, which would be highly instructive if the *Leeds Mercury* were a less respectable paper than it is, and circulated amongst the criminal classes. Its description of the special cat, issued for the express purpose of flogging garotters, from the Home Office, and its detailed account of the strapping up, the scourging, the yelling and howling of the convicts, and the appearances exhibited by their backs, were extremely vivid, and calculated to make a wholesome impression on any ruffian who could read them.

But mere description, however forcible, is soon forgotten by low minds. Pictures have been called the books of idiots; they are also the best books for blackguards. Some four or five refractory prisoners were compelled to witness the chastisement of their fellow-criminals. Their "anxious looks betokened the effect the proceedings had upon them." The actual spectacle of such "proceedings" is of course the best thing for the admonition of ruffians. A flogged garotter's howling is inimitable; but the pencil of a truthful artist would suffice to convey a very effective idea of his sensations. Let Government, therefore, engage the cleverest Royal Academicians, and other artists whose services they can command, to adorn the New Palace of Justice, and the Assize Courts generally, with frescoes representing scenes of punishment, and especially garotters undergoing the discipline of the cat-o'-nine-tails. Let them also have the walls of prisons similarly ornamented, and cause the cells of the prisoners to be embellished with the like designs, the unpopular penalty thus depicted being that to which their inmates shall be rendered liable for the offence of defacing them.

THE PERILS OF THE PARKS.

WE read in that delightfully amusing old *Gentleman's Magazine* how a hundred years ago, it was a common thing for persons to be stopped and purses to be filched, a little after nightfall, upon Hounslow Heath. How far we have advanced in safety since those good old times, may be seen from this account of what took place the other morning in St. James's Park:—

"Gangs of roughs and thieves assembled to the number of several hundreds at each end of the bridge, and at a given signal, when the bridge was crowded with respectably-dressed persons, they rushed on pell-mell, hustling and bonneting all who came in their way, watches, purses, and pins changing owners with extraordinary rapidity. This disgraceful scene was repeated about every half-hour until it grew dark. The park-keepers did all they could to repress the disorderly scene, but they were comparatively powerless. A dozen police-constables would have been effective for the purpose, but they were not there, and so the roughs had possession of the park until all respectable people had been chased away, there was no more plunder to be obtained, or people to be hunted down."

Bold *Turpin* and his crew but seldom showed their blackened faces in the daylight, but our modern highway robbers are far bolder than they. In Hyde Park last summer there were several such scenes as this recorded in St. James's, and probably this winter there will be several more. How many more acts of brutal violence must take place before an Act of Parliament be passed to hand our parks to the care of the police? It is too bad that one cannot take a walk in St. James's without being maltreated by the roughdom of St. Giles's.

N. and Q.

DON'T you think had COWLEY lived in this age of "Limited liability" his lines—

"If then, YOUNG YEAR! thou need'st must come,
Choose thy attendants well.
We fear NOT THEE—but 'tis thy Company—"

would have had the last word in the plural?—A VICTIM.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is favourably known in the literary world as the author of most of the best Nigger melodies.

A PUSEY-LISTIC ENCOUNTER.—Between the Dr. and S. G. O.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

"But, in truth, the active duties of a Director extend much beyond the points we have named. There are other duties, vague rather than avowed—understood, though not stipulated—which he is bound to exercise. His vigilance should extend beyond the board room, and should involve a surveillance more or less minute over even the private concerns of those whom he permits to control the property entrusted to his own guardianship. In one word, he ought to exercise as watchful a care as he is accustomed to do in the case of his own servants and assistants."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Meeting of the Directors of the Objective and Subjective Individual and Consolidated Bank and Life Assurance Association (Limited). Refreshments.

Chairman. Help yourselves, Gentlemen, and do so with a good conscience, for you will perceive that instead of the magnificent Madeira which used to be supplied to us, and which, in the interest of the Bank, I have purchased from it, at the cost price, you have simply a cheap Marsala before you. (*Applause.*) I will now ask gentlemen who may have reports to make, to read them, or state the contents. JOHN, get out of the room, and shut the door. [*Exit Menial.*

Mr. Brown. I believe that at our last meeting it was agreed that we, the Directors, should endeavour to act up to the suggestion of one of the daily papers, and initiate a surveillance over the private concerns of those who act under us. We divided the duties, and it fell to my share to inquire into the habits of MR. BUMPTIOUS, our General Manager. (*Applause.*)

Chairman. I need hardly say that everything that passes is strictly confidential. At least, I need not say this to unmarried members, but those who are fortunate enough to be married will remember that these inquiries are business secrets, and not to be used for social purposes. (*Hear, hear, and a few guilty looks.*)

Mr. Brown. I dined with MR. BUMPTIOUS at his house in Belgravia. His dinner was excellent, but the wine was bad. I expected that it would be so, as he began to praise it so early as the Chablis, which was beastly. I think this badness a good sign. He does not spend much with his wine-merchant. The dress of MRS. BUMPTIOUS looked very splendid velvet, but I am assured by a competent authority that it was only velveteen. This also is a good sign. There were three men waiting, but two were palpable green-grocers—he did not know their names. I incidentally learned that the brougham is jobbed. I see no reason for distrusting MR. BUMPTIOUS, who evidently knows how to keep up appearances, cheaply.

Mr. Smith. He has a boy at Eton, though.

Mr. Brown. He was there for half a year, that he might say he had been at Eton. He goes to a cheap school now. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Smith. I wish that I could give as good an account of our Secretary, MR. FLAPPER. I went down and stayed a night at his place in Surrey. He lives luxuriously, and I privately inspected the stables early in the morning—he has two horses, and two ponies for his children. He has just bought a picture, for which he paid, he said, three hundred guineas. I do not understand pictures, but there seemed very little for the money.

Mr. Jones. Let us be charitable, and hope he lied.

Mr. Smith. I am very willing to believe it, for he is a good servant, but MRS. FLAPPER wore real point-lace—having been in the trade, I cannot be deceived in that.

Mr. Robinson. Was not her father a pawnbroker? She may have had it through him. I am for vigilance, but consideration.

The Chairman. Most certainly. I submit that it be somebody's business to ascertain how MRS. FLAPPER got that lace. We will await the information before acting. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Robinson. I had to ascertain particulars as to one of our head clerks, MR. ELISHA BALDEAD. I hardly know what judgment to arrive at. His establishment appears to be carried on with economy, indeed MRS. B. called him, more than half in earnest, an old screw. They are without children. He has a large salary; yet he never seems to have any ready money, and I have reason to know that he has been summoned for water-rates.

The Chairman. This may mean one of several things. Old debts—gambling—poor relations—secret speculations—enormous gifts to Religious and Charitable Societies——

Mr. Robinson. He had to pay for kicking a collector sent by the Society for Propagating Prayer-books among the Patagonians.

The Chairman. That suspicion, then, we eliminate. He does not look a lady's man. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Smith. An old bear.

The Chairman. Nevertheless—however, we must have him watched.

Mr. Sniggles. I had to look up three or four of the younger clerks, and it was rather perilous work, and took me into odd places, but I have nothing very bad to report. MR. JAMES JOBSON goes a good deal to the Oxford, but he plays fiddles, and I believe goes only for the music. MR. ROBERT TANNER is very domesticated: he lives in a street out of the Strand, and is generally in bed by ten—when he gives a supper to a few of his friends, I believe artists, chiefly, the fare is tripe and trotters—he is all right. MR. CHARLES CUMBLEPOTTLE I am not so sure about; he takes Turkish Baths, and rides a horse, and wears splendid stads, which it is charitable, but may be unsafe, to believe Mosaic.

Mr. Jones. I heard, I forget how, that he was going to marry the daughter of a beefsteak house, and he may wish to impress her with an idea that he is an aristocrat.

Mr Sniggles. Ah! That explains something else—let CUMBLEPOTTLE's case stand over. I will report again. The other man on my list is MR. FREDERICK TOOTLES. He is all right. He has married a very little wife, and lives in a very little house at Camberwell, and they keep little white mice, in dozens. I would raise his salary, to encourage the others.

The Chairman. Move it at the next meeting. Any more reports?

Mr. Buncle. I promised to find out anything there might be against BURLEYGRUNT, the porter. I think he is all right. They wanted him to sign a petition for Manhood Suffrage, and he beat the man who brought it. He also beat a man who wrote *No Popery* on our shutters. His wife beats him. He breeds guinea-pigs. He gives money to Italian organs, at night. He always has a cold sausage in his pocket. On the whole I think he is a very good man, and he goes to sleep at such short notice, and snores so awfully, that he must have a clear conscience. (*Applause.*)

The Chairman. Well, gentlemen, I think that we have done our duty thus far, and the result has been very satisfactory. We have good reason to think well of several persons in our employ. Of course, we shall not relax our vigilance, and we will meet again soon, meantime gentlemen will arrange to look up other servants. We will take another glass of Marsala, and adjourn.

THE WEATHER.

THE slippery pavements were very trying to all classes. Acrobats tumbled for nothing, bankers lost their balance, farmers grazed their shins, soldiers embraced the flags, tailors measured their length, and travellers tripped in all directions.

The mails were snowed up, but the females ventured out enveloped in frieze wraps.

Young men found their whiskers turn white in the course of a single night.

A Caution to the Benevolent. Four great hulking fellows in a well-to-do street, sing "We've got no work to do." One of them adds (in an undertone), "And we don't want any."

People grumbled who went to evening parties, for they found nothing but a freezing Reception.

How indefatigable our Vestrymen were in clearing away the snow! They were as industrious, as busy as bees—may we not say, as Bumble bees?

The cold was so intense that for a time MRS. LOUDLEY TALKINGTON was unable to speak, but she soon began to chatter—with her teeth.

How human nature varies! Some people looked sympathetic when their fellow-creatures tumbled, others *simper*thetic.

A new branch of literature has lately been largely cultivated—reading the thermometer.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the members of the Curling Club are hairdressers.

A nice place for a walk this Polar weather would be—Cold Bath Fields.

A CANDID GIRL.

THERE is nothing like frankness. We would rather send for the young lady who makes this open announcement in a West of England paper than for any pretentious person who should puff herself.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

A YOUNG LADY teaches the above in Four Lessons, without any previous knowledge of either.—Apply, &c.

A good girl. If she has no knowledge of what she is going to teach, she is no worse off than many who pretend to a great deal, and we like her candour and truthfulness. Is she disengaged?—we mean, matrimonially. If so, she may send up her photograph. We have several young men on hand.

Musæ Canoræ.

THE ancient rhymer wooed each Muse
To earth, in well remembered line:
The modern rascal gets his dues
From cat that Mews "Descend, ye Nine!"

WELL PLAYED, CONYNGHAM!

THE MARQUIS OF CONYNGHAM, who is well known in the cricket field, has just made a splendid "hit." He has struck—off the rent of his tenants—one half their losses by the Cattle Plague.



TANTALUS.

POOR EDWIN HAS TO STAND PASSIVELY BY, AND SEE HIS ANGELINA'S FOOT IN UNWASHED AND MERCENARY HANDS.

MRS. BRITANNIA AND MADAME FRANCE LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

QUOTH stout old BRITANNIA to brisk MADAME FRANCE,
Who wooed her o'er sea with her best *bienséance*,
"I 'd step over with pleasure your great Show to view,
But there's a vile barrier 'twixt *me*, Ma'am, and *you*;
'Tis what *I* call the Custom-house, you, *La Douane*,
That to keep us from visiting does what it can.

"Now, I 've no taste for smuggling; in fact, I contend,
Smuggled goods always cost twice their worth in the end:
Then, what *is* there to smuggle, I 'd much like to know,
Now there 's free-trade between us, thank COBDEN & Co?
E'en your Paris to show me a thing I defy,
But at shillings for francs I in London could buy.

"But if I *meant* smuggling, my dear, *entre nous*,
'Taint portmanteau or bag I would choose for 't—would you?
If one *does* carry things one don't want to declare,
As a sensible woman one don't put 'em *there*.
There are means, ain't there, dear, to stow goods on the sly,
Where c'en Custom-house searchers don't venture to pry?

"But, really, to have one 's trunks tumbled about,
One 's dresses all rumpled and turned inside out,
One 's bonnets passed under an officer's stares,
One 's things from the wash pawed and touzled by bears—
It 's really more than a woman can stand,
Above all, not at Reason's but Custom's command."

Quoth brisk MADAME FRANCE with a shrug and a sigh,
"*C'est vrai, chère Madame*, as you say, so say I;
Cette sacrée Douane! mille excuses, if I swear,
It is so bad, almost, as *l'affreux mal-de-mer*.
If *your mystères de toilette* to show you decline,
Figurez-vous, Madame, what *I* feel for mine!

"*Voyons donc—c'est l'affaire de ces deux beaux Seigneurs,*
Votr' Chancelier du Trésor, et mon Empereur.
To *les droits du beau sexe*, what are *droits de Douane?*
So let each of us tackle her own gentleman."
"Agreed!" quoth BRITANNIA—"a Customs' Reform
From my DIZZY I 'll coax, or, if that won't do, storm!"

UNWAVERING, OR, 'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

THE above joke is SIR WALTER SCOTT'S, by the way, and serves *Mr. Punch* very well for a heading to half-a-dozen lines which, in departure from his general custom, he proposes to insert in reference to a contemporary. The *Examiner* newspaper is completing its sixtieth year, and is gracefully mindful of the fact. *Mr. Punch* wishes the *Examiner* many happy returns of its birthday. That journal has stood manfully by the famous motto from DEFOE, which it has worn on its shield for so many years. Fearless, witty, and gentlemanly, not given to gushing, but not ashamed of honest sympathy, scholarly but not pedantic, and always in tone with the minds of thoughtful and refined readers, the *Examiner* is distinguished even among the high class journalism of London. *Mr. Punch*, who is also remarkable for all the above good qualities, and many others, takes off his hat, and gives a cheer for the birthday of the sparkling sexagenarian.

A FIRST-RATE GAME TO BE PLAYED BY ALL ENGLAND.

IN the first place you must take a new envelope, neither too large nor too small. Then think of your greatest "favourite." Having, of course, selected *Mr. Punch*, write his name and address in a legible hand on the envelope. You must now take six postage stamps, and having affixed one to the envelope, place the remaining five within the directed cover. You must then write "*For the Distressed*" in one corner of the envelope, and put it carefully in the Post-office letter-box.

Mr. Punch will receive the communication in due course, and afterwards forward it to the BISHOP OF LONDON.

N.B. Everybody can play at this game, and the more the merrier.



THE WRONG OF SEARCH, OR THE LUGGAGE QUESTION.

EMPEROR. "MADAME WILL COME, I TRUST?"

BRITANNIA. "WELL, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED, I'M SURE; BUT I DON'T LIKE TO HAVE MY LUGGAGE PULLED ABOUT."

EMPEROR. "AH! I WILL DO MY BEST TO PREVENT IT, IF THAT GENTLEMAN IS AGREEABLE."



CONJUGIUM VOCAT.



HUMBUG should have its limits. *Punch* does not think that the ceremony of marriage is one which should be parodied in the persons of a couple of hideous and semi-idiotic dwarfs. Two objects, which it pleased the exhibitors to call Aztecs, were shown in London some time ago, and when puffing had done its worst they were taken away. A Liverpool contemporary says that they were shown as a brother and sister. We forget how this was. Recently the creatures have been brought back, and have been put through what is called a marriage—a farce suggested, we suppose, by some previous dwarf unions. The proceedings were marked by a banquet, and have been largely advertised. Of course this means that the ugly little animals are to be exhibited as man and wife. We wonder whether English women will countenance a disgusting desecration of the idea of marriage.

HONOUR TO VICTOR HUGO!

HONOUR to VICTOR HUGO! And success to his good works! We do not mean his *Notre Dame*, his *Misérables*, or his *Travailleurs de la Mer*. These all are works quite good enough for any author to be proud of, but VICTOR HUGO may be proud of better works than these. For instance, listen here:—

"M. VICTOR HUGO having ascertained, satisfactorily to himself at least, that good meat and wine, so far from being poison, are necessary to the proper nurture of young people, feeds about forty children once or twice a week, with a sufficient meat dinner and a glass of sound burgundy for each. So satisfactory has been this process that the children have vastly improved in strength, intelligence, industry, and a wish to learn."

Hunger very often paralyses intellect. It is difficult to study on an empty stomach. If you want a child to learn well you must take care to have him fed well. Proper food is needful to keep the brain in health, and there is little use in schooling unless the brain be healthy. VICTOR HUGO, who has used his brain, well knows the need there is to nourish it. So he wisely leads poor children to the school-room through the *salle-à-manger*, and before their minds are fed, he takes care to feed their bodies. Honour to VICTOR HUGO! and may his wise example be followed here in England! Said he, the other day, while giving out his yearly Christmas gifts of clothes to his poor little ones:—

"There are two ways of building churches; they may be built of stone, they may be built of flesh and blood. The poor whom you have succoured are a church which you have built, whence prayer and gratitude ascend to God."

Hath not old JEREMY TAYLOR said something like to this? If so, honour to VICTOR HUGO for thus knowing English literature. Or perhaps the thought sprang in his mind as he looked at his poor children, and may be, he all-unconsciously echoed the old writer. Any way, let there be honour to the good, kind VICTOR HUGO. There is a rage just now for church-building in rich and pious England. Let us hope that flesh-and-blood churches will be built as well as stone and brick and mortar ones.

When he distributed the clothing, VICTOR HUGO said this also:—

"God intrusts us with the children of all who suffer. * * * To relieve children, to train them to be good men, is our duty; this it is that justifies the publicity given to this act."

The more good men there are, the better; and the more that kind, judicious charity is shown to the children of the poor, the greater chance there is that something good will come of it. This it is that justifies our giving VICTOR HUGO the world-wide publicity of a paragraph in *Punch*.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—In the newspapers appears the Marriage of the Aztecs. It is to be presumed that these marvellous specimens of humanity will henceforth be *ecclesi-Aztecs*.

PETER, MARTIN, AND JACK.

PETER, MARTIN, and JACK are at it again. We would much rather record the Loves of the Triangles than Triangular Duels, but we have no choice. Here is DR. MANNING delivering a "pleasant" address, in which he bears a graceful testimony to the increasing tolerance shown by Protestants to Catholics, and is reasonably thankful for the willingness of the former to concede spiritual privileges to Catholic criminals, interesting creatures who appear to engross an extraordinary share of the attention, not to say affection, of the Romish clergy. It is an age of compliment, and highly polite recognition has been made of DR. MANNING'S affability, and very right too. But "comes there no sequel at the heels of this 'MANNING'S' admiration?" We are indebted to our friend the *Morning Star* for a little reflected light.

"Catholic doctrine teaches us that a civil ruler in no respect transgresses his province by punishing offences against the Catholic religion as such. It is impossible by direct argument to make Protestants understand the reasonableness of this principle, because they do not, of course, recognise the terrible evils which ensue from a nation's rejection of Catholicism."

This appears in the *Westminster Gazette*, the respectable and recognised organ of Catholicism. DR. MANNING was said to have written the above lines. He disclaims the authorship, but carefully abstains from disavowing the sentiments. So they may be regarded as DR. MANNING'S. Wherefore, brethren, you may note that all the toleration is to be on one side. We are complimented by DR. MANNING for not forcing our religion on him, but he does not affect to deny that circumstances, only, prevent his forcing his religion on us. If he could manage as they manage in Spain, it would not be exactly good times for Protestants. Suppose he could convert the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE and some other high officers to Catholicism, and get hold of the Life Guards and other military missionaries, sweep Parliament into prison or exile, and hang the Editor of *Punch* and all his brothers in ink, the above-mentioned "terrible evils" would be met in a resolute fashion. And Protestants are courteously invited to recognise the fitness of such a process! Our friend JACK is a little more considerate than our friend PETER. The said JACK has learned from his idol, CALVIN, that nobody but JACK and his allies have any chance of a happy Hereafter. But he does not persecute here—except in the matter of Sabbatarianism or so. PETER, on the other hand, will not, if he can help it, permit us to be comfortable in either world. However, as in England, at all events, we are intolerant of one thing, namely intolerance, PETER sees it prudent to be polite, and hope for better times. To this we can have no objection—thought is free, and so is hope—and therefore we beg leave to acknowledge, in the blandest manner, the compliments of DR. MANNING, and to assure him that we will do our best to continue to deserve them, and to prevent any state of things in which he will be able to address us in a less agreeable way.

THE HORSE AND THE CARTE.

AMONG a quantity of literary and scientific news, the *Athenæum* naïvely tells us that—

"The Parisians have taken so kindly to horseflesh that, it is stated, no less than 43,000 lb. of this substance is sold weekly by the Paris butchers."

Is "this substance," we wonder, sold as horseflesh by the butchers, or do they dispose of it by the pseudonym of beef? Under the latter supposition, we can easily conceive that a great quantity is weekly distributed in Paris. Ignorance is bliss, sometimes, and people with good appetites may doubtless be made happy with a juicy slice of horseflesh, if it be only served up with the name of a beefsteak. With French cookery it is impossible to distinguish between meats of one sort and another, and a man might very easily swallow horseflesh without knowing it, and possibly, if hungry, he might like it very much. *Sam Weller* mentions a veal-pieman who found cats were very useful in the making of veal pies, and doubtless many a horse in Paris has been made into beefsteaks.

THE JAMAICA COMMITTEE.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE Jamaica Committee respectfully announces that in order to carry out, if possible, the views of its members, and to divest Great Britain of the incumbrances called Colonies, no better plan can be suggested than the prosecution of such of her Majesty's officers as may be selected for colonial Governments, and who may have occasion to save the colonies in their charge. When such treatment shall have rendered it impossible to obtain high-class officials for the Dependencies, the latter will be disgusted into severing a tie which, for patriotic reasons only, the Committee desires should be broken. As such prosecutions are expensive, subscriptions are solicited.

VESTMENTS.—Proposed Site for a new Ritualistic Church—Petticoat Lane.



"MAY THE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION," &c.

Skater (excited). "HERE'S JOLLY WEATHER! COME AND HAVE A TURN ON THE ICE, OLD FELLOW!"

Hunting Man (disgusted). "MORE LIKELY TO TURN INTO BED TILL THIS BEASTLY FROST'S OVER!"

THE MEDICAL WARBLER.

ILL is the wind good that no one doth blow,
Taking mankind altogether.
Hail to that wind which blows hard frost and snow,
Medico-surgical weather!
Prospects of many a bill and a fee,
Suscitate pleasing reflections;
Ills blown to others are good blown to me,
Namely, thoracic affections;

Air-tubes, disorders of, also; catarrh,
Cough, influenza, bronchitis.
Peripneumonia's gainful: so are
Phthisis, dyspnœa, pleuritis.
Numerous patients, moreover, accrue,
Just now, from those inflammations,
Which, a peculiar diathesis through,
Seize on the articulations,

Nerves, muscles, tendons; rheumatic attacks,
Cases, no end, of lumbago,
And of the hip that sciatica racks:
Down in my visit-book *they* go.
Oft with a good dislocation I meet,
Oft with good fractures, from tumbles
Caused by the slides on the slippery street:
Thanks to the boys and the Bumbles.

Thence too, do cuts and contusions occur.
'Gainst all those frequent disasters,
Soon as comes frost, with my splints I'm astir,
Bandages, pads, lint, and plasters.
Gay as a lark in the season of spring,
Soaring aloft in full feather;
Whilst for a call on the look-out, I sing—
Jolly professional weather!

Not so Easy to Give Up.

THE REV. MR. MACONNOCHIE, ruling Ritualist and High Priest of St. Alban's, Holborn, has announced to his congregation that in deference to legal opinions he means "to give up incensing persons and things." Does he, indeed? We doubt it extremely. The Reverend Gentleman *may* give up incensing "things," but we defy him not to incense persons, *i. e.* sensible persons—while he maintains any portion of his ritualistic performances.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(We finish our Whist and our Evening at the Feudal Castle.)

WE finish a second game, and STENTON says, "We win a single." This I am to score: having some vague idea on the subject, I hide my half-crown under the candlestick. When our adversaries subsequently win a double, and there is some dispute about what we've done before, I forget my half-crown under the candlestick, until asked rather angrily by STENTON if I didn't mark the single, when I am reminded by Poss FELMYR that I secreted the half-crown. This I produce triumphantly as a proof of a single.

Happy Thought.—Buy *Hoyle's Laws of Whist.* Every one ought to know how to mark up a single and a double.

I get very tired of whist after the second round of the third game. Wish I could feel faint, so that Poss FELMYR might take my place; or have a violent fit of sneezing which would compel me to leave the room.

Happy Thought.—If you give your mind to it, you can sneeze sometimes. I talk about draughts and sneezing, while ENGLEFIELD deals. ENGLEFIELD says, *à propos* of sneezing, that he knew a man who always caught a severe cold whenever he ate a walnut. If a fact: curious.

Old MRS. CHILDERS has woke up (she has been dozing by the fire with her knitting on the ground) and begins "to take notice," as they say of babies. She *will* talk to me: I can't attend to her and trumps at the same time. I think she says that she supposes I've a great deal of practice in whist-playing at the Clubs. I say, "Yes; I mean, beg her pardon, no," and STENTON asks me, before taking up the trick, if I haven't got a heart, that being the suit I had to follow. I reply, "No," and my answer appears to disturb the game. On hearts coming up three hands afterwards, I find a two of that suit, which being sticky had clung to a Knave of Diamonds.

Happy Thought.—"Heart clinging to Diamonds;" love yielding to the influence of wealth; or by the way, *vice versâ*, but good idea, somehow. Won't say it out, or they'll discover my revoke.

Happy Thought.—Keep the two until the end of the game, and throw it down among the rubbish at the end. I suppose the last cards which players always dash down don't count, and mine will go with them unobserved.

Happy Thought.—One act of duplicity necessitates another, just as one card will not stand upright by itself without another to support it. [Put this into *Moral Inversions*, forming heading of Chap. X., Book 6, Vol. XII. of *Typical Developments.* Must note this down to-night.]

The game is finishing. Luckily, our opponents have it all their own way, and suddenly, much to my surprise and relief they show their hands and win, we only having made one trick.

Happy Thought.—Poss FELMYR takes my place.

On reckoning up I find that somehow or other I've lost half-a-crown more than I expected. You can lose a good deal at sixpenny points. STENTON, who hears this remark, made to MRS. CHILDERS, observes, "Depends how you play." I do not retort, as I am fearful about the subject of revoking coming up. *Moral Query.* Was what I did with my Two of Hearts dishonesty or nervousness? Wouldn't it lead to cheating, to false dice, and ultimately to the Old Bailey? I put these questions to myself while eating a delicate piece of bread-and-butter handed to me by MRS. FELMYR. I smile and thank her, even while these thoughts are in my bosom. Ah, BOB ENGLEFIELD has no such stage for his dramas as the human bosom, no curtain that hides half as much from the spectators as a single-breasted waistcoat. More tea, thank you, yes.

Happy Thought.—Single-breasted waistcoat! Ah, who is single-breasted? Is that the fashion! [Note all this down in cipher in my book, *Moral Inversion Chapter, Typical Developments.*]

I pick up old MRS. CHILDERS's knitting. I take this opportunity of saying, jocosely, that I suppose that's what ladies call, "dropping a stitch." No one hears it, except the old lady, who doesn't understand it. I shall repeat this another day when they're not playing cards, or talking together, as the ladies are.

Happy Thought.—To tell it as one of SHERIDAN's good things. Then they'll laugh.

Old MRS. CHILDERS says she thinks the moat's rising, and that the baker will have to come over in the punt. CHILDERS, at the table, says, "Nonsense, mother." She appeals to me as to whether it isn't damp, and whether the rain won't make the moat rise? And do I think, from what I've seen of it, that the punt is safe for the baker? Yes, I do think so. She observes that I'm too young to have rheumatism, or suffer from cold in the ears. I don't know why I should feel offended at the old lady's remark, but I do. I feel inclined to say (rudely, if she wasn't so old) that I'm not too young, and have had the rheumatics: the latter proudly. She dares say I don't remember the flood there was in Leicestershire in 1812! No, I don't: "Was it bad?" I ask—not that I care, but I like to be respectful to old ladies. "Ah!" she replies, shaking her head slowly at the fire, as if it was *its* fault. I get nothing more out of her.

MRS. CHILDERS is working something for the children. MRS. POSS asks about a peculiar sort of trimming for her dress. MRS. CHILDERS stops to explain, and point her remarks with the scissors. They are deep in congenial subjects, and don't mind me. No more does old MRS. CHILDERS, who has dropped her knitting, and is asleep again, quite upright, in her chair.

Happy Thought.—To ask the ladies to play on the piano.

It will disturb the game, MRS. CHILDERS thinks. Two of the players seem of the same opinion, but they're losing, I discover. The two others are smiling, and would like a tune to enliven them. CHILDERS calls out "Mother!" loudly, which makes the old lady wake with a start, and on finding that the moat has not risen and that the baker hasn't come in the punt ("which she was dreaming of, curious enough," she says), she begs MAT not to call like that again, and I pick up her knitting for her. She thanks me, and asks if I recollect the great floods in Leicestershire in 1812? I reply, as I did before, That I don't. It leads to no information. Wonder how old she is?

She rises, and thinks, my dears, that it is time for Bedfordshire, which is her little joke; she gives it us every night at exactly the same time, and in exactly the same manner. It always commands a laugh. The ladies didn't know it was so late, and put up their work, hoping I'll excuse them not playing this evening. They're afraid I've found it very dull.

Happy Thought.—To say "More dull when you're away." Just stopped in time, and turned it off with a laugh and a good-night. I must have looked as if I was going to say something, as MRS. POSS says, "What?" and I reply, "Oh, nothing," vaguely, and *she* laughs, and I laugh, and MRS. CHILDERS laughs, and says good-night laughing, and old MRS. CHILDERS smiles and repeats her joke about Bedfordshire, which she evidently thinks we are all still laughing at, and this makes us all laugh again, and STENTON and ENGLEFIELD, who, having lost, are fondly clinging to the whist-table, laugh as well, and saying good-night becomes quite a hysterically comic piece of work, so much so that I wonder we don't all sit down in our chairs, or on the carpet (old MRS. CHILDERS on the carpet!) and have convulsions: and all this because I *didn't* say what I was going to say. They didn't laugh when I *did* make a really good joke this evening.

The ladies have gone. "Now," says CHILDERS, "how about pipes and grogs." Carried *nem. con.* ENGLEFIELD proposes we stop whist and play Bolerum. What is Bolerum? Doesn't anyone know? CHILDERS knows, it appears; he and ENGLEFIELD will show it us: and to begin with, he and ENGLEFIELD (this, they say, will simplify matters) will keep the bank.

The game, they explain, is very simple: so it appears. As a fact its simplicity hardly seems to be its great charm to those who do not happen to be the bank. The players back their sixpences against the bank, and the bank wins. CHILDERS calls it "a pretty game."

"One, two, three, four—bank wins," cries ENGLEFIELD; "pay up!" And we give him sixpence a-piece.

"One, two, three, four, five—bank again," cries CHILDERS; "tizzies round," by which he means that we are again to subscribe sixpence a-piece. Poss says, after five times of this, that he doesn't see it. STENTON, the philosopher, taking a mathematical view of it, attempts to show how many chances there are in the players' favour, but ends in demonstrating clearly that it is at least a hundred to one on the bank each time. This argument occupies a quarter of an hour, and three pieces of note paper, which STENTON covers with algebraic signs. CHILDERS still sticks to it, that "It's a pretty game." We admit that it is very pretty, but we get up from the table. What game shall we play? We decide (and sixpences are at the bottom of our decision), "None."

"Quite cold," observes STENTON. We gather in front of the fire.

Poss suddenly wonders that I've not yet seen the ghost in my room. CHILDERS says "Ah," and then we all stare at the fire, wondering at nothing: silence.

CHILDERS turns quietly to ENGLEFIELD and inquires "If he knows JIMMY FLEWTER?" ENGLEFIELD does. CHILDERS asks him "If he heard about his row with MENZIES?" ENGLEFIELD, with his pipe in his mouth, and embracing his knee, nods assent. "It's settled," says CHILDERS, and stares at the fire again. "Foolish of him," observes Poss. "Very," says STENTON, in his deep bass. It would be rude to ask who FLEWTER is, but this sort of conversation is very irritating.

CHILDERS anticipates me by saying, "You don't know JIMMY FLEWTER?" I do not, but signify I am ready to hear anything to his advantage or disadvantage for the sake of conversation.

"Ah, then," returns CHILDERS, "You wouldn't enjoy the story."

"Must know the man," puts in STENTON, "to enjoy the story." Poss assents, and smiles as if at a reminiscence. They all chuckle to themselves. I wish I had a story to chuckle over to *myself*. Wish I knew FLEWTER.

"Seen my lord, to-day?" asks ENGLEFIELD of CHILDERS. Wonder who "My lord" is.

"No, comes to-morrow," is the answer.

"Paint?" asks Poss. "Sketch," answers CHILDERS.

"Odd fish," observes BOB ENGLEFIELD, putting on his spectacles to wind up his watch. "Very," says Poss. We knock out our ashes, and finishing our grog, go to bed.

Happy Thought.—Shall find out who "My lord" is to-morrow. Hang FLEWTER! Rain, violent: no ghost. Room seems darker. Window troublesome. Think of FRIDOLINE. Wish it was Valentine's day I'd send her a sonnet. Too sleepy to think of it now.* * * * JIMMY FLEWTER.* * * *

FROM F. W., IN PENTONVILLE, TO SIR M.P., IN ALGIERS.

SADLY sitting over my skilly,
In a grey and yellow slop,
With my hair cut, willy-nilly,
In what's called "the Newgate crop."
Hands reduced to picking oakum,
That with cheques and cash made free,
By hard laws, which, till I broke 'em,
I ne'er dreamed were meant for me!

Hardly falls such sad reverse on
One who was what I have been—
So respectable a person!
With hands I still call *so* clean!
But the thought that most has tried me,
In "the Tench" since I've been thrown,
Is that company 's denied me,
Is that I sit here alone!

Where are they whom I might pity,
Who, in turn, might pity me;
As looked up to in the City,
In *financing* quite as free:
Who, while I with thousands peddled,
Bold, their kites for millions flew;
Who, while with *one* till I meddled,
On all England's pocket drew?

Where are ye, great ex-Directors
Of those "limited" concerns,
Which bring profit to projectors,
If the town its fingers burns?
Where are OVEREND and GURNEY?
Where, my own M.P., art thou?
You but suffer by attorney,
While, *your* scapegoat, I must bow!

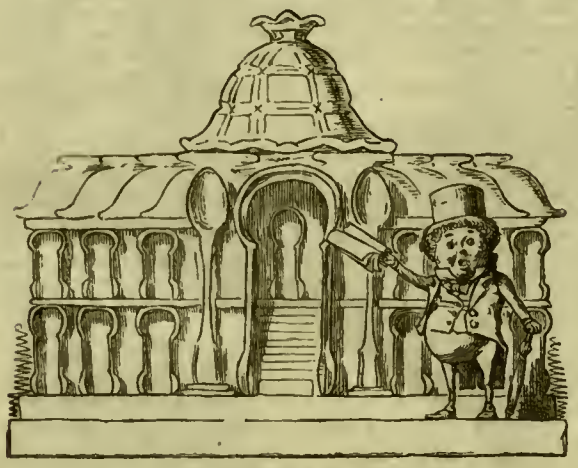
"Birds of feather flock together"—
All-awry the proverb runs:
Or I now should share my tether
With finance's greater guns.
"Sauce for goose is sauce for gander"—
Why thus penned then have *I* been,
While in Southern climes yon wander,
Unconvicted and serene?

Things are wrong: that 's my assurance:
Where the wrong is though I doubt:
Whether that *I'm* here *in* durance,
Or that *you*, my friends, are *out;*
Either I 'm an ill-used martyr,
Or fate's even has come odd:
You've caught flats; *I've* caught a Tartar:
You're at large and I'm in quod.

Britannia's Baggage Stops the Way.

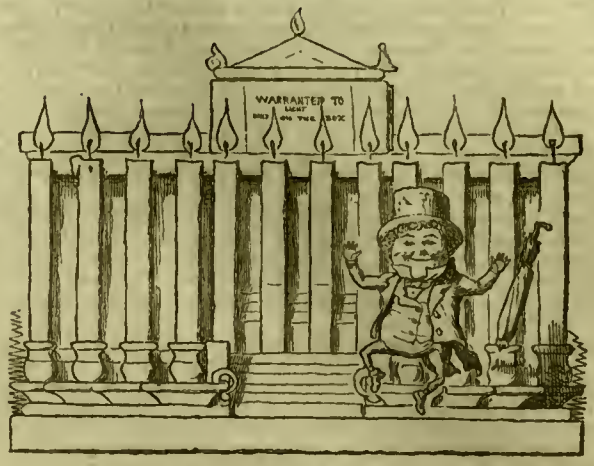
IF the great "right of search," as applied to passengers' portmanteaus and carpet-bags is to be allowed to block the passage over the Channel, during the Great Exhibition of 1867, we had better Latinise "luggage" at once, by its old Roman name—*Impedimenta*.

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.



No. 1.—SUGAR-TONGS PATTERN.

NOT BY OWEN JONES.



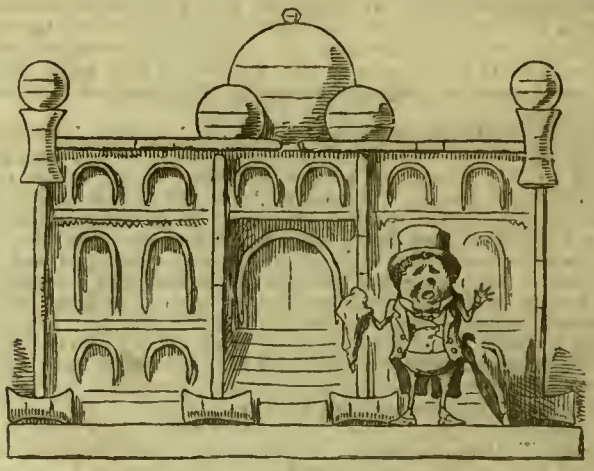
No. 2.—STEARINE ORDER.

BORROWED BY BRODRICK.



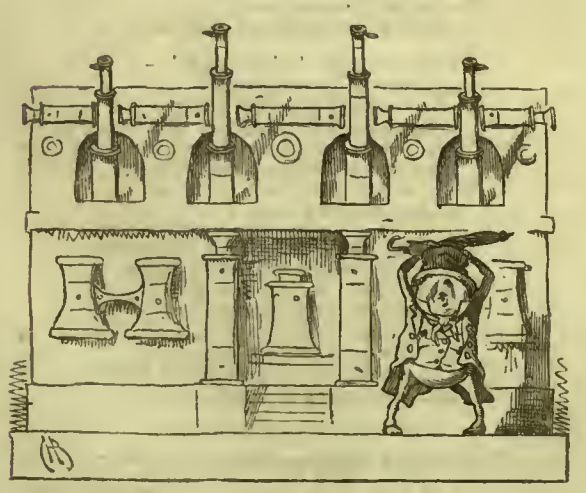
No. 3.—GOTHIC HORSE-SHOE STYLE.

A SUGGESTION FOR STREET.



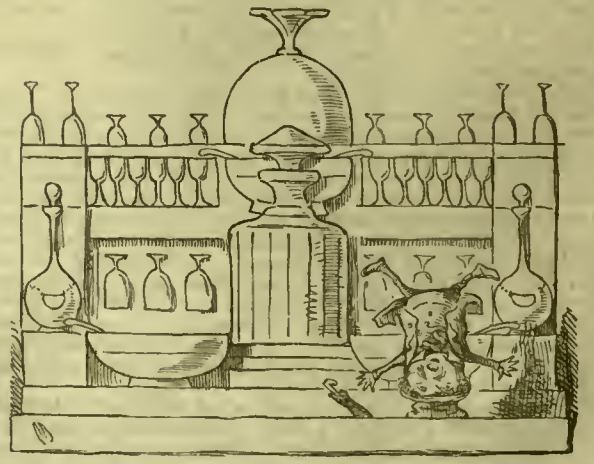
No. 4.—CROQUET STYLE.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS FOR A DOME, MR. BARRY?



No. 5.—THE TELESCOPIC STYLE,

OR HOW TO GET "TOP LIGHTS" FOR PICTURES, MR. DIGBY WYATT, IF YOU PLEASE.



No. 6.—THE BOTTLE AND GLASS,

[OR CONVIVIAL PERIOD—WHICH MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF BANKS HAD' DINED WITH BARRY.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

A FLOURISHING STATE OF AFFAIRS.



OUR Dramatic Authors complain that while Managers continue to make fortunes out of long runs and enormous successes, the cold weather continues so to numb their fingers as to render them useless for writing.

By the way, the returns from the provincial Managers show what fortunes successful and "distinguished Authors" may make if they are only lucky. In the LACY *v.* TOOLE case a MR. VINER states, in a letter put in as evidence, the dramatists' fees in the provinces ranged from two to three shillings a-night. There 's a gigantic sum! Crœsus will soon be but a synonym for Dramatic Author. The Actor, starring about the country, does not manage (poor wretch!) to pocket more than forty or fifty pounds a-night, while that exorbitant vampire, the Dramatic Author, to whom in many cases he owes more than half his success, is sacking no small advantage out of these performances, drawing (the mean scoundrel!) not less than two or three shillings per night!

The "Star" returns home with two or threethousand pounds (poor unfortunate man!), and the three or four Dramatic Authors, whose pieces (lucky dogs that they are!) he has been kind enough to play, divide a five-pound note between them.

NO STANDING JOKE.

THE natives of Colchester were probably more or less astonished the other day at a Conservative dinner, when thanks for a toast were returned by COLONEL LEARMONTH, in a speech the conclusion of which looks likely to be regarded as rather peculiarly post-prandial:—

"One word more before he sat down: as a Churchman, he should support the Church of England as long as he could stand."

The perfect coherency, and considerable sharpness of the gallant Colonel's previous observations, oblige us to warn his political opponents against attempting to make any joke at his expense on the foregoing declaration.

CHANGE FOR DR. MANNING.

MR. PUNCH,

YOU doubtless rejoice to see that DR. MANNING is willing to accept the silver age of toleration as the next best thing to the golden age of unity. His Church, then, no longer goes in for either "mastery or martyrdom." I think I remember a passage in a certain sermon, which said that it did. Could that sermon have been DR. MANNING'S? If so, DR. MANNING is to be congratulated on a happy change of his Church's mind, if not on a vast enlightenment of his own. The silver which he is now content to take in lieu of gold is no small change. I give him joy of it, Sir, and am, Yours truly, MEM.

A BAND-BOX.—An Orchestra.

A PROPHET AT FAULT.

THERE is an old song that tells us

"'Tis a pity when charming women
Talk of things they do not understand,"

and the same with equal truth may be said of charming preachers. DR. CUMMING, who is one of the most charming preachers going (at least, so many persons think), has unfortunately talked about the end of the world, which is a thing that nobody can expect to understand. It is a pity that he did so, for, when a preacher becomes popular, some people have an awkward way of recollecting what he tells them. Then unpleasant little paragraphs creep into the newspapers, as, for instance, this:—

"A short time ago, in a letter to the *Times*, DR. CUMMING protested that he had never fixed any specific period for the end of the world, but had merely said that prophecy did not extend beyond the year 1866. MR. JAMES GRANT, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, and author of the *End of All Things*, just published, declares, in that work, in a most emphatic manner, that DR. CUMMING did say that the world would certainly come to an end long before this."

Mr. Punch, who has read everything, of course has read the *End of All Things*, and can in a moment point to the passage here referred to:—

"I myself heard him, as far back as twenty years ago, affirm, as a matter of *fact*—not advance as a matter of *opinion*—that in *four* years, possibly in a shorter time than that, the world would come to an end in the literal acceptation of the words. This was stated on a Sunday morning, in Exeter Hall, not in my hearing only, but in the presence of about five thousand people, among whom, as may well be imagined, the absolute unconditional assertion produced no ordinary excitement."

In future, DR. CUMMING doubtless will be careful how he prophesies. Indeed, he had much better give that business up to *Mr. Punch*. The latter has for years been famous as a prophet. His Derby prophecy is annually looked for with intense anxiety and interest, and, by his own showing, is annually fulfilled. DR. CUMMING, should he feel again impelled to prophesy, would be wise, before he does so, to consult with *Mr. Punch*. The great rule with the latter is never to predict what he will not have the power to prove as having come to pass. It is this which has sustained his high prophetic reputation, and gained for his predictions such remarkable success. Had DR. CUMMING but attended to this golden rule, he would stand a better chance of being listened to with interest than he now can hope to do. Small prophets should not prophesy upon great events. Such events as the Derby are quite large enough for prophets now-a-days to speak about, and even such events as these are best left to the prophetic soul of *Mr. Punch*.

THE MOST MODEST THING IN CREATION.—The Retiring Tide.

THE EXHIBITION OF '67.

SIR,

THEY have refused to allow me any space. When I say they, I mean the Commissioners, not the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, between whom and myself has passed some very pleasant correspondence which it does not become me to make public. The EMPEROR has been all politeness, but has been unable to offer me any other space than what I may be able to find outside the Parisian Building, with which some people say I ought to be contented. I am not contented. But the world loses, not I. Permit me, Sir, to forward to you a list of what the world will lose by not permitting me to exhibit. I have invented and patented the following articles, being, I must tell you, chiefly an inventor of things portable. First—

A. A Pocket Poker, with tongs and shovel to match.
B. Bedstead adapted for waistcoat-pockets. I must add a note to this. It is adapted wonderfully to the waistcoat pockets, but, of course, it depends upon how many waistcoats you take with you.
C. A small Cottage Piano, works complete, double action, adapted to the breast-pocket of a surtout.
D. The Surtout, with breast-pocket adapted to the cottage piano aforesaid.
E. A Diamond Tiara for the head, but adapted to the pocket of any of the ROTHSCHILDS.
F. A Portable Stove and General Kitchen Apparatus, with Butler's Pantry adjoining.
G. Portrait of the Man by whom the above would be portable.

Every one of these ought to have obtained a first class prize. Perhaps you will kindly see to rectify this before too late, and oblige, yours truly, SIMONIUS DOLOROCADO.

P.S. I forgot to add that in fifty-two portable volumes I am about to publish *The Lives of Celebrated Oysters*. Give your orders while the waiter is in the room.

PP.S. In time I shall be able to send you my plan for portable Zoological Gardens. I should have finished it this week, but for some friends calling for me, and insisting upon my returning with them to Colwell-Hatchney College, although, having calculated it in logarithms, I am sure the vacation is not over.

A Suggestion.

AFTER-DINNER Conversation is sometimes called post-prandial talk. Considering the spirituous character of much of the wine we consume, would it not be more correct to say post-brandial?



"BY AUTHORITY."

Street Boy (sternly). "P'LICE-SERGE'NT SAYS AS YOU'RE T' HAVE YOUR DOOR-WAY SWEP' IMMEDIAT'; AN' (*more meekly*) ME AN' MY MATE'S WILLIN' TO DO IT, S'!"

HIT HIM HARD!

To *Mr. Punch*, at the Head of the fleet,

MAY It please your honor. To fight well no matter whether it Be with Frigates or with Fistes 2 things is requisite—1. you must hit hard. 2. you must be able to stand Punishment. "Shot against Ship"—that's the Form of action to speak In lawyer's Lingo. As i've often remarked To my mess-mate mat Merman no matter how thick-headed A cnemy is Only bring us near Enough, and give us a Ball hard enough, and we'll make An impression on his understanding. And now Lo! and b'hold Palliser comes for'ard with his Chil'd shot and engages that It shall go thro' Oak and Iron like a Flash of wirtuous Indignation. Ain't it Wonderful what Science can Do when stimilated By pluck and patted on the Back by the Ist Lords of the admiralty? If britannia is really the *boney-fidey* guardian of these Happy isles (a fact which i and a good many more Superstitious people Do werily believe) how proud she must feel when sitting on her Copper shield she sees her little Lads in Blue jackets (lads who Can hold their own whether it Be b'hind a Bat or a Battery) coming Fresh from the "Oval" to the Ocean and pitching a Ball with such Velocity, that no human Stumps can stand against It. Yes your Honor britannia rules the Waves now as heretofore, and b'lieve me, it will be hard lines with them that come athwart her, When she has got the Ruler in her hand. 'Xcuse this Horrid scrawl as I am your Honor's humble Sarvent

in Haste TOM TOUGH, H.M.S. *Boxer.*

p.s. Like a lady i'd forgotten what I sat down to write about, till i came to my p.s. My granmother often wonder'd what B'came of all The pins—she was Always buying them and yet she declared she never had 1 to use. Just so it is With old mrs. england, who is always Buying Ships, and yet (If some m.p.'s may be B'lieved) she's never got 1 fit for Action. Do the Pins go after the Ships or do the Ships go after the Pins? Who can tell! Can sir j. packington?—T. T.

OZONE.

(*An Ode to Meteorological Observers.*)

THERE is a word,
Perhaps absurd
The thought may be, I 'll own;
But it sounds—oh
So full of woe!
That chemic term, Ozone.

'Tis in the air
An essence rare;
Not much about it known:
Now less, now more.
The tempests roar
The sad winds sigh Ozone!

Each weather-sage,
That rain doth gauge,
And note each breeze that's blown,
Cloud, mist, and fog,
Down in his log
Takes care to put Ozone.

Of its excess,
Or scantiness,
Effects by health are shown.
The sudden change,
Oft felt so strange,
Can that be from Ozone?

When east wind keen
Makes skin shagreen,
And pierces to the bone,
Perhaps its sting
Is that same thing
Of doleful name, Ozone.

When plague and pest
Mankind infest,
And folk with fever groan,
The atmosphere
Is in a queer
State, as regards Ozone.

When devils blue
Prevail on you
To mope, despond, and moan,
Is their control
Of heart and soul
Exerted through Ozone?

O dismal sound!
What gloom profound
In that lugubrious tone!
To blast forlorn
Of mournful horn,
Fancy attunes Ozone.

Or bass, as low
As breath can blow
Upon the grim trombone;
Sepulchral note
Deep down in throat:
Ozone, Ozone, Ozone!

THE BEST PLACE FOR AN OBSERVATORY.—Air Street.



A DECIDED OPINION.

Unpleasant Boy (whose Christmas Vacation has been unnecessarily prolonged). "OH, MY CRACKY! HERE'S A JOLLY PIECE THEY 'VE GOT AT THE ADELPHI!—'THE SISTER'S PENANCE!' I WONDER WHAT *THAT* IS?"

Elder Sister. "A BROTHER HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, *I* SHOULD SAY!"

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT,

OR, THE IDEAL AND REAL DRAMA.

Drama 1*st*.—The Ideal.

The scene represents the House of Lords. Courtiers in full dress, Knights in armour with banners and bannerets, Barons carrying all the ornaments they possess, with side-arms, pole-axes, and waving plumes. Generals of Division, Captains, Commandants, Dismounted Marines with their General-Admirals, Port Admirals, Admirals of the Blue, White, and Red. Pages bearing cushions, on which lie insignia of divers degrees. Dukes in their robes with drawn swords. Field Marshals with bâtons. Ambassadors from India, Asia Minor, Greece, Turkey, the Feejee Islands, France, Germany, Prussia, Spain. Legates from Rome introduced by MR. ODO RUSSELL. In the galleries lovely Duchesses, queenly Countesses, and Viscountesses, sparkling with diamonds, and graceful with nodding plumes, attended by pages who shall be the younger sons of the younger sons of the eldest daughters of Earls. Cloth of Gold on the floor, damask velvets, with the costliest embroidery covering the seats; while the throne, itself raised on a dais at one extremity of the House, is one blaze of precious stones, whereat even the Indian Princes, who are present in golden fetters, shade their eyes, dazzled.

Without the House the loyal mob are kept in order by the Household Guard, and the Civil Service with truncheons. A grand procession reaching from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords is hailed with cheers. The procession resolves itself into several parallel lines, admitting between them THE QUEEN, in regal robes.

ALBERT PRINCE OF WALES, and all the Royal Family, in the Royal Family Coach, and other vehicles of silver and gold.

Pursuivants mounted and on foot attend. Fanfares are blown. Trumpets sound. Exons in waiting with gleaming swords.

MR. PLANCHÉ, as *Rouge Dragon* (or Rouge something-or-other, out of compliment to his dramatic talents) rides forward with a large head on his shoulders made by DYKWYNKYN. Thus is the amusement of the people consulted. Drums are beaten.

All the cannons, trophy-cannons in the parks, minor canons of St. Paul's, the guns at Windsor, Woolwich, Deptford, Brighton on the Parade, and, in fact, everywhere, led by those of the Tower of London, keep up salvoes deafening to unaccustomed ears. HER MAJESTY, bowing graciously and smiling royally, acknowledges her people's acclamations by removing her jewelled crown from her head, and replacing it with all the grace of Queenhood.

Then the Chancellor, the Archbishop, ignoring the Legates who have left their hats behind them, and all the Law Lords and Prelates, receive HER MAJESTY, and LORD DERBY, in his magnificent robes, his train being supported by two beefeaters, in gorgeous liveries, conducts her, himself walking backwards (which he has practised in his own bedroom for weeks previously with the beefeaters aforesaid,) to the Great Throne. Then, after fanfares of trumpets, beating of drums, and salvoes of cannon, proclaiming silence, HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY in a clear silvery voice prorogues Her Lords and Commons. Then again the drums are beaten, again the cannons roar, once more the flags, which have waited for the breath of Royalty, unfurl and waggle in the wind: again the—in fact everything as before, with the addition of triumphal marches played all over the Metropolis by a hundred different regimental bands, and bells from all the churches clanging and pealing, amidst which VICTORIA THE FIRST returns to Buckingham Palace.

The town is illuminated, fountains of rum-punch and whiskey-hot spirt from the mouths of the metropolitan statues, and the free fountains flow with brandy-and-water, all hot.

So much for the Ideal Ceremony. Let us look at the Real, for we are in a material age.

SCENE.—*The House of Lords.*

Enter Old Woman *who shivers, and lights a stove: it smokes.* Old Woman "*drats it,*" *and exit. Enter Three Gentlemen well wrapped up and shivering: they stand round the stove. The three are the* LORD

CHANCELLOR, *the* EARL OF DERBY, *and the* EARL OF MALMESBURY. *These are the Royal Commissioners: they robe.*

The Royal Commissioners (*to one another, seated on a form*). Very cold, eh? very. (*Use pocket handkerchiefs violently.*)

Lord Derby (*after a pause*). Oh, thank goodness, here's CLIFFORD.

Enter SIR AUGUSTUS CLIFFORD, *Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod. He looks in to see if the Commissioners are there, and then goes to the Commons to tell* SIR ERSKINE MAY *that* "The Lords Commissioners desire their (the Commons') immediate attendance to hear the Commission read."

Earl of Malmesbury (*impatiently*). When is MAY coming?

Lord Derby (*alluding to the weather*). May! you can't expect it in January.

Lord Chancellor. Hum!

[*Thinks he'll say this as his own to the* BISHOP OF OXFORD *next Session.*

All (*to one another*). I wish they'd make haste.

Earl of Malmesbury (*coughing*). What a horrid stove this is!

Slingsby Bethell (*Clerk to the Lords*). I know a cure for smoky stoves, it's—— [*Is cut short by the re-entry of* SIR A. CLIFFORD *with* SIR E. MAY, *and four Gentlemen Clerks of the Commons.*

Lord Derby. Now then! (*To* MR. SLINGSBY BETHELL, *who forthwith reads the writ of Prorogation. The* LORD CHANCELLOR *declares Parliament prorogued. Exeunt quickly, omnes, prorogued.*

First Clerk of Commons (*to brother Clerk*). What a nuisance this is; it's brought me all the way from Scotland in this weather.

Second Clerk of Commons. Yes, confound it; it cuts into one's leave. I've come from Paris, and missed one of the jolliest parties. Good bye—I'm off. [*Separate, and leave London.*

Third Clerk to Fourth Clerk. What a farce this is!—absurd.

Fourth Clerk. Yes; why can't it be done by proclamation and advertisement.

Both. Ah, why not? [*Exeunt separately, saying* "Bosh!"

Opinion of the Serjeant-at-Arms (*who overhears these last remarks*). If they come to advertising, why, hang it, in time they'll do away with *me.*

[*He agrees with the* Yeoman-usher, "*that it's much better to observe the old forms and ceremonies, with all their inconveniences,—among others, that of being paid about fifteen hundred a-year to observe them, than to sweep them all away.*" *Exeunt both to dinner, where they drink to Unlimited Commons and a Short Session.*

THE GLADIATORS' MUSTER.

THE time's at hand! The fateful *nones*
Of February near,
And the great city buzzes
In flush of hope or fear:
Nor the great city only,
But England far and nigh,
Wherever rumour reaches,
Or pen-winged ducks can fly;
In the shop of the Plebeian,
Where BEALIAL faiths prevail;
In Patrician *triclinia*
Where the BRIGHT star is pale;
Where in pleasant country-houses
Time is killed and hearts are lost;
Where at cover-sides the hunters
Wish good-speed to the frost;
In *adyta*, whence noodles
Are with flap-doodle fed;
In Oracles, that palter;
In leaders that are led;
On one chime and one only
The changes still are rung,
One theme aets each pen driving,
Sets wagging every tongue—
That theme is the Arena,
Its matches, chances, names—
England's *Ludi Sessionales*,
Our Gladiatorial Games!

If thus the crowd is eager,
That will but watch the scene,
Back its chances and its colours,
The blue, or red, or green;
Deal hisses or rain plaudits,
Turn its thumbs either way,
Dooming to death, or sparing
To fight another day,—
From the front-rows patrician
Where knights, and vestals sit,
To the top-bench, where flashes
The Proletarian's wit,
On wearers of the purple,
Too dignified to laugh,
Show'ring the Forum's offal,
And the Suburra's chaff—
If these are hot to fever,
What must the fighters feel,
The Gladiators, entered
To test each other's steel?

DERBEIUS, fierce *lanista*
Of the new TORIAN school,
MERRIPEBBULUS the mighty;
And HUMILIS the cool;
LUCIDUS RADICALIS,
Born in the sect of peace,
Whose life of bull-dog warfare
Has never known surcease:
WALPOLIUS the weeping;
PAKINGTONIUS the prim,
Hight *Naso*, from proboscis
O'er-reaching vizor's rim;
CRANBORNIUS ACIDULUS,
Bitter of word and blow;
And STANLIUS DERBEÏDES,
Sedate and strong and slow.
And—mystery of the Arena—
One shape of many names,—
VIVIANUS, CONINGSBÆUS,
SIDONIUS, who claims,
But to *ludi* and *lanistæ*,
As DIZZIUS far-renowned,
With form not quite an angel's,
And falchion razor-ground:
Fighter 'gainst odds undaunted,
And at all weapons yare,
Secutor's deadly dagger,
Or *Laquearius'* snare;
As swift as MERRIPEBBULUS
The hampering net to throw,
Nor slower with the barbèd point
To deal the after-blow—
The peopled Circus knows him,
Will cheer as he comes in,
Yet though so great a fighter
None ever saw him win:
When they shout his final "*habet!*"
And he waits the word to die,
Will the thousands in the Circus
Turn thumbs to sand or sky?
But why name—when so many
Un-named must still remain,
Some who have gained their glory,
Some whose glory's still to gain?
Known and unknown, they're must'ring,
And arming head and heel:
DIZZIUS grinds his weapon,
While DERBEIUS turns the wheel:
In vain to STANLIUS looks he
To lend a filial hand,
Hard son can nought for heady sire
But with crossed arms to stand:
CRANBORNIUS sourly weigheth
The odds 'twixt foes and friends,
When MERRIPEBBULUS attacks,
And DIZZIUS defends:
Stout LUCIDUS is plying
His thonged and loaded fists,
And, as he hits a dummy,
Pounding it where he lists;
But he must be more cautious
When he the fight comes to;
The difference none knows better
'Twixt dummy foes and true:
While MILLIUS, the philosopher,—
How came *he* to such craft?—
Taking his heat for earnest,
Proffers a cooling draught:
Here, brisk and biting HUMILIS
With keen eye seeks the joint
Where in LUCIDUS's armour
He best may plant his point:
There—pigmiest of fighters—
But of bigger heart than thews,
RUSSELLIUS strains to compass
Five feet seven in his shoes.
Plying unequal dumb-bells,
The big his youth essayed,
Against the bunch of little ones
That his old age betrayed.

But hark! the trumpet soundeth,
And thousands straining stare;
And PUNCHIUS the Prætor
Hath ta'en his curule chair.
Now, Gladiators, forward
To win or lose a name.
"*Morituri te salutant—*
Et victuri!"—Make your game!

Thermometrical.

PROFESSOR TINDIAL presents his compliments, &c., and begs to say that he and his assistant have made the following, and that it took them only 3 hours 34 minutes, the Thermometer so low that it had to stand upon another to give any reading at all.

Why must the amount of caloric possessed by two persons, one of whom is abusing the other, remain the same during the operation?

Because one's *scolded* to exactly the same extent as the other's heated.

P. T. feels that he ought to say that his assistant did hardly any of it.

Friday, Jan. 25th, 1867.

THE First Lion intended for the Nelson Monument has broken from its distinguished keeper, SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, and is now at large, in fact at very large, in Trafalgar Square. The inhabitants are gradually regaining composure. A poet in the neighbourhood has already begun a poem entitled "*A dawning of a Roarer.*"

ON VIEW.—A young Swell friend of ours who failed as an "Exhibitioner" at Oxford, has applied for space to "aw—aw—show himself in Paris next year, ya-as."





W——E. R——K. R——L. P——N. G——E. H——N. S——Y. D——Y. H—S.

GLADIATORS PREPAR



D——I. L——E. C——E. B——T. M——L.

G FOR THE ARENA.



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Another Rainy Day at Bovor. How I occupy myself. The Pedler.*)

ANOTHER rainy day. They are all at work: CHILDERS at his picture, STENTON at his articles, and stirring up his dish of photographs; POSS FELMYR at his novel, BOB ENGLEFIELD at his drama.

Happy Thought.—Work at my handbook of repartees: quite forgotten it for a long time. CHILDERS tells me that the room in which I am writing was ANNE BOLEYN'S *boudoir*. He leaves me to meditate upon this. What reflections do not occur to one's mind? * * * What reflections *do?* * * * "This," I remind myself, "was ANNE BOLEYN'S boudoir. Here," I say to myself, standing by the window, "she looked out of the window." I feel a gentle melancholy stealing over me. "In this cupboard," here I stand by a small cupboard in the oak panel, "she perhaps kept her—her——" I open it and find a piece of string, a screw, and a broken saucer—these things suggest nothing particular, so I alter my sentence to "Here she kept something or other." How difficult to be enthusiastic: you can't force it. I know men who, if they were shut up in this room, would overflow with poetry. Why don't I? I don't know. Why is it that the only thought that forcibly presents itself to me is, "Why didn't she have a fire-place here?"

Happy Thought.—Feel just in the humour to write repartees. According to my original notes, take them alphabetically. It will be a useful volume, I am convinced, to a large number of people. To make a beginning, I arrange my paper. Now—

ABBOT. *What to say to an Abbot.*—

By the way we must start with the hypothesis, in every case, of the person having made some observation to you demanding a repartee. The way to arrange this clearly would be thus:—

Name of Person.—Hyp. *What he says to you.* Rep. *What you'll say to him.*

Very well then.

ABBOT. Hyp. Here's the difficulty, what *would* an abbot say to you?

ENGLEFIELD looks in for a minute to ask me how I'm getting on generally, and I consult him. I ask him what I can put down an Abbot as saying? He replies that I'm wrong in beginning with Abbot, as *Abbé*, alphabetically, comes before Abbot.

Happy Thought.—Do French repartees. Make a separate book of it. Great sale at the Exhibition of '67. Very useful to visitors. Or why not translate them into *all* languages? Easily done with a dictionary and grammar; and friends from a distance would assist.

Happy Thought.—And why not illustrate it? Capital. ENGLEFIELD says this *is* a good idea. Abbé offers an opportunity for a French repartee. See how it works. We must have a hypothesis. For instance, ENGLEFIELD points out that the Abbé *must* first be rude.

I explain, that according to my developed idea, it will be between a French Abbé and an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or a German, or a Spaniard, or an Ojibeway, as the case might be.

Wonder what the Ojibeway would say? ENGLEFIELD suggests, "he'd tomahawk the Abbé."

Let us suppose an out-of-the-way case. "The essence of surprise is wit," I remind ENGLEFIELD. I wonder if this is an original idea of mine. On thinking it over I find I mean, "The essence of wit is surprise," however, it doesn't matter, as BOB ENGLEFIELD says, "Yes."

"*Hypothetical Case:*—An English tourist comes to an abbey in France. The Abbé won't admit him. The Abbé is rude, and says out of the window, '*Aitez au diable, vous gros Anglais, vous!*' The repartee is ready to hand, '*Vous êtes un autre.*'" This would shut up the Abbé completely.

In England there is, I think, only one Abbot, who lives in Leicestershire, and people would hardly go out of their way for the sake of making repartees to him. Besides, I believe he is a Trappist, and bound by vows not to speak to anybody. As it would lead to complications to draw up separate directions for "Repartees to be repartee'd to persons who won't speak to you," I shall not consider his and any similar cases. Now what's the next word, alphabetically? There's nobody beginning with Abe. Take Academician. "*Hypothesis:* Academician says to you, 'What a conceited donkey you are.'" Then you'd say as a repartee, "This Academician does but estimate the character of any other individual than himself, by the knowledge he already appears to possess of his own." I read this with emphasis to ENGLEFIELD, who considers it, he says, "crushing, certainly, but too Johnsonian." I ask STENTON his opinion. He replies that "If any fellow said it to *him*, he'd knock his head off." I attempt to turn the conversation by wondering how it would sound in Spanish. Poss FELMYR, who has been in Spain, observes that if I said such a thing to a Spaniard, he'd have a stiletto into me like one o'clock.

These criticisms are rather against the publication of my book of repartees. When you come to proceed with it, it offers many difficulties. For instance, what to say to an Accountant, to an Acrobat, to an Aëronaut, to an Armourer, and so on through the letter A, because so much depends upon what they've said to you. But, in a general way, I shall arrange it like a conversation book, and my readers must take their chance.

Happy Thought.—Send it to BRADBURY & EVANS to publish.

Notes for the Book.—

In B we have Repartee to a Baker, a Beadle, a Buccaneer.

C. To a Corn-cutter.

D. What to say to a Dragoon, to a Dragoman, &c. E is awkward. F includes Funny Fellow, and Fool, and Footman. Also a Fakeer; though I don't see what you'd say to a Fakeer.

I shall leave it for to-day.

Happy Thought.—Why not say the same thing to every one? If it's a good one, 'twould tell equally well on an Abbot, a Buccaneer, or a Footman.

Going through the Hall I meet a common-looking dirty man, with a sort of portfolio under his arm, and carrying a box. One of those travelling pedlers who go about the country, and into any houses they find open, on pretence of selling something. I ask him what he wants here? He answers that he wants nothing. Then I tell him he'd better go. He observes that I am perhaps unaware to whom I am speaking.

Happy Thought.—Under letter P, Repartee to a Pedler. Can't think of one now. I show him the door.

The Butcher brings a letter for me. It is from old JOHNNY BYNG, who wants me to come to his bachelor establishment, and keep Christmas with him before he goes to France: if I will, I am to come at once, or he shall ask the SWILTONS. Don't like the SWILTONS; at least I mean if we were at BYNG'S together, he always gives Mr. and Mrs. SWILTON the best room, and is always so confidential with SWILTON; and then Mrs. SWILTON, becoming *the* lady in the bachelor's house, is so confoundedly patronising to me. So I shall go at once, and prevent the SWILTONS.

I announce this at luncheon. They are all so sorry I am going. Mr. CHILDERS says, "You haven't been out in the punt to catch jack in the moat?" "You haven't sat for your photograph," says STENTON. "We were to have had a good walk together," cries ENGLEFIELD. "You mustn't go," says Poss. Mrs. Poss sweetly hopes there's no necessity for my leaving them. Mrs. CHILDERS observes, "it's awkward too, as she'd promised LORD STARLING to bring their guest with them to-morrow to dinner." "Very kind of her," I say, though I don't like being "brought" in this manner.

The "brought friend" is coldly welcome for the evening, and they never speak to him afterwards. Still I shouldn't mind knowing LORD STARLING. Mrs. CHILDERS tells me, "Oh, you'd be *charmed* with them. LADY STARLING is such a good, kind person." "Not at all stuck up," puts in Mrs. Poss. "Ah," says Mrs. CHILDERS, "you haven't known 'em so long as we have," by which she means to say to Mrs. Poss, "Don't *you* talk about the aristocracy: it was through *us* you knew anything about them."

CHILDERS, foreseeing unpleasantness, interposes with, "My Lord was here this morning. I thought he would be." "Oh, MAT," says Mrs. CHILDERS, "I *hope* you asked his Lordship in to lunch." "I did," returns MAT, "but he wouldn't come." I feel glad of this; and so I'm sure does Mrs. Poss, who is only in her morning dress. She says, however, taking a small radish, "I suppose the Duchess expects him." A Duchess! I should like to stay over this party, and *then* go to old JOHNNY BYNG'S. I'd astonish BYNG.

"I think," I say for the sake of conversation, "I know LORD STARLING." [Analysing the feeling that prompts this observation, I find it would come under the head of *Natural Attraction to Magnates.*] Mrs. CHILDERS regards me with interest. "Funny little chap," says CHILDERS. "He was here to sketch this morning. He'd his old paint-box, which belonged to his great grandmother, and a remarkably antique portfolio." "A box and a portfolio?" I repeat, as it occurs to me that I've seen something of the kind within the last hour. "Yes," says STENTON, in his bass voice, the deeper for his having just lunched, "and such a slouch wideawake and old greasy coat." "And ragged gaiters," adds ENGLEFIELD. "Looks," says Poss, "like the Wandering Jew: a wandering Jew pedler." "Yes," returns CHILDERS, who is at the window, "He's only just now going off in his dog-cart." I am at the window.

"Is that LORD STARLING?" I ask.

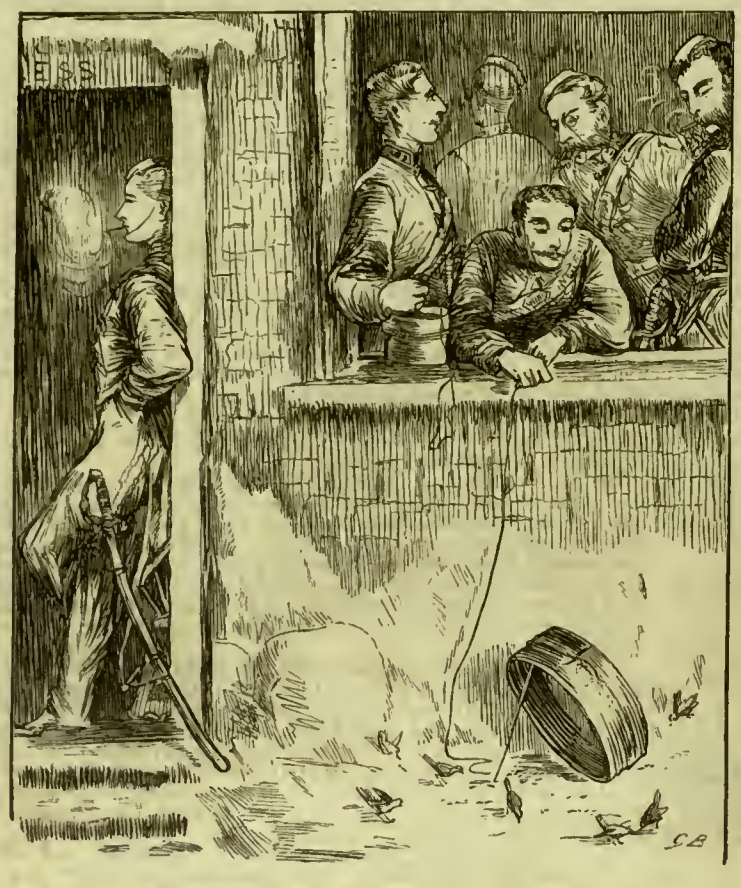
"Yes," answers CHILDERS. "You wouldn't think, to look at him, that he is the owner of this Castle and all the property about here."

I shouldn't, and what is more I hadn't; for the gentleman in the dog-cart is the Pedler to whom I made my practical repartee of showing the door. His own door!

I go to BYNG'S.

From Beds.

WE are the most loyal people on the face of the earth. We are even solicitous about the sleep of those who reign over us. How often at public dinners are the company called on to express their good wishes for "the rest of the Royal Family!"



RECREATION FOR THE ARMY.

EXCITING AMUSEMENT IN COUNTRY QUARTERS DURING A FROST.

RHYMES FOR REFORMERS.

IF you 'd make a demonstration
Of desire for Reformation,
Make it by the presentation
Of petitions; and sensation
Rouse by their accumulation.

Don't resort to the formation
Of a monstrous aggregation,
Which will cause an obstipation
Of the streets, with depredation,
Harm, and loss by trade's cessation.

If you do, you 'll breed vexation,
And engender indignation,
And encounter execration,
For endeavour at dictation,
Bullying, and intimidation.

Book you, friends, this observation:
At mob-leaders' instigation,
By a threatening conspiration,
Nought you 'll get but reprobation,
Opposition, and frustration.

Better try conciliation,
And pacific operation,
Which will prove, with commendation
Quoted, your qualification
For a share in legislation.

A Sufficient Reason.

AN order from the Horse Guards directs that officers are to substitute steel scabbards for leather ones. Captious newspaper critics object that steel scabbards blunt the swords they are meant to preserve. What of that? The Horse Guards won't encourage sharp blades, or why don't they give staff-appointments to the officers who pass the Staff College?

LAST, JANUARY 23RD, WEDNESDAY.—Grand Dance of Frozen out Foxhunters, in honour of the Great God *Thaw*.

THE FROZEN-OUT GARDEN SONGSTERS.

(BY AN OLD GOURMAND.)

A COCK Blackbird I saw on a green holly tree,
On the hard frozen earth when the snow around lay,
At the bright scarlet berries, so hungry was he,
Which his yellow bill nipped, he kept tugging away.

On the holly from Christmas, when winters are mild,
Unto Christmas, and longer, the berries will keep.
Then the blackbirds and thrushes are dainty and wild,
And they hold the hard fare of the hollybush cheap.

It is when the cold weather has stopped the supplies,
They are fain a coarse meal from the holly to tug;
When the dense frost-bound soil the fat lobworm denies,
And the savoury snail, and the succulent slug.

In the sunshine of life thus on turtle we feed,
And below leg of mutton all viands decline;
But, when fortune's reverse brings a season of need,
We are only too glad on cold shoulder to dine.

A Morning from Home.

WITHOUT any puffing—for *Mr. Punch* never puffs—big people should take their little people to see the Lilliputian *troupe* perform a couple of pieces at the Haymarket. *Mr.*, *Mrs. Judy*, and *Master Punch* were delighted, and, after the entertainment, congratulated MR. COE, the trainer of these little gentlemen and ladies, on his and their success. Young *Master Punch* was pleased to observe that "he didn't wonder at the *Company* being so good, seeing the *Coe* was so clever." *Master P.* was immediately taken home.

THE DEPTH OF DEGRADATION.—The very lowest in the Social Scale are the cheating shopkeepers with their false balances.

VESTRYMEN REFRESHED.

ONE would think that parish work must be tremendously exhausting, at least if one may judge by the refreshments which are sometimes taken after it. The following, for instance, are a couple of hotel bills, for food supplied to some exhausted Vestrymen of Camberwell, in order to prevent their fainting ere they reached their homes:—

SEWERS COMMITTEE.—(To KNIGHT).

Oct. 11.	16 dinners	£3	4	0	Oct. 25. 15 dinners	£3	0	0
	Dessert	0	16	0	Desserts	0	15	0
	Refreshments and wine	7	14	6	Refreshments and wines	6	5	0
	16 teas	0	16	0	Teas	0	15	0
	Cigars	0	12	0	Cigars	0	10	6
	Attendance	0	8	0	Attendance	0	7	6
		£13	10	6		£11	13	0

Will it he believed that at the Vestry Meeting "the reading of these statistics caused a great many expressions of disapproval?" Good gracious! Are poor Vestrymen to starve, when they go about their parish business? Is this a Christian country, and are they not men, and brothers of the rate-payers who have to pay their tavern-hills? To be sure, we always thought that Vestrymen smoked pipes, and not cigars: else how was it that long clay-pipes came to be called "churchwardens?" It might be urged, moreover, by some flinty-hearted rate-payers that the meat bears much the same proportion to the drink as *Falstaff's* halfpenn'orth of bread to his intolerable quantity of sack. Certainly, we cannot wonder that poor-rates are so high, when such hills as the above are run up for mere refreshments.

Medical.

YOU are under examination. You are questioned about the Spinal Cord. You must he short sighted not to see the advantage it will be to you to describe it as the chain attached to your eye-glass.

A COMMENT.—"Speech is silver, but silence golden." Hence the expression, hush money.



COLLOQUIAL EQUIVALENTS.

Papa. "NOW, MY DEAR GIRLS, YOUR BROTHER IS RECEIVING A MOST EXPENSIVE EDUCATION, AND I THINK THAT WHILE HE IS AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS YOU SHOULD TRY TO LEARN SOMETHING FROM HIM."

Emily. "SO WE DO, 'PA. WE 'VE LEARNT THAT A BOY WHO CRIES IS A 'BLUB,' THAT A BOY WHO WORKS HARD IS A 'SWOT'"——

Flora. "YES, AND THAT ANYBODY YOU DON'T LIKE IS A 'CAD;' AND WE KNOW THE MEANING OF 'GRUB,' 'PROG,' AND A 'WAX!'"

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

(*At the Lyceum Theatre.*)

ROUGE ET NOIR.

ACT I.—*An exciting Gambling Scene, where* MAURICE D'ARBEL *loses the money with which he has been intrusted by his mother to get a certain diamond necklace as a gift for his bride.*

ACT II.—*A Garden Scene. Old* MADAME D'ARBEL *seated. Music by* MR. MONTGOMERY'S *orchestra, descriptive of ill health for some time and general debility.* MADAME D'ARBEL *moans and turns up her eyes, then turns up the garden: then sits down. Enter into the Stalls two Gentlemen, after their dinner, one of them has evidently "seen the thing before," and is now bringing his Friend.*

2nd Person (*who has not seen it before, to his Friend*). I say, they 've begun the Second Act.

[IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, *with two Ladies, who has been trying to follow the plot very closely, turns round and frowns at the speaker.*

1st Person (*who* HAS *seen it before*). Yes. First Act 's nothing.

2nd Person (*reproachfully*). I particularly wanted to see the First Act. We oughtn't to have had that other claret.

[IRRITABLE ELDERLY GENTLEMAN *turns as if about to speak, but doesn't, and only breathes hard as he looks towards the stage again. He disconcerts the Ladies with him.*

Mean but Affable Person (*next to Irritable Gentleman*). Would you be so good as to lend me your bill for a minute? (IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *gives it reluctantly.*) Thank you. (*Reads bill to his Friend.*)

[*Dialogue has been going on on the stage. Trumpets sound. Enter* MR. FECHTER *down the house-steps.* IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *prepares to attend closely.*

Enter, with much rustling and many recognitions, a Lady and her Husband.

Irritable Elderly Gentleman (*grumbling to Young Lady*). Really people might come earlier, and not disturb a whole——

Young Lady (*placing her hand on his arm, and watching the piece intently*). Yes, Uncle. Sssh!

[IRRITABLE UNCLE *prepares to attend for the fourth time, and won't lend his bill again when asked.*

Mean but Affable Person to his Friend. You 're nearest the door, ask the stall-keeper for a bill.

2nd Mean but perfectly wide-awake Friend. All right. (*Feels in his pockets.*) Have you got sixpence? (*Mean but Affable Person has only a shilling, which his Friend takes, and exit, over toes, to get to stall-keeper.*)

General Opinion (*expressed, sotto voce, on his going out*). What a nuisance he is! (*and on his return*) Dear!! again!

2nd Person (*who hasn't seen the play before to his Friend*). Why 'a FECHTER dressed like that?

His Friend. Oh, because he 's going to be married—(*uncertainly*)—or because he 's been out all night. [IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *fidgets.*

1st Person. But to what period does the dress belong?

Vague Friend. Oh, to the First Empire, or (*very vaguely*) before the revolution, (*cleverly recovers his reputation for being well informed by adding,*) it 's not strictly correct.

Miss Leclercq (*as Maurice d'Arbel's destined bride, gives him her idea of how a bridegroom should spend his last bachelor night*). His friends are round the festive board, the lights sparkle, the glasses are in their hands, they call aloud the name of their friend's future wife, they drink to his, to their, happiness, he rises from his seat, and——

2nd Person (*during Mr. Fechter's picture of his being at a gambling table till five in the morning*). I suppose EMERY 's the villain?

1st Person (*who, having seen it before, is going to sleep*). Eh—villain—oh yes—EMERY 's always the villain.

[MAURICE D'ARBEL *makes his bride a wedding present of a rose*

with a sentiment. Ladies in Stalls smile significantly, and probably think they do those things better in real life.

Mean Person (*who borrowed a shilling, to his Friend cunningly*). I say, not a bad dodge for a wedding-present, eh?

[IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *does wish they'd be quiet.*

Enter Bridesmaids and Servants to music, and all go to Church except MADAME D'ARBEL, *who, being too weak to join them, stands up during their absence and soliloquises. Organ plays solemnly, evidently in some part of the garden. The marriage ceremony is apparently being conducted, organ and all, in the adjoining summer-house.*

Madame d'Arbel (*amusing herself by pretending she sees through the stone walls of the Church*). There they are! They kneel before the altar! he, &c. &c., she, &c. &c. Now they, &c. &c. The Priest lifts his, &c. &c., and then all, &c. &c. Ah! Happy! Happy pair!

[*Sinks into her chair, and thinks of the family pew.*

Enter, suddenly, a Gentleman in very modern cut whiskers, moustache, and Hessian boots; with a generally vague appearance of belonging to no particular time or country. Music in the orchestra, of course, perhaps descriptive of Hessian boots.

Madame d'Arbel (*hysterically*). ERIC!

Eric. My letter not delivered!!!!

Serious but foolish Butler. I gave it to ——(*a name that sounds like* SPERARSA).

Enter YOUNG WAITING WOMAN, *with the name that sounds like* SPERARSA.

Young Waiting Woman. Oh yes, Madame, here it is.

[*More Music. Enter Powdered Footmen with Bridesmaids. Then* MAURICE *and his bride.* MADAME D'ARBEL *won't receive* MAURICE. *More music. Sensation chords. Enter a Commissaire in a funny hat, and two myrmidons in funnier hats. More chords: say two chords for the Commissary and one for each myrmidon.* IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *prepares to attend closer than ever.*

Commissary (*sternly to Maurice*). You were at the gaming-table last night?

Madame (*who evidently did not know her son was out*). Ah!

[*Powdered Footmen regard one another with silent horror.*

Maurice (*vaguely*). How?

Commissary (*politely, like a foreigner of distinction not quite perfect in his English*). Am I wrong, *if you please?*

[*Music, of course, as if it came from underground while they are talking.*

Madame d'Arbel. What has he stolen?

Maurice. Oh! Oh! (*Behind his hand.*) Oh! (*Behind two hands.*) Oh! Oh!

Commissaire. The necklace! [MISS LECLERCQ *tears it off.*

2nd Person (*in Stall who hasn't seen Act I.*). *Has* he stolen it?

His Friend (*who* HAS *seen it before*). Well—you see—it's—you ought to have seen the First Act.

[IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN *hears this, and loses the thread of the story.*

Gaspard (*making faces behind his cocked-hat*). Don't mix my name up in the matter—(*suddenly like the Clown*)—Oh! look at your mother.

[*Makes more faces at the audience slily, while* MAURICE *looks at his mother.*

Commissary (*touching Mr. Fechter on the shoulder with a small cane like a conjuror's wand*). MAURICE D'ARBEL, I arrest you!

[*Women faint all over the place. The six Powdered Footmen evince varied emotions of horror, or surprise, or rage, or despair, or something among themselves. More music. End of Act II.*

Entr'acte.

Provincial Person (*in front row of the Pit, who has been much interested up to this point.*) I say, which is BUCKSTONE?

[*The facts are explained to him by a Town Friend.*

In Act III. there is plenty of lime-light, music, and ERIC is shot, and IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN thinks he can follow it pretty closely *now.*

ACT IV.

Enter FECHTER, *very old.*

Funny Innkeeper (*to his wife on the stage*). Will you oblige me?

[*Meant to get a laugh, but doesn't.*

This sentence is the light writing of the piece, the comic relief, and occurs about sixty times in this Act.

Colonel Eric (*who wasn't shot in Act III.*) *to Innkeeper.* There's for you (*gives money*). We expect a young Captain.

Funny Innkeeper. A Captain. (*To his wife.*) Will you oblige me? Thank you, thank you.

[*Some one in the audience laughs.* FUNNY INNKEEPER *detects him, and plays at him gratefully during the remainder of the Scene.*

Maurice (*trying to rise from the bench*). I cannot! I cannot!

Friend (*who's not seen it before*). Doesn't he speak like WEBSTER in the *Dead Heart* (*gives an imitation*)? "My heart is dead! my heart is——"

Irritable old Gentleman (*who has entirely lost the thread of the piece*). S-s-sh! I really wish that——It's quite impossible to——

Lady's Husband (*with propriety*). S-s-sh! [*Old Gentleman subsides.*

[YOUNG CAPTAIN *chinks bag of untold gold carelessly and sits at table: then treats* MAURICE *to wine and luncheon. While* MAURICE *is eating,* YOUNG CAPTAIN *chinks untold gold again. He sees* MAURICE *cutting off half the loaf and pocketing it.*

Young Captain. By that act I recognise the true nobility of your nature.

[*He alludes to pocketing half the loaf. Gives money, and chinks bag of untold gold again.* GASPARD *offers to guide him through the forest. Storm commences.*

ACT V.

Young Captain arrives at *Maurice's* hut. Discovers his Mother and Sister there. Is shown to a room, where he occupies himself by jingling and chinking his untold gold as a mild evening amusement for himself and little sister. *Gaspard* sets fire to the house. Music. Crashing. Pistols. Flames. Hatchets. Smoke. Great applause. Curtain descends before the *Irritable Gentleman* can regain the thread of the story. Re-appearance of all the chief characters in the smoke.

Person (*who has seen it now, and is still rather hazy as to the necklace in Act II.*). I wish we'd been in for the First Act. (*To his Friend.*) If you hadn't stopped for that other claret, we might——

Friend (*with a view to supper at* EVANS'S). Oh, it's all right. Come to PADDY GREEN'S.

[*Exeunt omnes in every direction. Red fire from fuzees: cigars. Verdict, Not bad.*

THE BEST SCHOOL FOR WIVES.



THE husband is commonly said to be the bread-winner. So he is in general. But sometimes he is a *Mantalini*, and sometimes his wife is an heiress; and in the former case he eats the bread of idleness, and in the latter that of *otium cum dignitate*, buttered on both sides.

But, as the husband, in the ordinary course of things, is the bread-winner, so is—that is to say, so ought to be—the wife the bread-dresser, the toaster, and temperer of the bread, and, taking bread in its extended sense, the roaster and boiler of the meat. In short, the wife is the cook, or, if she is not, more shame for her. The cook, ma'am—not the cook-maid: the chief not the drudge of her husband's kitchen.

But what is the wife whose skill in cookery is limited to roasting and boiling? A plain cook to her husband, neither useful, nor, if altogether plain, ornamental.

The foregoing remarks are suggested by an announcement, in the *Post*, that there is, in Argyll Street, Regent Street, a School of Cookery, whereat, the other evening, there was given a select entertainment. This institution, founded by some genuine philanthropists for the education of cooks, comprises two departments of study; a first class for artists who aspire to be professed cooks, and a second for persons whose humbler aim is proficiency "in plain cookery suitable for the servants of tradespeople." First-class cookery, of course, alone is suitable to the servants of the nobility and gentry.

Success to this most important of educational establishments. May the School of Cookery in Argyll Street grow rapidly into a University, in which the daughters of England may be enabled to acquire that knowledge which will render them helps meet and suitable companions for men of liberal education and refined taste. There is no reason why women should not attain to that eminence in the higher branches of cookery which has hitherto been supposed possible only for men. In a College of Cookery there would be degrees, prizes, and offices, for which they might compete oftentimes successfully with the stronger sex. As the latter become bachelors and masters, so could the former turn out spinsters and mistresses of culinary arts. The degree of doctor might be common to both. There might be a Regius or a Regia Professor of Turtle, as the case might be; and professorships named after distinguished gourmands, also open to both sexes: likewise professorships of chops, and steaks, of *hors d'œuvres*, of *entremets*, of curry, of haricot mutton, of *vol-au-vent*, of rump-steak pudding, and of Irish stew; and assuredly there ought to be a professorship of potatoes. Corresponding lectureships and scholarships might also be established. The candidates for degrees and honours might take up *Ude, Soyer, Kitchener*, or *Mrs. Rundell;* and, in addition to undergoing an examination in these culinary classics, be required to operate on the raw material.



FASHIONS FOR 1867.

"HABITS ARE STILL WORN SHORT"—WHICH IS JUST AS WELL THE DAY AFTER A THAW!

AN IMAGINARY QUEEN'S SPEECH.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1867.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

I CALL you together again, more curious, perhaps, than usual, to know what I intend to say, particularly on one "well-considered" subject.

I am on friendly terms with all my foreign brothers and sisters, some of whom have lost their crowns and thrones since last we met, an event chiefly of importance to themselves, the Editor of the *Almanach de Gotha*, and gentlemen in the diplomatic service apprehensive of an insufficient supply of foreign embassies. Should this fatal disease spread amongst Sovereigns, I have no fear that it will ever reach these shores.

Certain claims that "Our American Cousin" believes he has against us I am confident will be promptly and satisfactorily settled by one of the most distinguished members of my Government, to whom it is only necessary to say, "On, STANLEY, on!"

You will, doubtlessly, desire a few days' extra vacation to enable you to be present at the opening of the Paris Universal Exhibition. I will speak to the EARL OF DERBY on the subject the next time he dines at the Castle. Sanguine spirits are anticipating the happiest results from this coming Congress of Art and Industry, and expect that it will terminate in a Grand Transformation Scene, with Peace and Progress triumphant in the centre, and all the woes of War vanishing away in the background. The same splendid visions have been indulged in before, but they all ended in cannon-smoke. I shall indeed rejoice, if the decay of the manufacture of gunpowder and explosive weapons is the result of the Exhibition.

I am confident that no Member of either House would ever think of smuggling anything, except perhaps, occasionally, a Bill through Parliament, but the great portmanteau grievance demands a searching investigation. I have, therefore, arranged with his Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH that a joint Commission shall sit on the band-boxes of two great nations.

The Confederation of the North American Provinces will, I trust, be shortly accomplished. As United States I believe they will be strong and powerful, and never forget the old mother.

I rejoiced to read of the disappearance of the Cattle Plague, and of the liberality shown by you, MARQUIS OF CONYNGHAM, and others, in making a handsome deduction from the rents of your bucolic tenantry.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

I have directed the Estimates for the ensuing year to be laid before you, and I shall feel better satisfied if they are discussed by rather more than forty Members.

They have been prepared, &c. (the usual prescription).

Although we are at peace with all the world, you will find a perceptible increase in the votes to be taken for the Naval and Military Establishments. So long as Governments engage in competitive trials of instruments of warfare, so long must Peoples pay the shot.

It may be your fate to experience "Short Commons."

If you could approach my presence with rather less Disorder, it would be more seemly.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Apprehensions were felt lest the Fenian plague should again break out in Ireland, but—I say this under the rose—with LORD STRATHNAIRN in Dublin I had no alarm for that portion of my dominions. The deluded followers of an individual known as The Head Centre must now feel that they were (STEPHENS') Green. Scotland gives me no trouble, but then I am so often there, and we know that frequent appearances of the Sovereign tend to raise the temperature of a nation's loyalty. I have, therefore, determined to reside a part of every year in Ireland, or when unable to visit that country in person, to request the PRINCE OF WALES to act as my Vicercine.

I have not been much in my Capital of late years, but I understand that the condition of its streets and Parks is not satisfactory, being ill kept, ill lighted, and ill watched. You will, I am sure, devise some measure by which the Metropolis may be placed on a level at least with second-rate Provincial towns.

I congratulate you and SIR EDWIN LANDSEER on the addition to the Lions of London in Trafalgar Square. It will not be necessary to put any more cross questions about SIR EDWIN'S studies. The National

Gallery and Royal Academy may also be struck off the list of *Agenda*, but the British Museum is still a vexed and vexing question.

A number of measures will be introduced for your considcration, if premature dissolution does not carry you off—to the hustings. Some of these you will find portable and accordingly carry, but many I foresee will have to be dropped. Bills are in preparation for the disfranchisement of certain Boroughs in which at the last General Election the circulation of money was too rapid; but until you adopt the admirable suggestion of a venerable law Lord, who I hope will again be amongst you in the Spring, and punish with imprisonment both the briber and the bribed, you will never overcome this vice of the Money Orders of Electoral Society. Cropped hair, a regular but spare diet, and stimulating exercise on the treadmill would do more to abolish Bribery than years of Committees and Commissions.

You are aware that LORD DERBY is the author of a new Law List.

I am almost tired of introducing the question of Bankruptcy, but if you *can* make commercial failures less disastrous to the Creditor, you will not have wasted the Session.

My Constitutional advisers—my State doctors—are in difficulties about Reform. If they bring in too broad a Bill they will offend and alienate the narrow party; if they bring in too narrow a Bill, hostilities will be immediately declared by the broad party; and if they bring in no Bill at all, their chance of drawing another quarter's salary appears to be homœopathically small. After having been frozen out such a length of time, and then getting employment rather unexpectedly they are naturally unwilling to be turned into the streets again so soon; after fielding so long, they would be glad to have something like an innings. Time and *Hansard* will show how they escape from their dilemma. I will only add, that until the line is cleared of this obstruction, the Parliamentary train cannot proceed.

I will now enumerate a few of the necessaries of legislation which either in this or a future Session it will be your imperative duty to provide for a hungry nation:—Some system of general education, which shall save me the pain of knowing that there are children and adults in this rich and powerful country who are ignorant whether it is a man or a woman that reigns over them; the re-organisation of the Army by which the service may be made more fair, more popular, and a surer defence in days of darkness and danger; the increased efficiency of the Navy, and the substitution both at the Admiralty and the Horse Guards of a control less cumbrous, less wasteful, and less disastrous than that of Boards and Double-headed authority; the restoration of the Mercantile Marine, and the prevention of lawless disregard of life through the neglect of easy precautions against disease; the improvement of the condition of my poorer subjects, especially the old and the sick in parish and union workhouses, so that at least they may have the same consideration shown them as imprisoned criminals; the adoption of stringent measures against delusive, extravagant, and fraudulent public companies, lest the reputation of this country for commercial integrity should become an imposture and a sham; the summary punishment of dishonest tradesmen who cheat the poor with false weights and measures, and poison them with adulterated food; the prevention of fatal accidents, whether to individuals in the neglected streets of the wealthiest city in the world, or to bodies of workmen massacred in mines and other dangerous scenes of labour; the more speedy administration of the law both in London and the provinces; the settlement of disputes between masters and workmen, and the avoidance of irritating and exhausting strikes; the better municipal government of the Metropolis; the correction of the anomaly of rich benefices where the flocks are numbered by hundreds, and pauper livings where the population grows by thousands; the further reform of sentimental Cathedral establishments; the diminution of drunkenness and destruction of infant life; the arrest of anarchy, confusion, and treachery in the Established Church; the adjustment (in Ireland) of the differences between Landlord and Tenant; and the abolition of other grievances in the country—such is a sample of the measures, which if you are wise, you will speedily frame and carry, and so raise a secure embankment against the dangers and difficulties of the future.

When these your tasks are completed, you may then again interfere in the affairs of your foreign neighbours, advise the POPE, when he loses his temporal tiara, and watch over the interests of the German Bund.

I now dismiss you to much waste of time, to many useless speeches, to a languid interest in an obscure country like India, to a keen relish for exciting personalities, to a liberal employment of the munitions of party warfare, but on the whole influenced by a sincere desire to do the best for your country—and yourselves.

POOR CHILDREN'S DINNER-PARTIES.



THE other day, while saying a good word for the good work of M. VICTOR HUGO, in giving some poor Guernsey children a good dinner once a week, *Mr. Punch*, expressed a hope that the example might be followed here in England, where there are many weakly little ones to whom a weekly dinner would certainly do good. *Mr. Punch* has since been very pleased to hear that at two places, at least, some of the little ones of London dine once a week in comfort, and can eat good bread and meat. Both in Marylebone and Brompton poor children's dinner-parties are given every week, and some seven or eight hundred little hungry mouths are filled with wholesome, healthy, satisfying, good, substantial food.

Many ladies, young ones specially, conceive that, as a rule, a dinner-party is a most unmitigated bore; but they would find these children's parties an exception to the rule. Any lady, if she pleases, may obtain an invitation to them, simply by the means of becoming a subscriber of two-and-forty pence. For this prodigious sum ten dinner-cards are sent her, and ten children may dine in comfort as her guests. At number one (take care of Number One), Little Barlow Street, in Marylebone, each Wednesday and Saturday, and at No. 66, Walton Street, in Brompton, each Tuesday and Friday, grace is said precisely as the clock strikes twelve, and then some hundreds of small hungry diners instantly fall-to. Any lady who is present is pressed into their service, and may learn, as saith the poet, "to labour and to *wait*." She may help to carve the beef, or ladle out the gravy, or serve out the potatoes, or cut up for the little ones who chance to be not big enough to wield a knife and fork.

There are many exhibitions worth seeing now in London, but there are none more pleasant than these children's dinner-parties, and none that are more worth the trouble of a visit. HANDEL'S *Alexander's Feast* contains some charming music, but it has no more pleasant music than the chatter of the little tongues and clatter of the dishes at these little children's feasts. Then, how good it is to see the hundreds of small eyes that stare in wonder and delight at the gigantic roasted joints, and the hundreds of small noses that sniff the fragrant gravy, and the hundreds of small lips that are licked in expectation of the savoury repast!

So walk up, Gentlemen and Ladies, and see what you can see. Only think, ten dinners for two-and-forty pence! Why, there are diners now in London who freely give three guineas for one single feast! If they denied themselves but one good dinner in the year, they might give nearly two hundred good dinners to poor children, to whom a good meal once a week is a real gift of charity, and a help towards good health.

A MODEST DEMAND.

GOOD servants are now-a-days becoming rather scarce, at least, if we may judge by announcements like the following:—

GROOM WANTED.—A Gentleman, living in the country, is in want of a groom to look after one or two horses, make himself generally useful, and do what he is told. Any one wanting a situation where the work is put out need not apply.

Is it usual for grooms *not* to do what they are told, and to have their work put out for them? We should run the risk of being quite "put out" ourselves, if our groom were to inform us that he required his work to be so. Perhaps we soon may hear of servants who will kindly condescend to accept a situation, provided that their masters engage to do their work for them.

Ode (and paid) to Miss Terry.

(BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC IRISHMAN.)

AIR—"*Kate Kearney.*"

OCH! did ye niver hear of KATE TERRY?
If not, sure you're ignorant, very.
She has that in her eye
As 'll make a boy cry,
But her smile. Och—can make us all merry!

SURGICAL.

WE English practise vivisection. We are very fond of cutting up our friends and acquaintances.



FOR EXPLANATION OF THIS CUT, SEE CARTOON.

THE POPPER PAPERS.

(*Instructive.*)

MY DEAR NEPHEW, *Albany, Wednesday.*

IT is not very often, I am happy to say, that you and I meet at a dinner-table. You know I do not say this from any want of the affection which is supposed to exist between an uncle and a nephew. I gave you a very handsome mug at your christening, some twenty-three years ago, I always "tipped" you in your boyhood, I made it all right between you and my brother-in-law (best known to you as your "Governor") when you got into a hole with certain creditors, and if you marry a lady, I dare say that your Uncle PAUL'S present to her will not be the least noticeable of the articles her bridesmaids will envy. Nor, unless you make too dreadful an ass of yourself, shall I alter by codicil a certain document now in the iron safe at MESSRS. GROWL, SMILES, & SNIGGLE'S, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. But I don't think that we are likely to seek amusement in the same circles.

However, my dear boy, I was both amused and surprised, and I may add that I was a little gratified, at your outbreak at our friend SIR ROCKE TAPPER'S on Tuesday. How you became acquainted with that eminent geologist and philosopher, I don't know. I do not imagine that you know a saurian from a sand-piper. However, there you were, and very elegantly attired (studs a thought too splendid), and behaving yourself with much rationality. I was pleased to hear you begin to talk on foreign affairs, and notably on international politics. The phenomenon was worth note. I did not expect to gain much valuable information from you, beyond official certainty as to MRS. PRYME LEGGE'S next character in the private theatricals at Brighton, the real reason why young BUMPTIOUS BLOATER had bolted, and perhaps a few hints on the chances of the next Derby. To my astonishment you struck into a conversation on American affairs. My friend MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S remarkable book, *New America*, was the text, and his singular disclosures about the Mormons made the talk of the table, as they will do for all the tables for a long time. You did a gentleman's justice to his gallantry, and to his vivid and startling revelations, but you evidently thought that *you* had the key to the strangest enigma of our age. I am not sure that you made this fact quite clear to your audience, but never mind. The way in which you explained the American Constitution to the young lady next to you was dashing, and though you clearly knew nothing about it, that was of less consequence, as you bored her, and she wanted to listen to the mewing of the poet on the other side of her. He does not write good poetry, my poor ALGERNON, but he has three thousand a year, and has signified that he is only looking out for the Tenth Muse, in order to wedlock.

But, my dear ALGERNON, if you *are* going in for political talk, what do you think of devoting twenty minutes, or so, *per* day, to mastering a few details? I don't care about seeing men look up at you with that serene and imperturbable attention which indicates that a well-bred man is being, as you would say, awfully amused. That brilliant parallel which you drew between the House of Lords and the Supreme Court of the United States, would have been worthy of MACAULAY, if it had been accurate in any one particular. What do you know about the United States, my dear ALGERNON? Do you even know the outlines of their Constitution? And don't you think that as there are few houses in London in which you will not meet the best sort of American ladies and gentlemen, it would be a social advantage to you, not to say a decent civility to them, to acquaint yourself with the character of their institutions? Do you know that I never met an American who had not paid *us*, by anticipation, a reciprocal compliment? One of the prettiest American girls I ever sat next, nearly put me to my trumps the other night about the Mutiny Act? Do you know what the Mutiny Act means, ALGERNON?

I believe that you have been confirmed, so, though your godfather, I have nothing to do with your spiritual interests. I wonder what good-natured parson passed you on to the Bishop. But I suppose that, with certain contingencies, to which I have adverted, in your mind, you will allow me to tell you three or four things about America. They may be useful to you, and the like of you, in the time that is coming. We shall hear a good deal of America, presently, and especially if American respectability carries its point, and sends the fire and the sword to protest against Salt Lake polygamy.

The United States, my dear ALGERNON, have a Constitution, which is dated 17th September, 1787, and which has been "amended" about ten times since. Congress may amend it.

Do you know what Congress is? It is the American Parliament. This has two branches, the Senate and the House of Representatives. The former is the Upper, the latter the Lower House. Try and remember that.

The Senate is composed thus. Each State in the Union elects two members, by its legislatures (mind), and these Senators are chosen for six years. Remember Senate, States, Six—three S's. That's enough for one day. Now lay down my letter.

Now we'll resume, but be sure you recollect what I have said. Next, a Senator must be 30, and must have been a citizen for nine years. The Senate, besides being a legislative body, has judicial functions, and is a High Court of Impeachment. Remember this, because you read telegrams about the impeachment of the President, and you are not to suppose that this solemn business is performed in an oyster-cellar, or at a liquor-bar, as I believe many eminent critics of American institutions fancy.

We now come to the House of Commons, or Representatives. A member must be 25, so our "reckless" neighbours are more careful than we are, and don't choose lads just from school to vote on national laws. A Representative must have been a citizen for seven years. This House is elected by the people, every second year. The number of votes given to each State is ascertained by a decennial census. Look out decennial in WEBSTER. There are 233 members in all. How will you remember 233? Think of your own age, 23, and add 3, for your two brothers and pretty sister. Nothing like Mnemonics for a dull boy. Look out Mnemonics in WEBSTER.

I won't overburden you with facts. The President must have every bill submitted to him, before it can be law. If he like he can Veto it, that is, forbid it. But after that, if two-thirds of both Houses still insist on the bill, it becomes law in spite of him. MR. JOHNSON uses his prerogative, and the Houses use theirs. Until his time, Presidents did little in this way.

Only one word more. The President is chosen by an Electoral College—do not confuse yourself with ideas of Magdalen or Trinity—and this college is chosen by the vote of the people, each State having as many Collegians as it has of Senators and Representatives. He must be 35, a native-born American. He commands the Army and Navy. And he is chosen for four years.

There, my dear ALGERNON, digest that, and take your time about it. I don't believe that one Englishman in fifty knows all that I have told you, and yet hear us over the Château Margaux, and how promptly we settle all American questions. If you wish it, one of these days, I will tell you a little more. To sweeten the letter, I enclose you a cheque, as I heard you say you *must* have that horse. Don't ride over my friend the PRINCE OF WALES.

Ever your affectionate Uncle,

PAUL POPPER.

A TRUTH IN TWO LANGUAGES.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Post* quotes the following passage from "one of the despotic decrees of the season," promulgated by a MADAME G——:—

"Toilette de Bal.—Les dents sont bordées d'une étoffe tranchant par sa couleur avec l'étoffe de la robe. Le corsage très bas, excessivement bas, est surmonté d'une ornement en soie blanche, garni de tulle et de perles. Dame, il faut bien garnir un peu."

We should think so. "*Le corsage très bas, excessivement bas,*" would never do without at least a little trimming. It is a peculiarity of dress which is not only "*très bas, excessivement bas,*" as the French say, but likewise, and moreover, very low, excessively low—as we say in English.

TWO OLD MEN'S TAILS.—Old Fogeyism and Old Bogeyism. Let us cut them off.

WHY are Porters in great houses like Poultry? Because they are Do(o)rkings.



NATURAL SURMISE.

Florinda (in audible whisper). "MAMMA! MAMMA! LOOK AT THE PITTY VALENTINE THAT LADY'S DOT UPON HER HEAD!"

BETWEEN THE LIONS.

THE January sunlight
Was struggling faint and low
With the upward-creeping shadows
That quenched its fitful glow,
When the Lion from the portal
Of the PERCIES gazing down,
Was ware of something stirring
At that end of the town.

Long, long has he been pointing,
From off his airy stand,
His nose towards St. James's,
His tail along the Strand;
Long foreigners and natives
Have questioned, but to fail,
The meaning of that muzzle,
And the moral of that tail.

Was that tail stiff with anger,
Was that muzzle curl'd in scorn
Of the usage London's fluest site
At JOHN BULL's hands has borne?
Of our HAVELOCK and our NAPIER
In soot and copper drest?
Of our brace of mounted GEORGES
One rampant, one at rest?

Or, of WILKINS' range of punch-bowls,
With pepper pots *en suite?*
Or, of our mast-headed NELSON,
Or the fountains at his feet?
Or at the combination
Of these abortions, planned
To stamp JOHN BULL the biggest muff
That e'er took Art in hand?

Or is that tail averted
From the ART that IS, to say
The road to Art that *should* be,
Lies just the other way?
Or points it towards Temple Bar,
As if JOHN BULL it prayed,
To give Art up altogether,
And go city-wards to trade?

But of that Lion's action
Be the riddle what it may,
He ne'er looked more astonished
Than when, the other day,
He saw four mighty monsters,
Swathed all in canvass shrouds,
Round NELSON's column planted,
And girt with gaping crowds.

Amazement grew to anger,
When, all four placed, at last,
MANNERS and MAROCHETTI
Bade shrouds aside be cast:
And through the London fog-damps,
A stone's-throw from his paw,
Round the base of NELSON's column
FOUR LIONS COUCHED HE SAW!

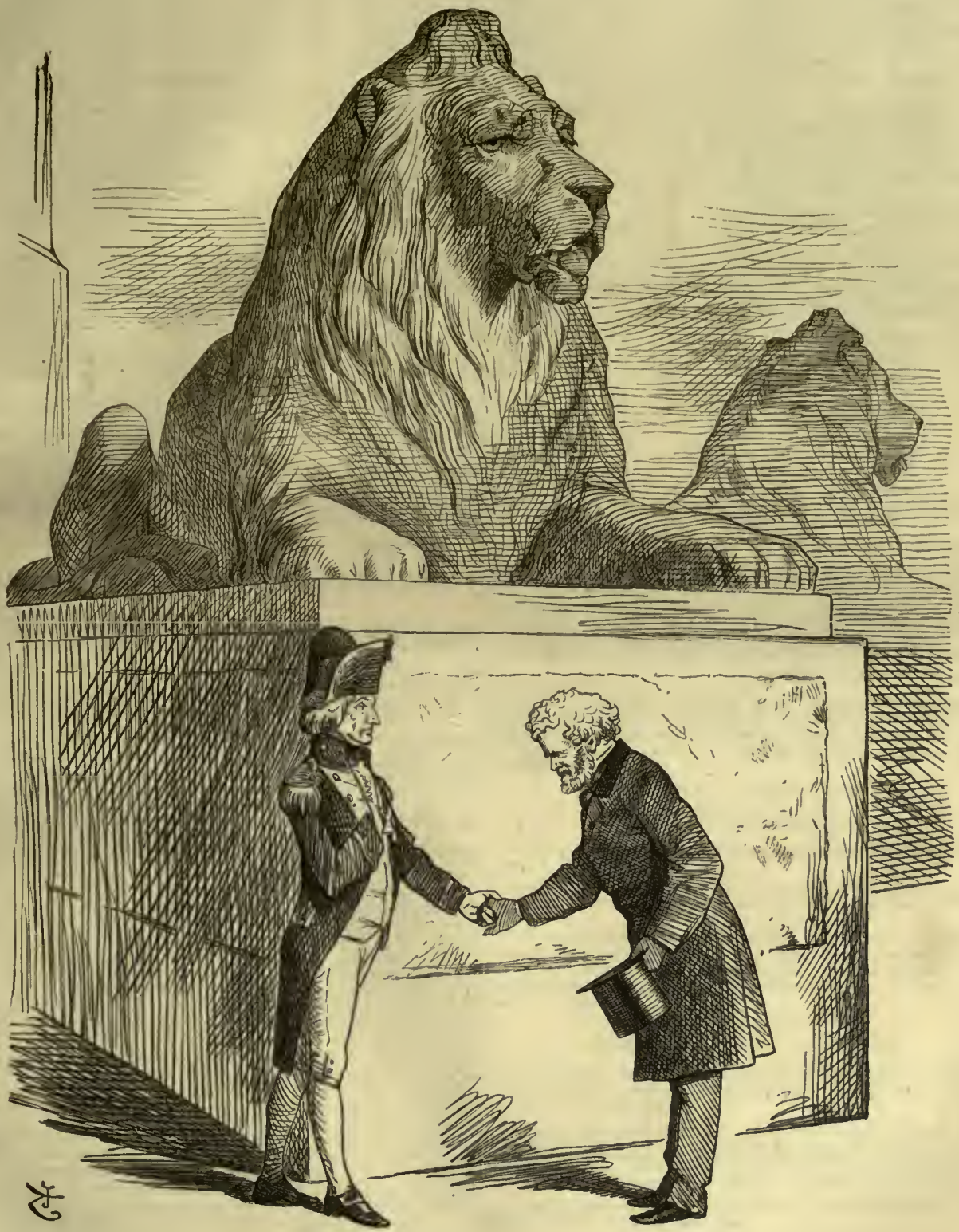
'Tis said, and I believe it,
That at the startling sight,
His tail, unwagged for ages,
Wagged, thrice, from left to right:
That from o'er the PERCY's portal,
Out of those jaws of stone,
Came, audible to mortal,
A sound 'twixt growl and groan!

And, gradual, o'er the rumble
Of traffic far below,
Was shaped to utterance leonine
That sound, sublime and slow,
Through roll of cab and omnibus,
Deep-chested as Big Ben,
Once roared the Percy Lion,
Roared once, and roared again.

"Who are ye, huge impostors?
You the British Lions—fie!
If there's a British Lion,
At Charing Cross, 'tis I?!
Your very number 's fatal
To the claim which you would roar,
The British Lion 's singular:
He 's one, and you are four!

"Are *these* the 'little strangers'
We 've waited for so long?
Announced when first the man and boy
Were themes of jest and song?
The man has grown a dotard,
The boy a man, and grey;
But still empty staid those bases,
And so, I hoped, would stay.

"And better still left empty,
Than tenanted by *you;*
SIR EDWIN had been wiser
To stick the canvass to.
You are big, and you are brazen,
That much must granted be:
But if a British Lion
Is wanted, look at me!



THE LIONS AT LAST!

"THANK YOU, SIR EDWIN. ENGLAND AT LAST HAS 'DONE HER DUTY.'"



"I flourish my tail 'proper;'
On my four legs I stand:
I 'm in the British Lion's
True *habitat*, the Strand.
The head in air I carry,
The frame and flanks I show,
May not be realistic,
But High Art has made me so.

"But *you*, what shall I call you?—
Four in one, or one in four?
Mere real Lions, cast in bronze—
Like life, but nothing more!
You look over-fed and sleepy,
On your bellies prone you lie,
With your useless arms before you—
Disposed for fighting shy.

"Great works! Yes, you are woppers:
Great, if size be grandeur's crown;
Of worth, if into coppers
You could be melted down.
But you 're not the British Lion
For NELSON to look o'er,
E'en *if* the British Lion
Could be multiplied by four."

Unmoved those couchant Lions
Lay, while the roaring storm
From above the PERCY'S portal
Swept o'er each giant form.
Never a muzzle lifted,
Stirred arm, or lightened eye,
As with note like a great organ's,
Their deep bass rolled reply.

"Chafe not, mysterious quadruped,
That Lion claim'st to be,
But art not of such Lions
As 'tis given men's eyes to see.
Wag not the tail in anger
That was never meant to wag,
Shut up the jaws, that opened,
Can but make way for brag.

"We MAY look calm and quiet,
Beneath our folded brows,
From heavy-lidded orbits,
That seem to droop and drowse.
Our giant arms before us
Outstretched at level length—
But know, if ours be slumber,
'Tis the slumber, friend, of strength.

"*You* may be the British Lion,
As he was in times of yore,
When his claws were all for rending,
His tongue for lapping gore:
When, where'er the jackals opened,
He took his eager way,
A fang for every carcass,
A part in every prey.

"Of that departed monster
Grant yours the image true:
The reality is vanished,
The type should vanish too.
We are the likeness, breathing
With the life that genius gives,
Of the genuine British Lion,
The Lion as he lives.

"Calm and sedate, and peaceful,
Nay slumb'rous, till the call
Of danger or of duty
Bids the veil of slumber fall.
Let the foe come near my dwelling,
Or assail my brood—no more—
Then ask if I am sleeping,
And for answer take my roar.

"If there be might in movement,
There 's might too in repose:
And strength is ten-fold terrible
That waits just cause for blows.
Emblem of such repose and strength
Here, four in one, I lie,
To east and west, to north and south,
Fixing a watchful eye!

"Not roaring for slight reason,
Not stirred by false alarms:
Not blunt, if sheathed, the talons
That point these sinewy arms,
As the true Lion mighty,
But magnanimous in might,
The British Lion fights to live,
Lives to do more than fight.

"But if the occasion cometh,
As come, perchance, it may,
To quicken tusk and talon,
And crush the foe to clay,
Then learn if my old terrors
Are dead, that here you see
A smoothened crest, an armèd rest,
A slumberous majesty!"

MIRTH FOR MARINE STORE-DEALERS.

MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me, Sir, to call your attention to a capital joke consummated the other day in the Court of Queen's Bench. The following extract from a law report epitomises this excellent bit of fun:—

"THE QUEEN *v.* WHITELY.—This was a case of some importance to marine store-dealers in purchasing stolen property, the decision of the Court upsetting the course pursued by the Metropolitan Magistrates for the last eighteen or twenty years."

You are familiar, *Mr. Punch*, with the merry laugh of the British Public which the Clown in a pantomime creates by lying along a door-step in the way of people coming out, and upsetting them. But this trick, surely, is nothing like so laughable as the decision by which three grave and learned Judges—the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and JUSTICES MELLOR and LUSH—concurred to upset the course pursued for the last eighteen or twenty years by the Metropolitan Magistrates.

This, however, is not all the fun of the case reported under the foregoing title. That case in itself was funny enough. It was an appeal from Quarter Sessions on the part of a marine store-dealer against a conviction by MR. D'EYNCOURT, whereby the defendant had been sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labour for having been in possession of a quantity of lead "reasonably suspected of having been stolen." The defence before the Magistrate, forming the ground of the successful appeal to the Queen's Bench, was "that as the lead had been clearly stolen, the defendant was not liable on a charge of unlawful possession of property supposed to have been stolen, and that if the defendant had committed any offence, it was receiving goods knowing them to have been stolen, for which he should have been committed and tried by a jury." This plea was held good by the Judges, for the reason that the defendant had been convicted under a section of a certain statute relative to possessors of stolen goods, which "did not apply to marine store-dealers in actual possession, but to the possession of the persons conveying the article." The joke resulting from this distinction was fully appreciated by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, who remarked that "marine store-dealers would enjoy complete immunity if that were the case." Nevertheless his Lordship and his learned brethren found themselves, on consideration, obliged to conclude that it was the case. So the conviction was quashed; and there is every reason to suppose that the defendant went home dancing and snapping his fingers.

All this is fine fun, *Mr. Punch;* but you will see yet more in this case when you come to think of it. Observe, Sir, that it now turns out that, for some twenty years past at least, but I should think many more, for the statute above referred to is the 2nd and 3rd Victoria, the Metropolitan Magistrates have been pursuing, in regard to marine store-dealers, a course of illegal convictions. You would perhaps deem that a rather melancholy joke but for the safe presumption that the marine store-dealers got much less severely punished than they deserved to be. The best of this joke is, that those marine store-dealers have no remedy against the Magistrates who committed them. But neither would they if the Magistrates had committed them undeservedly as well as unlawfully. Magistrates do not pay for making mistakes. What an advantage they have in this respect over medical practitioners and others who are liable to be sued and cast in heavy damages for blunders committed through not knowing their business! This reflection amuses

Your humble servant, ASMODEUS.

P.S. "It was a great pity the law did not meet such cases as the present, but it was to be hoped that the law in this respect would soon be altered." Let us hope that parliamentary attention to this remark by your friend COCKBURN will not turn the joy of the marine store-dealers into mourning.

ANTI-BRUIN LEGISLATION.

QUESTIONS of some interest are suggested by the following piece of news from the United States:—

"BEARS IN THE STATE OF MAINE.—Returns received at the office of the Secretary of State show that during last year, there were 265 bears killed in the State of Maine."

By what means are bears slaughtered in the State of Maine? Is bear-hunting one of the methods adopted for their destruction? If so, is it usual in the sport of hunting the bear to give the bear any law, and in that case what law? Do the bear-hunters of Maine give the bear the Maine law?

ORDERS OF THE SAME ORDER.

ON his legs, at the late Meeting of the West Herts Agricultural Society, the EARL OF CLARENDON, in defence of the practice of awarding prizes to labourers, said:—

"The Victoria Cross is given as the reward for daring acts of valour. Admirals, generals, successful diplomatists, adventurers—those noble men who have made geographical discoveries, who have laid down the Atlantic cable, receive the decoration of the Order of the Bath. It would be absurd to measure these distinctions by their mere money value. The same remark applies to the labourer."

Such, in fact, says LORD CLARENDON, as the Order of the Bath is, such is the Order of the Breeches.

An Arithmetical Demonstration.

THE length of the Reform Procession which is to start from Trafalgar Square on Monday next may be calculated beforehand to a nicety, for is not a "League" exactly three miles?

"UNEQUAL RATING."—A Big Wife scolding a Little Husband.



SLIPPERY!

Stableman (out of work). "HOLLO, SAM! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Cabby (who can hardly keep his Horse on his legs). "WO—O! WHY RIGHT OVER THE CAB, AND OUT O' MY MIND!"

DISTURBANCE IN ST. JAMES'S HALL.

AT the close of MISS GLYN'S reading of *Othello* the other evening, and while the crowded audience were testifying by unanimous plaudit their sense of the admirable and intellectual feat which that lady had performed, in presenting, single-handed, the grand tragedy, with all its marvellous lights and shades, an individual rushed forward to the platform, and exclaimed,

"MISS GLYN, M'm!"

The lady received this brief address with a beaming and good-natured smile, which, however, slightly hinted an idea that she beheld a mild form of lunacy.

"You mustn't, Sir," said a policeman.

"But I must, minion," returned the individual, so fiercely that the intelligent officer collapsed.

"I say, MISS GLYN, M'm!" pursued the speaker.

"Halloo!" cried a thousand voices. "Who's that?" And the Hall rose with a mighty sensation.

He was not a tall man. He was bald at the top of his head, and he bawled at the top of his voice. He had a long nose. But, exquisitely dressed, and exquisitely polite amid his excitement, there was something in that splendid eye, something in that superior manner, which bespoke the true aristocrat. He sprang up upon the crimson velvet.

"What right have you to stand there, Sir?" said the faithful policeman, making one more effort to do his duty.

The eye, an orb of lustre, turned full upon him, and a voice of thunder replied,

"'Ask you by what right?
By that great right the vast and towering Mind
Has o'er the grovelling instinct of the vulgar.'"

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Sir," said the policeman. "From information I received I didn't know that."

"You are pardoned. MISS GLYN, M'm?"

"What is it, *Mr. Punch?*" said the lady, gently. She had recognised the Great Creature.

"If you please, MISS GLYN, could you do me a favour?"

"Anything to oblige *Mr. Punch*," was the gracious reply.

"Please to engage yourself at Drury Lane, M'm, and come out in some of them plays," gasped *Mr. Punch*, superior to grammar as to etiquette.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*," said the great actress,

"'Thou marshallest me the way that I was going.'"

And with another benignant smile, MISS GLYN retired from the scene of her triumph.

"Hooray all of you!" shouted *Mr. Punch*. "Hooray!"

He was then removed, respectfully, amid the frenzied cheers of the Hall, and placed in his carriage.

"It's true, too," he shouted from his window, as his foaming steeds dashed off.

And he apologises for his behaviour, while congratulating the public on the good news he extorted from their favourite.

GENTLE JOHN'S COMPLAINT.

DEAR, how calumny pursues me!
What can be the reason why
Thus mine enemies abuse me,
Who am no man's enemy?
I to mild expostulation
Ever did my speech confine;
Ne'er did fierce vituperation
Issue from these lips of mine.

Miserable, hateful faction!
Miserable Tory crew!
Me with virulent detraction,
Unrelenting, ye pursue.
No offence to you I've given,
This alone your wrath excites;
I have ever gently striven,
Pleading for the people's rights.

Ah, ye miserable speakers!
Ah, ye miserable scribes!
Wretched place and payment seekers,
Vilifying me for bribes;
In your infamy to wallow,
Hogs, I leave you, and, above
All such brutes, the rule shall follow,
Still to speak the truth in love.

To a Nautical Correspondent.

"THE Captain of the *Polt*" is not the officer in command of a vessel of that name. For further information apply at the Senate House, Cambridge.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Quit Bovor. Night in Town. Sea-side Interval.*)

STILL raining.

Happy Thought.—I 've stopped here, but the rain hasn't. I shall say this as SHERIDAN's, or DEAN SWIFT's.

The butcher orders a fly from Beckenhurst, and the fly fetches me from Bovor. Old MRS. CHILDERS regrets my departure, but says, to cheer me, that she dares say they 'll all be driven home by the moat rising.

Happy Thought.—I shall be driven home by the fly.

Happy Thought.—Say this. They laughed.

Happy Thought.—Send it to *Punch*. Say so. ENGLEFIELD suggests, "Why not write for *Punch?*" STENTON, the philosopher, says, "Yes, write for *Punch* regularly, and they 'll send it you regularly." (Stupid joke, after *mine*.) Poss FELMYR shakes hands warmly and apologises for the rain.

MRS. Poss says good-bye, and I feel that I almost sneak out of the drawing-room. I wish I could say something by which they 'd remember me. The ladies (I see them from outside) have composed themselves before the fire, and are intent on their books. I came into this place like a lion, I leave it like a lamb. Artistically speaking, a conversationalist ought to come in like a lamb and go out like a lion. When CHILDERS and the others have carried my luggage to the gate, I beg they won't trouble themselves. They say it doesn't matter, as it doesn't now.

In the Fly.—I look out of window. They have all disappeared, as if they were tired of me: no waving of hands, no cheers. In old feudal days there 'd have been some hearty stirrup-cup ceremonies. Dreary: windows of fly up. See nothing: cold, raw, damp. Christmas time coming on fast. I should like to send FREDOLINE SYMPERSON a present, just to hint the state of my affections. What can I send? Christmas time only suggests turkeys and sausages. Get out my MSS. and make notes. * * * By the time I have found my MSS., which had been scrunched up by the maid in among the boots, I find we are at Beckenhurst. Ticket to town: station-master smiling, asks me if I ever did anything about that telegram? I recollect now I 'd threatened to write to the *Times*. I reply, "Ah, they 'll hear about it *yet*," as if my vengeance had only been dozing.

London.—Ought at this season of the year to take some Christmas present down to old BYNG. Besides, it's his birthday. He 'll be just as glad to see me without it. (*I* shouldn't, on my birthday.) There 's not going to be any party of ladies or he wouldn't have asked me; but we shall spend a quiet Christmas-time together, with cosy chats over the past: yes, we 're very old friends. However, I 'll just walk through the streets and have a look at the shops. The difficulty is, I can't tell what BYNG would like.

The Haymarket.—A pony runs away, traces broken. Crossing-sweeper knocked down.

Happy Thought.—Step into a shop.

Shopman says, "Spirited little animal that, Sir." I return carelessly, "Yes, nice little fellow; might easily have been stopped, if they 'd had any sense." I am quitting the shop with a sense of having perfectly requited the shopkeeper for the temporary refuge by giving him my opinion on the subject, when I feel a tremendous slap on the back, and a voice, which I do not at once recognise, says, "Hallo, old boy! practical joke, eh?" It is MILBURD.

He is buying the hottest pickles he can find (it is an Italian warehouse we are in) to take down to BYNG as a birthday present. We are both going to the same place. Together? Together: he will call for me.

Happy Thought.—This diminishes cab-fare. I won't have any change, that shall be *my* practical joke on him.

A Night in Town.—MILBURD and I go to the theatre. MILBURD has got a voice like a Centaur. (I think I mean STENTOR. N.B. Who was STENTOR? look him out.) People are annoyed. He begins by taking seats, which turn out not to belong to him, and then the people come in and there 's a row in the dress circle.

Happy Thought.—Step quickly into the lobby. MILBURD coming out angrily says, "he 'd have knocked that fellow's head off for two pins." I try to pacify him. I say, "What 's the use of getting into a row? It never does any good." I feel it wouldn't as far as I 'm concerned. MILBURD insists that the pair of us would have licked the lot, and wants to catch them coming out. I say "No!" decidedly, to this. I 'd rather not catch them coming out. He goes on to observe that "he should like to punch his head." I agree with him there: I should *like* to.

Happy Thought (*for the twentieth time*).—Learn boxing.

Happy Thought.—Go to EVANS's.

MILBURD takes me there. I've often heard of this place, yet never been there till now. Much pleased. Excellent glee-singing. MILBURD, who evidently *does* know London very well, introduces me to an elderly kindly gentleman, whom he calls MR. GREEN, and whispers to me, "You know GREEN, don't you?" I don't. The kindly gentleman, who is I fancy looking for some seat where he has left his hat, for he is walking about without it, shakes hands impressively with MILBURD, "and hopes that all are well round his (MILBURD's) fire-side."

This hearty old English greeting MILBURD meets, I think, somewhat irreverently by replying, "Thanks, yes. All well round the fireside. Poker a little bent with age, tongs as active as ever, shovel rather lazy." Whereat MR. GREEN smiles, pats him on the arm, and takes snuff deprecating such levity. MILBURD says, "Oh, I must have heard of GREEN."

Happy Thought.—GREEN, of course, aëronaut.

Happy Thought.—Ask him all about balloons.

I engage him in conversation. Has he been up in a balloon lately? He smiles, takes snuff, and nods his head as if he knew all about it, but couldn't answer just now. I ask him, "if he 's not afraid of going up so high?" His reply to this is, "that I will have my joke." He leaves us. MILBURD explains that he is the revered proprietor, and tells me a long story concerning the ancient fame of this great supping place.

We sup most comfortably at the café end; as MILBURD inartistically puts it, "quite undisturbed by the singing." He, however, knows it all by heart; I do not. Ladies, he informs me, view the scene from the gallery, veiled and behind gratings, as in St. Peter's.

Saturday. Don't feel well. MILBURD proposes that we shan't go to BYNG's till Monday.

Happy Thought.—Run down to Brighton: freshen us up for the week. MILBURD says, "Yes, by all means; where shall we stay?" Anywhere.

Happy Thought.—The Grand Hotel.

Very well: cold day in train. Draughts in carriages: shivering. Colder as we 'approach Brighton. MILBURD, who is a red-faced hearty chap, says, rubbing his hands, "This will freshen you up, my boy—this will make your hair curl." If there is any one thing more than another that sets me against a place it is to be told that "It *will* set me up," or "It 'll make my hair curl." I point out that it 's beginning to rain. MILBURD replies, "Oh, no—sea mist," as if sea mist was healthy: why can't he own it *is* rain? I express myself to the effect that it is raw, to which MILBURD returns, being in boisterous animal spirits, "Cook it." I wish I hadn't come with him, he is so unsympathetic. He can't understand what it is for anyone to have a pain across their shoulders and a headache. I've explained my symptoms to him several times. I assure him that he is quite wrong in saying that I eat too much, and am getting too fat.

Terminus: damp fly, rattling windows. Brighton looks windy, foggy, damp, drizzly, wretched. Grand Hotel: very grand. An official, in a uniform something between the dress of a railway guard and a musician in a superior itinerant German band, receives us. He is the Head Porter. We are shown into the lofty and spacious hall. We see dinners going on in the Coffee-room. Even MILBURD is awed. I have a sort of notion that a gorgeous man in livery will presently request us to walk up and His Grand Royal Highness will receive us.

Happy Thought.—Hotel for giants. In corridors seven-leagued boots put out to be brushed.

In the vast galleried hall, MILBURD, luggage, and self, guarded by a boy in buttons. Solitary individuals come down-stairs, look at us suspiciously, and go out. Waiters pass and re-pass us, all suspiciously. Opposite sits an elegant lady in a box, or bar.

Happy Thought.—Ask her for rooms.

She has been waiting for this, and is prepared for us. She gives us tickets, numbered, as if we were going to a show. Seems to me suggestive of waxworks.

MILBURD says, "We will go up by the lift." A gloomy porter with an embarrassed manner shows us into the lift. It is a dismal place, and after MILBURD has tried a joke, which is as much a failure as a squib on a wet pavement, not even making the lift-porter smile, we subside into gloominess.

Happy Thought.—Diving-bells: Polytechnic: also, old ascending-room, Colisseum.

(Note. During the three days I am at the Hotel, I have either seen the lift-porter starting from the ground-floor when I have been going out, or arriving at one of the upper stories, after I have walked up the stairs; I 've never caught him descending, nor got him when I wanted him.)

We emerge from the lift, on to the third gallery—helpless. MILBURD knows all about it, and finds the chambermaid. Rooms comfortable—very, but with two mysterious draughts which make me sneeze. MILBURD orders dinner in the Coffee-room.

Happy Thought (*during the fish course*).—HARVEY discovered the circulation of the sauce.

After dinner, into the smoking-room. "Why should a smoking-room, now-a-days, be rendered purposely uncomfortable? Why should it be the only apartment where easy chairs, divans, cheerful paper, are unknown? Why in a most luxurious hotel, should there be a smoking-room which is cheerless by day, and dingy by night?" MILBURD asks me these questions pettishly, and describes the sort of room he would have. Warm and cheery, small tables, lamps, not gas, chess-boards, bookcases well filled, newspapers; writing tables, with supply of writing materials laid on; good fires in winter throughout the day, and let the room have a good view from its windows.

Pouring with rain—and we came here for a change!

THE PAST MONTH.



MR. PUNCH BEGS TO ACQUAINT THE BRITISH PUBLIC THAT JANUARY, 1867, CAME IN WITH ITS TEETH CHATTERING, AND ON THE 2ND COVERED ITSELF UP IN THE THICKEST MANTLE OF SNOW THAT HAD BEEN SEEN, FELT, OR SNOWBALLED FOR MANY A YEAR.



THIS CURIOUS OBJECT WAS DISCOVERED VAINLY ENDEAVOURING TO MAKE ITS WAY UP FLEET STREET, AND ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING,



HAVING LOST ITSELF ON ITS ROAD TO BUSINESS,



THIS "SPECIMEN" WAS CAUGHT WITH EASE, AND PRESERVED UNTIL THE THAW OF THE 7TH.



MEANWHILE THE PARISH AUTHORITIES, IN TROUBLE ABOUT THE SNOW, AND AFRAID OF IMPEDING NAVIGATION IF THEY CAST IT INTO THE THAMES,



SENT FOR ODR OWN BUMBLE, WHO AT ONCE DETERMINED ON MAKING IT INTO ONE IMMENSE SNOWBALL, AND THROWING IT OVER "THE EDGE."

MR. GARTH'S ABUSE, ADDED TO THE SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER, AFFECTED JOHN BRIGHT'S TEMPER.



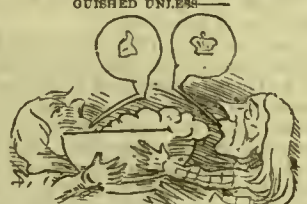
AND HE WAS SEEN, IN THE CHARACTER OF A DEMOCRATIC LION, VICIOUSLY SHAKING THE BARRISTER'S WIG.



THE 8TH BRINGS "ATLANTIC" TELEGRAMS.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON IS TO BE EXTINGUISHED UNLESS——



AT EDINBURGH, ERNEST JONES AND DR. BLACKIE BLEW BUBBLES FOR AND AGAINST DEMOCRACY, AND



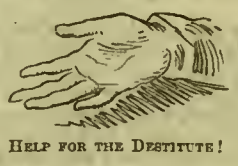
PUNCH'S LAST DESIGN FOR THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY WAS FOUND IN HIS OWN BACK GARDEN.



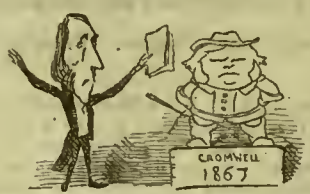
THE CHEAP BRANDY AND BAD CIGARS OF FRANCE DANCED WITH JOY AT THE PROSPECT OF FREE SMUGGLING DURING THE COMING EXHIBITION SEASON.



BUT THIS "PERSPECTIVE" OF LUGGAGE, BELONGING TO A GENTLEMAN WHO DID NOT SIGN THE REQUISITION, MUST ALLAY OUR FEARS.



HELP FOR THE DESTITUTE!



SHALL MR. GLADSTONE LEAD? MR. GOLDWIN SMITH SUGGESTED A MODERN "BRUMMAGEM" REPRESENTATIVE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

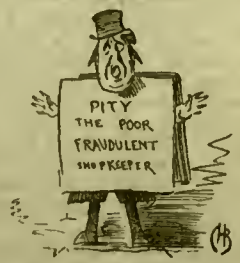


THE EMPEROR "CROWNED THE EDIFICE."



MUCH TALK ABOUT "FASHIONABLE UNDRESS," BUT THINK OF THE UNFASHIONABLE DRESS OF OUR MERCHANT SERVICE.

"PARTNERSHIPS OF INDUSTRY" ARE ADVOCATED BY TOM HUGHES, AND ADULTERATION DECRIED.



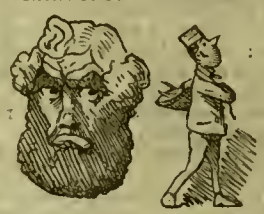
BUT WHAT ARE OUR FRAUDULENT TRADESMEN TO DO, IF THEY ARE LICENSED, LIKE CABMEN?



SIR ROGER TICHBOURNE ARRIVED FROM AUSTRALIA, AFTER MANY YEARS ABSENCE, AND WAS AT ONCE RECOGNISED AS "THE RIGHTFUL HEIR."



THE WEDDING-RING SUGGESTED AS THE ONLY MEANS BY WHICH OUR RECTOR CAN "RECOUP" HIMSELF, SINCE IT WAS DECIDED THAT THE CLERGY HAVE NO RIGHT TO MARRIAGE FEES.



MR. BEALES NOT QUITE SATISFIED AT THE ATTITUDE OF THE WORKING MAN.



BUT WHEN MR. PUNCH RETURNED FROM UTAH WITH A GLOWING ACCOUNT OF MORMONISM, HOW DID MRS. P. LOOK AT HIM?

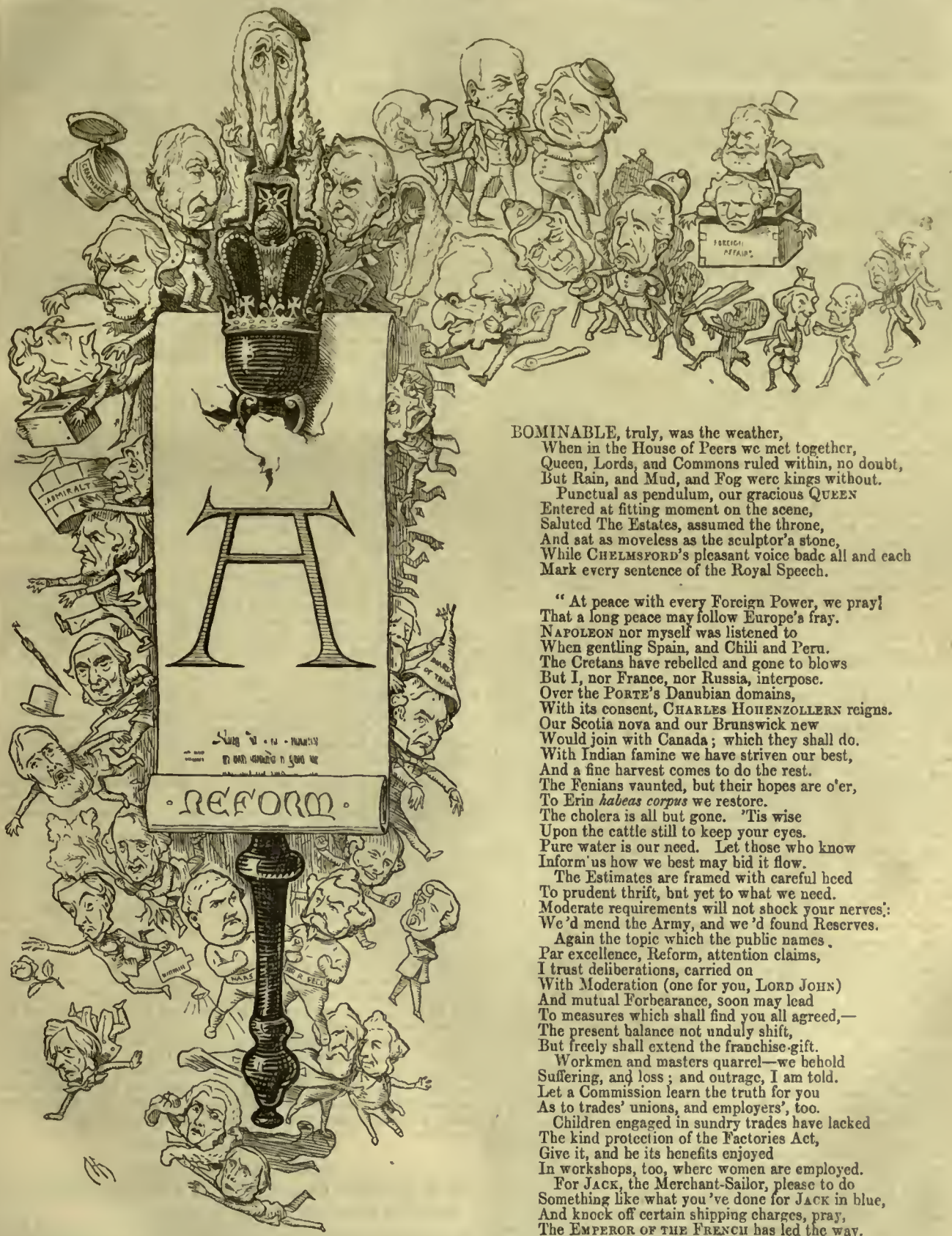


THE MONTH WENT OUT WITH THE LIONS. SUGGESTION FOR A LANDSEER (*vice* NELSON) COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BOMINABLE, truly, was the weather,
When in the House of Peers we met together,
Queen, Lords, and Commons ruled within, no doubt,
But Rain, and Mud, and Fog were kings without.
Punctual as pendulum, our gracious QUEEN
Entered at fitting moment on the scene,
Saluted The Estates, assumed the throne,
And sat as moveless as the sculptor's stone,
While CHELMSFORD's pleasant voice bade all and each
Mark every sentence of the Royal Speech.

"At peace with every Foreign Power, we pray!
That a long peace may follow Europe's fray.
NAPOLEON nor myself was listened to
When gentling Spain, and Chili and Peru.
The Cretans have rebelled and gone to blows
But I, nor France, nor Russia, interpose.
Over the PORTE's Danubian domains,
With its consent, CHARLES HOHENZOLLERN reigns.
Our Scotia nova and our Brunswick new
Would join with Canada; which they shall do.
With Indian famine we have striven our best,
And a fine harvest comes to do the rest.
The Fenians vaunted, but their hopes are o'er,
To Erin *habeas corpus* we restore.
The cholera is all but gone. 'Tis wise
Upon the cattle still to keep your eyes.
Pure water is our need. Let those who know
Inform us how we best may bid it flow.
The Estimates are framed with careful heed
To prudent thrift, but yet to what we need.
Moderate requirements will not shock your nerves:
We'd mend the Army, and we'd found Reserves.
Again the topic which the public names,
Par excellence, Reform, attention claims,
I trust deliberations, carried on
With Moderation (one for you, LORD JOHN)
And mutual Forbearance, soon may lead
To measures which shall find you all agreed,—
The present balance not unduly shift,
But freely shall extend the franchise-gift.
Workmen and masters quarrel—we behold
Suffering, and loss; and outrage, I am told.
Let a Commission learn the truth for you
As to trades' unions, and employers', too.
Children engaged in sundry trades have lacked
The kind protection of the Factories Act,
Give it, and be its benefits enjoyed
In workshops, too, where women are employed.
For JACK, the Merchant-Sailor, please to do
Something like what you've done for JACK in blue,
And knock off certain shipping charges, pray,
The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has led the way.
Insolvent Railways look to you for cure,
So do the London sick and other poor,

And Bankruptcy you 'll find a pregnant theme,
And help the Courts of Law to put on steam.
The Irish Landlord, and his Tenant foe
We 'll reconcile by all the arts we know,
Framing a useful law which shall requite
Improvement, yet protect the owner's right.
Your toils to these and other measures given
Will benefit my people—under Heaven."

The QUEEN arose, and having kissed her sons,
Departed 'mid the thunder of the guns.

1867, *February* 5. *Tuesday.* To-day began the Session which, according to the opinion of most folk of the political sort, is to be one of storms and tempests. *Mr. Punch*, around whose head eternal sunshine settles, watches the proceedings with the calmness of an Olympian, having beside him a wreath for any well-deserving champion, and a thunder-bolt for him who shall fight unfairly, or skulk from the affray.

In the Lords, EARL BEAUCHAMP, in the Windsor uniform (and ugly it is), moved the Address. This Earl is new in his title; he was FREDERICK LYGON last year, and M. for West Worcestershire. He spoke very well. So did the seconder, LORD DELAMERE, formerly of the Life Guards. Both attacked the Trades' Unions, and hoped that preponderating power was not going to be placed in the hands of the poorest and most ignorant. *Mr. Punch* begs leave to give both noble Lords his guarantee that it shall not be.

EARL RUSSELL then delivered himself of a long cavil. Ministers are too sanguine about the peace of Europe. He should hear with painful surprise that LORD DERBY had compromised the honour of England in regard to America. Then he went into a history of Reform, and declared that the last Bill had not had fair play, whereon he murmured with much elaboration. He objected to LORD DERBY's assumption of the Pharisee in the Temple, and being thankful that he was not like the publican,—meaning that the other Earl took credit for behaving better, on Reform, than the Whigs. As LORD DERBY had never opened his mouth at all, unless to yawn at LORD RUSSELL's numerous little details, the rebuke was, to say the least, early. LORD RUSSELL said that nobody in Parliament had any idea of granting Manhood Suffrage, but he courteously warned LORD DERBY against Tricks and Shuffling to cheat the people, and added a few other gracious taunts, the *animus* whereof is so beautifully illustrated in *Mr. Punch's* Cartoon, this week, that no more need be said here. The aged nurse of Reform is simply furious at the idea of the taking away her Baby.

The PREMIER said that on the following Monday, MR. DISRAELI would expound the intentions of Government as to Reform, and added that there was little hope of settling the question, if it were to be discussed in the temper and speech of EARL RUSSELL, who had abused his antagonists for everything they had done for the last fifteen years. He urged that the subject should be examined in a fair and deliberate manner, and that party feelings should be cast aside,—a course much more proper than probable. Needless to say, that LORD DERBY set the example of forbearance by pitching into the Crude and Hasty propositions of last year. He should certainly not compromise the honour of England, but was willing to go to arbitration with America, for nothing could be worse than a suicidal war between two powers who could do so much to serve each other.

The Earls having spoken, the Address was voted.

In the Commons, MR. GLADSTONE was cheered, as was MR. BRIGHT, by their respective admirers. Heaps of notices, mostly not worth notice, were given.

MR. DE GREY, son of LORD WALSINGHAM, and M. for West Norfolk, moved the Address, and MR. GRAVES (who, though M. for Liverpool, cannot be properly or respectfully called a DICKEY SAM, because his names are SAMUEL ROBERT) seconded it. MR. GRAVES is an author, and wrote a Yachting Cruise in the Baltic, and *Mr. Punch* always smiles on the writing sort. Moreover, he is an Irishman. Of the four echo-speeches, his was the best.

MR. GLADSTONE was very courteous, but spoke as if both Net and Trident were on the bench behind him, and ready for use at the shortest notice. He begged that nobody would think of moving an amendment. He complimented LORD STANLEY, and promised him liberal treatment. He would have liked to know more about Crete, and that the SULTAN was not in fault. He did not like the word Cheerfulness in reference to our Army expenditure, but engaged to give the subject fair consideration. There was exaggeration as to trade differences—exports and imports had hugely increased—but he had no objection to inquiry, only everybody had a right to make the best terms for himself, so long as he did not prejudice the rights of others. Why had nothing been said about Bribery? It demanded stern and severe punishments—real examples. The Speech was Enigmatic about Reform, but Government had a right to reserve explanations. There were, however, Three Questions as to reforming. Who? What? When? To which he would answer:—The Government, if they could. A measure that should satisfy just expectations. At once. And in an eminently grave and civil, but as eminently menacing a way, MR. GLADSTONE embodied these replies in his statement of what he understood the Speech to mean, leaving, of course, the warning inference to be drawn by the Ministers.

MR. DISRAELI was pleased at the affability of his antagonist, but had no doubt that many occasions would arise when compensation would be afforded for present self-restraint. He slightly touched the objections that had been made, and promised Reform explanations on the next Monday. He also promised that Government should set the Members an example of perfect devotion of time and labour to public work.

The great Gladiators having thus saluted, the Address was voted.

Wednesday. Nothing, except the enrolment of MR. KAVANAGH, M.P., County Wexford. *Mr. Punch* leaves it to the followers of MR. BEALES and MR. POTTER to make coarse brutal references to the personal afflictions of gentlemen, but MR. KAVANAGH'S case is so exceptional, and it may be added, so fortunate, that no apology is due for adverting to the most singular incident of Parliamentary history. MR. KAVANAGH has neither arms nor legs. He appears to be a proof that though such things may be conveniences or ornaments, they are by no means necessaries. He is understood to be not only a most able and accomplished gentleman, he rides as dashingly as MR. NEWDEGATE, shoots as fatally as the above named MR. DE GREY, and fishes as luckily as MR BRIGHT. To-day he came into the House in a wheeled chair of clever construction, signed his name with rapidity, and took his place with perfect self-possession. *Mr. Punch* is heartily glad that MR. KAVANAGH has too much brains to withhold their services from the nation.

An Anti-Church-rate maunder, emitted by MR. HADFIELD at the wrong time, simply drew on that amiable schismatic a snub from the SPEAKER.

Thursday. LORD ERNEST BRUCE and MR. CRAWFORD made bitter complaint of the rudeness of the police to them on the day of the opening of Parliament. Most policemen are awfully stupid, but if Members have an idea that they have, in virtue of membership, a natural Nimbus, or some other sign distinguishing them from other mortals, it is time that superstition should be corrected. How is a Peeler to know a Peelite, or any other M? On such occasions Members should wear court dress, like gentlemen, or give their coachmen hat-bands with M.P. on them.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE introduced the first of the Government measures—one for helping Railway Companies in difficulty. It is a debilitated sort of Bill, and seems to offer little 'more than inspection and suggestion from the Board of Trade. It was rather compassionately treated by MR. WATKIN and MR. MILNER GIBSON, and sternly condemned by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER. "There is not in thee half-an-hour's life."

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN proposes to do away with all Anti-Popish restrictions in Irish office-holding. MR. NEWDEGATE opposed, and denounced Catholic propagandism, and *àpropos* of a proper gander, MR. WHALLEY charged Fenianism and the New Zealand war on the Papists. Read the papers, if you doubt; but *Mr. Punch* never willingly misrepresents even a WHALLEY.

Friday. DUX SOMERSET expressed his perfect satisfaction with his own conduct as First Lord of the Admiralty. EARL DERBY gave the Duke rather a good character from his last place, and said that he had been active and industrious, but did not say civil.

In answer to LORD DUDLEY, the PREMIER said that the Manhood Suffrage Demonstration, menaced for the following Monday, was very ill-advised but not illegal. It might produce illegal acts, in which case its promoters would be responsible. Then, speaking as PRINCE RUPERT himself might have done, the Earl added that he could not suppose that the Commons of England would be intimidated by such a display; he only hoped that it would not induce them to refuse to consider Reform at all.

MR. HARDY introduced the Sick Poor Bill. London, generally, is to support the pauper lunatics, very young children, and sick—Local Acts to be repealed—the Poor Law Board to be supreme—new hospitals and asylums to be erected. It is an affair of £400,000 only, and the proposal was favourably received.

MR. WALPOLE introduced his Bill for facilitating an inquiry into Trades' Unions, and the Sheffield outrages. Objections were raised to the bracketing the two subjects. *Mr. Punch* sees no harm in the inquiry, but begs to wink his most elaborated wink, and to ask whether we should have heard of the Commission, had not MR. BRIGHT and others stimulated the Unions to political action. Echo answers in the negative.

RIDDLE. (BY SIMPLE SYMON.)

WHY was an idiot Roman B.C. 100 like a renowned violinist?
Because he was a Pagan-ninny.

FRIGHTFUL PROSPECT.—It is dreadful to hear of a child, only one month old, *taking to the bottle!*

LEGAL EFFECTS.



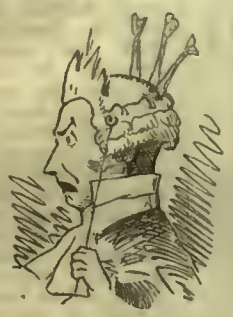
Ex. 1.

The Theatrical Hairdressers' art might find some work to do at the bar. The Advocate who is urging his client's claims in a weak case could add considerable force to his arguments by having the front part of his wig worked by a string, which could be attached to a waistcoat button, and be easily moved. For instance, "Gentlemen, my client's mouth is sealed, or you would hear from him *his* version of the case." (*Work the string, and wig-front falls over the forehead. Ex.* 1.)

Horror would be very simple. (*Ex.* 2.)

A two-stringed effect might be produced in a Judge's wig, when after passing sentence, the reckless felon has thrown a boot at his Lordship's head. (*Ex.* 3.)

But with this novelty a strict rule should be passed that no junior should work *his* wig while his leader was speaking; but it might be



Ex. 2. A Queen's Counsel Horrified.



Ex. 3. Judge.

considered fair, as legal tactics go, for the Defendant's Counsel to work his wig in any way he chose during the address of Plaintiff's Counsel, and both sides should, moreover, be at perfect liberty to work their wigs, as much as ever they liked, during the Judge's summing up.

Again, Counsel wishes to throw doubt upon some witness's evidence.

"Oh, you called him in. (*Turns incredulously to jury.*) He called him in!" (*Pulls string of surprise wig. Ex.* 4.)

When a case is "laughed out of Court" the same principle could be applied to Chief Baron's wig. (*Ex.* 5.)



Ex. 4.

Of course the first to introduce this new Practice of the Courts, would have the right of playing upon such phrases as "Touching a *Chord*," "Moving tails," "Free-hold from the Crown," and so forth; but, after the first term of use, such legal quibbles should be reckoned among the privileges of Q.C. only.



Ex. 5.

We have some other legal reforms in hand, which will be published in due course.

Dental.—If you submit to artificial teeth, you must make up your mind ever after to speak in a *falsetto*.

THE LOST CHILD.

(RUSSELL'S LAMENT. *After* HOOD.)

Did you see my child—my last, that is—my own dear little Bill
—Not that he 's a the last by many as I 'opes to be parient to still—
It was only last Feb'wary, bless his 'eart, he was playin' about the 'Ouse,
Which I trusted him out with young Gladstone, as I thought would have 'ad the *nous*
To keep him clear o' mischief, and his little things neat and clean,
And send him up to our 'Ouse and his parient, fit to be seen;
But he let the blessèd babe git a playin' with that John Bright,
Which I don't think him fit company for a well-brought-up child, not quite.

But young Gladstone he says, Bright ain't so black as he 's painted, not by 'alf,
Though he *'are* a tongue and a temper and a deal o' cheek and chaff,
And that he 's our own flesh and blood, wich let 'a hope that he may be it,
But I 've a respectable fam'ly to my back, and I don't see it.
Anyways he said as 'ow Bright would purtect my Bill from the rude little boys,
And keep him out o' mischief and larks and nonsense and noise,
And now all along o' that wery Bright and young Gladstone he 's gone and got lost,
As clean as the poor Brussels sprouts that was nipped off clean by last frost;
And I 'm worrited to that degree as I 'm pretty near druv' wild,
Now I 've lost my last out o' four, and only one growed up to a child!

That 's my fust, born in '32, as might make any parient proud,
A blessin' to me, and a beauty, as used to be gin'rally allowed,
Though they *do* say 'ard things on him, now, do some of your Bealeses and Potters—
Which "proof o' the puddin'" and "ansom is," etceterer, ain't that sort 's motters—
Well I nussed, and washed, and did for him, since he was a blessèd babby,
(And didn't we keep his christenings and birthdays at Woburn Abbey!)
They say I 'm as proud as a hen with one chick, but a parient will be a parient,
And I 've good call to be proud o' *my* Bill, my fust and my air-apparient.

I 've 'ad three since him as never growed up, being born, as you may say, still,
And the fourth he 's the one that 's gone and got lost, my latest little Bill.
I did 'ope I 'd have reared him through rash and croup and teething,
For I never see a likelier child than he is—leastways was—breathing.
And now he 's gone and got lost, they say, but I know better nor that,
It 's them nasty kidnappers has got him, which it 's their old game they 're at.
They 've stole no end of babies from our side of the court,
And dressed 'em up to go beggin', arter cuttin' their good clothes short.
There 's Catholic 'Mancipation and Corn-Laws, as they served so,
And my little Bill 's the last, and what parients, I 'd like to know,
Wouldn't make a row and a rumpus, and give 'em a piece of their mind?
Which it 's the only peace on it as I am likely to find,
Now they 've stole my little Billy, and it 's on'y too well I knows,
They 're a goin' a beggin' with him, arter changin' his dear little clothes!

"ANOTHER PLACE."

I do think, my dear *Mr. Punch*, though being a Lady of course my opinion don't carry much weight, that the language used in our Imperial Parliament, more particularly among the Peers, is ambiguous and unbecoming. I am frequently shocked when reading my *Herald* to find well-bred people, who, when speaking in presence of the Episcopal Bench, ought certainly to show a prudent reserve, continually making allusions to "another place."

Of course I know that allowances must be made for young aristocratic scions, flushed with zeal surpassing knowledge, but they should be instructed to drop the veil as decorum demands; and under no provocation make any reference to matters transpiring in "another place." Even Ministers (and prime ones, too) utterly regardless of what is expected from their high calling, have contracted this bad habit. And I deeply regret to say, in this respect, if in no other, there is not a pin to choose between Tories and Whigs. Whether they are "Ins" or "Outs," all their thoughts seem to be running upon "another place." No doubt, *Mr. Punch*, in another place Reform is very much wanted, and, applied to speaking, it would render my Lords and Gentlemen if not a little more intelligible, at all events a little less satirically severe. You may print this if you please.

Yours sincerely, Pamela Parley.

WANTED—A TORNADO.

ONCE upon a time (in 1739) a fierce war arose between England and Spain, *àpropos* of illegal liberties taken with English shipping by the Spaniards. But nothing so roused the belligerent rage of JOHN BULL on that occasion as the liberties taken with a certain Scotch ship-captain's ear, which a high-handed *guarda costa* Don had torn off, and which the ship-captain—his name was JENKINS—exhibited in cotton wool, at the bar of the House of Commons.

If the sufferings of the fifty-seven Englishmen, officers and crew of the *Tornado*, who since the 27th of August have been subjected to insult, imprisonment (in irons some of them, part of the time), Spanish rations, Spanish fleas, Spanish flies, Spanish filth, and Spanish privation of every kind, could be packed and paraded in as portable a form as that honest ship-captain's ear, the display ought to rouse a storm worthy of the ship's name — a *tornado*, *àpropos* of the *Tornado*, which should bring the insolent and impotent Dons —not to their senses, they have none, but —to their marrow-bones, and compel restitution of the ship and swingeing damages to the crew.

LORD STANLEY'S steam takes a long time to get up, but if slow to heat let us hope that he is as slow to cool down when once his fire of righteous indignation is lighted, and that he will keep up such a stoking and a poking in this outrageous affair, as will bring the Spanish Government to their bearings, and compel ample apology, restitution, and reparation.

Here has been an English ship, sailing on her lawful business on the high seas, illegally seized —illegally condemned—in defiance even of Spanish law—her crew illegally made prisoners of war, and kept in cruel and close confinement for more than five months, and all without a shadow of evidence to justify such outrage, beyond the suspicion of a Spanish Consul or Vice-Consul at Leith, that the ship had been sold into the Chilian service—this suspicion being rebutted by her papers, by the sworn and certified facts of her ownership, by the evidence of her crew and their articles, in short by every legal proof that could be brought to bear in rebuttal of the suspicion! And, JOHN BULL has been quiet for all this time: the British Lion has not roared, in other words, *Mr. Punch* has not uplifted his voice.

Perhaps he had other things to roar about: perhaps he *has* been roaring into LORD STANLEY'S ear instead of the world's: perhaps he didn't think it much use roaring till Parliament met. At any rate he roars now, and calls on JOHN BULL to roar with him. He has received an appeal from the imprisoned crew, through their wives and families at home, for protection and redress, and willingly bends his benign ear to their most just demand.

Case of the *Tornado!* Let it be a case of *Tornado* in real earnest, until these ruffianly and reckless Spaniards make the *amende honorable* by discharging the men, with proper damages for their detention and ill-treatment, and restoring the ship — or at least admitting legal evidence of her true nationality, destination, and business, which will be tantamount to her restoration.

If the Government of QUEEN ISABELLA can ride rough-shod over the lives and liberties of Spanish subjects, it must be taught that it cannot trample at will on those of Englishmen. Let LORD STANLEY — let Parliament — let the new British Lions in Trafalgar Square, all look to it — and keep the *Tornado* up about Spanish ears till the *Tornado* is out of Spanish waters, and till her crew are free and indemnified for their outrageous wrong.



NEW AND BECOMING STYLE OF HEAD-DRESS,

INVENTED BY AUNT ISABEL, AND MUCH APPRECIATED IN THE NURSERY.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

EARL BRIGHT has been entertaining the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and a distinguished circle at Rochdale Castle. The noble Earl continues to enjoy excellent health.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has been appointed Usher of the Black Rod.

MR. BEALES was yesterday sworn in as a special constable.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH has been invested with the office of Gold Stick.

Yesterday evening the Society for the Conversion of the Jews held its annual meeting at Exeter Hall. The chair was occupied by MR. THOMAS CARLYLE.

The POPE has renounced the errors of Popery.



POLITICAL KIDNAPPING.

MRS. RUSSELL. "HI! HELP! P'LE—EEE—ECE! SHE'S 'A TAKIN' AWAY ME CHE-ILD!"



"IF IT'S MURDER, MENTION IT."



ABOVE was the exquisitely gentle appeal made by MR. KEELEY, in MR. OXENFORD'S capital piece, to MRS. KEELEY, who, he thought had some trifle on her mind. *Mr. Punch* has had the delicious speech brought to his mind by the proceedings in the case of MR. EYRE and his subordinates. The prosecution has commenced, and therefore the subscribers to the Defence Fund had better pay in their money, and remind their friends to do the same, for Exeter Hall, disdainful of London Street brats, plucks out its purse briskly when QUASHIBUNGO'S name is the *Open Sesamé*. But *Mr. Punch*, who had previously seen nothing to praise in the conduct of the prosecutors, bears his tribute to the preternatural courtesy displayed by their counsel, MR. FITZ-JAMES STEPHEN, who is a gentleman as well as an able advocate. Nothing could be more chivalrous than his recognition of the position of the accused—nothing more considerate than his arrangements for sparing them personal annoyance. The crime of having saved Jamaica is there in all its blackness—or should we say whiteness, as more suggestive of guilt to the Jamaica Committee? But, though that fatal wickedness cannot be denied, and is to be punished if possible by the hanging of MR. EYRE, all is to be done with refinement. He is to be carved (as CÆSAR was to be murdered) as a dish fit for the Gods, not hewn as a carcase for the hounds. We can imagine that some of the Committee, whose names one sorrowfully sees in a list with those of BEALES (M. A.), P. A. TAYLOR, DR. SANDWITH, JACOB BRIGHT, JAMES WHITE, CHAMEROVZOW, and other Forcible Feebles, would be prompt to instruct counsel (not that MR. STEPHEN would need such prompting) so to behave, but how will this gentlemanly behaviour please the sort to whom low and sensational appeals have been made, and who were so excited at wild tales of eight miles of dead blacks that they burned MR. EYRE in effigy? We expect shortly to hear of protests against such politeness. We, however, are glad to see it, as it shows that certain really good men, who have made a mistake, intend to have nothing worse than that mistake to look back upon, and feel that when the prosecution ends in MR. EYRE'S receiving a testimonial, in compensation for the un-English treatment he has undergone, it will be pleasant not to have deserved harsher words from him than a gentleman bestows upon an antagonist who has blundered.

FASHIONS FOR FOXHUNTRESSES.

MR. PUNCH,

YOUR talented artist was perfectly right in the statement that "Habits are still worn short," which he so ably illustrated. Of course habits must still be worn short, for look here, Sir. I invite your attention to one among a lot of fashionable advertisements :—

JANUS CORD.—Ladies who at this Season of the year choose to wear Black Dresses will find JANUS CORD, at about two guineas the dress, one of the most economical and best fabrics manufactured for a lady's dress.

The shortness of riding habits is of course implied in the wearing of janus cords. Are janus cords usually combined with tops? Perhaps Napoleons would match them better, as they are black and not white cords. You will have observed that the janus cords are priced at two guineas the dress. Obviously "dress" is an euphemism for "pair."

Ever yours, TALLY HO.

Lucus a Non Lucendo.

IN framing our scheme, let 's enlist the whole House,
So Reform's Bill won't be Revolution's ;
And as WALPOLE has no resolution to move,
Let 's get WALPOLE to move resolutions.

MRS. PARTINGTON says, getting out of, and getting into bed during the late cold weather was *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*.

THROUGH THE DIRT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE other night, MR. CRAWFORD made a very pathetic complaint of the depth of dirt Members had to wade through to get to the House on the 5th. The police stopped their carriages, and Honourable Members actually had to walk! They had their toes trodden on, and reached their seats covered with mud!

As to having their toes trodden on, Honourable Members should make up their minds to *that*. It is the duty of a representative man to submit to have his toes trodden on, and not to mind it, or at least to look as if he didn't mind it. What is party warfare but a perpetual treading by one side of the House on the toes of the other? What is MR. BRIGHT'S favourite walk, if not bucolic and aristocratic toes, MR. WHALLEY'S but toes Romanist and Jesuitic, with a special preference for SIR GEORGE BOWYER'S, or MR. ROEBUCK'S, but the toes of everybody in general, or MR. LOWE'S, but the toes of MR. BRIGHT, MR. BEALES, and the Working-Man?

As for the mud Honourable Members had to wade through, one might feel more sympathy with MR. CRAWFORD'S complaint, were it not that many Honourable Members have already gone through so much deeper and dirtier mud on their way to the House of Commons than any Westminster or Lambeth can furnish. Only think of the depths of dirt waded through by the heroic representatives of such boroughs as Totness, or Lancaster, Reigate, or Yarmouth! After the dirty ways *they* have floundered through, it is surely like straining at gnats and swallowing camels, to make a fuss about three inches of honest mud in Bridge Street or Whitehall.

Besides, last Tuesday's dirt was confined to the *feet*, and could be brushed off the garments. How much worse is the mud that sticks to the hands, and leaves a stain on the inner man! And yet how many Honourable Members go through oceans of such mud, and never say anything about it! To discover what *they* have had to submit to, one must wade through the reports of the Election Commissioners. Remembering their revelations, *Mr. Punch* can't feel very much for MR. CRAWFORD, though he *has* been escorted by a policeman, *has* had his toes trodden upon, and, after all, reached the House in a state in which he thinks it would have been hardly decent to present himself. Notions of decency differ. MR. CRAWFORD overrates the susceptibilities of the House on the subject of the dirt gone through on the road to it. On *that* score it is ready to make every allowance—in fact, most people think it is not by any means as particular as it might be in insisting that its Members shall take clean roads to their seats, and hold up hands with no dirt on them within the walls of St. Stephen.

GIVING THEM PEPPER.

WE have read in the organs of the Licensed Victuallers, we trust with befitting indignation, the following account of a hideous outrage :—

"SCANDALOUS CONDUCT AT THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' BALL.—During the time that the last Licensed Victuallers' Ball was taking place at St. James's Hall, some miscreant threw on the floor of the hall-room some stuff—supposed to be a mixture of pepper with some other ingredient—which had the effect of setting the persons assembled sneezing and coughing, so much so that some of them were unable to remain in the room. It having been represented to the officials what had occurred, a reward of £20 was offered to any one who could discover the offender, but, unfortunately, without success."

Now, as there must have been members of the Gentler Class present, this act was simply blackguardly. But if the ball had been such a one as MR. SPURGEON used to recommend, one at which men danced with one another, we might perhaps have smiled at Somebody's Vengeance. For, turning to DR. HASSALL'S book on adulterations, page 507, we find that among the practices of the Licensed Victuallers is the "improvement" of porter with "bitters and carminatives of various kinds, as gentian, quassia, camomile, ginger, coriander, and carraway seeds, capsicum, and grains of paradise, liquorice, alum, sulphuric acid, salts of tartar, cocculus indicus, and tobacco." Perhaps the "miscreant" who gave the Licensed Victuallers pepper, had been suffering from the effect of some of these pleasant infusions, and resolved on a mild revenge. Still, as females were present, he was a cad not to postpone his retaliation, and we wish that he had been detected.

EXTRANEOUS CONTENTS.

IN the speech made the other day by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE to his constituents at Nottingham, there occurs, as reported by the *Post*, the following sentence :—

"It had been said that Ireland contained a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and the worst executive in the world."

The original author of this statement was not named by MR. OSBORNE. He may be conjectured to have been either a MAC or an O'Something or Somebody, according to the line :—

"Per MAC et O veros possis dignoscere Hibernos."

At any rate, nobody but a true Irishman could have said that Ireland "contained an absentee aristocracy."



INTELLIGENT PET.

"MA, DEAR, WHAT DO THEY PLAY THE ORGAN SO LOUD FOR, WHEN 'CHURCH' IS OVER? IS IT TO WAKE US UP?"

IGNATIUS TO HIS OWL.

BIRD of the cloister and the church,
Who, with my shoulder for thy perch,
My vigils lone art wont to share,
Men say we make a pretty pair.
Some smile at us—and others scowl;
My Owl!

Oft have I seen, at close of day,
A chant intoning on my way,
One of thy race, on silent wing
Float by—and sometimes heard it sing,
My Bird, beloved beyond all fowl;
My Owl!

In darksome hole thou lov'st to dwell,
As would that I could in a cell.
Ah, there how happy I should be
To muse and meditate with thee,
Rejoicing in a frock and cowl,
My Owl

Against thee was the charge preferred
That thou wast an uncleanly bird?
So they'd abuse a Saint, whose shirt
Of hair they deemed the worse for dirt—
No wonder that they called thee foul,
My Owl!

And cried they fie on thee, because
It was thy hap to break a vase,
Wherein, when day succeeded night,
Thou didst take refuge from the light?
My Pet, no matter. Let them howl;
My Owl!

O thou, of all the feathered quire,
Whose melody I most admire,
Come, in a *miserere* blend
Thy voice with mine, and we'll transcend
The cats that on the housetop prowl;
My Owl!

ELECTORAL REFORM'S FOUR ROCKS] A-HEAD.—Nob, Snob, Mob, and Nimble Bob.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Seaside Interval.*)

Happy Thought.—Sunday afternoon: walk on the parade. Wonder how the pleasure-boatmen get a living in the winter. Apparently by talking together in groups, with their hands in their pockets, and smoking pipes without any tobacco.

Everyone looks very bright and blooming, and everyone is making the most of the dry weather, as if they were trying to get the best of a time-bargain with the fresh sea-air. What a nuisance wind is—what a nuisance a hat is.

Happy Thought.—My wideawake.

MILBURD won't walk with me "while I've got that thing on," he says. I won't give in, so we pass one another, idiotically, on the parade. Think I see the MACKENZIES coming—pretty girls: wish I'd got on my hat. They bow and look astonished: walk up the Parade. See MR. and MRS. BREEMER; they recognise me. Walk down, see the MACKENZIES for the second time. Don't know whether to bow again, or not: they smile. I smile: I wonder what we mean? Hope they'll go off the Parade this time. Walk up—see the BREEMERS coming. How very awkward this is: can't bow again—will look another way. I do, until I come quite up to them, and then, turning suddenly, am flustered. MR. BREEMER nods, and I nod, but don't know whether to take off my hat this time to MRS. BREEMER; I wish these things were settled by law. We pass on. Walk down: the MACKENZIES again.

Happy Thought.—Turn before they come up.

I do so, won't they think it rude? Can't help it, it's done; and here are the BREEMERS. I nodded last time, what shall I do this? Wink jocosely? no sense in that, they'll set me down for a buffoon.

Happy Thought.—Sit down with my face to the sea.

Wonder whether the BREEMERS have gone—and the MACKENZIES. Look cautiously round. Enjoyment is out of the question with the BREEMERS and MACKENZIES perpetually meeting one. I feel as if they were saying every time they see me, "Here's Thingummy again, don't take any notice of him," and if you once think yourself shunned you can't enjoy anything. I feel that I'm spoiling the BREEMERS' and MACKENZIES' day at Brighton, and they must feel that they are interfering with my enjoyment.

Happy Thought.—The Pariah at Brighton.

Rain settles the question—back to hotel. What shall I do? What can I do? * * * Rain. * * *

Happy Thought.—Write letters. Think to whom I haven't written for ages: great opportunity. Write to some relations whom I haven't spoken to for years, and ask how they've been this long time, and why they never write. They'll like the attention. * * *

By the way, MILBURD isn't much of a companion. He comes in and says he's been chatting with the TETHERINGTONS, and couldn't get away. When he's been away for any time he always excuses himself by saying he'd been "chatting." He wishes I wouldn't wear that old-fashioned wideawake. "The TETHERINGTONS noticed it," he tells me; also, that "everyone was remarking it." I ask him quietly, "Who's everyone?" and he answers, "Oh, lots of people." I tell him that I am above that sort of thing, and do not care for the world. I ask him "If he told them I was a friend of his?" He answers that he did, but added, "that I was slightly cracked." I am annoyed. I shan't go anywhere with MILBURD again. After dinner MILBURD goes away to "chat" with the TETHERINGTONS again, and I read all the weekly papers through, including the advertisements.

Bed-room.—In the next room on my left to me is a whistling gentleman. In the room above me is a stamping gentleman; and somewhere about, perhaps the next room on my right, is a declaiming gentleman. At night the declaiming gentleman has a good turn of it, while the stamping gentleman only walks about a quarter of a mile over my head. The declaiming gentleman is very impressive for nearly an hour, when he subsides all at once and utterly, as if in the middle of a speech he had been suddenly knocked on the head, and put into bed speechless.

The whistling gentleman has the morning to himself. He wakes himself with a whistle, he whistles himself (operatically) out of bed. He whistles, spasmodically, amid splashings. He whistles a waltz while brushing his hair violently: I hear the brushes. He whistles a polka in gasps, from which I conclude he is pulling on tight boots. He whistles and jingles things together sounding like half-crowns and

boot-hooks; and faintly whistles himself out of his room (March from *Norma*, with variations), and down the passage.

The stamping man has, during this, stamped himself out of bed. Judging from the sounds, he must perform all the operations of his toilet by forced marches. I should say he walks a mile before breakfast.

The declaiming gentleman is not oratorical in the morning. I think he is packing: I hear paper rustling, and, after a time, sounds as of dragging heavy weights about the room. His struggles with one obstinate portmanteau are awful. He has got it up against the wall now, and is kicking it. Pause: he is panting and groaning. A bell: the Boots comes: they are both struggling with the portmanteau. All is quiet: the door opens. I look out and see the conqueror walking down the passage in triumph followed by the Boots with the captive portmanteau, bound and strapped, on his shoulder.

By the way, MILBURD returning at about two o'clock in the morning, wakes me up to ask me "if I'm asleep?" and to inform me that "he's sorry he's been away so long, but he's been chatting with the TETHERINGTONS?" Humbug.

Breakfast.—MILBURD not back from his bath. Being late, I am the only person at breakfast in this enormous coffee-room. Waiters in a corner laughing; fancy it is at me. Should like to order them to instant execution. A Chief of the waiters enters, and reviews a line regiment of cold beef, cold mutton, cold chickens, tongue, ham, and cold pork on a side-board. Satisfied with his inspection, he retires. A gentleman comes in to breakfast: looks at me as much as to say, "Confound it, Sir, what do *you* mean by being here?"

I return his look of contempt and scorn. He sits in full view of the sea, and eats his dry toast with a puzzled air as if he was tasting it as a sample, occasionally turning quickly towards the window as if expecting some one to come in by it suddenly.

MILBURD from his bath, with his hair very wet and neatly parted. He complains of my breakfasting without him, and turns up his nose at my chop and egg. He explains his absence by telling me that he was "having a chat with the man at the baths." He's always chatting. I shall *not* come out with MILBURD again.

Off to London, and then down to old JOHNNY BYNG's.

THE FRANCHISE FOR THE TAILORS!

SCENE.—*Breakfast.* EDWARD *and* ELLEN. EDWARD *reading Paper.*

Edward. Well, after this, nobody will ever mention goose to tailors any more.

Ellen. Who ever did, dear?

Edward. The lower orders. It is a term they are, or were, in the habit of using to insult that class of artists. They must now drop it. Listen (*reads*) "SENSIBLE MEN.—The London Operative Tailors' Association (24,000 strong) have informed the executive of the Reform League that they intend to take no part in the proposed Reform Demonstration." They repudiate the geese.

Ellen. What geese, EDWARD?

Edward. The Reform Demonstrationists.

Ellen. Oh, EDWARD! Do you call them geese to want Reform?

Edward. Certainly not; but on the contrary for trying to get it by the means most likely to get it withheld; by their proposed demonstration.

Ellen. What is that?

Edward. Forming a monster procession, and parading the streets to the stoppage of business and promotion of theft.

Ellen. Well, certainly that does seem goosish.

Edward. It is peculiarly so. In the first place, geese are eminently gregarious.

Ellen. What is that?

Edward. Accustomed to flock together, and do each as the other does, for no other reason but that the other does it, and all agreed in following a leader who is only a greater goose than the rest. There are others besides Trades' Unionists, my love, who answer to that description.

Ellen. Very likely.

Edward. Now you see, to act like geese is not the way to demonstrate their fitness for the franchise. I mean, you know, the right to vote for Members of Parliament. It demonstrates nothing but the disposition to use coercion. That will provoke opposition.

Ellen. They must be geese to do that.

Edward. Yes, and the proposed way of doing it is particularly goose-like. It is one of the special habits of geese to march in procession. You often see them doing so on a common—that is you would if you were to walk, as I wish; and when you pass them they cackle and hiss at you.

Ellen. How very rude of them!

Edward. Well; the tailors decline to go with the geese. So, it is to be hoped, will many other sensible workmen. They will make the real Reform Demonstration, by showing their sense. That is an irresistible demonstration. Nobody worth naming wants to refuse votes to instructed and thinking men. Their votes are their own. Not so the votes of men who go in flocks, and follow their leaders. Their votes are at their leaders' command. It won't do for the country to be governed by those great geese.

Ellen. What great geese?

Edward. Certain demagogues and mob-orators, my love. I congratulate the tailors on having taken their measure.

Ellen. EDWARD, dear, what shall we have for dinner?

Edward. Say, roast goose.

(*Scene closes.*)

WHAT I THOUGHT ON SEEING THE LIONS.

I THOUGHT of you, *Mr. Punch*, and of the jokers and jocasters who have turned your Office into a den of lions with their voluntary contributions in prose and (leonine) verse, since the great quartett was complete. But I remembered your words of old about a capacious waste-paper basket and a roaring coal fire, and felt comforted.

I thought of all the animated, original, and profound criticisms that had been made upon the bronze beasts—by SIR COLLINGHAM LANGFORD, looking through his club window, by LADY DE CHIGNON, from her brougham, with inspecting eye-glass, by the exquisite HOLME PIERREPONT to the impassive ADELAIDE HAUGHTIMORE in the quadrille's solemn pause, and by CAPTAIN LYSPINGTON to his companion at the dinner-table, the beautiful MRS. CLUNY LACY.

I thought how nice it was of the British Public, grown-ups as well as whelps, to lose no time in touching and tapping (with their sticks) and poking and sounding (with their umbrellas) the costly, but fortunately unchippable creatures; and I wondered how long it would be before JOHN BROWN and JAMES JONES, and SAM ROBINSON scratched their deathless names upon the bronze.

I thought of the feelings of the lion on the screen of Northumberland House, and was surprised he had not turned tail and fled.

I thought of certain Members of the House of Commons deprived of one of their favourite grievances.

I thought of the living lions in the Zoological Gardens—how they would miss their interviews with SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

I thought what an appropriate decoration orange-peel was for the lion's majestic port.

I thought of the satisfaction with which SIR EDWIN must have sat down to dinner on the evening of Thursday the 31st of January.

I thought of the time when his handiwork would be like unto HAVELOCK and NAPIER for nigritude.

I thought of the dreariness of the Square, and the next generation's new National Gallery; and then after thinking that these great creations of painter and sculptor were *the* lions of London, I passed on to the Strand, and thought who the people possibly could be that buy the ten guinea Valentines.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PROGRAMME.

IF Parliament should sing
"We've got no work to do,"
It would declare a thing
The opposite of true.

Of tasks it has a store.
So many never yet
Has Majesty before
The Lords and Commons set.

If Parliament get through
That work that should be done,
Reform will make a new
But not a better one.

If Parliament omit
To do its work, we then
Must have, instead of it,
A House of Working Men.

A VETERINARY CRISPIN.

TWO men were committed for trial at Worship Street the other day, on a charge of burglariously attempting to break into certain dwelling-houses. One of the prisoners, according to a police report, was a certain "JOHN MAYNARD, 29, described as a shoemaker, but having all the appearance of a blacksmith." Perhaps MR. MAYNARD combined in himself the art of the blacksmith with that of the shoemaker. It may be that the shoes which he has been accustomed to make were horse-shoes. We deplore the unhappy circumstances which have led to his present retention from the respectable employment of making them.



VENERATION.

Lodger. "I SHALL NOT DINE AT HOME TO-DAY, MA'AM, BUT I'VE A FRIEND COMING THIS EVENING. IF YOU COULD GIVE US SOMETHING NICE FOR SUPPER——"

Landlady (Low Church). "WOULD YOU LIKE THE REMAINDER OF THE COLD TURKEY—AH (*'feels a delicacy'*)—HEM! *BEELZEBUBBED*, SIR?"

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE—*Trafalgar Square.* TIME—*Midnight.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Four Majestic Lions . LEO, WALLACE, CHARLEMAGNE, *and* ALEXANDER.

Leo. We've been a long time coming, WALLACE.

Wallace. And no wonder—look at the roads.

Charlem. Want sweeping terribly. Scavengers gone out of town, perhaps.

Alex. Funny people, these English—always talking and legislating to secure purity—of election.

Leo. And so awfully particular too about going into Courts (of law) with clean hands.

Wallace. But they never seem to look down to notice what is under their shoes.

Charlem. They have strange ways certainly—these bearded islanders.

Alex. And if this is a specimen of their highways, what must their other ways be?

Leo. Not to put too fine a point upon it, their thoroughfares are thoroughly foul. (*Hear, hear!*)

Wallace. Well, thank fortune we've arrived safe. I trembled at those tremendous vans with their terrific drivers, and made sure we should have come to grief before we got here.

Charlem. How do you like the situation?

Alex. It's airy.

Leo. But the look-out is so queer.

Wallace. What gloomy building is that yonder, ornamented with pepper-boxes?

Charlem. The Monument.

Alex. You surprise me. I fancied the Monument was on Fish Street Hill.

Leo (*in a sepulchral tone*). No, *that* is the Monument

Wallace. Who is buried there?

Charlem. O! RUBENS, TITIENS, TURNER, and some other unfortunate painters.

Alex. Dear me! I had no idea we were so near a cemetery.

Leo. Who are all these chaps about us on horseback? Anything to do with *Don Giovanni?*

Wallace. No. They are only Monarchs retired from business.

Charlem. They never put poets on horseback—not even on Pegasus.

Leo. Do you see that effigy of a dear friend up yonder over the ducal mansion?

Wallace. He was a maternal cousin of mine.

Charlem. To what did he owe his elevation?

Alex. Well, he obtained an appointment from his then excellent Majesty at the Tower of London as a sort of supernumerary beef-eater.

Leo. He *was* a jolly good fellow, and used to keep the table in a roar. (*Hear, hear!*)

Alex. Right you are! Well, one night he thought he should like to see what was going on at the West-End, so he stole out and sauntered down as far as Northumberland House. Arrived there, and being desirous, I suppose, to get a bird's-eye view of the Metropolis, he ascended by some means to that proud eminence. Then, as now, Bumbledom was in a muddled state, and as our fat friend looked forth upon chaos and old night, and surveyed the public Statues at large, he raised his——

Charlem. Eyes?

Alex. No, his tail, and became petrificd with astonishment, he——

Leo. Hush! here's a Bobby.

REFLECTION ON AN INSOLVENT RAILWAY.—The rolling stock gathers no moss.

A HUNTING SET.—The Fox Club.

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THE REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS.

"One anonymous architect has sent in a frantic design, which the Commissioners have not chosen to exhibit."—*Times, Feb.* 11, 1867.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Next Day at Station.—*My* practical joke. No change. MILBURD has to pay the cab; after which he has no change, only a cheque, and I have to pay the railway fares for both. So ends *my* practical joke.

Very cold travelling.

Happy Thought.—Sixpence to guard. Hot-water bottle.

Jolly place to go to is BYNG's. One needn't (I say) take down dress-clothes; no ladies or dinner parties. You can go down as you are. "As *I* am" means a light-coloured shooting coat, waistcoat to match, and warm comfortable trousers, rather old, and a trifle shabby perhaps, but as MILBURD says, "anything will do for the country in winter."

We reach the station. No flys. We stamp up and down for half an hour warming our feet. It is half-past five, he dines at half-past six. However no dressing; hot water and dine as we are. MILBURD tells me he always dresses for dinner for comfort's sake, and adds, "that it 's always safer to bring your evening clothes with you when you 're going on a visit." I reply, "Oh, I don't know." No fly. No porter to send. If MILBURD will watch the luggage, I, who know the country and where the Inn is, will walk on and get a fly sent down to him.

I do so. Fly is ready. I'll walk on to the house. Another practical joke of mine. MILBURD will have to pay the fly. If he has no change the butler will have to do it, and MILBURD must settle with him. I know the short cut, and can go in by the yard-door.

Brisk walk. Up a lane. See the lights.

Think I hear MILBURD's fly quite in the distance. Great fun. I'll be there before him, and then what good trick can we play on him?

Here 's the yard-door. Open! No bell needed. It 's very dangerous to keep a door like this so unguarded. There ought to be a dog or trap.

Happy Thought.—I'll tell BYNG he ought to have a dog.

There *is* a dog. An inch more to his chain and he 'd have pinned me: how dangerous! I must creep along, keeping close to the wall. He is plunging and barking wildly in front of me: I can just see his form. I hear the fly driving up by the front way: I wish I 'd come by that. The dog is still plunging, dashing, and barking.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Poor old boy, then—poor old man!"

He is growling, which is more dangerous. I try a tone of the deepest compassion, "Poor old fellow, then; poor old chap!"

He is trying to break his chain: if he breaks his chain I am done. Shall I call for help? it 's so absurd to call for help. I am in an angle of the wall, if I move to the door where I came in he can reach me; if I move off along the wall he can reach me. I don't exactly see where he *can't* reach me. "Poor fellow—poor boy!" He is literally furious!

Happy Thought.—Climb the wall.

I try climbing the wall: if I fall back, he 's safe to catch me. Any movement on my part sends him wild: how wonderful it is that they have not been attracted in-doors by his noise.

"Poor old boy!" I hear him shaking his kennel with rage. He will have a convulsion, go mad, and break the chain. If I ever get out of this, I swear I'll never try a short cut to a house again. At last a light. The cook at the door—the kitchen door. "What do I want?" she asks. I reply, "Oh, nothing, I was just walking in the short way, and the old dog doesn't quite know me." The butler luckily appears, he addresses me by name, and orders, with authority, Growler to get down, which Growler does, sulkily.

I say, as if he was leaving me pleasantly, "Poor old boy!—sharp dog that." It 's a bad example to let people see you 're at all afraid of an animal. He growls from his kennel, and we enter the house.

MR. MILBURD has arrived, and my luggage. Will I go into the drawing-room? there 's tea in the drawing-room, as we don't dine till seven to-day. I take off my wraps with a feeling of being at home. Old BYNG comes out to greet me. He says, "I 've got a surprise for you." I wish I 'd got a surprise for him, it 's his birthday. "Many happy returns," I give him heartily. He says, "Such a surprise. I knew you wouldn't come if there were ladies." What does he mean? We walk to the drawing-room. I follow him: I am prepared to have a good laugh at MILBURD about paying the fly, and then——

Ladies! six ladies!! all seated round the fire taking tea. MILBURD standing on the rug, a young man on a small chair, an elderly gentleman deep in a book. Six ladies!!!

Unhappy Thought.—No dress-clothes.

I am introduced, vaguely. I don't hear any one's name, and try to give a different sort of bow to each, which fails. After the introduction, silence. My host goes and talks to elderly lady with worsted.

Happy Thought.—Look at photograph-book on table. Quite a refuge for the conversationally destitute is a photograph-book. Think I 'll speak to elderly gentleman; what about?

Happy Thought.—Ask him how the weather 's been here? As he says, "I beg pardon, what?" the door opens, a seventh lady enters—MISS FRIDOLINE SYMPERSON!!! No evening dress-clothes!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Chancellor of the Exchequer, did on the evening of *Monday*, February 11, make a speech of two hours and a quarter, and did not explain the intentions of the Conservative Government in regard to Parliamentary Reform. What he did say was in this wise. The House should divest itself, upon this occasion only, and by the Particular Desire of several persons of Distinction (as country play-bills say) of party spirit. Government hoped for the sympathy of the Conservatives. LORD DERBY and his colleagues had resolved that Parliamentary Reform was not a question that ought to decide the fate of the Ministers. All parties had tried to deal with it and had failed, and therefore the House of Commons itself must settle it. The Reform Act of 1832 had excluded large masses of the labouring classes from the franchise, and now, as prognosticated by SIR ROBERT PEEL, those classes were re-claiming their rights. Moreover the increased application of science to social life had greatly elevated the people. We, the Swells, have not wilfully opposed them, but have perhaps been too Epicurean. [Yet, dear Sir, what nobler creature can there be than an Epicurus, if he be also *totus teres atque Rotundus?*] He thought that before introducing a Bill he had a right to ask the House whether it would not sanction the course recommended by Government. This question he should ask by moving Resolutions, a course he defended at great length. He intended to reconstruct the House on the principles of the British Constitution. Every class and interest had been represented under the Constitution, and hence our prosperity. Neither France, America, nor Germany had such representation. He was for no artificial symmetry. He should know how to deal with bribers. The county population was eleven millions and a half, and they had only 162 Members. The borough population was nine millions and a half, and they had 334 Members. Therefore, the county folk ought at least to be allowed to return their men without the interference of the boroughs. The Boundaries question would consequently have to be dealt with. There was a scattered population of nine millions who were the Backbone of the country. The backbone was industrious and had sincere and deep religion, and ought to be confided in and represented. [He introduced a parenthetical whop at MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, who has been lecturing on politics, and whom MR. DISRAELI described as "a rampant lecturer, and a Wild Man from the Cloisters."] Government were not angling for a policy. They had one. But they would gratefully accept the will of the House. The course was not flattering to themselves. [MR. BRIGHT. Ha, ha! Hear, hear! MR. DISRAELI. Yes, Sir, but it is better to work for the public good than to bring forward mock measures.] He hoped the House would rise to this occasion. And he ended thus:—

"Those who take the larger and nobler view of human affairs will, I think, recognise that alone in the countries of Europe, England, now for almost countless generations, has, by her Parliament, exhibited a fair exemplar of free Government. In the midst of the awful vicissitudes of her heroic history, she has maintained and cherished that public spirit which is the soul of commonwealths, and without which empire has no glory, and the wealth of nations is a means of corruption."

MR. DISRAELI proposed to go into a Committee of the whole House on Monday the 25th February. He did not then produce his Resolutions, but they appeared the following morning. They may as well be expounded here.

1. Increase of Voters, town and county.
2. Lower the standard of value, and create "fancy franchises."
3. No class interest should predominate.
4. Occupation franchise to be based on rating.
5. Let us have Plurality of Votes in boroughs.
6. Revise the existing distribution of Seats.
7. Wholly disfranchise no borough.
8. Consider the claims of unrepresented places.
9. Provide against bribery.
10. Liken the county to the borough system of registration.
11. Votes may be given in writing.
12. More polling places, and all travelling payments illegal.
13. A Commission on borough boundaries.

But as this baker's dozen of Resolutions was not before the leader of the Opposition, MR. GLADSTONE could only reply with a compliment to MR. DISRAELI's ability, a remark that his proposed mode of proceeding was novel, that MR. GLADSTONE's own impression was against it, and a statement that the Opposition would decide upon their course when the whole case should be before them.

Nobody said anything more. Later in the week an attempt was made to draw MR. DISRAELI out a little, but it failed. He said, however, that Government did not pledge itself to go further in obedience to the House than might seem proper. And so Reform was left sticking for a fortnight, and as observing and judicious persons will see, we are not favoured with much information on the subject. Now, *Mr. Punch* thinks that a great constitutional change ought to be effected with elaborate slowness and caution, and that too much consideration can hardly be bestowed on every step. But when nobody can consider, because nobody has the scheme before him, *Mr. Punch* regards delay as waste of valuable time.

Noble Lords and Faithful Commons were awfully dull all the rest of the week. On

Tuesday, LORD RUSSELL saw fit to present a petition from a person called RIGBY WASON, whom everybody has forgotten for the last thirty years, and who imitated everybody by forgetting himself so far as to rake up an old and exploded scandal against SIR FITZROY KELLY, now Chief Baron of Exchequer. It was about a statement which SIR FITZROY was said to have made, and did not make, before an election committee. SIR FITZROY kindly offered to shoot this WASON at the time, but WASON would not come out; and it is the more unworthy of him to revive the matter, now that we don't fight, and if we did, a Chief Justice could scarcely renew his challenge. The charge is completely negatived, RIGBY WASON is not admired for the spite that breaks out afresh after thirty years, or for a most vulgar and splenetic letter which he has published since, and we have not heard many compliments to the Whig politician for his conduct in presenting the petition against the Tory Judge.

LORD BELMORE brought in a Government Bill about Street Traffic, but we must have a look at its details before judging it. There seem to be some wholesome provisions against snow, bad cabs, and timber carts, but we doubt whether it goes half far enough. The railway and trading interests in the Commons, however, are too powerful to allow any useful measure against their vans and carts, which block London.

Fenianism has broken out again. In Chester the ruffians were frightened away by the bold measures of the citizens and Volunteers, and the subsequent arrival of the Fusileers. But in Killarney they have cut the telegraphs, and wounded a gallant orderly. The CHIEF SECRETARY has gone off to Ireland, and so has LORD STRATHNAIRN, better known as SIR HUGH ROSE, who is just the man to deal with rebels. Exeter Hall would naturally think of prosecuting him, in case he should hang any incendiaries, but, on the other hand, as they would be white, they would probably be considered unworthy of attention from philanthropists. But they will not be without apologists and advocates among political fanatics.

Wednesday. A dull debate on an unsuccessful attempt, by MR. AYRTON, to get the income of the Finsbury Prebend (£48,000 a-year) assigned for the spiritual good of London. MR. HADFIELD was as unlucky as usual when eager to be spiteful against the Church of England. He boasted of the religious character of the Welsh, adding, that seven-eighths of them are Dissenters, but not adding, as the truth is, that there is no better recruiting ground for the Mormons than the religious Principality.

Thursday. Amid loud cheers, MR. DISRAELI stated that Government had undertaken the defence of COLONEL NELSON and MR. BRAND, who are prosecuted by the Jamaica Committee. It was the duty of a Government to do so, he said, when officers were attacked for obeying the orders of their superiors.

Ministers propose to do away with the VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, and to have, instead, a Secretary, who shall be a M. This plan is approved by MR. MILNER GIBSON.

Moreover, Capital Punishments Bills were introduced. Wisely, we think, the offences are defined which constitute the crime, and make it

of the first or second degree. The law of the land, and not twelve men accidentally collected, and possibly excited, should supply the definition—the facts are the business of the jury. Public execution is to be abolished. This Bill ought to pass, let who will be Ministers.

Friday. The Fenian madness was spoken about in both Houses. At Chester the Volunteers behaved manfully, as has been said, and question arose in the Lords whether the Household Guard could be properly called upon to fight rebels. As Volunteers, no, but as citizens, yes; and as they are drilled and armed citizens, *tant mieux*.

In the Commons, MR. BAILLIE, Conservative County Member, gave a notice adverse to the Conservative leader's resolution, No. 5. "Baly, my babe, lie still and sleep."

A Servia-cum-Crete debate. MR. GREGORY pounded the Turks, and MR. LAYARD defended them. MR. GLADSTONE was impartial, and there was unanimous plaudit for LORD STANLEY's calm despatches and marked abstention from interference. Christians and Mussulmans seem alike a bad lot. One side pitches its prisoners, and sets them on fire, and the other cuts off the ears of its captives, and presents the articles to their friends in the light of cheques. We shall be *in* the Eastern quarrel one of these days, but we won't go in upon a quarrel of savages.

UN SOU LA LIGNE.



E give a few extracts from the article of "Notre Correspondent Anglais," in a late number of a leading French daily paper, *La Blague Internationale* (The International Tobacco-pouch). The information they impart is not without some foundation of truth; but the English reader will perceive that facts are published therein as of recent occurrence, which the British public has already been familiar with for some little time. We trust "*Our French Correspondent*," is more guarded as to the details he sends us from the other side of the water.

Leicester Square, Février, 1867.

C'est avec une douleur presque voisine de l'indignation que nous nous résignons à constater l'existence, à Londres, de la plus affreuse misère à coté de l'opulence la plus splendide, du faste le plus somptueux . . . . une vénérable personne, la dame H***D, importunée, mise hors d'elle-même par les burlements plaintifs de son boule-dogue, alla chercher dans son armoire quelque os pour calmer la faim du fidèle animal, muet gardien de ses pénates. Après les perquisitions les plus minutieuses, quel fut son découragement lorsqu'elle dut s'avouer à elle-même qu'elle se trouvait devant une armoire vide! force fut donc au pauvre quadrupède d'en rester sur sa faim. . . .

O Angleterre! . . . quousque tandem . . . . !

* * *

Un des faubourgs de Londres a été récemment le théâtre d'un incident qui, nous l'espérons, touchera de bien près ceux de nos lecteurs qui n'ont point étouffé en eux le germe du respect pour les simples mais intimes joies du foyer domestique. Il paraît que le sieur H****R, bourgeois fort connu et même respecté dans son quartier, mais dont nous ne voulons préciser davantage le nom pour des raisons de délicatesse que le public intelligent saura sans doute apprécier, était assis avec sa famille devant une table bien servie, où ils mangeaient ensemble *more Anglico* le repas de Noël. Tout à coup, le fils JEAN H****R, enfant en bas âge, saisissant sa part du "puding" traditionnel, s'enfuit dans un des coins de la salle-à-manger, où il s'assit avec une gravité précoce; puis, insérant le pouce dans la pâte succulente, il parvint à en retirer un raisin solitaire, tout en se prodiguant à lui-même les éloges les plus flatteurs. . . .

* * *

Les persécutions réligieuses continuent à sévir dans certaines parties de l'Angleterre avec toute leur ancienne rigueur. Voici un fragment de correspondance particulière qui nous est parvenu, et que nous traduisons pour nos lecteurs; nous sommes en mesure d'en garantir l'irrécusable authenticité:—

"Le vieux L****os, surnommé, à cause de sa haute taille et de son extrême maigreur, le PÈRE LONGUES-JAMBES, s'obstinait à ne point réciter les prières prescrites par notre réligion; indignés de ses refus réitérés, nous le saisîmes par une de ses jambes (inutile de spécifier laquelle), et lui limes dégringoler l'escalier de son habitation. . . . ."

En présence de pareils faits, les commentaires sont superflus, et la chronique s'arrête épouvantée! . . . Heureux pour les auteurs éhontés de cet odieux attentat, que nous n'avons pu jusqu'ici en découvrir et publier les noms, prénoms et qualités!

* * *

Un bien douloureux évènement vient de plonger dans la consternation les habitants de la commune de X. . . .

LE SIEUR JEAN . . . accompagné de sa femme, venait de gravir la colline avoisinant le hameau, et sur le sommet de laquelle il existe sans doute un ancien puits, afin d'y puiser quelques litres d'eau fraîche pour les besoins de leur humble domicile. Soudain son pied glisse, la tête lui tourne, il se précipite du haut en bas de la montagne. . . . . .

Le blessé se transporta à la hâte chez le chirurgien du village, le SIEUR ROBERT X***, qui par un hasard providentiel se trouvait être son propre frère; et celui-ci, mis en demeure de s'expliquer sur son cas, put constater la présence d'un fracture sérieuse dans la région occipitale du crâne, dont il calma l'irritation au moyen d'une emplâtre de papier à emballer saturé d'acide acétique, qu'il appliqua sur la partie lésée. Nous croyons pouvoir affirmer que cet accident n'aura pas de suites funestes.

Jusqu'à présent nous n'avons point reçu de détails circonstanciés sur l'état actuel de la malheureuse femme, qui, d'après nos derniers renseignements, avait suivi son époux dans sa chute impétueuse.

* * *

On nous écrit de Sandringham:

Un singulier désastre est arrivé dernièrement à une des femmes de chambre attachées au service de S. A. R. la Princesse de Galles. D'après l'information que nous avons reçue, il paraît que cette jeune personne faisait sécher au soleil le linge auguste qui sortait de la lessive royale, lorsqu'une grive, hôte de quelque forêt voisine, s'abattit soudain sur elle, et lui infligea exactement au milieu du visage une blessure cruelle et défigurante. Pendant que cette scène se passait dans le jardin de Sandringham, le roi futur faisait les comptes du trésor dans son cabinet particulier, et la charmante princesse, qui doit un jour partager son trône, savourait avec délices un simple et frugal déjeûner dans le parloir du château. On peut s'imaginer la sympathie dont la jeune et intéressante victime de cet atroce outrage ornithologique devint immédiatement l'objet de la part de LL. AA. RR.

La blessure est de nature à donner de graves inquiétudes pour la beauté personnelle de l'aimable camérière, dont les traits s'étaient toujours fait remarquer par leur irréprochable régularité.

A HAPPY CONCLUSION.

UNDER the head of "Marriages" in the *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian* of the 8th inst., the curious may find this curious announcement:—

JOHNSON—PAGE.—Jan. 22, at Ashburton, Devon, by the Rev. R. L. Page, of Coatham, Redcar, assisted by the Rev. C. Worthy, vicar, Captain Johnson, R.N., of Cardiff, to Emily Leman Page, only daughter of the late Rev. Robert Leman Page, of Drinkstone, Suffolk. "Her end was peace."

Of course the word "end" is here used as a synonym for "object," or "intention:" otherwise this final sentence appears somewhat funereal, and sadly out of place. But we presume that the fair bride had a wholesome wish to live a life of peace and quietude, and considered that by marriage she was likely to secure it. The cynical might have but little faith in such a likelihood, and *Mr. Caudle* might declare that her peace is pretty certain, if she will but hold her peace. But, like all other happy husbands, *Mr. Punch* believes most heartily that marriage as a rule leads to a blissful peace of mind, and he congratulates all such as share in this belief.

A PLEASING MUDDLE.

COMPLAINTS are made that the standard of examination by the Law Society is too high. Some persons think that a man may be able to do attorney-work without possessing the usual accomplishments of a gentleman. Be this as it may, it is clear that grammar is not necessary to a solicitor. Here is an advertisement from the *Telegraph*:—

TO BANKERS AND MERCHANTS.—Whosoever shall give the following INFORMATION to Mr. **** *****, Solicitor, viz., in whose hands does the BILL of EXCHANGE for £373 10*s.* 1*d.*, drawn at St. Thomas, West Indies, to the order of Mr. ****, at 90 days' sight, lies, any person giving the required information shall be remunerated accordingly.

CITY ANECDOTE.—BAITMAN, Secretary to a Limited Liability undertaking not considered too safe, having a handsomely furnished office, it was remarked of him that his Room was better than his Company.

EPIGRAM BY LORD CRANBORNE.—Best Proof of a Government's Irresolution.—Resolutions.



CAUTION.

DON'T KEEP YOUR *BEER-BARREL* IN THE SAME CELLAR AS YOUR *DUST-BIN!*

RESOLUTION OF REFORM.

(AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.)

O come, good Lords and Gentlemen, ye Commons and ye Peers,
We do entreat a loan of you—the favour of your ears.
O turn your minds unto Reform for good and all this day,
'Tis one more opportunity, and be our last it may!

Too often have ye trifled with the task that's to be done,
And broken off repeatedly the work you had begun.
Whereat the people winked long, and patiently forbore,
But know ye now they will abide the like delay no more.

Remember how, in fifty-four one Bill you did resign,
And how ye did another Bill reject in fifty-nine,
And how a third in sixty-one your PALMERSTON withdrew—
Refuse another, and oh, then, what will become of you?

Come let us now take counsel, and consider wherewithal
To frame a measure that shall stand—not through discussion fall.
Let's put on resolution, and by means thereof proceed;
For in that we resolve on we shall be thereon agreed.

Fat bulls of Basan round about do vehemently roar,
And that fat Bull of Birmingham is specially a bore.
To bellow till they weary were, though them we might allow,
We must regard that Bull of Bulls whose voice is rising now.

JOHN BULL himself doth call aloud and utter his behest.
This long-vext question of Reform 'tis time to set at rest.
So go to work in earnest now the needful thing to do,
Or you'll provoke the wrath of JOHN—then woe be unto you!

A MINISTERIAL QUERY.—Is it true that GENERAL PEEL is a Secretary at War—with some of his colleagues on the question of Reform?

THE WELL-SPOKEN YOUNG MAN.

(*With all apology to* MR. CHARLES DICKENS).

HE is moving forward in the direction in which you are going. You discover him to be a remarkably well-behaved young man, and a remarkably well-spoken young man. You know him to be well-behaved, by his respectful manner of touching his hat, you know him to be well-spoken by his smooth manner of expressing himself. He says, in a flowing, confidential voice,

"Sir Mr. JOHN BULL will you allow me to speak to you Sir it is not merely retaining office that is my intention for I was brought up by the best of politicians and merely retaining office is not my trade I should not know Sir how to follow it as a trade such being quite foreign to my nature if such were my shameful intention for the best of politicians long taught otherwise and though now reduced to take the present liberty I am favourably known to the PREMIER the LORD CHANCELLOR the majority of the Tory party and the ole of the Conservative profession but through ill blood in my party and the obstinacy of friends of whom I became leader and they no other than Members of the Cabinet of my own PREMIER am sent forth not to beg indulgence for I will sooner deprive the country of my services but to help my party to the final end of the session Sir in appier times and before the calamity of office fell upon us I devised for my constitutional amusement when I little thought that I should ever need them excepting for Curiosities of Literature these" (here the well-spoken young man puts his hand on a paper) "these Resolutions Sir I implore you in the name of the Constitution to accept these Resolutions which are a genuine article resembling those which came from India the East Indies and alter them in any way your wisdom may see fit and may the blessings of a party without a policy awaiting with beating arts the return of MR. GLADSTONE to office ever attend you Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you I implore you to accept these Resolutions."

By this time, being a reasonable judge of what one should answer with "WALKER," you will have been too much for the well-spoken young man.



"HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE."

"SIR, THE MEANING THAT WE ATTRIBUTE TO THE WORDS I HAVE JUST READ IS, THAT, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES IN WHICH THE HOUSE FINDS ITSELF, IT IS IN OUR OPINION EXPEDIENT THAT PARLIAMENTARY REFORM SHOULD NO LONGER BE A QUESTION THAT SHOULD DECIDE THE FATE OF MINISTRIES." (*Loud laughter at this capital joke.*)—*Vide Speech of* CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, *Feb.* 11, 1867.



THE GREAT MEDICINE-MAN.

(A New Canto of Hia-watha.)

ROUND about the Fire of Council,
On the bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
In the secret Lodge of Dow-nin,
Sat the chiefs of the Tor-ì-has,
Sat the advisers of LOR-DER-BEE.
The Kau-ka-syun DEE-ZEE, foremost
Of the medicine-men, the Medas,
The Magicians, the Wa-be-nos,
And the Jossa-keeds, the prophets:
Chief of war and braves, JON-À-THAN,
Wrinkled, like an o'er-kept apple,
Juiceless, but the PEEL remaining.
PAH-KIN-TÒ-NOH, guide of war-ships.
Who ne'er sailed the Big Sea-Water;
STAN-LEE, with eyes looking two ways,
One behind him, one before him,
Calm of counsel, cool of judgment,
Still a wonder to his father,
Standing puzzle to LOR-DER-BEE:
And CRAN-BOR-NOH, the sharp-tongued one;
WAL-I-FOL, the weeping willow,
Quick to bend, and ever tearful,
With HAH-DEE, surnamed the Gay Thorn,
For his sharpness and good-humour.
Dark and doubtful was their aspect,
Glum and grumpy were their glances,
As they laid their heads together,
Drew around the Fire of Council,
On the bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
In the secret Lodge of Dow-nin.
For the braves of the Re-for-mahs,
In their war-paint and their feathers,
With their clubs, from all their lodges,
League on league, were thickly gathered
With the strength of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Bounce of BEALES and push of POTT-AH,
Storming round the Lodge of Dow-nin
At the doors of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Crying "Down with the Tor-ì-ahs!

"Can they shape the mighty measure,
Weave the charm of the Re-for-mahs,
Fix the wonder-working Fran-chees,
That shall cure the people's ailments,
Give to all what they're in want of,
Wit and wisdom, work and wages,
Short-cut to the Happy Valley,
To the Islands of the Blessèd,
To the kingdom of Come-eat-me,
Where the geese fall ready-roasted,
And all good things come for asking?
JON-À-WO-BUN, *he* could shape it,
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone;
They had cured the people's ailments,
Fixed the wonder-working Fran-chees,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
In the Big Talk of the nation,
For the land of the Yen-gee-zees.
But the braves of the Tor-ì-has
From the Cave the serpents summoned—
The Ken-à-beek, the great BOB-LO,
And the little snake GRO-VÈ-NAH,
Marsh-snake from Australian diggins,
EL-CO, painted snake that rattles,
And the Orcadian serpent LA-ING,
Called to aid the Headless HORSMAN,
From their ambush in Adullam,
In the back stung JON-À-WO-BUN,
Stung WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone,
Braving wrath of BRIGHT the Big Tongue.
Bounce of BEALES and push of POT-TAH.
Till they stormed the Lodge of Dow-nin,
Won the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Scalped the braves of the Re-for-mahs,
Took their scalps, their paint and feathers,
And the moccasins they walked in.
Shall we let them longer wear these?
Shall we trust their medicine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE?
Never! Let us spoil them, strip them
Of the loaves and of the fishes,
Drive them from the pleasant places,
From the hunting-grounds of Of-fis,
From the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
From the secret Lodge of Dow-nin."
Then the blowers blew their conch-shells,
DA-LEE-NOO-SAH, the long-winded,
TE-LE-GRA-FAH, the tremendous,
And the Sun, whose beams are bottled,
From the brains of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Blew their conch-shells for the battle.

The Tor-ì-ha chiefs, in council,
Heard the cries of the Re-for-mahs,
And the blowing of their conch-shells,
And their brows grew dark as thunder,
For their council was divided,
Black on this side, white on that side,
Like the leaves of the red willow
When 'tis tossed by Mud-jee-kee-wis,
By the breathing of the west wind.

Then arose the medicine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE:
"Wherefore are our hearts divided?
Wherefore are we twain in council?
Wherefore clutch we spear and war-club
'Gainst ourselves, and not our foemen?
Shall we, in the Lodge of Dow-nin,
Cut the throats of one another,
Nor unite to save our bacon,
Save our loaves and save our fishes,
Save our seats in pleasant places,
Save the hunting-grounds of Of-fis?
Let me go forth on the peace-path,
Let me deal with the Re-for-mahs.
I will make a mighty med'cine,
I will outwit JON-À-WO-BUN
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone;
From the med'cine-bag of Mo-shun
I will draw the yarn of glamour,
Wampum string of Re-so-lu-shun,
So that we shall have the glory,
And that they shall have the labour,
Of the shaping of the measure,
Of the fixing of the Fran-chees,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
In the Big Talk of the nation
For the land of the Yen-gee-zees,
And yet we shall save our places,
Keep the Bench of Tre-sor-ee-wah,
Keep the secret Lodge of Dow-nin!"

So went forth the med'cine-maker,
The Kau-ka-syun BEN-DEE-ZEE,
To the Wig-wam of West-min-stah,
To the Big Talk of the nation,
With the braves of the Tor-ì-ahs,
Ranged in ordered ranks behind him,
One in name, but twain in council.
Fronting them, sat the Re-for-mahs,
In their war-paint and their feathers,
Many tribes and many colours;
Red-men painted with vermilion,
Followers of BRIGHT, the Big Tongue,
Some in neutral colour—Sha-kees—
Some in blue-and-buff,—Whig-à-mores,—
Of the tribe of JON-À-WO-BUN;
Some who all these colours blended—
Red and blue and buff and neutral,
As their hopes or humours prompted,
Or the hunt of loaves and fishes:
Many trusting in WILL-YOO-IT,
More who only said they trusted.
And WILL-YOO-IT, called the Glad Stone,
The Keneu, the Great-war-eagle,
Lean and lowering, in the van-ward,
O'er his hooked beak scowled scornful,
Knit his iron brows so ruthless,
Lit his keen eyes for the onset,
Set his thin lips hard for battle.

Then out-stepped the med'cine maker,
The Kau-ka-syun, BEN-DEE-ZEE,
In the space betwixt the armies,
Of Tor-ì-ahs and Re-for-mahs.
Very still and solemn looked he;
Black and bright, and sparsely scattered,
Curled his scalp-locks, cork-screw twisted:
Keen and cold, and like a serpent's.
The great serpent's, the Ken-à-beek's,
Glittered his black eye, sole life spark
Of the dreamy, death-like features.
In his belt he bore no weapon,
Scalping knife, nor axe, nor war-club,
Spear nor arrow, nor yet long-bow,
Nought but medicine bag of Mo-shuns;
With his right-hand putting forward
The Peace-pipe, and in his left-hand,
Half displayed, hid half behind him,
Wampum-strings of Re-so-lu-shuns
Large and loose, thirteen in number.
Then his med'cine dance he measured,
And his med'cine music chaunted,
Slow, sonorous, high and hollow,
Till you would have said that butter
Would not in his mouth have melted:
While he blew his cloud of vapour,
The Puk-wa-na of the Peace-pipe;
Singing, how the war was ended,
'Twixt Tor-ì-ahs and Re-for-mahs;
How the time was come to bury
The war-hatchet, Par-tee-quest-shun,
To shake hands and blow together
The Puk-wa-na of the Peace-pipe,
In the Wig-wam of West-min-stah
In the Big Talk of the nation.
Calling both sides' braves together
To prepare the magic measure,
Fix the wonder-working Fran-chees,
The Tor-ì-ahs lending ballast,
The Re-for-mahs lending movement.
And that both might scheme and shape it,
Both Tor-ì-ahs and Re-for-mahs,
Proffering medicine of his Mo-shuns,
Wampum string of Re-so-lu-shuns.

Eagerly, with rapt attention,
For awhile the warriors heard him,
Chaunting, heavily and hollow,
Spouting, slowly and sonorous,
Till attention grew to wonder,
Expectation to amazement,
"What the mischief is he up to?
What the dickens is he after?"
Then came weariness of wonder,
Of bewilderment came boredom,
And they said, "There is no magic
In his med'cine bag of Mo-shuns;
All is bosh and all is bunkum;
He is but a medicine-maker,
And his medicine is moonshine."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A DELIGHTED hearer observed of a very brilliant talker, that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PARADISE.—Whippingham.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the next Meeting of The Medical Society of London a Paper will be read "On the Backbone of the Nation."

LOGICAL EXERCISE FOR LADIES.—Jumping to conclusions.



THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

Bloated Saxon. "BUT SURELY, IS IT NOT THE FACT THAT OF LATE YEARS THE NUMBER OF ABSENTEES AMONG THE IRISH LANDHOLDERS IS NOT SO LARGE AS——"

Irish Guest. "OI DIG Y'R PAR-R-D'N, SOR! 'GIVE YE ME WOR-RD 'F HONOUR-R ME UNHAPPEE COUNTREE *SWA-AR-RMS* WITH 'M 'T TH' PRIS'NT T-HIME!!"

SANGER *v.* BEALES.

HAVING visited the Agricultural Hall during both the entertainments given there last week, we can confidently back MR. SANGER and his Hippodromatic company against MESSRS. BEALES and POTTER, and their stud of Demonstrationists. MR. SANGER'S *artistes*, male and female, know their business, and *his* clowns and ring-master understand what they are talking about. M. AVICE balances himself gracefully in mid-air more wonderfully than MR. POTTER in the periods of an *extempore* speech; and though MR. BEALES may be great in jumping over facts and through figures, we prefer the jumping of MR. SANGER'S Voltigeurs and MADEMOISELLE GAERTNER'S daring bounding act through balloons and over garters; and then, what is the cloudy vagueness of platform oratory to the graceful sweep of MADEMOISELLE ETHAIR'S veil, as she floats along, the bewitching sylph of the arena? Lastly, MR. SANGER welcomes us to a congress of all the European monarchs (from KING JOHN CHINAMAN, on his dragon, to QUEEN VICTORIA, on her magnificent car of triumph), including not only France and Prussia and Russia and Spain and Italy, but the POPE, drawn by donkeys, and the last unannexed Maharajah on his elephant. Now, against all these kings, what have MESSRS. BEALES and POTTER to set, but King People, who may be the source of all power, but, like most sources, gives one very little impression, as he is now, of what he is destined ultimately to swell into, and who is certainly seen to better advantage in most of his more usual characters and associations than in stopping the thoroughfares, in a Demonstration, or listening to inflated balderdash in the Agricultural Hall, afterwards.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

To MR. VINING'S, the Princess's Theatre, which, in a measure, did much content me. The bills say that the author of the piece is MR. ROBERTSON, who wrote *Ours;* there is little in the dialogue to connect him with *this* piece. It is all about coal-mining and coal-miners. Punningly, the play should have been announced as *Mines*, by the author of *Ours*. It is such a melodrama as would have admirably suited a Minor, or rather, a miner theatre. The dialogue in the front of the house was as lively and clever as usual. I will now proceed to show you (as the Polytechnic lecturer says before the lights are turned down, and he does something sparkling in a jar with two gases) a view, before and behind the curtain, of *Shadow Tree Shaft*, which I may call *Shadow Tree Chaff'd; or Mining and Vining.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Thorniwork's Cottage.* MICHAEL WOODYART *makes love to* KATIE *through the window. You see as much of him as you do of a Punch-doll in the show.* DARKYN, *the villain, appears at window. Makes love to* KATIE. *Punch-doll again with his arms over the window-sill. His idea of a villain is to appear as if he only shaved twice a-week, and then carefully left a little bit of whisker on either side.*

Darkyn (*making love*). I'll tell yon a ghost story about Shadow-Tree Shaft. Once upon a time, &c., &c. The two men struggled, &c., &c., and the woman, &c., &c., and now every night at twelve o'clock, &c., &c.
[KATIE *screams.*

Enter LADY KENYON. *They place a light in the window as a signal. Enter* SIR WALTER KENYON, *changes his coat.* MR. VINING *as Sampson, appears at the window.*

Mr. Vining (*as Sampson*). I want a pipe-light. Propria quæ maribus.
[*Quotes from the Latin Grammar, and they immediately let him into the house.*

Mr. Vining (*as Sampson, to Sir Walter*). You are SIR WALTER KENYON.

Mr Walter (*presenting pistols*). You know me.

Sir. Vining (*also with pistols*). I do. But verbum personale concordat cum nominativo.

Sir Walter (*not quite satisfied*). Can I trust you?

Mr. Vining. Look at me. (*Sits on table knowingly.*) As in præsenti perfectum format in avi!!!
[*They shake hands, and* SIR WALTER *introduces him as an old friend.*

Mr. Vining. Yes, I 'm a gentleman, disguised as a pugilist. Nothing left but my Latin and Greek. Amo, amas, amavi, amare.

Clever Person in Stalls (*later on in the evening*). But he doesn't give us any Greek.

Lady Kenyon (*who doesn't care about the Latin Grammar*). The soldiers!

Mr. Vining (*readily*). Come and disguise yourself as *Slogger.* (*Encouragingly.*) Rara avis in terris—(*all wait anxiously, and he resumes with decision*)—nigroque simillima cygno.
[*On hearing this* SIR WALTER *at once decides to disguise himself as Slogger. Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE 2.—*The Fair by Night.*

Katie (*to Michael, her lover*). Take this snow. (*Gives him a snowball, as affection's offering.*) And as this snow (*she speaks solemnly, and* MICHAEL *takes his hat off*) stays in your hand . . . . (*horror-struck.*) Ha! see! it melts!!
[*Which, being an uncommon phenomenon with snow when held in a warm hand, is evidently an omen of evil.*

Mr. Vining (*knocking Darkyn down for trying to stab Michael*). Romæ Tibur amem: ventosus, Tibure Romam.

Darkyn (*who has been unconscious for half a minute*). Who was that went into the booth? [*He alludes to* SIR WALTER *in disguise.*

Enter Villagers *quietly, and all suddenly dance.*

Lady Kenyon (*stopping them with a procession*). Don't let me interrupt your festivities.
[*They resume their dancing mechanically. It being late at night, it is probable that they all ought to be in bed, and are therefore rather sleepy over their steps.*

Enter CAPTAIN MILDMAY (MR. J. G. SHORE) *and Soldiers.*

Military Swell (*in Stalls*). Aw—Irregular troops, eh? (*to his friend.*) I say—they weren't very particular in those days: aw—aw—one fellow's got whiskers, another hasn't; another's got a beard, and another has a moustache.

Lady. What date is it in? Isn't it the Young Pretender?

Military Swell (*who has passed a first-class examination*). Yes, I think so. (*Hazily.*) In The Tree, you know; and Jacobites.

[*Thinks to himself what a Jacobite was, and if there was any king of the name of Jacob: determines to "look it up" when he goes home.*

[*Proclamation read, while* MR. J. G. SHORE *exhibits a pretty view of his picturesque coat-tails to the audience: ladies titter.* DARKYN *discovers* SIR WALTER *disguised as Slogger, and is about to tell* CAPTAIN J. G. SHORE *when the curtain suddenly descends.*

Entr'acte.

Sprightly Lady (*with eye-glasses*). There's a panorama, moving presently. (*To Gentleman of an Uncertain Memory.*) There was something of the sort in—dear me. [*Tries to recollect.*

Uncertain Gentleman. In—um—um—oh—(*hits off*) *Barnaby Pogue.*

Sprightly Lady. No, no: *Streets of—Huguenots—Ara* (*thinks*) *Araby Rudge?* Wasn't it?

Uncertain Gentleman. Dear me, it's on the tip of my tongue—not Dickens—no—ah, of course (*triumphantly*) *Arrah-na-Pogue.*

[*They are satisfied.*

One of the Family Party. Does BOUCICAULT play in this?

[*With a general idea that* MR. BOUCICAULT *plays in everything. Her friend corrects her.*

ACT II.

Chamber in the Priory.

Mr. Vining (*to Sir Walter, who is still in difficulties*). MICHAEL is exactly like you, disguise as MICHAEL. For, Tityre tu patulæ (*convincingly*) recubans sub tegmine (SIR WALTER *hesitates*, MR. VINING *finishes decisively*) fagi.

Hearing this, *Sir Walter* disguises himself as *Michael*, and then follows a panorama of the descent to the coal-mine, which commences like the penultimate scene of a pantomime, all in darkness, when the Clown says, "I've found you" (*Band, Tiddly iddly-umti, &c.*) Then in the coal-mine itself *Captain Shore* and two soldiers descend in the bucket, after the manner of three good fairies visiting demons, without large pantomime heads. Then *Sir Walter* escapes, and *Darkyn* stabs *Michael* in the bucket. When they are irritated, all the miners move simultaneously and growl.

SCENE 3.—*The Black Country* (*which is all red on account of so many fires.*)

Vining (*to Lady Kenyon*). 'Tisn't SIR WALTER who is killed—cry on. Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

Lady Kenyon. Boohoo! hoo! hoo! [*Audience amused.*

Katie (*recognising Michael*). Ah!

Captain Shore. What's that?

Old Man (*readily and intensely appreciating the joke*). It's the sight of death.

[*Audience amused again. Hit for the old man, who's only had to tell a vague story and show a secret door before this.*

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Chamber.*

Mr. Vining (*as Sampson, to Captain J. G. Shore*). Maxima debetur pueris. I am ROGER FENWICK MILDMAY!

Captain Shore. My Uncle!

[*Vide Hamlet, with the addition of* "Oh, my prophetic soul." *Nothing comes of this discovery, but* MR. VINING, *as an Uncle would, exits through the secret door.*

SCENE 2.—*The Fir Coppice. A beautiful Snow Scene.*

Katie (*taunting Darkyn*). There's not a boy who knew you as a man, there's not a man who knew you as a boy, there's not a woman who knew you as a child, there's not a child—(DARKYN *thinks it's a riddle, and sniggers*)—who knew you as a baby—(DARKYN *becomes bewildered, and grinds his teeth*)—there's not a baby who knew you as a youth, there's not a youth——

[DARKYN *unable to stand it any longer, gives it up and rushes at her. She dodges him and disappears. Enter, confronting him,* MICHAEL, *who literally "kicked the bucket" in Act II.*

ACT IV.

Next day after Winter. Summer. Strange climate.

SIR MICHAEL *mistaken for* WALTER, *and* SIR WALTER *for* MICHAEL. *The Two Dromios.* SIR WALTER *going to be led off and shot. Enter*

Mr. Vining. Monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen. Here he is.

[*Produces* COMIC MAN *in muddy dress, who has brought the pardon.*

Comic Man (*for whom, as he only comes on just at the end, the author has evidently been obliged to write a speech*). And so, SIR WALTER, and so, MICHAEL——

[*Audience begin to leave, not caring for the Funny Man's speech.*

Mr. Vining (*cutting him short*). And if our kind friends are only satisfied, then I can but repeat "Verbum personale concordat cum nominativo (*looking at stalls and pit*), in numero (*boxes and dress circle*), et personâ (*gallery*). [*Applause. Curtain.*

BOTANY FOR FENIAN BOYS.



E heard an interesting lecture, having a relation to the subject of botany, delivered yesterday, by PROFESSOR VINEGAR, at Chester, to an audience chiefly consisting of Fenians, specially invited to attend in order to receive information which it concerned them to be acquainted with. The Professor said,—"The subject to which I would this evening direct your attention is that of a plant, which, though cultivated in this country, is a native of Persia, and is also indigenous in the East Indies; in making which observation I hope you will understand that I do not mean to make a pun. For, indeed the theme of these remarks, the plant in question, is no joking matter; as some of you, if you don't take good care, will find.

Here are some specimens of this plant. I send them round for your inspection, that you may know it when you see it again. These specimens are dried, and that is the state in which you are most likely to make its acquaintance; but behind me on the wall you see plates of it as well. (*The Professor pointed out the plates with his wand.*) It is one of the natural order *Cannabinaceæ*; which includes two genera, *Cannabis* and *Humulus*, of which last I shall only say that its principal species is that well-known flowering plant the hop, with the properties of which you are sufficiently familiar, and some of you, perhaps, considerably more familiar than that. The other is the *Cannabis sativa*, the particular one that I want to talk to you about. In a word, my friends, this plant, the *Cannabis sativa*, is commonly called Hemp.

Now this plant, Hemp, has a rank smell of a narcotic kind. The effluvia from the fresh herb affect the eyes and head; and the narcotic principle is, in the Indian variety of it, so powerfully developed as to produce intoxicating properties; it is employed for that purpose in the form of *bhang* or *hashisch* by the natives, who madden and stupefy themselves with it till they become as frantic and senseless as some other people whom it is unnecessary to mention.

It is not, however, by Hemp, taken as a narcotic internally, that you are in any danger of being influenced, or affected. Its external application in a peculiar form is that which you appear, some of you, to be in a way to experience. The fibres of Hemp twisted into rope were in times past a remedy invariably resorted to for the suppression of those disorders in the body politic that come under the name of insurrection. A ligature was placed round the neck, and by a certain arrangement the patient was suspended for a time of some duration; at the end of which he was perfectly cured for his part: and his treatment was found to exercise a beneficial influence on others. The use of Hemp for this purpose has been for some time discontinued; but there is a state of things which, when past endurance, will assuredly necessitate its revival. Now, my worthy good friends, if you will allow me to call you so, you are going on in such a way as though you had made up your minds, and were determined to bring this state of things about. Permit me, in the mildest and most affectionate manner, to point out to you that you will, by-and-by, go so far in the road of rebellion that you will exhaust the patience of MR. JOHN BULL, and the consequence will be that, one of these fine mornings, we shall see a considerable party of you each depending by the neck from a cross-beam at the end of a line formed of fibres of the *Cannabis sativa* or Hemp, and vulgarly termed a halter. (*Whoops, shrieks, yells, hisses, and a shower of orange-peel, amidst which the learned Lecturer retreated.*)

VOTING PAPERS.—Bank Notes.



"WHAT'S THE ODDS?"

Purchaser. "HE'S RATHER HEAVY ABOUT THE HEAD, ISN'T HE?"
Dealer (can't deny it). "WELL, SIR! (*Happy thought.*) BUT Y'SEE, SIR, HE'LL HEV TO CARRY IT HISSELF!"

A LIBERAL BOROUGH.

HERE is a fine opening for a nice young man of business:—

THE Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Glossop will, at the next meeting of the Council, consider the appointment of a TOWN CLERK: salary £80 per annum for all business except parliamentary business and suits at law or in equity.

"Little to do, and plenty to get, as the soldier said when they ordered him fifteen hundred lashes." Such would seem to be the notion of the office of town-clerk among the magnates of Glossop. What their politics may be, we do not care to ask; but in one sense, at any rate, a borough must be liberal which offers its town-clerk such a splendidly fine salary. Thirty pounds per annum! Only fancy that! And there are merely twenty thousand people in the borough! Their town-clerk must of course be a practising solicitor, and for his thirty pounds a-year will merely have to write some scores of letters every week, and to advise the Mayor and Aldermen on countless points of law, and to peruse and prepare no end of contracts and conveyances, and, indeed, to do at least nine-tenths of the law work of the borough. Who is there that bids for such a lucrative appointment? Don't be backward, gentlemen of the law, in stepping forward. Only think how perfectly the business of the borough will be done, if the doing be but equal to the price which is paid for it!

Polygamy and Persecution.

IN MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S interesting book on America we are informed that the Yankees contemplate making war upon the Saints, and breaking up the Mormon settlement of Utah. Had they not better abide by the principle of toleration, and let the Mormons remain unmolested on a basis of *Utah possidetis?*

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Be well up in all that is required of you, but above all, never be deficient in the sinews—of war.

CHEAP, AND NOT OVER NICE.

A CORRESPONDENT cuts the following from the *Manchester Examiner:*—

ON SALE, very Cheap, a PULPIT, suitable for a small Chapel; also a quantity of Hooks and Rails for a butcher's shop.

This seems rather an odd lot, as an auctioneer would say. But as misery acquaints a person with strange bed-fellows, so a Pulpit may occasionally be thrown into queer company. Still, a second-hand Pulpit is somewhat of a novelty; and we should think, to make it saleable, its pedigree should be described. We should fancy that high churchmen would hardly like to preach from the Pulpits of Dissenters. Actors have a saying that "the words are in the wig;" and doctrines may be found to have impregnated a pulpit. Were a Wesleyan to preach from the pulpit of a Puseyite, what a curious discourse might possibly be delivered!

Tory Slanders.

THE base, slanderous, and insolent assertion that on the day of the Manhood Suffrage Demonstration MR. BEALES (M.A.) intended to wear a coloured scarf, though he had informed an anxious universe that he proposed to wear a white one, was completely contradicted. We are, however, requested to state that there was no authority for the other malignant rumour that, a cold in the head threatening to disable MR. BEALES (M.A.) from making his triumphal march on the 11th, the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre offered as substitute for MR. BEALES (M.A.) the celebrated Donkey in *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.*

QUESTION FOR MR. DISRAELI.

WILL a Clergyman, holding more than one living, be entitled to a plurality of votes?

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, February 23, 1867.



COMING TO AN UNDERSTANDING."

Young Squire Dashborde (to his fiancée). "I SAY, LOO, WHEN WE START OUR MATRIMONIAL TANDEM, YOU KNOW—YOU 'LL LET ME—THAT IS—I SHOULD LIKE TO—EH?—WHAT I MEAN—YOU WON'T MIND TAKING THE *SHAFTS*, WILL YOU?"

FOOL BRITANNIA!

AIR—"*Rule Britannia.*"

WHEN Britain first amazed did stand,
And strove full hard with might and main,
Her naval grants to understand,
Her conscience smote her in this strain:
"Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves!

"Nations not half so blest as thee
Are guarded well, whate'er befal—
Whilst thou art now, though great and free,
The scoff and byword of them all.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves!

"The land of NELSON and of BLAKE,
Exposed to every foreign stroke;
The foe whom erst we made to quake,
Derides our rotting ships of oak.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves!

"Lincoln's M.P. they ne'er can tame;
All their attempts to put him down
Will but arouse his righteous blame,
And show which way the money's flown.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves!

"Mismanagement and jobbery reign.
Old ships are tinkered up for new,
And then sent forth upon the main,
Unfit for work they 've got to do.
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves!

"When shall an honest Board be found,
These crying evils to repair?
When shall our ships be good and sound?
And cost a price that 's right and fair?
Fool BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA fooled by knaves!
Britons ever will be Routine's slaves."

SHORTLY to be Published, *Flirtations for the Season, or the new Belle's Life in London.*

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

BARON BRISSÉ, in *La Liberté*, publishes daily a fresh bill of fare, as a guide to Parisian Housekeepers, which that well-informed light of the evening, the *Glowworm*, reproduces diurnally for the benefit of Londoners enfranchised and unenfranchised. *Mr. Punch*, never above taking a hint, hastens to supply a want; namely, that of a weekly *menu* of breakfasts, luncheons, teas, and suppers. In return for this condescension, he pledges himself to give all offers to supply him with dinners his immediate consideration. He has, as the theatrical advertisers say, several dates still open. He wishes to call it

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Menu for Week ending February 23rd.

Breakfast for One Person.—Champagne, in pints; a round of beef, as an appetiser; one dozen fresh eggs; two dozen oysters; the tongues of five young buffaloes under two years of age, stewed in milk, nutmeg, onions and rice.

This is the overture or preparation to the more serious work of the morning. Of course you have had your cup of chocolate early with dry toast. We now come to the breakfast proper.

Breakfast for One. Old English style.—Two capons stuffed with turkey-cocks, peaches, lemons, spices, and a baked ptarmigant, (to be eaten quickly, *first*). Beverage, metheglin, (*one pint*).

On reference to a mediæval work on gastronomy, we find metheglin described as "a generous liquor, one part honey to three of water."

Five reindeers stewed whole, with pomegranates stuffed with sugar-canes. Iced cream.

Luncheon should be a more solid meal than the former. Ox roasted; lambs *à la Polyphème;* boiled pig and chestnuts stuffed with truffles, the truffles stuffed with oysters, the oysters stuffed with citron and brown sugar. Rabbits *à la H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.* One course of Butter Scotch. Cheese.

Beverages.—Cup *à la Reine de Navarre;* composed of Champagne, brandy, curaçoa, apples, bass, flavoured with tomato, rum, pine apple and best Jamaica ginger, and about a quart of old Madeira.

In the afternoon (about five o'clock) tea, with Devonshire cream; muffins, with greengage jam and *compôt d'abricots;* chocolate, iced coffee, crumpets stewed in Malmsey.

Dinner.—*Vide* BARON BRISSÉ's recipes.

Supper.—1st Course. Hare and tortoise soup. Iced Punch.
2nd Course. Green fat, alone. Burgundy.
3rd Course. Larded veal, braised with mutton cutlets, venison, spring chickens.
4th Course. Ducklings' tongues in sparkling Moselle.
5th Course. Patties of marrow. Hock.
6th Course. Two bottles of old Port, grilled bones, kidneys stuffed with olives, fried soles, and Severn trout.
7th Course. Brawn, boiled in oil of Provence.
8th Course. Plum pudding, with light cutlets of wedding cake. Madeira.

The whole to be washed down with a bottle of Audit ale warm and spiced. Then to bed.

Say that the above serves for the Sunday meals. It might be repeated every day in the week.

On Monday, however, it may be followed by this recipe:—

2 Pil. nocte dieque. Haust. nigrum. mane sumend. et repetendum quotidie, dum iterum bene. tunc ite ad latus maris.

For further particulars *vide aliquem Doctorem.*

Peraevere.

MR. SEELY is right. His views of Naval matters may justly be termed orthodocks. He is master of his subject, and not at sea. The Admiralty must be thrown overboard.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



COMPLAININGS against France were made in both Houses on *Monday, February 18th.* In the Lords a man so named was invited to the bar for printing something offensive to LORD REDESDALE about a Mold Railway (we suppose this is an embankment) and in the Commons a country so named was abused for making England pay £116,000 towards the expenses of the Paris Exhibition. Nobody could say who was responsible for letting us into this hole, but we made faces, and voted £50,000 of the sum. It is a flea-bite, of course, as MR. DISRAELI would say, but even flea-bites are unpleasant to most people.

Habeas Corpus is again suspended in Ireland. LORD ESSEX recommended that severe examples should be made of Fenian leaders. LORD DERBY said, properly, that every case must be judged on its own merits, and, humanely, that nobody could wish to be very severe with minor offenders. In the Commons, on the debate on the subject, MAJOR KNOX was rather explosive about the "ruffians," and he wished the Act suspended for a year. MR. BRIGHT said that such sentiments were atrocious. MR. LYSTER O'BEIRNE wished that Government would show their sense of the loyalty of the Catholic Clergy by repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Practically it is repealed, the Romish titles are used as matter of course, CARDINAL CULLEN dines with the LORD LIEUTENANT, ARCHBISHOP MANNING visits LORD SHAFTESBURY, and if MR. WHALLEY does not call himself General of the Jesuits, we presume that he has his own reasons—we should not prosecute him.

Desperate efforts were made to extract some more information out of MR. DISRAELI, on Reform, but he blandly refused to spoil the exquisite pleasure which the House was to receive on the following Monday in hearing his revelations *en bloc.* MR. GLADSTONE felt obliged to record a sort of renewed protest, but he added something not calculated to please sundry. It may be remembered that he refused to join the Liberals in throwing out the Conservative Reform Bill of 1859, and to-night he made it clear that he thought those who rejected that measure, and showed no earnestness about carrying another in 1860, were humbugs. "Such conduct," he said, "must not be repeated." The BRIGHT and BEALES lot, who are incessantly roaring for the expulsion of the present Ministry, will not exactly enjoy this backhander.

The Dog Duty is to be reduced and made uniform. All dogs are to pay five shillings. And the police should have power to capture and slay all dogs whose owners cannot produce their receipts. We cannot see why a stamped collar should not be ordained. It might be made an article of *luxe* for Moppet, and Tatters, and Grimm, and Foxey, and Snubbs, and Bogey, and Dot, and the rest of the canine aristocracy, and a simple badge for the watch-dog, and the cart-dog, and their plebeian friends.

MR. DISRAELI gave an interesting account of the Blacas Collection, which Government, with spirit and wisdom, secured for the Museum for £45,700, making other Governments savage at England's having carried off the prize. MR. GLADSTONE congratulated him on the act, and incidentally introduced a graceful compliment to MR. MILL, for his splendid address, at St. Andrew's, on Education. MR. MILL is an Elephant. Yes, the remark is perfectly polite, and is intended as a compliment. An elephant can root up an oak, or pick up a pin. MR. MILL can command plandit from MR. GLADSTONE, yet can actually condescend to be understood by MR. BEALES.

LORD NAAS, having returned from his Anti-Fenian campaign, introduced a Tenant Right Bill for Ireland. It is in the right direction, but was pronounced to be too mild, and also too complicated.

Tuesday. LORD CARNARVON, in a very good speech, moved the Second Reading of the Bill for uniting Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. They will form a very noble Confederation, and we are glad to know that the scheme is their own. HER MAJESTY would now be Queen of America, had the advisers of GEORGE THE THIRD, and the British Nation of that day (no skulking, MRS. NATION, you were just as bigoted and arrogant as your leaders) showed the same wisdom as has been manifested by the late and present Ministers. LORD CARNARVON finished neatly by hoping that it might long be said of Canada—

"Magnæ sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ?"

She is quite welcome, we are sure, to stand under her great Mamma's big umbrella, which is quite another thing from the cold shade of the aristocracy.

MR. MILL gave a Reform notice worth notice. He means to propose that electors (in number to be fixed) shall be able to combine with one another, to elect their own representative, by which means he considers that real representation of every elector will be obtained. His argument on this proposal will be interesting.

Punch, of course, abstained from reference to the terrible disaster on the Regent's Park ice, inasmuch as he never touches a painful subject unless there is an object to be gained by his doing so. [Many of his well-meaning correspondents do not quite understand this, but his Millions do, and appreciate his occasional reticence.] He merely records, as a Parliamentary incident that LORD JOHN MANNERS proposes to fill up the Ornamental Lake, so as to leave it a depth of four feet only. It is to be hoped that he will do it at once, and not wait to poison the Park by disturbing the foul mud when the summer sun is upon it.

MR. SEELY did good service by a long and elaborate exposure of the "System" at the Admiralty. It put *Mr. Punch* into such a rage that he was just going off to that establishment to whack everybody whom he might find on the premises, when he recollected that it was late, and that he should not find anybody. In the morning he had forgotten all about it. JOHN BULL will behave in exactly the same manner. The usual Government excuses and promises were offered, and a few damaging admissions were made. But what does JOHN care about the squandering and the bad ships? Some day, when he wants a fleet in good condition, he will not find one, and then he will want to hang the Department. He had much better overhaul its accounts, now.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES brought in a Bill for restricting certain Sunday traffic. Much of it, no doubt, is needless, and, as he said, nobody wants to buy bull-dog puppies and iron bedsteads on Sunday. The Bill is not to affect the sale of liquors. Now, this is a police Bill, and therefore MR. HUGHES might properly introduce a clause providing that people in Lambeth and elsewhere, who use false weights and measures on Sunday, or any other day, shall be set in the stocks, but not be pelted except for a second offence. This is tempering justice with mercy.

Wednesday. A Scottish mystery. The Edinburgh people will not pay a tax called Ministers' money. But then they do pay it. But the receipts are given as for something else. This device was considered masterly and quieting. MR. D. M'LAREN will not be quieted, and wishes to disturb the arrangement. MR. MONCRIEFF defended it. The House was with him, 107 to 74.

The Ladies' Gallery in the Commons was badly ventilated, it seems, but has been improved, and all attention is to be given to it. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE asked whether the brass lattice-work could not be removed. LORD JOHN MANNERS said that MR. OSBORNE had raised a very delicate question, and an off-hand reply could not be given. *Mr. Punch* cannot understand why the bigoted Commons cannot imitate the example of the liberal Lords, who not only admit ladies, but do it handsomely, and as becomes gentlemen. Why not assign the front rows of the two galleries, right and left, to the ladies? The sight would be much prettier than that of recumbent senators, snoring away with their hats over their faces and their trousers wriggled up, to the disclosure of their ugly socks. If MR. BERNAL OSBORNE will make a motion to this end, *Mr. Punch* will back him up; and though neither gentleman can be higher in the estimation of the ladies than now, it will be pleasant to earn new smiles from those who alone make life tolerable. [*Winks.*]

Thursday. LORD ST. LEONARDS moved the Second Reading of the LIS PENDENS Bill. This Lis is not a young lady, as many may suppose, but is the title of a Bill intended to cure a defect in the Companies' Winding-up Act. *Lis* is the Latin for an action at law, and *vide* in PLAUTUS, *Nostra omnis lis est*—We have won the day. *Pendens* is the Latin for hanging, or depending, and *vide* in CICERO, *Causæ ex æternitate pendentes*—Chancery suits. "With several other classical remarks which I don't remember at present," as MR. ROBERT KEELEY used to observe in that remarkable composition, *Our New Governess.*

My Lords had a little Reform Debate, initiated by LORD CAMPBELL, who moved a resolution that it was not necessary that all boroughs should return Members by the same qualification. But the House did not regard this Nibble with favour, and it came to nothing. Note, however, that LORD GREY rather approved of Reform Resolutions, that EARL DERBY stated that there was no intention of transferring political power to the Numerical Majority, and that EARL RUSSELL

saw objections and advantages in Resolutions, but professed utter inability to understand those of Mr. Disraeli.

Mr. Hardy's meritorious Bill about the Sick Poor was discussed and read a Second Time. The Guardians have put the screw on some of the Metropolitan Members, who made certain conventional pleas in favour of those Highly Respectable Men, but the House understood all about it. Bumbledom is getting an instalment of the kicks due to it, and shall not, if *Punch* can help it, be cheated of the balance.

Friday. Both Houses congratulated the Queen on the birth of a Princess to the House of the Heir-Apparent. *Mr. Punch* joins nobody, but sends his own dignified gratulations to Marlborough House and Windsor Castle.

The Commons made a very long night of it. They growled over the splendid (and costly) proposals by the Architects who are competing for the New Law Courts. *Mr. Punch* is not extravagant, but he must suggest that when a grand edifice, to adorn London for a thousand years or more, is in question, we owe it to the Ages to think less of the money than of the result. We are scattering our coin broadcast, wasting it in absurdities, and being robbed of it by jobbery, and our effort at saving should be in an official direction, not in stunting a temple which ought to be a Splendour.

A debate on Mysore—satisfactory—a capital speech by Sir Roundell Palmer on reform in administration of justice, law we mean—another vain attempt on Disraelite taciturnity—and the passing the suspension of the H. C. in Ireland, occupied the Commons until nearly two in the morning. Whatever may be said of Parliament, it can sit up late like a gentleman, as Mr. Disraeli says in *Coningsby*.

LOVE v. LITTLE-GO.

Cambridge, February, 1867.



Sweetest and Dearest one,—As that great and anxious event is now so rapidly approaching again for those of us who failed last time from circumstances beyond our control, I mean our Little-go, that bane of our existence and the one cloud that damps the elastic spirits of Junior Sophs, (which I must tell you means undergraduates in the second year as myself), I must seize this present opportunity of writing to tell you that you must not be too sanguine of my success. I know too well that your fond heart imagines all perfection to be centred in me in the same way that I regard you as an angel; but unfortunately, though a very pleasant subject for thought, you are a sad hindrance to my studies for this dreadful examination. If I open my *Cicero pro Milone*, you are Milo, my love, and I tell the State if they banish you, they drive away myself, for you are incorporated in my existence. If I open my *Xenophon* I am making expeditions with my troops for delicacies to delight your appetite. You are my Divinity, dearest, this time you are my Mark, and if I fail this year, I shall come to you next for a Luke. I thought, in my dream last night, that the Examiner, wandering from his subject as usual, asked me who was Caleb's son, to which I answered Heir. I tried my *Paley*, but could get no further than the first consideration, for that was you. If I ever look at my Grammar, you are the only proper construction, you are my personal pronoun and my best relative, you are my much-wished-for conjunction. I can never parse you by, as I do my Verbs, for your voice is always Active, and your mood is Potential. In my thoughts you are present, though perfect, you are the first person and yet the second, but always singular in your beauty and love. In my *Euclid* your happiness is my "problem," your love is my "Theorem," and that you should ever prove faithless to me my "*reductio ad absurdum*." In my Arithmetic I fare still worse: my Interest all flies away to you, you are the Addition to my happiness, the Subtraction from my loneliness, the Multiplication of my income, and the Division of my care. You are all Profit to me and no Loss, and the safest Investment I ever made: you are no Vulgar Fraction, but the sum total of my existence. In my study of Ratio I puzzle myself with this question, "If I am to you as you are to me, what is the rest of the world to both of us?" These are my troubles, dearest, these my painful anxieties that keep me from progress in my studies. Yet perish Little-go, perish Degree Examinations, Voluntary, Bishops and all, if only you whose very name thrills through me with passionate emotion, will admit that you are satisfied, and confer upon me the Honour Degree, not of a foolish Bachelor of Arts, but of a husband of one heart, and that your own. And now, dearest, though I could write to infinity on that dear subject of yourself, with very fondest love believe me,

Yours, for ever,

Captus Amore.

SUPPLIANTS IN SOUTHWARK.

In a lately published list of "Public Petitions," there occurs an interesting entreaty presented to the House of Commons:—

"By Mr. Locke, from 318 tradesmen of the borough of Southwark, complaining of the present arbitrary and unjust mode of inspecting weights and measures, and praying for a searching investigation into the subject, with a view of so amending the law that the standard may hereafter be kept correct; that power may be given to magistrates to dismiss trivial complaints where no fraud or injustice was committed or intended; that the penalties and costs may not in future be given to persons laying information and otherwise enforcing the law, and that the duties of inspectors may be accurately defined."

Part of this prayer will perhaps be granted by the House, while the remainder of it the winds will most likely disperse in air. Parliament may be expected very willingly to order a searching investigation into the present mode of inspecting weights and measures, which possibly is rather uncertain and inadequate than arbitrary and unjust. The Legislature will probably be quite willing to appoint that investigation with a view of so amending the law that the standard may hereafter be kept correct, and likewise that small shopkeepers may be kept correctly thereto. Nor is it likely to refuse the concession to Magistrates of power to dismiss trivial complaints where no fraud or injustice is committed or intended, at the same time conceding to them the power to inflict severer punishments than they now can on rogues unmistakeably guilty of cheating or intending to cheat. An accurate definition of the duties of inspectors, unhappily necessitated by the great commonness of false weights and short measures in the possession of tradespeople in a small way of business, is a boon which the collective wisdom will doubtless be disposed to confer—if it can.

But as to the request that the penalties and costs incurred by the use of fraudulent scales, weights, and measures may not in future be given to informers, and persons otherwise enforcing the law, this both Lords and Commons will surely agree in leaving to be dealt with by King Æolus and his ministers. Indeed it is a point on which the petitioners must hope for no more favourable answer than "You be blowed!"

Perhaps, indeed, the Legislature, in its wisdom, will see fit to double the fines of which a share is to be obtained by bringing falsifiers of weights and measures to justice, and will, moreover, subject those rascals to a long term of imprisonment and hard labour.

A SUGGESTION FOR MR. SPURGEON.

At the Newington Sessions, a few weeks ago, sixty-two tradesmen of the neighbourhood were convicted of having in their possession false scales, weights, and measures. Their united fines amounted to more than £150. Beneath one of the scales its ingenious proprietor had affixed "a piece of putty;" to the bottom of another his compeer in cleverness had fastened "a religious tract and some dripping." The putty was pretty well for a make-weight; but perhaps the religious tract with some dripping did better. The religious tract might have been heavy enough to serve the purpose which it was applied to, without the dripping; but then it would not have stuck. To give the religious tract the requisite adhesiveness, the rogue, whom no doubt it had previously edified, was obliged to combine it with grease. In its own way, perhaps, it was greasy enough before it received that addition. Religious tracts, popular in the neighbourhood of Newington, have mostly an unctuosity of their own. Mr. Spurgeon will perhaps instruct his local hearers that this should suffice them. Peradventure he will admonish them that a tract which is unctuous in itself is fat enough, and that loading it besides with dripping, to stick it under scales with, is cutting it too fat.

Pretty Compliment.

Let rival Church and Chapel claim
You, Mellor, as a son;
Like every English Judge, you are
An Independent one.

Topographical Definition.—Cavendish *Place*. A Tobacco pipe.



PHYSICAL STRENGTH v. INTELLECT.

Tom (who has been "shut up" by the Crichton-like accomplishments of his cousin Augustus). "I TAN'T SING, AND I TAN'T 'PEAK FRENSS—BUT I TAN PUNSH YOUR 'ED!"

A BLOCK ON THE LINE.

OUR five-million-horse-power Engine
  Called "Reform" is off the rails;
On the sleepers hard impinging,
  Hindering passengers and mails!
Stopping trains it ought to quicken,
  Staying work it ought to do,
Every hour it lingers, thicken
  Block, bad language, strain and stew.
Can't we heave the Engine back
From the sleepers to the track?

Hustling, bustling, bawling, brawling,
  Calling one another names,
'Gainst each other pully-hawling,
  Spoiling one another's games!—
This is not the way to do it,
  Yet 'tis work that *must* be done:
The steam 's up, and we shall rue it,
  If she bursts ere she can run.
Come,—a long pull and a strong,
All together, can't be wrong!

How she frets, and fumes and whizzes!
  Well her safety valve is free:
Let her blow off—while she fizzes
  No blow-up we 're like to see:
All the same it is a pity
  So much steam should go to waste,
Only deafening the city,
  Hindering, not helping, haste.
Still if we must choose, once more,
Roar or ruin, let 's have roar.

How now, mates? Not yet done talking?
  Jawing yet 'bout schemes and skills!
Work, or else your chalks be walking,
  And leave room for better wills.
Long pull, strong pull, pull together!
  Never was more need, I trow;
Clap on to the tackle tether,
  With a will, heave, high and low!
Wherefore waste in squabble sore
Strength, that 's wanted—all, and more?

Little JOHNNY, lend your best,
  Learnt from eighteen thirty-two:
BRIGHT expand your ample chest,
  Not to cuff, but help things through.
LOWE, your centre-bit of brain
  And your lamp of logic bring;
GLADSTONE, with your sinewy strain
  Strengthen DIZZY'S looser string—
Union 's strength, and strength prevails,
Hoist the Engine on the rails!

Jerusalem the Stuffy.

IN the Lower House of Convocation, the other day, SIR HENRY THOMPSON presented a gravamen from himself. It represented that the Jerusalem Chamber, which the Lower House sits in, is too small for its occupants, and badly ventilated; and therefore prayed the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY to convene that Reverend House in some other chamber, or suitable building. If the Jerusalem Chamber does not suit the Lower House of Convocation, they might find one which, for any purpose that they answer, would be suitable enough, at Jericho.

UNEXPECTED DEPARTURE.

AT the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, on the morning of the 14th instant, the SEA BEAR. His end was a hook, which he had swallowed. Naturalists will not be pleased to receive this intimation.



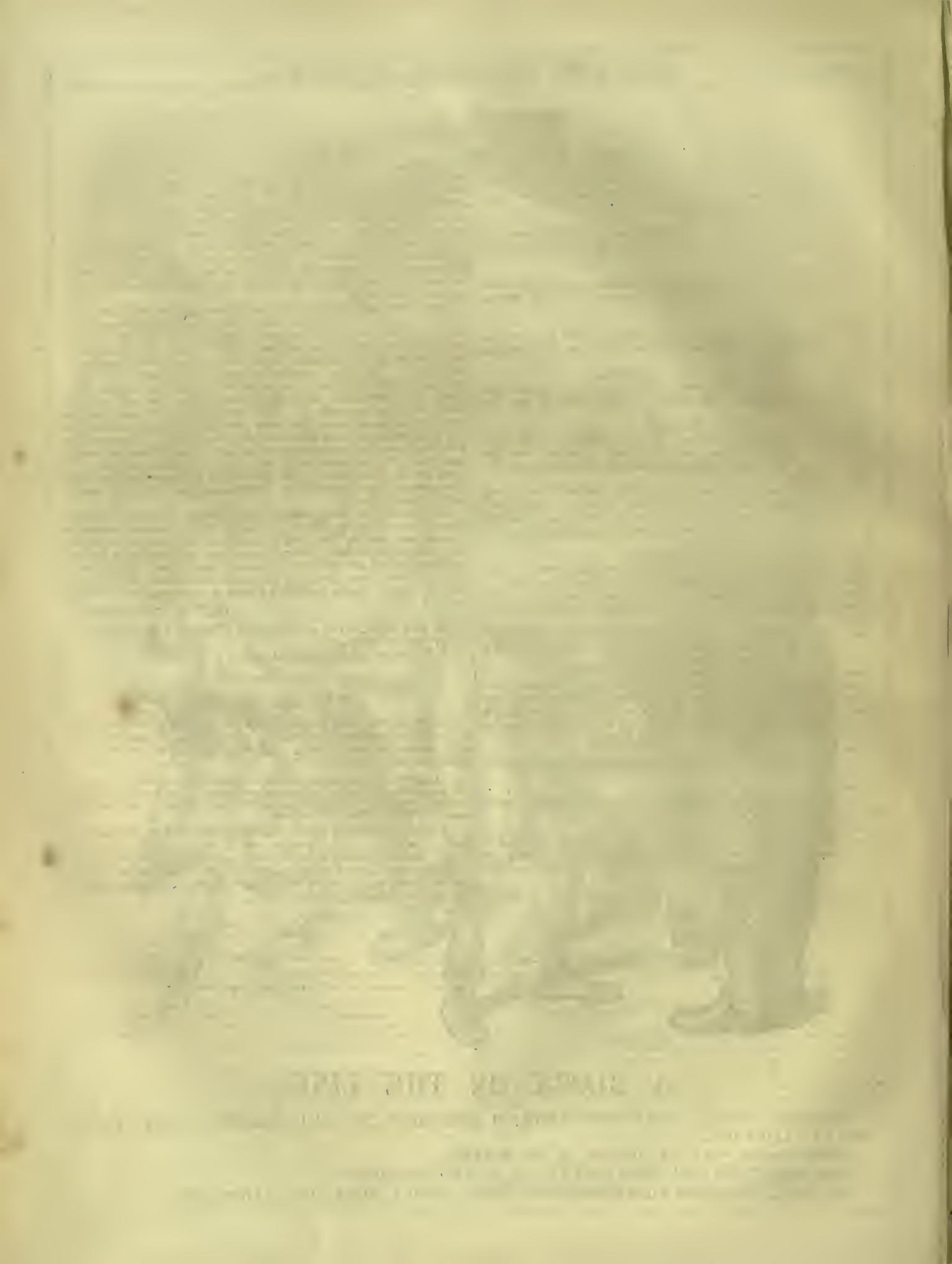
A BLOCK ON THE LINE.

SUPERINTENDENT BULL. "COME, LOOK ALIVE! I *MUST* HAVE THE RAIL CLEARED. THERE ARE NO END OF TRAINS DUE."

JOHNNY RUSSELL. "IT 'S MY JOB, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."

JOHN BRIGHT. "*HIS* JOB! BEST LEAVE IT TO ME AND MY MATES."

BEN DIZZY. "OUR GANG 'LL MANAGE IT, IF YOU 'LL LEND A HAND, BILL GLADSTONE."



A SWEET THING IN CHIGNONS.

Uncle Teazle. Fanny.

Uncle. Now, my dear Fanny, it is your birthday. Let me see, how old are you? Not yet arrived at years of discretion, eh? Well, my dear, here is a little present for you—a little scientific instrument. Science is fashionable now, you know. Here is a microscope, to study minute botany with—and entomology.

Fanny. Oh, thank you, Uncle!

Uncle. Entomology; science of insects, you know. Minute entomology; of insects not visible to the naked eye. Mites in cheese, for instance.

Fanny. Nasty, horrid things!

Uncle. Well, if you like better, diminutive water-insects; the water-flea and the cyclops—and such. But I suppose you would wish to eschew mites. I mean not eat them?

Fanny. Oh, yes, Uncle!

Uncle. Then you should examine your cheese. With this you can. Other things also, besides cheese. There is cheese—and there are chignons.

Fanny. "Chignons" and "cheese" sounds funny.

Uncle. Yes, my dear. Alliteration. But cheese and chignons have more in common than Ch. However, you think chignons are "the cheese," eh?

Fanny. They are the fashion, Uncle, dear.

Uncle. Yes; they are the fashion. So were "fronts" in my young days. Both false hair. Wise ladies then wore it before; now they wear it behind. The dandies of the day used, as they said, to quiz it.

Fanny. Quiz?

Uncle. Yes. It was one of their slang words—derived from looking through an eye-glass, called a quizzing-glass. Meant to inspect, as it were, and ridicule. Now, their successors, the swells, quiz chignons. But you can quiz your chignon yourself—with your microscope.

Fanny. Why should I, Uncle?

Uncle. To see if it contains any gregarines.

Fanny. Gregarines! Law, I should think they were pretty.

Uncle. No, my dear, they are parasites. Parasites of parasites.

Fanny. Now, nonsense, Uncle. I know what a parasite is: "One who frequents rich tables, and earns his welcome by flattery."—Dr. Johnson.

Uncle. "The little fleas have other fleas, and smaller fleas to bite 'em. Those smaller fleas have lesser fleas; and so *ad infinitum.*" Fleas are parasites. But gregarines are not fleas.

Fanny. I should hope not. But what are they, then?

Uncle. "Little dark brown knots," my love, which "are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines." They are the discovery of a M. Lindemann, a Russian professor, whose country has doubtless afforded him a fine field for observation in this branch of zoology.

Fanny. Zoology, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, my dear. These little dark-brown knots are not inanimate objects.

Fanny. Ugh!

Uncle. They "have a most ignoble ancestry and habitation, being found in the interior of"——

Fanny. What?

Uncle. Never mind. They are, as I said, parasites of parasites. "They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying and even of boiling." Nothing, in short, but corrosive things that injure the hair will kill them.

Fanny. Oh, the horrid things! Oh, the abominable, dreadful, disgusting, nasty creatures!

Uncle. According to M. Lindemann, seventy-six per cent. of the false hair used for chignons in Russia is infested with them.

Fanny. That's enough, Uncle!

Uncle. In the conditions of a ball-room he says, they grow and multiply; fly about in millions, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments—in fact——

Fanny. Oh, Uncle, don't say any more, please. Stand out of the way from the grate, do. I won't wear the thing another moment. (*Tears off her Chignon.*)

Uncle. Stay; wouldn't you like to examine it?

Fanny. No! There! (*Flings it into the fire.*) There's an end of it!

Uncle. And its inhabitants. Well done, Fanny! Let it blaze—with them. And now, by way of substitute for a chignon at your poll, to wear a chaplet, circlet, or whatever you call it, on your crown, here, take this bank-note. Now you will show that you have a taste of your own, and leave gregarious young ladies to wear chignons with gregarines.

(*Scene closes.*)

THE FIRST WEED.

The practice of smoking is of older date than is generally supposed. Every schoolboy has heard of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

AN ADDITION TO THE ADMIRALTY.

My dear Mr. Punch,

The other day, for fun, I took up a newspaper and read one of the debates in Parliament. It was about the Admiralty. Well, I was astonished to see the extravagance and mismanagement that have been exposed in ship-building. Mr. Seely says the *Frederick William* cost £281,691. Sir John Pakington declares he cannot make out that she cost more than £197,000. Only fancy! I wish I had the difference between those sums. It would make one's husband and children happy if living in moderate style, and it would be enough to make many poor families comfortable for life. What bad accounts the Admiralty must keep when their expenses are calculated so unequally! All this would be avoided if they would only always pay their bills and file them regularly every week.

Then in one dockyard an article which costs only 14*s.* 3*d.* amounts to £1 11*s.* in another. So there must be cheating either in quality or price, and perhaps there is in both. And then all manner of stores and things go nobody knows how. All this Sir John Pakington admits is owing to "a certain laxity with which the whole system is carried on." The laxity is certain enough. And he says he is "contemplating measures" which he hopes will check that laxity. I am afraid, *Mr. Punch*, that he is not contemplating the only measure which can possibly check it. What they want at the Admiralty is somebody to go shopping; that knows how to deal with the contractors and other tradesmen, and take care they do not cheat. They want one who would see that everything was locked up, and then they would have none of that waste going on, which is perfectly dreadful. In short, besides those Lords of the Admiralty, that know nothing about management, if you want things properly seen to, you must have a Lady of the Admiralty.

And yet here is Government bringing forward a string of Resolutions to hang a Reform Bill on, not one of which proposes to give us so much as a vote for Members of the House of Commons, where by right we ought to have seats; because who can possibly be so well acquainted as we are with the business of the House? There was a time, too, when they thought no lady could know Latin; but now, my dear *Mr. Punch*, I know you will not stare at the signature, in a female hand, of

Audi Alteram Partem.

P.S. If I were Lady of the Admiralty, of course I should give balls every week in the season.

PP.S. But not out of the public money.

PIETY AND PROPERTY.

An eye to real piety is often found accompanying an eye to real property; and a regard for Christian character is not seldom united with a sharp look out for cash. Else we should not see so frequently advertisements like this:—

A CHRISTIAN gentleman wishes to meet with a LADY of decided piety, to keep his house. Preference will be given to one having a little property of her own, as no salary can be given, but a comfortable home may be depended on. Address, including carte, M. P., &c.

Doubtless, preference will be given to a pretty face as well as to a pretty property; or the applicant would not be asked to send her carte. Indeed, we fancy the advertisement should have been headed "Matrimonial," and we believe the "Christian Gentleman" would not be found particular in the matter of the piety, if the property of the lady were placed beyond all doubt.

A CAREFUL CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

Is it not by law "defended," as the French say, to send children up chimneys? If so, should not Master Chimney Sweeps be hauled over the coals for sweeping chimneys thus:—

"William Burgess, Chimney Sweeper, No. 36, Bolton Street, Chorley * * flatters himself with having boys of the best size for such branch of business suitable for a Tunnel or Chimney, and that it is now in his power to render his assistance in a more extensive manner than he usually has done. He also carries his boys from room to room occasionally, to prevent them staining or marking any room floor with their feet."

William Burgess is extremely careful of the carpets, but does his carefulness extend to the boys he carries over them? Of course it may be urged that lads get used to soot, as well as eels to skinning. But is it not a cruelty to make boys climb a chimney? and is it not rather cheeky in a Chimney Sweep to snap his sooty fingers at the law, and send about a "card" like that which we have quoted? For fear that the Humane Society should hear of it, we recommend this William Burgess, in proclaiming what his practice is, to do so *sotto voce.*

Poetical Licence.—A Music Hall's.



LITTLE HEATHEN!

Arthur (coming out of church). "Mamma, how pretty that Lamp and all the other Lights and Flowers were! Was it a Pantomime?"

THE RIGHTS OF REFORM.

Bob Lowe, thou dearest friend of Bright's,
In politics have no men rights?
Then A has no more right than B,
Which latter hath as much as he.
How much? The right of doing nought?
Nay, but of doing what he ought.
So rights and duties are the same,
And every man the right can claim
Of doing that for which he 's fit,
If he do right in doing it;
The right in making laws to bear,
In due proportion, such a share
That neither Capital, nor Labour,
Nor Land shall overrule its neighbour.
Read the Reform Bill now that places
Reform exactly on this basis:
But, on a broader or a straiter,
Read that which puts it six months later.

OLD QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Why does a miller wear a white hat? Not always to keep his head warm. In hot weather he wears it to keep his head cool. A miller wears a white hat because he cannot help it; or because it pleases him.

A herring and a half for three-halfpence, how many herrings for threepence? Not necessarily three. The values of the halves of a herring may be unequal. One selling at a halfpenny, the other may sell at a penny or a farthing. Besides, one whole herring would probably fetch more than the sum of the prices of its two halves sold separately.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children? For aught we know, Mrs. Zebedee's first husband.

Where was Moses when he put the candle out? In the daylight very likely. Perhaps he had lighted the candle to seal a letter.

The Age of Steam.

A fine old English gentleman, seeing the numerous large advertisements which adorn the Metropolis, remarked with joy that the days of *posting* had returned.

PERSECUTION AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

The subjoined telegram, which has appeared in a daily paper, is evidently the communication of a bigot:—

"Disturbance at Wolverhampton. (By Telegraph).—A man named William Murphy, secretary to the Protestant Electoral Union, while lecturing at Wolverhampton last evening against Popery, was opposed by a number of Irishmen, who shouted for half an hour, and then commenced an attack on the lecturer and his supporters with broken-up chairs."

In saying that the faithful Irish attacked the lecturer and his supporters with broken-up chairs, the author of the foregoing statement, fanatic as he must be, can never have meant to accuse them of employing material weapons in religious discussion. By broken-up chairs this perverse Protestant merely intends, in a clumsy figure of speech, to signify the usual arguments which Roman Catholics are wont to rest upon, refuted long ago, as he thinks in his prejudiced stupidity. Instead of using violence to convert their adversaries, the devout Irishmen, of course, betook themselves to intercession; and his assertion that they shouted for half-an-hour is founded on a mere misapprehension of the fact, that, during all that space of time, they were reciting prayers. In the conclusion of his story, however, there is no doubt too much that is literally true:—

"The police rushed in, and six rioters were arrested. The lecturer was sent off with a police escort. Some Magistrates were present."

Yes. We know what justice zealous Roman Catholics, particularly Irish, might expect to meet with at the hands of English Justices of the Peace. It is more than credible enough that the Magistrates who were present at the controversy between the heretics and the true believers at Wolverhampton countenanced the police in apprehending the champions of the faith on the merely specious pretence that they were actually fighting for it.

Danger to Commissionnaires, or "Killing no Murder."—The Law provides no punishment for *despatching a messenger*.

JOKES AND JUSTICE.

What fun it is to hear the jokes made in our Law Courts! To sit upon a jury must be well nigh as amusing as to go and see a pantomime. The other day, for instance, before Lord Chief Justice Bovill, an action was brought against a printer of house-paper, who had infringed the copyright of Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair;* and this is how the jury were jocosely entertained:—

"Sir R. Collier. The copy was of course imperfectly done, but still it was a copy, and not the less so that there was a great deal of colour about it.

"The Lord Chief Justice. Not the less a copy, because it was a colourable copy. (*Laughter.*)"

Ha! ha! ha! capital, your Lordship. How the jury must have roared! And what fun for them to listen to such pleasantries as this:—

"Sir R. Collier asked the jury to imagine if they could Madlle. Rosa Bonheur's feelings when she became aware that copies of her picture were pasted in a public-house.

"The Lord Chief Justice. It would increase her popularity.

"Sir R. Collier. But she did not want that kind of popularity: she was not a candidate for a borough. (*Laughter.*)"

Here the laughter is misplaced. We think his Lordship's little joke about increase of popularity the funnier of the two. And then how facetiously he began his summing up:—

"The Lord Chief Justice doubted whether what the defendant had done would injure the sale of the plaintiff's engraving."

Merely copying, or cribbing, an original design is an offence not much worth mentioning—at least in English Law Courts. If a paper-monger copied the cartoons in *Punch*, and printed them in colours to decorate a tap-room, it might be argued, as a colourable pretext for his piracy, that he intended to "increase the popularity" of *Punch*.

Ironical.—It is well understood at Whitehall that it would be dangerous in Sir John Pakington's hearing to make use of the common expression, "Please the pigs."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Birthday Party at* Byng's. *Festivities.*)



Bell sounds for dressing. There are, I subsequently discover, bells to prepare us for every meal, and a gong when the meal is ready. The first bell sounding one hour before dinner merely indicates that another bell is coming in half-an-hour's time, which, when it sounds, means that there's one more bell to inform the household that time's up, and then the boom of the gong puts all further chances out of the question, finishing the preparatory process with the decision of an auctioneer's hammer knocking down "gone!"

In Johnny Byng's house everything is done with military precision. The Ladies say to one another, "Well, I suppose we must go up now," for everyone makes a point of either not knowing which bell it is—uncertainty on this subject being an invariable excuse for lateness at dinner or luncheon—and I take Johnny Byng aside, and explain to him that as I thought there were no ladies there, I had brought no dress-clothes. He says, "it doesn't matter, p'raps I can rig you out for to-night, and to-morrow you can send up to town."

The rigging out results in a black velveteen shooting-coat and waistcoat to match. With a black-tie I feel almost in full dress. I always find somebody else's clothes suit me better than my own. Byng has a pair of patent leather boots by him that no one else can wear. *The* very things for me: more comfortable than any I've ever had made for myself.

Happy Thought.—Say jokingly to Byng, "I shall keep these boots." He laughs and doesn't say no. Shall let the servant pack 'em up when I go.

Bell. Gong.

Happy Thought on hearing Gong.—"Walk up, walk up, just a-going to begin." Say it: not a success as a joke. Milburd tells me afterwards that the ladies thought it rather vulgar. Shan't say it again.

Drawing-room. Ladies all in full grand toilet. I feel inclined to apologise, but getting near Fridoline Symperson (who is superior to mere outward show, and looks lovely with her silky golden hair—it used to be darker—and thin dark eyebrows) I tell her how I abominate evening dress, and what a comfort it is to be in an easy velveteen coat. "I wonder," I add, "why everyone doesn't adopt the fashion." Milburd, who overhears my observation, asks me loudly, "if I ever heard of the monkey who had lost his tail? You know," he continues, seeing he has got an audience,—(*Note*, a man who talks loudly and authoritatively before women can always get an audience specially in the few minutes before dinner. *Typical Developments. Chapter on Superficiality*, Book X. Vol. XIV.) "The monkey who lost his own tail told everyone that it was the more comfortable fashion to go without one!"

Miss Fridoline laughs. Everyone is amused. Is there impiety in wishing that the power of brilliant repartee could be obtained by fasting, humiliation, and a short stay in a desert.

Happy Thought.—Desert: Leicester Square. I *think* this: how well it would have come out in conversation. I hesitate, as they might think it vulgar.

Byng, who is the courtly host, introduces me to a Miss Pellingle. [I don't catch her name until the following morning.]

Happy Thought.—Why should not introductions be managed with visiting cards?

Being introduced to her, I am on the point of asking her if she is engaged for the next dance (my fun) when the gong sounds again, and she says that she supposes it must be for dinner. Butler announces "dinner" to us, having just announced it to himself on the gong in the hall. Byng leads with elderly lady, who crackles, as she moves, with bugles and spangles on a black dress. The middle-aged gentleman I find belongs to her, and both together are some sort of relations of Johnny Byng's. All here are, I discover, more or less related to Byng, only as he has no brothers or sisters, you have to get at their relationship by tracing marriages and intermarriages in connection with Byng's whole-uncle William and his half-aunt Sarah, which he tries to explain to me late at night.

Happy Thought.—I say to him jestingly, "If Dick's uncle was Tom's son, what relation was," and so forth. He is annoyed. (*Query* vulgar?)

Dinner.—As I pass Byng, he whispers hurriedly, alluding to my partner, "She's been to Nova Scotia. Draw her out." After twice placing a leg of my chair on my partner's dress, and once on that of the lady on my left, we wedge ourselves in. I begin to laugh about these little difficulties, and seeing Miss Pellingle look serious, I find I have been jocose while Byng (behind a lot of flowers where I couldn't see him) was saying grace.

Happy Thought.—Exert myself as a conversationalist, and try to draw her out about Nova Scotia. Begin with "So you've been to Nova Scotia?" She replies, "Yes, she has." I feel inclined to ask, "Well, and how are they?" which I know would be stupid. (*Query* vulgar?) I should like to commence instructing *her* about Nova Scotia. I wish Byng had told me before dressing for dinner: he's got a good library here.

Happy Thought.—Draw her out in a general way by asking, "and what sort of a place *is* Nova Scotia?" This I put rather frowningly, as if I'd received contradictory accounts about it which had deterred me from going there.

She answers, "Which part?"

Happy Thought.—To shrug my shoulders and reply, "Oh, any part," leaving it to her. She begins something about Halifax, (Halifax I remember of course, and a song commencing, "A Captain bold in Halifax;" don't mention it, might be vulgar) when we hear a noise as of a band tuning outside the window. Byng explains that, being his birthday, the band from Dishling (Byng's village)——

"*And*" puts in the Butler, with the air of a man who knows what good music is, "the band from Bogley"——

Byng adopts the Butler's amendment, "the bands from Dishling and Bogley come to play during dinner."

Milburd makes a wry face. The united musicians commence (in the dark outside) an overture. We listen. Byng's half-aunt pretends to be interested, and asks, after a few bars, "Dear me, what's that out of?"

I think. We all think.

Except Milburd, who exclaims, "Out of? Why out of tune, I should say." All laugh. Milburd, I suppose, is one of those wags who "set the table in a roar." Pooh! Vulgar.

Miss Pellingle turns to me and observes, "that was very funny, wasn't it?"

Happy Thought.—To reply deprecatingly, "yes: funny, but old."

The bands from Bogley and Dishling get through the overture to *William Tell*.

Happy Thought (*which has probably occurred to the leader of the united Dishling and Bogley Bands*).—When there's a difficulty beat the drum.

Another Happy Thought (*which, probably, has also occurred to the leader*).—Ophicleide covers a multitude of sins.

Byng goes out to address them. He likes playing, as it were, the "Ould Squire among his Happy Tenantry," or "The Rightful Lord of the Manor welcomed Home." The manor consists of a lawn in front, a garden at the back, and a yard with the dog in it. The united bands being treated to two bottles of wine, offer to play for the rest of the night. Offer declined. Milburd says, "there wouldn't be much *rest* of the night, if they did." Table in a roar again. I smile: or they'd think me envious.

Happy Thought.—Funny, but not new.

Ladies retire. Fridoline passing me observes, "You seemed very much interested in Nova Scotia."

She has gone before I can reply. Is it possible that * * * Is she * * * I wonder * * because * * * if I only thought that she * * * I should like to know if she meant * * * or was it merely * * * * and yet * * *

Happy Thought.—I will.

REMISSNESS REPRIMANDED.

It is right that naval officers should know that it is their duty to keep a sharp look-out. This they will understand from study of the following paragraph of news:—

"Court-Martial on Mr. E. Swain.—Plymouth, Wednesday. A Court-Martial was held to-day at Devonport on Mr. Edmund Swain, the Master in charge of her Majesty's ship, *Dryad*, when she was stranded in Whitesand Bay on the 13th inst. The evidence proved that at the time of the accident the weather was very foggy, and the *Dryad's* compass was 15½ points wrong through local attraction, caused by the vessel's iron beams. The prisoner was severely reprimanded, and admonished to be more careful for the future."

No doubt he will. Lest a worse thing than a reprimand befall him, he will take all the care he can, whenever he is at sea, to prevent the weather from being foggy, and to hinder the iron beams of the vessel that he is in charge of from attracting the compass.

Bad News for Puppies.—Dog-Tax reduced—no exemptions.



A FAMILY MAN.

Cabby. "VY, I 'M A FATHER OF A FAM'LY MYSELF, MUM,—NOT SO 'ANDSOME AS YOUR LITTLE DEARS, MUM, I DON'T SAY,—AN' D'YOU THINK I 'D GO FOR TO OVERCHARGE FOR 'EM? NOT I, MUM! NOT A SIXPENCE, BLESS THEIR LITTLE 'EARTS!" &c., &c.

[*Claim allowed.*

THE SWEET LITTLE CHERUBS WHO SIT UP ALOFT.

Respectfully Dedicated to LORD JOHN MANNERS.

(BY A MARRYING MEMBER.)

Go, talk to misogynist muffs and M.P.'s
'Bout sheep's-eyes, want of room, and the like!
Put the ladies where *they* can be seen, *we* can see,
And neither for squeezing would strike.
Though Tory and Liberal dames sat as tight
As herrings, the press they 'd abide;
We'd settle *our* boundary questions all right,
And *they* 'neath reefed crinolines ride.
With a row of sweet faces, and bright eyes, or soft,
Our gallery why mayn't we pack,
While the sweet little cherubs may sit up aloft,
To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK?

Who 's "poor JACK," to have cherubs thrown in with his pay!
And his chances prize-money to touch,
While *our* cherubs still are poked out of the way,
Like odalisques housed in a hutch?
Can it be, as 'tis whispered, your married M.P.,
Who don't like the ladies to show,
Lest too close the watch of wives' *lorgnettes* might be
Of Hub's post on the benches below?
For like other Clubs, the House serves, but too oft,
As excuse for liege Lords, who 've grown slack,
To leave wives, *not* like cherubs, to sit up aloft,
And sulk till stray *sposos* come back.

To MANNERS I said, when I saw he fought shy
Of BERNAL'S warm petticoat plea—
"The state of a House that 's not under the eye
Of a woman a bad state must be.
For ever since EVE upon ADAM began,
'Tis the influence of woman that rules,
For woman makes manners, and manners make man,
And her smiles are the pleasantest schools.
Then why her sweet sway should our House only lack
To make the rude tame, the hard soft?
We 've as much right to *our* ducks, to perch up aloft,
As to *his* little cherubs poor JACK."

I admit your M.P. should be flint at a pinch,
That he always should answer the whip;
Nor from all the bright eyes in Belgravia should flinch,
If they wooed him in voting to trip.
But witch'ry 's most witching from under a veil,
Half-hid beauty 's more fatal than bare,
And perhaps, while the ladies are parted per pale,
One may fancy more charms than are there;
Then M.P.'s, let 's be men, masks and muzzles have doff'd,
Bid all *grilles* and gratings go pack,
And let 's seat the sweet cherubs in sight up aloft,
To rain smiles—from the SPEAKER'S chair-back!

Giants of Art.

FOREIGNERS in general are possessed with a persuasion that Englishmen cannot make a statue. They ought to be disabused of this error. It would be easy to show them that we have made two statues. Let the Corporation of London send Gog and Magog to speak for the sculpture of their country in the approaching Great French Exhibition.

TOPOGRAPHICAL.—"Perambulator" is right in his supposition. LORD BROUGHAM'S London residence for many years was Vauxhall.

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RATIOCINATION.

'Spectable Mechanic ("as usual" on Saturday afternoon). "Pen'th ' Nailsh !"
Chemist and Druggist (indignantly). "Nails, Sir ! Get along with you out o' my Shop ! I haven't got any Nails."
Mechanic. "Ain't got 'ny Nails ! (*Ponders.*) Wha' d' yer Scrash y'r 'ead wi' then, Gov'n'r ?"

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN,

On Wednesday, March 6, 1867.

Late as Members went to bed from debate on Tuesday night,
Some get up on Wednesday morning soon after it is light.
What has roused them from their pillows ? Not business ; they have none.
They arise betimes to see the Eclipse of the Sun.

There is Derby's noble Earl, who has left his couch, no doubt,
If he 's not (and may he not be) kept to it by the gout.
There is also John, Earl Russell, as probably, for one
Up early to observe the Eclipse of the Sun.

For there 's scrubbing, and there 's tubbing, and dressing to get through ;
Our ablutions matutinal demand some time to do.
And the man who, Peer or Peasant, would go with them undone,
Is a Pig not fit to see an Eclipse of the Sun.

With the lark see Gladstone stirring, and Disraeli quite as soon,
To survey the sun's disk screened by the intervening moon.
The political horizon with dense clouds may be dun :
They but care lest clouds should hide the Eclipse of the Sun.

In the times of old, no science when party leaders knew,
They 'd have looked on the Eclipse with the crisis in one view,
And regarded as an omen of office lost and won,
In the battle of Reform, this Eclipse of the Sun.

But that wonder in the heavens now your statesman only reads
To discover the *corona*, rose-flames, and "Baily's beads,"
Looking through a darkened spy-glass, for science, or for fun,
With uninjured eyes to view the Eclipse of the Sun.

SINGULAR CHURCH SERVICES.

Some people have queer notions of the fitness of things. For example, see this programme :—

"CARTSBURN CHURCH. CELEBRATION SOIREE.

Praise . . . *One Hundredth Psalm.*
Chairman's Address.
Chorus . . *"Glorious is Thy name."*
Address. Rev. Dr. M'Culloch.
Service of Pastry.
Anthem. * * * Address. * * * Anthem. * * *
Service of Confections.
Organ Performance. *Scotch Airs.*
Address. * * * *Scotch Song.* * * * Address. * * *
Service of Fruit.
Doxology . . . *"Now to Him who can uphold us."*

The irreverent might say that the choice of this doxology was by no means inappropriate, for after having stuffed themselves with pastry, fruit and sugar-plums, the company might find it not so easy to stand upright. We wonder, was the "Scotch song," "*Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut,*" or one even more convivial ? Surely, something in the way of drink must have been needful to wash down the apples, tarts, and lollipops. It has been said that Englishmen do nothing in the world without making it the plea for having a good dinner ; and Scotchmen, it would seem, when they celebrate the opening, or restoring, of a Church, make the ceremony an excuse for a quantity of eating. Between the psalms and anthems in this "celebration soirée," we cannot help conceiving that a service of prayer would have been more seemly than a service of pastry.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

It is no use placing a roast leg of mutton before a man who can't help it.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



DIFFICULT, disagreeable, and discouraging was the duty that devolved on MR. DISRAELI during the dreary development of the Derbyite devices on the day devoted to that demonstration of debility. This was *Monday, February* 25. But he had promised that on that day he would give the House of Commons the ideas of the Conservative Cabinet on the subject of Reform, and he kept his word. *Mr. Punch* would be glad to know how many more Constitutions he will have to tabulate during the present Session. It is quite certain that this one will not do, though it has some good things in it.

The important items be these:—

1. Four New Franchises (1) Educational. (2) £30 deposit in a Savings' Bank. (3) £50 in the Funds. (4) One pound a year direct taxation.
2. A £6 Rating Franchise in boroughs.
3. A £20 Rating Franchise in counties.

Whereby MR. DISRAELI guesses ("Well, as you guess?" as *King Richard* says) he shall add 400,000 voters to the present number, but his antagonists allege that he will do nothing of the kind.

4. Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, Totnes, and Reigate to be disfranchised, *pro criminibus*, and their forfeited seats to be given to new places.
5. Members to be given to twelve new places.
6. Tower Hamlets to be cut in two (many *Hamlets* that we have seen and heard deserve this) and two new Members given.
7. Eight counties or divisions to be split again, whereby fifteen new county Members.
8. A Member to the London University.
9. A Member to be taken away from each of twenty-three boroughs.
10. Plan for detecting and punishing Bribery, and for cheapening elections.
11. A Royal Commission on Boundaries.

Thus thirty new seats are to be given in all.

MR. DISRAELI praised the Reform Act of 1832, but said that its blemish was the ignoring the rights of the working classes, a fault which he thus proposed to remedy. That is the Derby Reform scheme of 1867. Or it may be. Why *Mr. Punch* writes hypothetically shall be seen.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was very coldly received, even by his own party, and he had the further discomfort of knowing that at least four of his colleagues were almost as much his antagonists as the men whom he confronted.

MR. ROBERT LOWE was the first to attack. He called himself an "outcast," who was therefore in a situation to speak his mind. He spoke it smartly and sharply, and ridiculed the Resolutions, which he said were intended only to keep the Government in place. Why was the mark of CAIN to be put upon the Ministers that nobody might kill them? A way would be found to kill them, if necessary, in spite of any resolutions that could be devised. He was not satisfied with a £6 rating—it would not settle the question. But he was not going to leave the recent "Demonstrations" alone. Those in the country had failed to take hold of the public mind, and those in London demonstrated nothing but the impotence and vanity of their authors. It is not by men decked in ribbons and bedizened with scarves that the foundations of imperial policy are laid. (MR. POTTER and MR. BEALES (M.A.) have since been perfectly frantic against "that man LOWE.")

Nevertheless, MR. BRIGHT complimented MR. LOWE (a ceremony foreshadowed by *Mr. Punch* at Christmas), and complained that attempt was made to Americanise our institutions. He generally condemned the plan, and made fun of a possible Ratcatcher, who, paying five shillings a tail for four dogs, under the new Dog Bill, would have a vote.

MR. WALPOLE said that this was a large, complete, and comprehensive measure. When the subject should be fairly discussed, there would be little difference of opinion between parties. He said, and be good enough to observe this, that the Cabinet would stand or fall by any of its propositions which it deemed Vital.

MR. LAING complained that Scotland got no new Members.

MR. GLADSTONE duly noted and was glad of the Vital statement, complimented MR. DISRAELI on his clearness, disbelieved in his calculations, and said that the scheme did not propose to introduce the real Working Class. The Bill of last year did. After some minor objections, MR. GLADSTONE said that he had no objection to proceed on Resolution, but it must be a resolution embodying the plan the present Government had announced. To this they must be pinned. Whereat the Liberals cheered loudly and significantly. He hoped they should not be asked to proceed on the Resolutions of last week. They had better be withdrawn, that a Bill might be brought in.

MR. DISRAELI, not in a way that indicated great delight at the course of things, said he was willing to meet MR. GLADSTONE's views, and abandon some of the Resolutions.

MR. ROEBUCK sweetly suggested that the House was being trifled with.

Matters were to stand over until the Thursday. But on *Tuesday* there was a great Liberal muster at MR. GLADSTONE's house, his hall was crammed, and LORD RUSSELL, the host, MR. BRIGHT, MR. CLAY, and LORD GROSVENOR addressed gentlemen from the landing, and divers things were said to the effect that the Government should have fair play, but had better deserve it. MR. GLADSTONE wrote out a notice which would have bothered the Administration. But

MR. DISRAELI, at the earliest moment, apprised the House that in deference to the general feeling he threw up the Resolutions, and would endeavour to introduce a Reform Bill on Thursday week.

MR. GLADSTONE wished he had said so before. The Opposition, however, reserving its right to decide whether it would be possible to permit the Second Reading of that Bill, would, if at all possible, endeavour to consider the Bill in Committee.

MR. BRIGHT obligingly tendered to LORD DERBY's Cabinet the counsel he had given last year to LORD RUSSELL's, namely to bring in separate Bills for the franchise and for the redistribution.

LORD JOHN MANNERS made rather a good hit, saying that he should like to ask LORD RUSSELL what he thought of last year's advice from MR. BRIGHT, and its result. But the ultra-radicals never will take a joke in good part like gentlemen, and LORD JOHN MANNERS is abused for patriciau flippancy and bad taste.

Once more, Reform blocks the way. That MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI, who conferred in a retiring room, could arrange the question, and let us get on with business, *Mr. Punch* has set forth his belief in one of the immortal Cartoons. But with CRANBORNE, WALPOLE, PEEL, and LORD JOHN MANNERS tugging at MR. DISRAELI's coat-tails, and with MR. BRIGHT and sundry others shoving MR. GLADSTONE, the situation is made difficult. The recalcitrant party in the Cabinet, however, have taken their stand on the scheme above described, and unless they yield, and MR. DISRAELI has leave to modify it, of course everybody sees what must happen.

Proceed we now to the smaller matters which have occupied the Lords and Commons. "Dates of no consequence," as the Irish gentleman said when he had nobly accepted a lot of bills.

At last something occurs to put LORD RUSSELL in a good temper. He gives his "cordial assent" to the renewed suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. MR. NEWDEGATE's distress at DR. CULLEN's being called a Cardinal MR. DISRAELI kindly endeavoured to assuage by assuring MR. NEWDEGATE that SIR ROBERT HARRY INGLIS was most polite to DR. WISEMAN, though he came before a Committee in full Cardinal's fig. COLONEL ANSON advocated the use of native Indian soldiers for colonial service, and got a committee. MR. BUXTON informed us that LIEUTENANT BRAND had sent him an ample and excellent letter of apology for the unbecoming letter which removed the Lieutenant from the Service.

The Commons passed by 195 to 93 a Bill for allowing a Roman Catholic to be Lord Lieutenant or Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and MR. WHALLEY has been called to order by the SPEAKER for saying that the Catholics encourage Fenianism. We do not like to trouble DR. CUMMING this week, because the papers say (and we know not what they have to do with it) that he has been awfully pilled at the Athenæum Club, or else we should ask him whether the world is not already at an end. By the way, did his proposer, half a dozen years back, believe the Doctor's promise that the world should be at an end before the election?

Finally, on the *Friday* night, MR. DISRAELI promised that on the following Monday he would say when he would introduce a Reform Bill. Does the public know how much these Constitutions cost? The bill for preparing the Reform Bill of 1859 was £3,608 17*s.* 2*d.*; the twopence we believe having been the amount presented to the crossing-sweeper at Westminster Bridge by MR. DISRAELI.

OBIIT 27 FEBRUARY, 1867.

A word of mournful record. A glorious painter, a brave and good man, has passed away, in the fulness of power, from amid the honour of his nation and the love of his friends. It were unjust to his fame, did we now praise his matchless works, it were untrue to his friendship did we here extol his modest virtues. Where artistic genius is revered, there is sorrow that such a hand should be thus early stayed from its triumphs—a deeper and more abiding sadness is with those who knew the noble heart of John Phillip.

CONTROVERSIAL SHILLELAGHS.

Mr. Punch,

Suppose I were to tell Professor Tyndall that chemistry was all humbug, or to say to Sir John Herschel that astronomy was mere moonshine, or declare to Professor De Morgan my conviction that algebra was a pernicious delusion, and geometry a soul-destroying imposture, do you think that those philosophers would either of them get into a rage with me? Would they regard me with any other feelings than a mixture of wonder, pity, and contempt, and look upon me as anything better or worse than an amazing and unhappy fool?

Who are the sort of people that flare up when you abuse, or ridicule, or deny the truth of the opinions which they assert to be science? Mr. Bumpass, the phrenologist, Mr. Colney, the mesmerist, Mr. Hatch, the spiritualist, and Mr. Zadkiel, the astrologer. These are the gentlemen who get into a rage with assailants of their hobbies; vituperating and scoffing at them, and calling them Faradays and Brewsters, and other names.

Now, Sir, the next time you smoke a cigar with Dr. Manning, I wish you would ask him to say to which of the two kinds of persons above indicated, the Irish at Wolverhampton, who have been trying to refute a Protestant lecturer with bludgeons, in his judgment belong.

Perhaps you will also invite Dr. Manning, and likewise Dr. Newman if he should drop in, to consider over their grog why it is that whilst the cultivators of such sciences as astronomy and chemistry treat gainsayers with indifference, the votaries of phrenology, mesmerism, spiritualism, and the like, are generally exasperated by opposition. Should they try to evade your question by objecting that nobody does, in fact, abuse astronomy and chemistry, don't pin the case to those two particular sciences. There's geology; that has, within man's memory, been abused and ridiculed enough. Yet what geologist ever returned railing for railing? There is also the medical profession, accustomed to have its scientific truths disputed and derided. What do medical men care about that?—although an attack on their science is an attempt at invading their bread and cheese. Insulted Physic never throws bottles.

The reason why men of regular science are unmoved, and the others exasperated by contradiction, I suspect to be simply this difference between them, that the former feel quite sure that they are in the right and the latter do not. I wonder whether even Mr. William Howitt, if he were obliged to bet a thousand pounds for or against the truth of any spiritual phenomenon, of which the truth or falsehood could be ascertained, would bet for it.

People who entertain what is called a belief in the marvellous, do not, in fact, generally altogether believe it. They love it, they like to imagine it true, and they passionately wish to be confirmed in the idea that it is true. But they are not entirely satisfied of its truth. They are only very much inclined to believe it. The denial or the ridicule of it opposes their inclination. This enrages them.

What harm can you do anybody by abusing his religion? If he is confident that it is true, he must feel assured that you can harm no one but yourself. When people are angry because their faith is attacked can that be for any other reason than because their faith is shaken, and shaken because it is shaky? Let me commend this question to the faithful Irish at Wolverhampton and elsewhere—and also to their superiors. They may answer my argument by calling me Gallio if they like. I am no such person.

I am, yours truly,

Abraham Brown.

The Practice of Vivisection.

Mr. John Bright objects to the cruelty of Vivisection. And therefore he insists upon it that the Conservative Reform Bill should be killed, before dissection, and not cut up alive, as Mr. Gladstone and his followers seem disposed to treat it.

THE SAVAGE ART OF HAIRDRESSING.

The saying that there is "nothing new under the sun" may be certainly admitted to be true to a hair, if we read what has been written by Sir Samuel Baker:—

"The women of Latooka wear false hair like horses' tails, made of fine twine smeared with grease and red ochre to give it the fashionable colour."

So, then, the latest novelties of fashion are not novel; and Miss Smith, who buys a chignon, or dyes her hair light red, is merely taking a leaf out of the fashion-books of the ladies in Latooka. How consoling must this fact be to the mind of *Mrs. Grundy!* Delightful, is it not, Ma'am, to think that our dear girls, with their now fashionable head-gear, are merely copying the *coiffure* of the she-savages of Africa!

Hear, too, what Sir Samuel says about the Swells of Latooka, who are every whit as particular to a hair as any of the Swellesses:—

"The Latookas wear most exquisite helmets, all of which are formed of their own hair, and are of course fixtures. . . . European ladies would be startled at the fact that to perfect the *coiffure* of a man requires a period of from eight to ten years. . . . The thick crisp wool is woven with fine twine, formed from the bark of a tree, until it presents a thick network of felt. . . . A strong rim is formed by sewing it together with thread; and the front part of the helmet is protected by a piece of polished copper; while a piece of the same metal, shaped like the half of a bishop's mitre, and about a foot in length forms the crest. . . . No helmet is supposed to be complete without a row of cowrie shells stitched around the rim, so as to form a solid edge."

We repeat, there is no novelty beneath the Solar System. Here in civilised England, Swells frequently bestow more care upon the outside of their heads than they devote to the inside, and precisely the same thing, we find, is done in savage Africa. Our dandies very often spend a great part of their lives in parting their back hair, and cultivating their moustaches; but they are not more attentive to their hirsute decoration than the dandies of Latooka. The "thick network of felt" these latter wear upon their heads, must be well-nigh as distressing as the high-crowned hard black hats with which we gentlemen of England, who seldom walk at ease, are needlessly tormented. *Mais il faut souffrir pour être Swell:* and comfort and convenience must give way to fashion and appearance, both with the Swell of London and the savage of Latooka.

THE MODERN MEDEA.

That a lady should stew down her father-in-law,
At first blush may seem petty treason,
But no crime in the process antiquity saw
In the case of Medea and Æson.
For she cut the old man up, then boiled him to rags,
Entirely by way of revival,
And a young face he'd got, when he stepped from the pot,
With a figure Adonis to rival.

Exactly as she did has Dizzy proceeded,
The old Reform Bill to renew,
Cutting up its provisions in small propositions
Laid out for the House's review.
And now the whole lot we have seen go to pot,
Not the ven'rable question to kill,
But that out of the mess there may spring up no less
Than a young, big, and beautiful Bill!

A SAMPLE OF STAGE-SLANG.

What queer language is used in theatrical advertisements! For instance, only look at this:—

WANTED, to Open Immediately, a Few Useful UTILITY LADIES and GENTLEMEN; also, a Good Juvenile to combine Walking Gentlemen. A Good Private Appearance Indispensable. Money sure. To save time, state Lowest Terms. No stamp. Three days' silence a negative. Stars may write at once. Mr. H. L. will oblige by sending Scrips at once for Easter week's Bus.

"Useful utility" seems rather a redundancy of speech, as much indeed as talking of black negroes, or white snow. And how is "a good juvenile to combine walking gentlemen?" Is he to come behind them slily, and pin their coat-tails together? If so, we should be apt to call him a bad boy, rather than a good juvenile. Then, how odd it seems to stipulate for a "good private appearance" in an actor, and say nothing whatever about his public appearance, which certainly must be the more important of the two. As to what on earth is meant by "sending scrips for Easter week's bus," our wits have been so much congealed by the cold winter, that we own we are completely at a loss to give a guess.

Awful Sign.—The *Standard*, (March 2nd,) "entreats Ministers to re-consider their course on Reform." It is "convinced that they have made a Serious Mistake." After *that*——.



ANSWERS FOR OUR ARTIST.

"BIDDY MALONEY, JUST YOU LOOK AT THAT CLOCK! DIDN'T I TELL YOU LAST NIGHT TO KNOCK AT MY DOOR AT EIGHT THIS MORNING?"

"AN' SO YE DID, SIR, AND I CAME TO THE DOOR AT EIGHT SURE ENOUGH, BUT I HEARD YE WAS MAKING NO NOISE AT ALL!"

"WELL, WHY THE DICKENS DIDN'T YOU KNOCK, AND WAKE ME?"

"SURE, AND BECAUSE I FEARED YEZ MIGHT BE FAST ASLEEP!"

"OLD KING COLE."

OLD King Cole was a stirring soul,
And a stirring soul was he:
He told the public to put in their pipe
And smoke what he willed to be—
He pooh-poohed the Privy Council,
Laughed Royal Commissions to scorn,
And the more they tried to put him down,
The higher waxed his horn!

Old King Cole took tax and toll
Of the grants for Science and Art:
Bring schools on their knees, for alms or fees,
But give *him* the lion's part.
Whate'er lacked oil, the Boilers must boil,
South Kensington wax fat
On purchase and loan, though a bare-picked bone
Be flung to all but *that*.

Old King Cole never scratched his poll,
But out of it flew a scheme—
Now a Central Hall, with a heavy call,
And an estimate like a dream:
Now a picture-show to draw high and low,
Now a horticultural *fête*,
With the Princes to walk, and the Nobs to talk,
And the QUEEN to inaugurate.

Old King Cole could bore like the mole,
Or like the eagle fly:
There was nothing too heavy and nothing too hot,
For old King Cole to try—
From coaxing the ROTHSCHILDS their treasures to lend,
Without a penny of pay,
To getting her Gracious Majesty
To his Mumbo-Jumbo play!

But at last King Cole with wrath the Roll
Of the Commons has dared to fill,
When for the great First of April show
He sent in his little Bill.
A hundred and sixteen thousand pounds,
And as much more falling due!
No wonder the House of Commons looked black,
And the Treasury looked blue.

But old King Cole, with Stoic soul,
Explanation vouchsafed none,
Of where the money had come from,
Or whither it had gone.
And to reason from things that we have seen
To things that we shall see,
His purse JOHN BULL will have out to pull,
And King Cole still King will be!

A Returnable Compliment.

WHAT, is the Admiralty going to show its museum of Naval Architecture, and the War Office its Gun-shed, Pattern Hospital, and Commissariat Establishment, at the Great French Exhibition? Should an international exhibition ever be held at Newcastle, our lively neighbours will perhaps think fit to honour it with a contribution of coals.

NEW DISH FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.—Curried Favour.



BEFORE THE TRIAL.

Mr. Gl—dst—ne. "WE COULD SETTLE IT IN FIVE MINUTES, YOU KNOW, IF——"

Mr. D—sr—li. "YES, IF THE 'PARTIES' WOULD ONLY LISTEN TO REASON."



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*At* Byng's. *The Drawing Room. Variations.*)

Going to the Drawing-room.

Old Mr. Symperson, Fridoline's father, has been telling very ancient stories. So has Byng's Whole Uncle.

Happy Thought.—Laugh at all Old Symperson's stories and jokes. It is difficult to show him that not a word of his is lost upon me, as there are five between us. Byng's Whole Uncle, encouraged by this, tells a long story, and looks to me for a laugh. No.

Happy Thought.—Smile as if it wasn't bad, but not to be mentioned in the same breath with anything of Old Symperson's.

Milburd (hang him!) interrupts these elderly gentlemen, (he has no reverence, not a bit,) and tells a funny story. Old Symperson is convulsed, and asks Byng, audibly, who Milburd is?

I wish I could make him ask something about *me.*

Happy Thought.—Picture him to myself, in his study with his slippers on, giving his consent.

I get close to him in leaving the room. He whispers something to me jocosely as Byng opens the drawing-room door. I don't hear it.

Happy Thought.—Laugh. *Note.*—You can enter a drawing-room easier if you laugh as you walk in.

The Whole Uncle enters the room sideways, being engaged in explaining details of the cocoa-nut trade (I think) to a resigned middle-aged person with a wandering eye. Byng is receiving "many happy returns's" from guests who have come in for the evening. Old Mr. Symperson is being spoken to sharply, I imagine from Mrs. Symperson's rigid smile, on the subject of something which "he knows never agrees with him." Milburd is, in a second, with Fridoline.

Miss Pellingle is expecting, no doubt, that I am going to ask her for some more trifles from Nova Scotia. I avoid her.

Happy Thought.—Look at Byng's birthday presents arranged on the table. Think Fridoline looks at me. Am I wasting my time? I think I must be, as Byng comes up and asks me if I am fond of pictures? I should like to say, "No: hate 'em." What I *do* say is, "Yes: very." I knew the result. Photograph book. Seen it before dinner.

Watch Milburd and Fridoline. Try to catch her eye and express a great deal. Catch *his:* and he winks. He is what he calls "having a chat" with Miss Fridoline.

All are conversationally engaged except myself. I hate all the people in the Photograph book. Shut it. Byng is ready at once for me. Am I fond of ferns?

Happy Thought.—To say "No!" boldly.

"You'd like these though, I think," he returns. "Miss Fridoline arranged a book of 'em for me for my birthday." I say "Oh!" This would have led to conversation, but I *will* be consistent in saying "I don't like ferns." [*Note for Typical Developments,* Chap. II. Book XIII. p. 6. "*Monosyllabic Pride: false.*"]

I take a seat near the ottoman where she and Milburd are sitting. Difficult to join suddenly in a conversation. Hunting subject. She expects me to say something, I am sure. Feel hot. Feel that my hair and tie want adjustment. Cough as if I was going to sing. Milburd (idiot) says, "He hopes I feel better after that." I smile to show that I consider him a privileged fool. Wonder if my smile *does* convey this idea. Try it in the glass at bed-time.

Will touch him sharply.

Happy Thought.—Say pointedly, "How often it happens that a person who is always making jokes, can't take one himself."

He is ready (I admit his readiness) with a repartee. "You ought," he says to me, "to take jokes from any one very well." I know I do. Miss Fridoline asks why? I think he's going to pay a tribute to my good-nature. Not a bit of it. He says, "He finds it very easy to take jokes from other people: it saves making them for himself."

[*Happy Thought.—Note for Repartee.*—What I *ought* to have said, "Then, Sir," (Johnsonian style) "I will make a jest at your expense."

Odd; it is past midnight as I put this down. It strikes me after the candle's out, and just as I am turning on my sleeping side. By the light of the fire I record it. If this conversation ever recurs, I shall be prepared.

Another Happy Thought.—Wake Milburd, and say it to him now.

Would if I knew his room. Bed again. Think I've thought of something else. Out of bed again. Light. Odd: striking the lucifer has put it (whatever it was) out of my head. Bed again. Strange.]

Miss Pellingle is kind enough to play the piano. While she is performing, I can talk to Fridoline.

Miss Pellingle having to pass me on her road to the instrument, I am obliged to rise.

Happy Thought.—Say, "You're going to play something? That's charming."

She drops her fan, and I pick it up. She is already preparing for action at the instrument, when I return the fan. Byng whispers to me, "Thanks, old fellow! You know all about music: turn over for her, will you? Clever girl! Think I told you she'd been to Nova Scotia, eh?" And he leaves me at the piano's side.

Happy Thought.—To look helplessly towards Fridoline, as much as to say, "See, how I am placed! I don't want to be here: I wish to be by you."

She doesn't seem in the least interested.

Miss Pellingle commences "*Rousseau's Dream,*" with variations. Beautiful melody, by itself first, clear and distinct. Only the slightest possible intimation of the coming variations given by one little note which is not in the original air.

Happy Thought.—Turn over.

"No, not yet, thank you." Too early.

A peculiarly harmonised version of the air announces the approach of variations. Two notes at a time instead of one. The "*Dream*" still to be distinguished. Miss Pellingle jerks her eye at me.

Happy Thought.—Turn over.

Beg pardon: two pages. Miss Pellingle's right hand now swoops down on the country occupied by the left, finds part of the tune there, and plays it. Left hand makes a revengeful raid into right hand country, bringing *its* part of the tune up there, and trying to divert the enemy's attention from the bass.

They meet in the middle. Scrimmage. Tune utterly lost.

Happy Thought.—Turn over.

Too late. Steam on: hurried nod of thanks. Now again. The right hand, it seems, has left some of the tune in the left hand's country, which the latter finds, and tries to produce. Right hand comes out with bass accompaniment in the treble, and left hand gives in. Both meet for the second time. Scrimmage.

Happy Thought.—Between two hands "*Rousseau's Dream*" falls to the ground.

Now the air tries to break out between alternate notes, like a prisoner behind bars. Then we have a variation entirely bass.

Happy Thought.—Rousseau snoring.

Then a scampering up, a meeting with the right hand, a scampering down, and a leap off one note into space. Then both in the middle, wobbling; then down into the bass again.

Happy Thought.—Rousseau after a heavy supper.

A plaintive variation.—Rousseau in pain.

General idea of Rousseau vainly trying to catch the air in his own dream.

Light strain: Mazourka time.—Rousseau kicking in his sleep.

Grand finishing up: festival style, as if Rousseau had got out of bed, asked all his friends suddenly to a party, and was dancing in his dressing-gown. I call it, impulsively, by a

Happy Thought.—"*Rousseau's Nightmare.*"

All over. Miss Pellingle is sorry to have troubled me: I am sorry she did. I leave her abruptly, seeing Milburd has quitted his place and Miss Fridoline is alone. I sit down by her. (*Note.* I *ought* to have spoken first and sat afterwards.)

Happy Thought.—Say "I've been trying to speak to you all the evening." (Very hot and choky.)

She replies, "Indeed?" I say, "Yes." Think I'll say that I wanted to explain my conduct to her—think I won't.

Happy Thought.—"Hope you're going to stop here some time?"

I explain that I don't mean on the ottoman, but in the house. "Oh, then," she says, "*not* on the ottoman." That was rude of me—accordingly, I explain again. My explanations resemble Miss Pellingle's variations, and, I feel, mystify the subject considerably. I tell her I am so delighted to meet her again. I am going to say that I hope she is delighted at seeing me.

Happy Thought.—Better not say it: think it.

Want a general subject for conversation.

Happy Thought (*after a pause*).—Her mother.

Say what a nice old lady her mother is. I wish I hadn't, it's so absurd to compliment a person on having a mother. Say I didn't know her father before to-night: stupid this. No, it isn't, she says, "I hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing you when you visit our part of the world again,"—meaning Plyte Fraser's part of the world.

Happy Thought.—Express rapturous hope. Hint that there may be obstacles. "What obstacles?" Now to begin: allude first to interchange of sympathies, then to friendships, then to——

Byng begs pardon, he wants to speak to me. He and Milburd have got some fun, he says. The evening's dull, and we must do something cheerful at Christmas time. They take me out of the room. Byng mentions charades, and dressing up.

Abyssinian Reflection.

Why is it improbable that King Theodore, of Abyssinia, will ever reverence the majesty of English Law?

Because an English *Beke* was brought before *him,* instead of the case being *vice versâ.*

A TRAVELLER'S OBSERVATION.

The Mormons appear to have turned their territory to good account, in one word, to have *Utah*lised it.



CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

Cousin Lizzie. "NOW, CHARLES, WHEN YOU ARE NEAR ME, YOU REALLY MUST NOT GO ON YOUR KNEES!—PEOPLE ARE SURE TO MAKE REMARKS."

"OH, WHALLEY, WHALLEY!"

AIR—"*Oh, waly, waly, up the bank,*
Oh, waly, waly, down the brae."

OH, WHALLEY, WHALLEY, quit the ranks,
Oh, WHALLEY, WHALLEY, cease thy bray!
As Protestantism's fool, thy pranks
Too long we 've seen thee play.
In vain on Papacy's red rag
Thou calls't JOHN BULL to sally:
He pins no faith on NEWDEGATE,
No mouthpiece owns in WHALLEY.

What is the change of times to you?
What common sense or reason?
The POPE is still the Man of Sin,
Justice to Papists treason.
Around the Irish Orange flag
You 'd still have England rally,
Under the blatant leadership
Of NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY.

Five million Irish Papists to
A Protestant half million!
Looming a-head, see, vision dread,
Vespers like the Sicilian!
See CULLEN cutting TRENCH's throat,
And, set up as Aunt Sally
For Papist mobs, the severed nobs
Of NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY!

A Romanist Lord Chancellor,
A Papist Lord Lieutenant!
False doctrine robed upon the Bench,
And in the Castle present!
COLMAN O'LOGHLEN's bill made law!
With fact such things may tally,
But Papist facts aren't facts at all,
For NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY.

Is tolerance the text of texts
For Protestantism's preaching?
Is private judgment corner-stone
Of Protestantism's teaching?
Then Protestantism's boat can't be
The "No Surrender" galley,
Where, blind to fact, and deaf to sense,
Row NEWDEGATE and WHALLEY!

A MODEL HERO OF MODERN ROMANCE.

(*Carefully compiled by Mr. Punch from various authentic sources.*)



READER, how shall I limn this man for you, when the very sun has failed to do him justice—when the first photographers of the day have been driven baffled into their *cameros obscuri!* How account for the fearful impression that VAVASOUR BRABAZON DE VERE made on all women who crossed his path, ending but too often in the madhouse and the grave! And yet he stands before me now as he stood then, in that crowded assembly where he first met the HONOURABLE LADY VELVETINA TRESILIAN—lounging *nonchallantly*, as was ever his wont, against the faded wall-flowers of that exquisitely decorated *sale de bal*, breathing proud insolent defiance on one and all!

Few men could tell his age, nor his height, nor whither he came from, nor whence he went when he went away... Wo, alas! to those who could! Few women knew the colour of his tawny eyes for the thick settled gloom that shrouded them like a pall; and those who did had long since expiated that fatal knowledge under slabs of moss-grown granite and pillars of broken marble, inscribed with a name, a date, and nothing more! .... Eyes full and heavily under-hung—bloodshot with imperial Norman blood! who could forget them who had once shrivelled and laid bare their souls under the scapulary of their cold indifferent gaze? They had that strange quality peculiar to PAUL POTTER's portraits of the Flemish aristocracy, that seem to follow you whithersoever you move; all who had met VAVASOUR had felt the spell of this ubiquitous glance, which gave him a terrible vantage over the dwarfed heroes of modern fiction, whose gaze is limited to one object at a time. Well has it been said of him—

> "The moon looks
> On many brooks;
> The brook sees but one moon!"

Cold, haughty, sarcastic, unbending to a fault, he never stooped—no, not even when he picked up a lady's fan, or laced his own faultless Balmoral boot.

His small taper white hand was the envy of every duchess who had been privileged to behold it ungloved, and had lived to rue the privilege—yet was it hard as thrice-tempered crystal adamant—yet could it have bent and twisted the chiselled features of the Theseus so that MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI could scarce have recognised his own handiwork—crushed the full bronze torso of the Florentine Venus out of all semblance to a human face!

But, oh, reader! his voice!! full, dry, mellow, rich in musical impossibilities, it intoxicated one like wine, and left one staggering and powerless to resist; he, who hated music, was well aware of the potency of this spell—for yes, reader, he hated music, little as he was wont to boast of this aversion; his towering intellect and haughty Norman ancestry left such innocuous pastimes to meaner men—for him the passionate strains of VERDI had no charm—yet was his very silence full of melody! Rich, scornful, cruel, imperial, vindictive, unrelenting melody, whose cadences had been the sarcophagus of many! It is told of him that once, at a royal *matinee musicàl*, a Princess, secure in the "divinity that heats upon a throne" had dared to banter him on his indifference to the art of BALFE and BEETHOVEN; curling his lip till the *sangre azur* flowed freely, he rose

to his full height, stalked to the platform where the petted Tenor of the day held his audience in thrall, tore the music from his hands, and taking up the *area* where the astonished Italian had left it off, he finished it in tones so suave and enervating, with so passionate a pathos that all there who heard, hung on his lips for ever and a day, and the rest became epileptic for the remainder of their lives. The luckless *vertuoso*, Signor Gusheritartini, went home, and sickened, and died of that song!

Poetry he despised. Yet full oft had he, blindfolded, with his gloved left hand written impromptu epics that would have smitten a Tennyson with the palsy of incompetency! Art he loathed, with a guardsman's loathing; yet who does not recollect that exquisite picture of Rimini and Francesco di Paola, which all London flocked to see—painted by him for a wager on the bare back of a buck-jumping bloodmare that Rarey had given up as intractable?

He who knew every living idiom down to its very finger-nails—he for whom every dead and decayed tongue had yielded up its fragrance—had long found out the vanity of all things. Every science had he mastered, but only to sound the emptiness thereof. What wonder that this man believed in nothing under the sun? Nay, denied even that two and two made four. 'Tis but justice to state that he denied they made anything else worth living for. In his utter negation of all things, he did not even believe in the well-authenticated tales that had reached England of his own marvellous adventures in untrodden zones, familiar to him as the smoking-room of the most exclusive London clubs. For had he not pressed with the slender arab-arch of his foot, nay microscopically scrutinised with his cold passionless glance, every cubic inch of our mother-earth from zenith to zodiac, from equinox to ecliptic? Now unarmed and alone, battling with the wild bull-elephant in Siberian forests, whose fossil tusks would crumble into dust beneath his iron grasp—anon, ere the sun had risen and set again o'er his triumph, tracking the white bear to its den in the fastnesses of the primæval Mexican steppe—now drifting over vast unknown inland seas of the Himalaya in a hollowed out bamboo craft of his own construction—anon, vainly wooed in the low sweet guttural diphthongs of the Zend Avesta dialect by golden-haired Nautsch girls, whose dowry was a prince's ransom, or discoursing sweet nothings in fluent Semitic to solemn-eyed Ckgszwchian signoritas with great sad ears, and the thick-skinned patience of the Sphinx! Seven times had the Sepoy's scalping knife performed on him its revolting office, as he lay steeped in some wild *haschish* dream, in lone wildernesses and remote "waste places of the fern;" seven times had he risen, Phœnix-like, from his own sackcloth and ashes, and blown the slumbering spark of vitality into a lurid flame, wreaking a fearful holocaust on the red-skinned bravos who had, in the short-lived triumph of their bloody vendetta, dared to trifle with the tawny crest that fair hands, braceleted with the ducal strawberry-leaf, had been proud to toy with! And yet he never alluded to these "hairbreadth 'scrapes," as he lounged on the ottoman at "Whites'," clad in snow-coloured seal-skin dressing-gown, 'broidered with intertwisted monograms of golden fleur-de-luce (one of many such, yet not the best by far)—now withering the aristocratic *habitués* with sarcasms that fell from his lips thick and cold as the snows of an Arcadian winter—now scathing the menials of the establishment with scornful look and word; for in his high-born contempt of the "*oi populoi*," he was ever mindful of the difference between the proud blue blood that ran riot in his own Norman veins, and

"The poached filth that floods the middle class."

Is it strange that such a man should set all laws at defiance, laws of honour, courtesy, social intercourse, perspective, religion, scientific inquiry?—nay, the very laws of digestion itself? For to his world-sated palate the oyster and the oyster-shell were as one and the same—the one yielded no joy, the other presented no difficulty.

His hate was ruinous to men, his love fatal to women, his indifference, deadly alike to all, whether they knew him or not!

Again and again, wo, wo to the women who crossed his path, be they widows or wives, matrons or maidens! Down they went on their knees before him, like threshed corn beneath the shears of the mower, to worship for awhile at the shrine of his cruel glance, and then—withered 'neath his insolent scorn, flung away into the dim irrevocable future, like a worn-out glove, a soiled scarf, a slipper down at heel—far beyond all appeal or hope of redress from *him!* for it is of such men that Tasso has written;—

Ye who entreat him, leave all hope behind. .

Every husband, every father, every brother, feared and loathed him as the incarnation of the Evil one—in their mean, narrow, tedious nauseating philosophy they held him as a perjured villain of the deepest dye, steeped in utterest infamy!

Perhaps his greatest charm in women's eyes was that he was never heard to boast of this . . .

Oh, reader, is it a marvel that the Tresilian,—

"The flower of the west-end and all the world,"

could not restrain a wild yell of agonised rapture when he, who never bent, yet bent his gaze on her, and stooping for once in his life, stamped a seething red-hot kiss on her hand which, soldering her bracelet to her wrist, seared her white flesh through the scented gauntlet to her very palm, and claimed her as his partner in the "Mabel Waltz!" . . . .



"MASKS AND FACES."

If we wanted a portrait of the British Working-Man, we don't know to whom we should sooner go than to Herr Schultz, at the Egyptian Hall. In his very amusing and ingenious entertainment called "Masks and Faces," this gentleman shows us how many utterly various and apparently irreconcileable expressions and effects can be produced by the same set of features, dexterously managed. Now, this is just what we want to give us a true representation of the British Working-Man. He is one, yet how different, as reflected in the mirror held up by Beales and Potter, Lowe and Mill, Busfield Ferrand and John Bright. Herr Schultz's face is the only one which we conceive could ever be moulded into so many opposite types.

What a fortune such a malleable mug would be to a Queen's Counsel on circuit, a Member of Parliament on canvas, a fashionable undertaker in the exercise of his calling, or the shop-walker at a *maison de deuil*, who has to deal with all gradations of grief, from the deepest crape stage of bereavement to the mitigated mourning of French gray! Herr Schultz is really a phenomenon for his power of face-making. He might stand as model to the whole forty R.A.'s for the entire range of their pictures, from the back-door domesticities to the mediæval *Morte d'Arthur* business, and the Leightonian High Classical. Then, besides his extraordinary power of face-making, Herr Schultz's instantaneous creation and extinction of beard, and other hairy face-covering—eye-brows, whiskers, or moustache—is one of the most ingenious and surprising contrivances we remember. Herr Schultz's beard-movement is the quickest imaginable: and he has some means of investing his face with the red of the North American Indian, or the Bosjeman's black, as instantaneously as he puts on and off his hirsute decorations.

Altogether, Herr Schultz is eminently worth seeing, and his entertainment, besides its ingenuity, is in good taste: There is no vulgarity, or forced fun about it, and it is as unpretending as it is curious.

Effect of Sea Air.

A Visitor to Brighton, whose health has been much benefited by rides on the Downs and walks up and down both Piers, now describes the great London-super-Mare as *Paradise and the Pieri*. He regrets his inability to write anything Moore on the subject.

ANTI-FENIAN SUSPENSION.

So the *Habeas Corpus* has to be suspended again in Ireland. Let us hope that it will not be necessary to suspend the *Corpus* there as well as the *Habeas Corpus*.



AS SOON AS JOHN STUART MILL, AT ST. ANDREWS, HAD FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT ABOUT EDUCATION



WITH THE COLLEGE DONS, HER MAJESTY MADE DUE PREPARATION FOR OPENING THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE PARLIAMENT, AND ALTHOUGH THE JAMAICA PROSECUTIONS WERE COMING ON, AND THE FRESCOES ON THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE WERE DROPPING OFF, THE ROYAL SPEECH OF THE 5TH WAS SO FULL OF GOOD PROMISE THAT EVEN THE THEATRES "MADE IT UP" WITH THE MUSIC HALLS, AND A DISTINGUISHED COMEDIAN WAS SEEN ARM-IN-ARM WITH CH—MP—E CH—RL—Y.



ON THE 8TH GATHORNE HARDY BROUGHT IN HIS POOR LAW BILL, THINKING WISELY, THAT IT WAS A GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR INTRODUCING THE PAUPER TO THE NOTICE OF THE GUARDIAN; AND WALPOLE, WITH HIS ACCUSTOMED GOOD NATURE PLACED TOM HUGHES AND HARRISON ON THE TRADES'-UNION COMMISSION.



ON THE 9TH SOME ODD AND UNMUSICAL JAPANESE JUGGLERS BEGAN SPINNING THEMSELVES ON ENORMOUS TOPS; IN THEIR INTERVALS OF LEISURE MAKING MAGIC BUTTERFLIES OUT OF SCRAPS OF PAPER.

THE EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS WAS OPENED AT LINCOLN'S INN—



AND A SENSATION WAS CREATED BY A DRAWING REPRESENTING AN IMMENSE TOWER, SUPPOSED TO BE INTENDED AS A REFUGE FOR THE LORD CHANCELLOR WHEN THE FENIANS COME OVER FROM KERRY.



ON THE 11TH MR. DISRAELI "WAS" TO HAVE LET THE REFORM CAT OUT OF THE MINISTERIAL BAG, BUT NOTWITHSTANDING THAT THE FENIANS TRIED TO TAKE CHESTER WHILE HE WAS SPEAKING, AND MR. BEALES MADE ANOTHER ATTEMPT UPON TRAFALGAR SQUARE, HE DID NOT SUCCEED IN RELEASING THE POOR ANIMAL.

THE BLACAS COLLECTION, BOUGHT FOR THE NATION (ON HIS OWN RESPONSIBILITY) BY THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WAS APPLAUDED AS A GOOD INVESTMENT, BUT MR. HENRY COLE'S ESTIMATE OF £116,000 ON ACCOUNT OF THE COMING PARIS EXHIBITION WAS NOT SO FAVOURABLY RECEIVED.

BUT ALTHOUGH EARL RUSSELL PRESENTED MR. RIGBY WASON'S ILL-TEMPERED PETITION AGAINST BARON KELLY, AND MR. LOWE PUBLISHED HIS DEFENCE AGAINST JOHN BRIGHT, AND THE BISHOPS IN CONVOCATION, LEGISLATED AGAINST RITUALISM, NOT EVEN THE DELIVERY OF THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH HINDERED THE TRANSIT THROUGH THE POST OFFICE OF HALF-A-MILLION OF VALENTINES ON THE 14TH—



NOT COUNTING THOSE EXPENSIVE "TORENS" IN GIGANTIC DEAL PACKING CASES, WHICH HAD TO BE DELIVERED "PER PICKFORD'S VAN."

ON THE 20TH, ALEXANDRA GAVE TO A GRATEFUL COUNTRY A PRINCESS.



ON THE 25TH MR. DISRAELI, WITH GREAT SHOW OF COURAGE, LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG, BUT——



ON THE 26TH MADE IT EVIDENT THAT EVEN HE DID NOT THINK MUCH OF THE POOR CREATURE, AFTER ALL.

Priceless Loyalty.

MR. BRIGHT, in the House of Commons the other evening, is reported to have said:—"There are persons in this country, and there are also some from the North American Provinces, who are ill-natured enough to say that not a little of the loyalty which is said to prevail in Canada has its price." The Canadians will hardly be disposed to retort this insinuation by suggesting that any price could be put upon the loyalty of the Member for Birmingham. On the contrary, they may rather be inclined to question if the loyalty of a popular orator, who hints physical force to the multitude, has any value at all.

A Blow for the Bears.

AMID the measures of Reform which run the risk of being lost is a Bill to amend the law respecting the dealing in Bank Shares, with a view to the prevention of such jobberies and robberies as those which caused such ruin in the panic of last spring. This Reform Bill might be called "An Act to Cut the Claws of the Bears in Capel Court, and to prevent their clutching hold of other People's Property." The Bill clearly ought to pass; and, if the Government will help it in its progress through the House, they may look upon themselves, in one measure at all events, as being good Reformers.

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GRATIFYING.

Radical Newsvendor (recognising Public Character, who has stepped in to buy a penny paper). "'Ow do you Find yourself this Mornin', Sir? (*Refusing the coin.*) Oh, don't Mention it, Sir! We sell such a quantity of your Cart de Wizeets, Sir, I couldn't think of Charging you Anythink, Sir!"

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

If the intentions of Government are carried out, Great Yarmouth, Totnes, Reigate, and Lancaster are to be cut off from the Borough-body, as members so utterly rotten, that, being past cure, they admit of no treatment but amputation. *Mr. Punch* has no objection, though perhaps, if the diagnosis that has been applied to these gangrened limbs could be directed to a good many more, the disease might be found to have spread so far that, supposing amputation resorted to in all the cases past cure, the Borough-body would be left with very few limbs at all.

But admitting that the sharp remedy of the knife may beneficially be employed on this peccant quartette of constituencies, what should be done with those who have inoculated them with the plague? What treatment is to be dealt out to the bribers—to Fenwick, Schneider, Lacon, Gower, Pender & Co.?

If the House of Commons strip these Boroughs of their right to a Member, *in perpetuum*, for being corrupt, ought it not to deprive these gentlemen of their right of ever again sitting as Members, for corrupting?

If sauce for the thief should be sauce for the receiver, then the penalties of bribery should surely fall alike on those who offer, and those who take the bribe.

It will hardly do to punish for rottenness without punishing those who make and feed the rot.

It is true, there is one difficulty. If Boroughs and Borough Members are to be executed for having been caught dirty-handed, the hands of judge, jury and executioners should at least be clean.

Where is the House of Commons to find clean hands to do its work of purificatory sacrifice?

The only thing we can see for it would be a very general application of the Japanese happy-dispatch. Suppose every Member who feels himself as guilty as those who have been found out, when *they* retire from public life with ignominy, were to go and do likewise, what a very extensive vacating of seats would be the consequence! *Perhaps*, there might be enough left to do penal justice on future offenders.

Information.—It may not be generally known that it is the peculiar and lucrative function of the Board of Green Cloth to grant licences for Billiards.

THE WAIL OF THE OLD WHIP.

(*Apropos of recent difficulties in the* Derby-Dizzy *Subscription Hunt.*)

One may well swear like a Tartar—
Such a field and such a pack!
Blest if I know what I 'm arter,
Who to rate, and who head back.
Who the master of the hounds is,
In the meet-lists what 's our name,
What our country and our bounds is,
Where 's our covers, what 'a our game!

Once the old Hunt went on stunning,
Our subscription-book was filled:
Once our hounds run straight, not cunning,
Earths was stopp'd, and foxes killed.
Once a whip need but be steady,
Keep himself and osses neat,
Have his hounds in kennel ready,
Bring 'em all right to the meet—

Touch hat to the master's orders,
For the cover he should draw;
Then to skirt the gorse'a borders,
Old uns' cheer, and young uns' jaw.
Head back rioter and rover,
Make the whimperers hold their prate,
Get his fox well out of cover,
Lay his hounds on and ride straight.

Runs was runs then, foxes foxes;
Whips and pack each other knew;
Nags, not men, lived in loose boxes,
And a screw was called a screw.
We 'd our own subscription country,
Our hunt-livery we wore,
And we thought it an effront'ry,
If them togs a stranger bore.

Now you may change coat or button,
Let the hounds work anyhow;
If they run deer, hare or mutton,
Whips is not to make a row!
Earths is stopped, or left neglected,
Fox-preservin' let go slack,
Yet a whip 's to whip expected,
And they calls this mob, a pack!

Hounds as I 'd rate I 'm told not to
Staunch hounds bid thong black and blue;
And the country as we 've got to,
Ain't the country once I drew.
The direction-posts is altered,
Gates and gaps ain't where they were,
Muster Darby's nag 'a string-haltered,
Muster Dizzy won't ride fair!

There 's the General has hooked it,
Cranborne and Carnarvon too:
They 're disgusted and they looked it,
And there 'a more than them looks blue.
Blest if I 've not a good mind to
Send my whip and livery back—
Changing place I ain't inclined to,
But it 's all up with our pack!

AN INDUBITABLE DON.

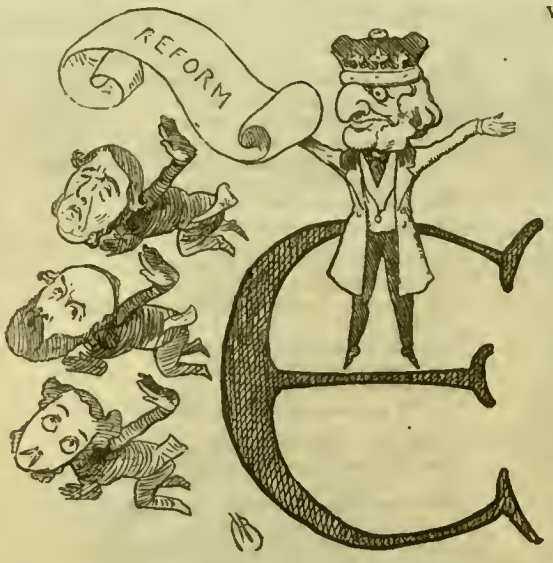
In a late report of proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy, there appeared a case headed as follows:—

"In re E. F. J. R. F. S. W. G. De Martano."

The name to which the foregoing initials are prefixed is that of a Spanish gentleman; "but," observed a fool, "although he is a foreigner, the Bankruptcy Court is a place in which the literary world must be sorry to see a man of letters." "Eight letters," said another fool, "standing for so many Christian names! The bearer of them must have had liberal godfathers and godmothers."

A Laborious Post.—The new First Lord will find plenty to do at the Admiralty. There is a long list of *Agenda* and *Corrigenda*.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



EVENTFUL have been the hours since *Mr. Punch* last wrote. Firstly, three who were then Conservative Ministers are Conservative Ministers no longer. PEEL of the Army, CRANBORNE of India, CARNARVON of the Colonies, have deprived LORD DERBY of their services. The dauntless Three have fallen, the earliest victims to Reform. They would have "kept the Bridge," but DERBIUS the Consul did not want it kept, so they have only gone home. Secondly, a strange story belongeth to their fate, and this the Consul told to the Senate on

Monday, 4th March. The EARL OF DERBY gave an interesting and edifying account of the Reform policy of his Cabinet. The next night MR. DISRAELI, who, on the Monday, had been sternly silent, to the wrath of sundry in the Commons, became lavishly explanatory. It will be convenient to fuse the two statements which irradiate each other, into one, and this it is.

In the autumn, LORD DERBY saw that a Reform Bill, and not a "niggard" one, ought to be presented to Parliament. He therefore requested MR. DISRAELI to give his best attention to the subject.

At some date it "came to" those statesmen that some of their colleagues would not stand a liberal Reform Bill.

Two measures were therefore prepared, or at least sketched, one a Worthy, the other an Unworthy one.

D. and D. hoped to be able to pass the former, but if their ultra-Conservative friends should resist, meant to fall back on the latter.

The Resolutions are admitted to have been vague, but the Cabinet wanted to get "concurrence" from the Commons. As they could not get it, they emitted an "expression of policy" on the 25th, which *Mr. Punch* expounded last week, with the fatal comment that "it would not do."

This was the Unworthy scheme, but, small as it was, it was too large for PEEL, CRANBORNE, and CARNARVON. LORD CRANBORNE sat up all one Sunday night, studying the figures, and frightened himself so dreadfully at the results he came to that he was obliged to resign. The other two did not waste wax candles and get headaches, but they resigned also.

Now the Administration is free to do its duty as understood by LORD DERBY in the autumn, and his Lordship's first opinion, said MR. DISRAELI, is his last opinion.

So, for the third time this session, MR. DISRAELI is going to introduce a Reform Bill, and he has fixed the 18th of March for that ceremony. By this measure the Government declares that it will stand or fall.

Mr. Punch has only one question to ask. When LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI, having arrived at a sense of their duty to the nation, found that certain colleagues would endeavour to prevent their discharge of that duty, why did they not, as Patriot Statesmen, at once remit CRANBORNE to Coventry, CARNARVON to Castle High Clere, and JONATHAN to Jericho, and prepare the measure dictated by conscience? Of course it would, as LORD DERBY says, have been very "painful;" of course it would, as MR. DISRAELI says, have been "one of the saddest incidents of public life." But we should like to know what PITT, WELLINGTON, or PALMERSTON would have done. He would have wept or not wept, according to his hydraulic proclivities, but he would have walked out the recalcitrants, and done his duty.

Leaving which considerations to the consideration of All whom they concern, *Mr. Punch* briefly notes that on the Monday LORD CARNARVON told the Lords that he thought Reform was needed, but arithmetic showed him that the proposed scheme would alter the character of five-sixths of our boroughs, and this he regarded as dangerous—that LORD GRANVILLE said it was clear that the Cabinet had never come to a decision as to the meaning of the Resolutions, and he hoped that there would be no more desire to mystify Parliament—that LORD GREY thought that the House of Commons ought to be full of wisdom and ability, that the highest intelligence of the nation should be represented, and that a mistake in altering the Constitution would be fatal—and that LORD DERBY declared a Reform Bill to be a matter not of principle but of detail.

MR. DISRAELI, to-night, as has been said, was elaborately silent, and LORD CRANBORNE was tongue-tied by etiquette. But MR. GLADSTONE made some severe criticisms on the conduct of Ministers, which reminded him of a Greek dance he had seen, in which the ladies advanced three steps and retreated two. He demanded, for the credit of Parliament, that the question of Reform should be treated with force and decision, that the Bill should contain nothing new-fangled, and that there should be no giving with one hand and taking away with the other. If the plan should be Simple, Good, Manful, Constitutional, and Straightforward, it would be ungrudgingly supported by the Opposition. His speech was sterner than heretofore, and sounded warningly.

Tuesday. MR. DISRAELI made the speech that hath been noted, ending with a scoff at MR. GLADSTONE'S "singular plainness of mind" and hatred of "intricacy." It was repaid, with interest. GENERAL PEEL made a manly speech, much applauded. He had been told that the Reform Bill was a Conservative measure, and when he found that it was not, he refused to have anything to do with it. LORD CRANBORNE made a somewhat similar statement, and he, too, spoke in an earnest and manly fashion, as English gentlemen always do when they are talking only of personal matters.

At the instance of MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, "who was received with great laughter," MR. GLADSTONE explained that though he had held the briefest conversation with MR. DISRAELI, it was not about Reform, but something else, and he had used the words "Quite Proper," which had been overheard. He confuted some allegations of MR. DISRAELI'S as to the conduct of Opposition; but all this fencing, good as it was, between the two accomplished swordsmen, was chiefly for the amusement of the House. It was still more amused by a smart speech, very anti-Ministerial, by MR. LOWE, who assailed the Conservatives and the Radicals for their joint approach to democracy, likened MR. DISRAELI and MR. BRIGHT to the great Twin Brothers to whom the Dorians pray (see MACAULAY'S *Lay*), and said that the "ship they ride on" is Cold Hypocrisy, and the chief they serve under is Anarchy. MR. HORSMAN accused Ministers of political immorality. LORD STANLEY denied the charge of democracy, and said that the Bill, by which the Cabinet would stand or fall, would in no sense be in accordance with the policy consistently supported by MR. BRIGHT. The latter gentleman made an amusing speech, with some good "chaff" in it, and welcomed the now favoured idea of Household Suffrage, but was willing to support a measure short of that. Why were we to be afraid of a second million of our countrymen? Some smaller men finished a debate of an unusually brilliant character. And here endeth another chapter in the history of Reform.

MR. WATKIN got a Committee on Limited Liability; MR. LEEMAN carried, by 86 to 41, a Bill intended to check stockjobbing rascalities, by preventing fictitious transactions. The jobbers howl about "restraining business," but the Bill is approved by the best sort of business men.

Wednesday. The Fenian Rebellion broke out in Ireland, and the CHIEF SECRETARY had to tell the House of cut telegraphs, torn-up railways, Greek fire, encounters between rebels and police, bloodshed, and, the only good news, of LORD STRATHNAIRN (SIR HUGH ROSE) being in the saddle and riding against the revolt. Since then, we have heard of still more serious affrays, of concerted movements of Fenians, and of wide-spread disaffection. But with traitors in their own ranks, and vigour and skill in ours, the rebels may expect suppression, and the ringleaders may look for the doom of felons. It is time to show that Law means Order—at any price.

MR. COLERIDGE carried his Bill for the Abolition of Tests at Oxford through Second Reading, but it will not become law in its present form.

Thursday. The EMPEROR, who is always polite, has offered the QUEEN the statues of HENRY THE SECOND, CŒUR DE LION, ELEANOR OF GUIENNE, and ISABEL OF ANGOULEME, from the Chapel of Fontevrault, Anjou, and HER MAJESTY has accepted them. French antiquaries rage, and if these statues were in a fitting place, *Mr. Punch* would consider their removal a barbarism; but as they are lying in the back scullery of a convict prison, we may as well have them. We object, however, to their going to South Kensington—let DEAN STANLEY take charge of them, and put them where he sees proper.

GENERAL PEEL, though ministerially dead, moved the Army Estimates, which are a good deal higher than the last, but not so much higher, he says, as they seem. The Converted Sniders work admirably, we are told.

Friday. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL delivered what LORD DERBY called a dangerous and irritating address on Crete and the Eastern question. The latter is coming up, and Russia, "though yet her cicatrix looks raw and red," is getting Bumptious again. The *Ægri somnia* must be pleasant, just now.

The Commons were dull. No light was thrown by a long debate on Volunteer law. The Travellers' Baggage question came up, and it is clear that no change is to be made. The only Member who used an argument against it was Sir Patrick O'Brien, who urged that the valuable works of English authors would be pirated, and the fraudulent editions brought over by travellers. Sir Patrick is a gentleman, and in the name of author-craft we thank him for his kindly thoughtfulness. But we hope there is enough public spirit in authors (especially those who have sold their copyrights) to endure this peril for a few months.

London may like to know that the Regent's Park Lake is not to be touched until autumn, when, of course, everybody whose nose is worth respect will be out of town.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

(From yours very truly, Peeper the Great.)

PEEP FIRST.



In April the first the French Exhibition will open, and thousands hitherto unable to gain admission will flock to Paris. Numberless Englishmen and Englishwomen who have not been there before will not be behind now. A Guide and a familiar friend is, like dough, much kneaded: whereat some readers may say, "Oh, doughn't!" Let 'em. I have said it. I am a Broken Englishman, and after a lengthened sojourn abroad am prepared to direct the steps of my compatriots, to talk with the natives, to speak for the stranger, and to give him his French as it is spoken and pronounced in the best or worst society.

There is not a spot in Paris with which I am unacquainted. I can tell you all about it—and more: I am therefore your man. "Je suis," as Maréchal Ney used to observe, "votre homme;" but for the benefit of your readers, I must add, that these words are *not* pronounced as spelt.

Let me introduce Paris to you, historically. Paris is called by many ignorant foreigners Parry, but they might as well call it German Reed at once, as no one, out of their own set, understands them.

In ancient times, A.V.P.C. [*Anno Verbum Personale Concordat, i.e.*, a Concordat entered into by one of the first Popes] the country of France was generally an open country, which accounts for the people being Frank. It is supposed that Adam and Eve visited it early in life, but no records of the fact exist, except the word *Madam*, which includes both. M. Adolphe Adam, the composer, is a descendant of that illustrious gentleman, who is admitted, on all hands, to have been the First Man of his time. However this may be, let it be as it will. Dates not so much an object as reading in comfort.

The Franks were not cannibals: they ate no one, and no one ate them. An amicable state of things, which, perhaps, accounts for the proverbial politeness of their Parisian posterity. In those days there were no guide-books to Paris and its environs. They were scarcely missed, as there were no environs, and I may add, to speak strictly, no Paris. Paris rhymes to Harris; an opportunity which entirely escaped the attention of Ovid and Virgil: odd. The Judgment of Paris was *the* event which suggested the name for the place. This judgment has been handed down to us. If Sergeant Parry should become a Judge, perhaps a great decision of his will be handed down as the Judgment of Parry's. Perhaps so: when this you see, remember me.

About this time an incursion of Merovingians—but this will not interest *you*. Suffice it to say that the first Frenchman of any fame at all was King Pippin, who, as you may recollect, was mixed up with William Tell, and was shot on and off his son's head simply because he wouldn't put on his hat. Hence Ripstone Pippins: but another family tree, this. The next was *Robert the Devil*, who lived in Normandy, which, by poetic licence, he used to call his mother country (in French *Ma* Normandie). He was removed by *Bertrand* and taken to a warmer climate—Italy, I think, from his subsequently re-appearing as *Roberto il Diavolo*.

Then came, an ancestor of Sir Richard Mayne, called Charlemagne: he wore an iron crown, and composed the well-known air for the flageolet, "*Dulce domum*." (At least, if he didn't, he had something to do with a Regium Donum, but *Historia est foggia, i. e.*, History is foggy in details.)

After this we hear (that is, *I've* heard) very little of France until the Emperor Napoleon the Third ascended the throne. There was a Napoleon the First; but then there was a Duke of Wellington.

This Emperor, Napoleon the Third, gives an Exhibition this year. You will want a Guide to it. There is a regiment of Guides in France. But don't ask them questions. Get *Paris for the English*—1867, published by Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C. (*Advertisement.*)

Life in Paris is all out of doors. Of course you couldn't expect life *in* doors, in France, any more than in any other country; the doors here are as dead as door-nails elsewhere.

Though the Parisian life is out of doors, you will not see any Houses out of windows. They are all windows and shutters, and neat little ornamental blinds. The only time when you'll see a house out of windows is when you look out of your own windows and see a house. No novelty here.

You get to Paris by land and water. These are merely preliminary directions.

You mustn't be surprised at the roughness of an angry sea. No wonder it is angry, seeing it is so often crossed.

On landing you will at once proceed to Paris: and then—wait for me in my next.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PROFANE SWEARING.

Adapted to various Sorts and Conditions of Men.

Lawyer. Tax my bill.
Doctor. Dash my draughts.
Soldier. Snap my stock.
Parson. Starch my surplice.
Bricklayer. I'll be plastered.
Bricklayer's Labourer. Chop my hod.
Carpenter. Saw me.
Plumber and Glazier. Solder my pipes. Smash my panes.
Painter. I'm daubed.
Brewer. I'm mashed.
Engineer. Burst my boiler.
Stoker. Souse my coke.
Costermonger. Rot my taturs.
Dramatic Author. Steal my French Dictionary.
Actor. I'll be hissed.
Tailor. Cut me out. Cook my goose.
Linendraper. Soil my silks. Sell me off.
Grocer. Squash my figs. Sand my sugar. Seize my scales.
Baker. Knead my dough. Scorch my muffins.
Auctioneer. Knock me down.

THE ELECTRIC MEDAL.

The American Parliament has passed a resolution of thanks to Mr. Cyrus Field, for having made the Electric Telegraph between England and the States, and has ordered a Gold Medal to be struck, in honour of Mr. Field's single-handed feat. This is quite right. *Punch* would be the last man to deny that "alone Field did it." We are not quite sure whether he let the water into the space called the Atlantic Ocean, but we know that he invented electricity, and telegraphy, and after years of solitary experiments, perfected the Cable which is now laid. He carried it in his own one-horse gig from Greenwich to Ireland, and having previously constructed the machinery for paying it out, launched the *Great Eastern* by his unaided efforts, lifted the rope on board, and consigned it to the deep with his own hands. Mr. Field tied on the Newfoundland end with great neatness, and then ran on with the continuation, and never sat down, nor even blew his nose, until he had dispatched the first message. Therefore, the Medal is his, and the reverse also. But in concession to the ignorant prejudices of the world, might not just the most modest space, say the rim, bear in faint letters the names of Gisborne, Glass, Elliot, Anderson, Canning, and one or two more, who stood by, with their hands in their pockets, and saw the smart Cyrus perform the Herculean task. Anyhow, we do give the ground on which this end of the Cable rests. But we would not press the request, if it would hurt American feelings.

The Beggar's Paradise.—Tattersall's.



AT THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Teacher. "NOW, MARY BROWN, YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IS MEANT BY BAPTISM?"

Mary Brown. "OH, *I* KNOW, TEACHER! IT'S WHAT DR. FRANKLIN DID ON BABY'S ARM LAST TOOSDAY!"

SINGULAR CONDUCT IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE.

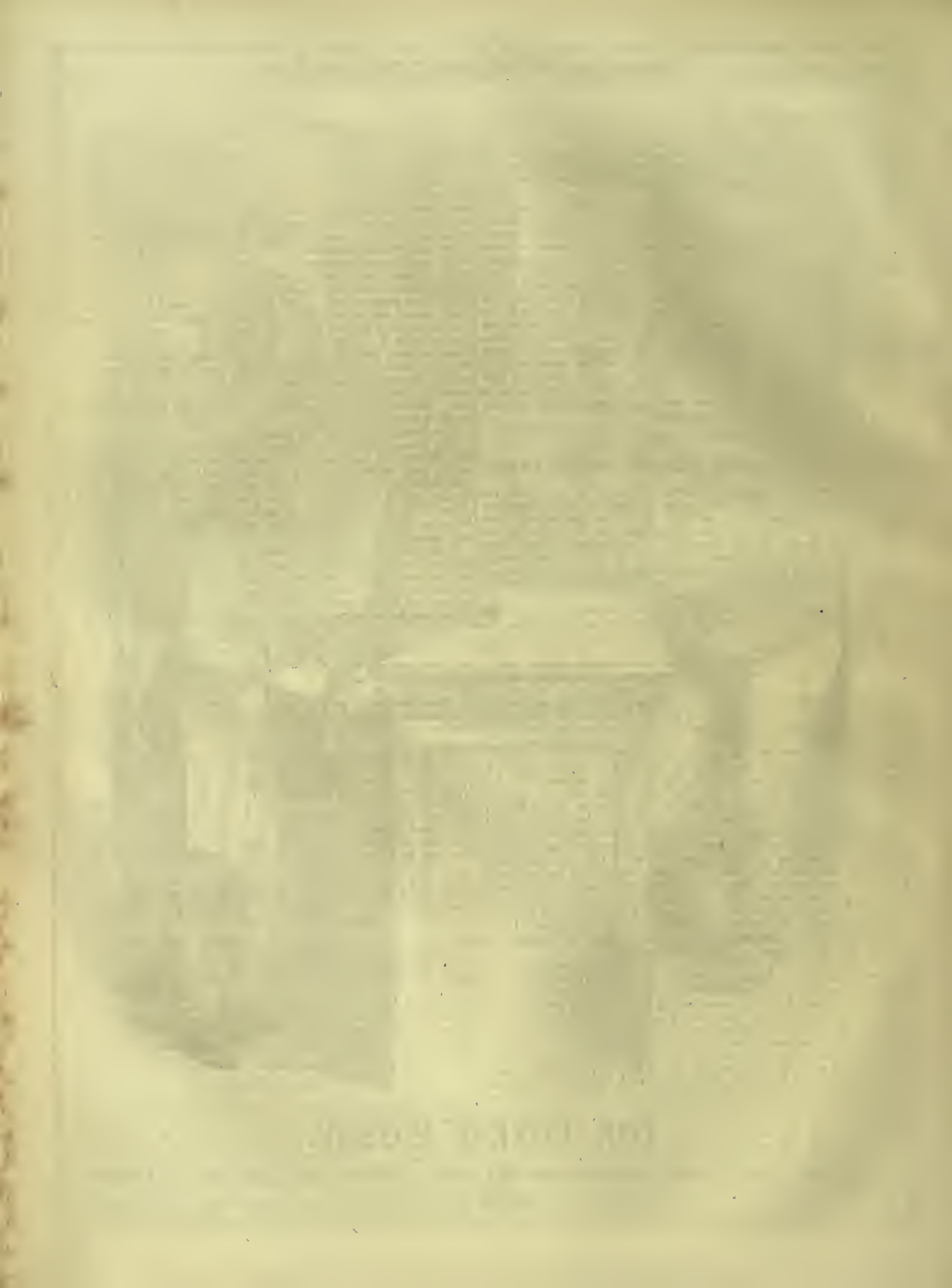
(By our own Penny-a-Liner.)

EVERY lover of justice will be glad to learn that the vigilance of the police in regard to the use of False Weights and Measures is not confined to the miserable petty tradesmen of Lambeth and other low neighbourhoods, who cheat the poor out of so much of their hard earnings, but that the authorities have an eye upon offenders of a higher class. In the case to which these remarks refer, we are not enabled to state that any penalty has as yet been inflicted, but it will be seen that there is every intention to enforce the law. Our reporter states that the attention of the Westminster police has for some weeks been attracted to a house in Parliament Street known as the "Rupert's Head," and kept by a respectable landlord named DERBY, in whose service is also a sharp and intelligent bar-man, whose real name is of Hebrew origin, but who is known in the neighbourhood as "DIZZY." MR. DERBY came into possession of the premises after an action of ejectment, said to have been somewhat irregularly conducted, and he changed the sign, which had previously been that of "Jack Straw's Castle," to the above. The neighbours made no particular complaint of the management of the house, for the landlord's connection was chiefly country persons, who, though apt to be a little vociferous, were respectable, and not addicted to late hours. There were occasional quarrels between them and some of the customers of the previous landlord, an aged person named RUSSELL, who had been respected in his time, but had of late years become cantankerous, especially since his ejectment from the house, but nothing serious occurred. We mention these details to show how, in these strange times, worthy men will run the risk of losing a fair character, for the sake of very small gains and certain exposure. It is our duty to add that, in some respects, the landlord at the Rupert'a Head was popular with his neighbours, for he had carefully abstained from interference with other people's affairs, had endeavoured to arrange some difficulties between certain workmen and their masters, had administered a severe rebuke to a Beadle who neglected his duties, and had shown a kind feeling towards the Poor. But it came to the knowledge of the police that on the evening of Monday, the 12th of February, the bar-man, "DIZZY," under the eye of his employer, was called on to serve a customer, a MR. BULL, and that in lieu of the good measure which should have been given, "DIZZY," talking with much volubility to distract the attention of MR. BULL and the other persons present, offered him nearly all froth, and pertinaciously refused to deal in a more honest fashion, alleging that he had drawn a perfectly right measure. MR. BULL, who is a very forbearing and kind-hearted person, contented himself with a gentle grumbling, and with declaring that this sort of thing would not do, and it seems that "DIZZY" facetiously remarked to him, "Come again this day fortnight, gov'nor, and we'll make it all right for you, old man," and on this bit of chaff MR. BULL went away. But he used the house again, as it happened, on the very day named by the bar-man, and police-constable, G 1, took the precaution of watching the movements of the latter. Upon this occasion we learn that "DIZZY" displayed none of his usual pleasantries, but was obviously out of temper, as if acting under orders that were disagreeable to him; and it was also noticed that three persons, supposed to be friends of MR. DERBY, were also watching what occurred. We have heard that one of them was an old soldier, well known to Turfites; another was a person who, in the euphemistic phrase of a class, has "left the Colonies;" and the third does not live a hundred miles from Cranborne Place. MR. BULL, upon asking for what he wanted, received what was, if possible, worse measure than on the preceding occasion, and upon remonstrance being made by some who were indignant at this treatment of the old gentleman, "DIZZY" said that he supposed he knew his own business, and suddenly charged the speakers with having robbed some poor men so far back as 1832. A serious disturbance would have taken place, but for the admirable temper and tact of the constable, G 1, who advised all persons to go away quietly, undertaking that proper attention should be given to the proceedings which had justly exasperated every one. "DIZZY" hereupon called the officer sundry names, intended to annoy him, but added in a somewhat mysterious manner, that "there was wheels within wheels, and he wasn't going to grease 'em all."



THE HONEST POTBOY.

Derby (*aside*). "DON'T FROTH IT UP THIS TIME, BEN. GOOD MEASURE—THE INSPECTORS HAVE THEIR EYE ON US."



This was not understood by those present, but a few days afterwards there was a great disturbance, and the neighbours saw the three persons above designated suddenly rushing out of the house, and heard them loudly declaring that both the landlord and his servant were humbugs, and had tried to get their names to something that would have brought them all to ruin. This, however, Mr. Derby as loudly contradicted from an up-stairs window, and he expressed unlimited satisfaction at seeing the backs of them. What this quarrel meant may not concern our readers, but it is due to Mr. Derby to state that on Constable G 1 again taking an opportunity of severely cautioning him, he professed regret for what had occurred, and distinctly declared that it should not be repeated, and that the best possible measure should be given. If that would not do, he added, somewhat energetically, he would put up the shutters, and take down the sign. Constable G 1 advised him to do nothing rash, nor to try any dodge for the future, and added, that if the promise were kept, the police would do no more than keep an eye on the house. The oldest inhabitants are unable to account for the cause that could induce a highly respectable landlord and an ordinarily well-spoken young man to indulge in these eccentricities, and risk their character; but the neighbourhood waits to see how far Mr. Derby and his subordinate will act up to the spirit of their undertaking. If they fail in doing so, it is rumoured that their treatment of Mr. Bull will be punished by an early memorial to the Westminster Magistrates, who are usually merciful, but who are very severe where deception is attempted.

A VERY LEGITIMATE INDIGNATION MEETING.

A Meeting of representative horses employed in and about the Metropolis, has lately been held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Reporters would have been welcome, but as the proceedings were carried on in the language of the Houynhms, and Dean Swift, the only human master of that language, is dead, their services were unavailing. Luckily, a learned horse (one of Mr. Sanger's stud), who has mastered all the European languages, in the course of a varied round of engagements at home and abroad, has obligingly favoured us with a condensed report of the proceedings.

The oldest Cab-horse in the Metropolis was called to the chair; the sense of the meeting to that effect being taken by yeas and neighs.

The Chairman explained the object of the meeting. As horses they had more grievances than he wished, or was able, to enumerate. "He had passed through a wide experience, having come of high family, tracing up to the Godolphin Arabian, and having begun life in a racing-stable. How he had come down to his present line of life, was no business of the meeting; but he didn't mind saying that it was through no fault of his. He had once been first favourite for the Derby, and after that the meeting would understand him, when he said that he had been 'nobbled.' That was his first move to the bad, and since then he had gone on from bad to worse—from steeple-chasing to Oxford hacking, and thence downwards to a night-cab, in which he supposed he should end his days. He expected to die in harness. But his varied experience had made him practically acquainted with most of 'the woes that (horse) flesh is heir to,' and therefore he felt he was, in some sense, a representative animal. The particular grievance they were met to protest against was the cruel, abominable, unjustifiable, and unnecessary practice of spreading rough granite on the roads, for horses to tread into solid Macadam. It was a leg, back, and heart-breaking business for horses of all kinds, values, and employments. From the three-hundred guinea pair of steppers in the lordly equipage, to the worn-out drudges of the night-cab, many of whom, like himself, had known better days—from the pampered hundred-pound brewer's dray-horse, to the skin-and-bone anatomy that tugs the coster's 'flat,' all the horses of London had here a common right of protest. He would call on the speakers to move the Resolutions."

The first Resolution, "That the practice of allowing the granite used in road-repair to be crushed and levelled for traffic by the horses and carriages passing over it, is dangerous, cruel, and unnecessary," was moved by a magnificent bay (from the stables of the Countess of Hautpas). "He did not think much wind need be used in moving the resolution. He had all but broken his own fetlock-joint that morning, in carrying his mistress to the Drawing-Room, and was still suffering acutely from the effect of the accident. He had had two esteemed stable companions (one of them, he was ashamed to say, a delicate mare) lamed by this abominable practice last season, and one (*here the speaker became much affected*) so seriously that he was obliged to be shot. (*Excitement.*) He knew from the remarks he heard while waiting to take up at West End parties—for he owned that his experience, unlike that of the venerable animal in the chair, was confined to aristocratic circles—that the accidents from this cause were innumerable, and the suffering general. He hoped the meeting would not think that horses in his rank of life had an easy time of it. Aristocratic animals worked very hard, he could assure them, and almost entirely over the stones. Knowing their own value, they naturally felt sore at having their labour doubled, and the danger to life and limb far more than doubled, by the use made of them for work which properly belonged to the steam-roller."

The Resolution was seconded by a sturdy Clydesdale Grey (the property of an eminent market gardener). "He could not boast," he said, "like the honourable proposer, of any aristocratic experience. He belonged to what was called the lower orders, and was proud of it, but he was glad to meet the aristocracy of his race on a common platform. He could bear out, from his experience in his own class, all the aristocratic mover of the Resolution had stated. If this practice was hard for horses of the mover's high-priced, high-stepping, easy-worked order, what must it be for horses like himself? They had heavier weights to draw, and broader wheels to move, and their pounding work on the rough granite was increased in proportion. He often felt his heart ready to break over it, and only wished he could have the Chairman of Metropolitan Roads, or a couple of District Board or Vestry-men in the shafts for a week or two. They would know what rough granite was then: that it was worse even for the horses that worked over it, than the paupers that cracked it in the stone-yards. They managed these things better in France. *There* they called in the aid of the steam-roller to crush their Macadam. But even these steam-rollers felt the work so much that, only the other day, one of them had committed suicide by bursting up, and had done a deal of damage. He didn't know why English horses should put up with worse than French horses got. He recommended a strike, with both feet, if this abominable practice was not put a stop to.

The Resolution was carried unanimously.

The second Resolution, "That a deputation from the horses of the Metropolis wait on Lord John Manners, and inquire why he has done nothing to carry out his promise of compelling the introduction of the steam-roller to crush the rough granite, on the French system," was moved by a neat park-hack (belonging to an officer of the Household Brigade) and seconded by a valuable brougham-horse in the employment of an eminent M.D., and carried with enthusiasm.

A motion for an indignation meeting every week during the season, till this grievance was put a stop to, was also adopted, and the meeting separated with a determination not to relax in their efforts for the removal of what is admitted by men as well as horses to be a disgrace to the road administration of the Metropolis, till the steam-roller is introduced for crushing the rough road-granite as in Paris.

SONG OF A HEAD CENTRE.

Now is your time for freedom, plate and jewels, gold an' notes,
To strike for liberty, me boys, and cut your betters' throats;
To saize upon the arsenals, and fire the magazines,
And blow the base aristocrats up into amithereens.

Arise, me fellow-countrymen, let 's murder all the praists,
The parsons and the ministers, and all thim kind o' baists.
The nobles and the gentry we will hang on their own trees,
All of 'em we can catch, and above all the absentees.

The troops that march against us will immadiately retire
Upon them when you open with a volley of Greek fire.
The cerpses of their comrades will be left upon the plain:
It 's then we will in glory pick the pockets of the slain.

But should we be defated by Misfortune's cruel fate,
With mighty little punishment 'tis likely we shall mate;
They dare not hang for thrason now, nor head off shoulders dock,
The gallows is a bugaboo: a praty for the block!

But there is Colonel Nelson, boys, and there 's Lieutenant Brand:
A trial for their life, bedad, is what they 've got to stand.
How they stamp out rebellion, sure, their likes will take good care,
Seeing what throuble that has brought on them and Mr. Eyre.

Jack Stuart Mill for ever, and hurroo for friend Jack Bright!
Success to the Committee philo-black and anti-white!
Hang them that crushes rebels in the service of the Crown,
And then who 'll be the boys to put the Fenian Brothers down?

Very Natural.

The authorities at Cambridge have issued an edict pronouncing sentence of rustication or expulsion against any person *in statu pupillari*, riding in, or otherwise promoting a steeple-chace. This is only what might be expected. "Steeple-chasing" is a pursuit reserved for gownsmen *not in statu pupillari*—gownsmen who have taken orders.

Motto (*lately adopted by* Mr. Paddy Green).—Evans's helps them as helps themselves.



That Charming Gal with the blue feather (to Prize Canary). "SWEETY, DEAR!"
Comic Man ("Dolcissimo con Brio," from the other side of pedestal). "YES, DUCKY!"
[Utterly ruining the hopes, and taking the wind out o' the sails of his tall friend (serious man), who had been spooning about her all the afternoon, and thought he had made an impression!

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

Ætat. 15. "Bother the ladies! Let'sh have a weed!"
Ætat. 20. "O yes, let 's join the ladies. (*Aside.*) Cousin CLARA's in the drawing-room."
Ætat. 25. "AW—may as well, I s'pose. But just give us a glass of CHARLEY's old Madeira first."
Ætat. 30. "I vote we move, you fellows. (*Aside.*) Awfully jolly girl that was, sat next me. Wonder if she 's got some tin."
Ætat. 35. "I *should* like just one whiff first. But then the smoke gets in one's beard so."
Ætat. 40. "Cosy enough here. Don't care to move at present."
Ætat. 45. "Quite agree with you, old boy. Pass the clar't, will you?"
Ætat. 50. "I should vote for having just one more, half-a-glassorso, of that cap'tal dry sherry."
Ætat. 55. "Better go at once, *I* say. (*Aside.*) My wife's confounded tetchy when I sit long at the table."
Ætat. 60. "Ladies! I should think not! They can join us if they want us."
Ætat. 65. "I'll join 'em with great pleasure, but let 's hear that funny story first."
Ætat. 70. Join the ladies! Bless 'em! Yes! with all the pleasure in life—ugh! Confound that toe of mine! I always feel it after dinner.

The Anti-drink-on-Sunday Movement.

(Addressed to an Alderman and an eminent Roman Catholic Prelate, by a Licensed Witteller.)

THE Alderman is DOCTOR MANNING's prop:
One 's name, and t' other's title, bids them stop
Their fierce crusade against the Sunday drop,—
For One's *Old Hale:* t' other 's the *Arch-beershop.*

COCKNEY HOBSERVATION.

COCKNEYS are not the only people who drop or exasperate the "H'a." It is done by common people in the provinces, and you may laugh at them for it. The deduction therefore is, that a peasant, with an "h," is fair game.

CONUNDRUM. (BY SIMPLE SYMON.)

WHY would the normal state of a coloured gentleman in India be one of want? Because he would be an Indi-gent.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Evening Amusements at* BYNG's. *The Course of True Love. Prospects.*)

BYNG takes MILBURD and myself aside. "What Christmassy sort of thing," asks BYNG, "can we do to amuse them?" MILBURD suggests charades. I think we can't get them up. MILBURD says, "Get 'em up in a second. Cork a pair of moustachios and flour your face." I admit this is all very well, but we want scenery. BYNG doubtful. MILBURD pooh-poohs scenery and says, "there are folding doors in the drawing-room; and chairs and table cloths. Only want a word." We can't think of a word.

Happy Thought.—Get a dictionary.

We try A. *Abaft.* MILBURD says that 's it.

Happy Thought.—I say, on board ship in the back drawing-room. MILBURD catches the idea. First syllable: A. BYNG asks "how?" So do I. MILBURD explains; "A: cockneyism for Hay: some one makes A when the sun shines." BYNG interrupts with a question as to how the sun is to be done. MILBURD says, "Oh, imagine the sun." *Baft.* Let 's see how 's *Baft* to be done. Silence. Puzzler.

Happy Thought.—Try something else.

BYNG says that once when he was in a country-house he dressed up as a Monk, and frightened a lot of people. We laugh. BYNG suggests that *that* wouldn't be bad fun. His half-aunt is easily taken in.

Happy Thought.—Dress up and frighten his half-aunt.

BYNG's got it. He'll get the dress. I enter into the proposition. Prefer talking to FRIDOLINE. MILBURD shall disarm suspicion by going back to the drawing-room and saying, that a great friend of BYNG's has just arrived from Germany, and that BYNG is receiving him. MILBURD undertakes this part of the business. BYNG says (to me) "Come along: I'll dress you up." I object. BYNG says, "It's like Mummers in the olden time." I never could see the fun of mummers in the olden time. I suggest that MILBUBD is better at this sort of thing, and *I'll* go back to the drawing-room and disarm suspicion. BYNG is obstinate: he says, "It will spoil everything if I don't dress up." MILBURD points out what capital fun it will be. "No one," he says, "will know you." Perhaps not: but where 's the fun?

Happy Thought.—Do it another night.

They won't. Do it *now.* BYNG appears annoyed: he thought I should enjoy this sort of thing. I say "so I do: no one more," only I can't help imagining that FRIDOLINE will think me an idiot. It is settled. MILBURD goes down-stairs. BYNG takes me to a lumber-room. I am to represent his friend just arrived from Germany. After rummaging in some boxes and closets, he produces a large cocked-hat with feathers, a Hussar's jacket, a pair of cavalier breeches, pink stockings, russet boots and a monk's cloak with a cowl. He is delighted. Whom am I to represent?

Happy Thought (*which strikes* BYNG).—Represent eccentric friend from Germany. He must be a *very* eccentric friend to come in such a dress. I point out that it can't take any one in: not even his half-aunt. He says it will. His half-aunt must be remarkably weak.

When I've got on the stockings and boots, I protest against the breeches. "Spoil the whole thing if you don't put on the breeches," says BYNG. I am dressed. I say, "I can't go down like this." BYNG's got it again. What?

Happy Thought (*second which strikes* BYNG).—False nose. Red paint. Stop! He hasn't got any red paint.

Happy Thought.—What a blessing! A new idea strikes him. Pink tooth-powder will do just as well: and lip salve.

He won't let me look in the glass until he has finished with me. When he 's done I see myself, and protest again. He says "nonsense, it 's capital: he will just see if the road 's clear, and then we 'll go down-stairs." He leaves me.

Happy Thought (*while alone*). Undress before he comes back.

First Reflection in glass: What an ass I do look. *Second reflection,* What an idiot I was to let them dress me up. *Resolution,* Never do it again. If I had got to act a regular part, with words written, I shouldn't mind; or even in a charade; or if everyone was dressed up as well; or if MILBURD or some one else was dressed up; but this is so stupid. If I don't go on with it, Old BYNG will be annoyed, and

won't ask me again, and BYNG's *is* a very jolly place to stay at. If I'd known that there were people here, and this sort of thing was going to happen, I shouldn't have come. I shouldn't mind it so much if FRIDOLINE wasn't here. I can't go and sit by her, and talk to her seriously, with a false nose, burnt cork, pink tooth-powder and red lip salve on my face. I won't go. [Analysing this feeling afterwards with a view to Chap. VIII., Book X., *Typical Developments*, I conclude it to be a phase of *False Pride*.]

BYNG returns: radiant. I follow him, dismally, down the back-stairs. We are not, it appears, going into the drawing-room. BYNG opens a door. The kitchen. The cook, two housemaids, and a footman engaged on some meal. They rise; uncomfortably. BYNG says, "MRS. WALLETT," (addressing the cook) "here's a gentleman from Germany." Whereat the cook and the two housemaids giggle awkwardly. They're not taken in: not a bit. They pretend to be amused to please BYNG. Doesn't BYNG see through such toadyism? The footman smiles superciliously, and I feel that none of them will ever respect me again. The butler enters: he is sufficiently condescending to pronounce it very good. Cook, evidently feeling it necessary to make some sort of observation, says, "Well, she shouldn't ha' known me; she shouldn't," which the housemaids echo. They are all bored. Footman patronisingly, as if he could have acted the part better himself—[*Happy Thought* (*which occurs to me in the kitchen*). Wish we *had* dressed up the footman.]—observes to his master, "The gentleman doesn't talk, Sir." Impudent fellow: I know he'll be insolent to me after this, as long as I'm here. Great mistake of BYNG's. BYNG explains that I (in my character of eccentric friend from Germany) only speak German; and asks me, *Sprarkenzee Dytch?* which he considers to be the language.

Happy Thought.—Yah. Also *Mynheer*.

I *do* wish (behind my false nose and tooth-powder) that I could be funny. I feel that if in this dress I could do something clever, I should have the best of it. As it is I'm a sort of tame monkey led about by BYNG. I ought to go out of the kitchen funnily: I don't. Rather sneak out, after BYNG. I'm sure the servants hate me: I wish BYNG hadn't disturbed them at their meal.

Happy Thought.—Say to BYNG, in the passage, "I don't think there's much fun to be got out of this." He replies, "Nonsense; must frighten my aunt."

I would give ten pounds if FRIDOLINE were, at this moment, in the next county. Suppose she should think I'd been drinking!

We are in the drawing-room. FRIDOLINE is singing and playing. MILBURD is waiting on her. The elderly people are engaged in conversation, or dozing. The younger are playing the race game with counters and dice, and some are looking over pictures. Four elders, MR. and MRS. SYMPERSON, the half-aunt and whole-uncle are at whist. They are enjoying themselves—why disturb them?

Happy Thought.—Go back and undress before they see me.

BYNG introduces me loudly, "HERR VON DOWNYVASSEL from Germany." Everyone is interrupted: everyone is, more or less, obliged to laugh. I see it at once: I am a bore. BYNG takes me up to his half-aunt at whist; she is not frightened, but only says, "What a dreadful creature!" and the four players laugh once out of compliment to BYNG, and go on with their game again. MILBURD ought to help me: he won't. He doesn't even take any notice of me. MISS FRIDOLINE merely turns her head and continues her Italian song. BYNG having failed in frightening his half-aunt, leaves me, to find some book of pictures for MISS PELLINOLE. What am I do? Dance? Sing? I think I hear one of the party engaged at the Race-game say, "What stupid nonsense!" I should like to dress *him* up. I'd rub the red powder into him.

Gong sounds. For what?

The butler enters and whispers the Elders, who rise sedately. The guests begin leaving the room gravely: I am following. MILBURD asks me if I'm coming as I am. Coming where? Don't I know? Family Prayers. BYNG is very strict, and whenever there's a clergyman in the house, he has Family Prayers. The whole-uncle, I discover, is a Reverend. In my false nose, dragoon jacket, tooth-powder, and lip salve, I am a heathen. They want a missionary for *me*. Thinking deeply, what can mere outward adornment matter? The dress is nothing—and yet——

Happy Thought.—Go to bed.

I resume my dress. It would be cowardice to go to bed. I wait for them to come to the smoking-room. They come in, ladies and all, after prayers, remarkably fresh and cheerful. Conversation general: no allusion to my dressing-up.

Getting near FRIDOLINE I refer to it. She owns she thought it stupid: I tell her, so did I. She hopes it will be a fine day to-morrow. So do I. "Can't we," I suggest, "take a walk?" I want to say "together," thereby intimating that I want no other companions. She replies, "Or a ride," adding enthusiastically, "*Do* ride; you *do*, of course." "I do," I tell her, "but regret that I can't get a horse." This presents no difficulty to her. MR. BYNG lends *her* one of his. BYNG says, "Yes, MILBURD has the chestnut, I ride the bay, and I can get a very good one for you," to me, "from BRETT's stables in the village." "That," cries FRIDOLINE, "will be delightful!"

I say to her rapturously, that I look forward to it with pleasure. So I do as far as going with *her* is concerned. But I feel obliged to explain to her that I haven't ridden for some time. She tells me that *she* hasn't ridden for some time either. This consoles me to a certain degree, but I mean years—she only means months. She tells me, *sotto voce*, that BYNG is not a fast goer, so he and MILBURD may ride together, and that we'll (she and I) have a good gallop.

Happy Thought.—Alone with her! Galloping through the woods!

Happy Thought.—Talk about hunting—stiff countries—fences—brooks. [Thank goodness, no hunting here.]

She is all life and animation, and anxious for to-morrow's ride with me. I'd rather it was a drive than a ride. "She likes," she says, "riding 'eross country." She is sorry that we shall only have roads here.

Happy Thought.—Roads! hooray! Twenty to one against falling off on a road.

Happy Thought.—Say, "Ah, pity there's no 'eross country." I mean for *her*.

Ladies now retire. MILBURD wants to be officious, but she takes her candlestick from *me*. She looks to *me* for a light from the gas. I look at her, and find (when she draws my attention to it) that I am holding the flame about an inch away from the wick. I detain her hand for one second. I just——

Happy Thought.—Sympathetic electricity. Write a chapter this evening in *Typical Developments*.

Her last words, "Mind you see about your horse the first thing to-morrow: I should be *so* disappointed if you didn't get it."

I *will* get it. Ride—anywhere—everywhere! For her—and with her! Still I *do* wish it was riding in a carriage.

A DRY DAY IN SEVEN.

THE Sabbatarians are at it again, *Mr. Punch*. The scene of their little game on Monday last was Guildhall, where, at a meeting held under the presidency of the LORD MAYOR, DR. MANNING fraternised with the Saints of another hall. The object of the Exeter Hall Saints, in combination with the Roman Catholic Archbishop, was to take counsel for the purpose of stopping the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday. So that, if they could have their way, and you were to walk up to Hampstead Heath on a hot Sunday, you would be unable to procure a glass of ale at "Jack Straw's Castle."

Sabbatarianism, hand-in-hand with Popery, voted a resolution:—

"That this meeting believes the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sundays is prejudicial to the welfare of the people, and ought to be discontinued."

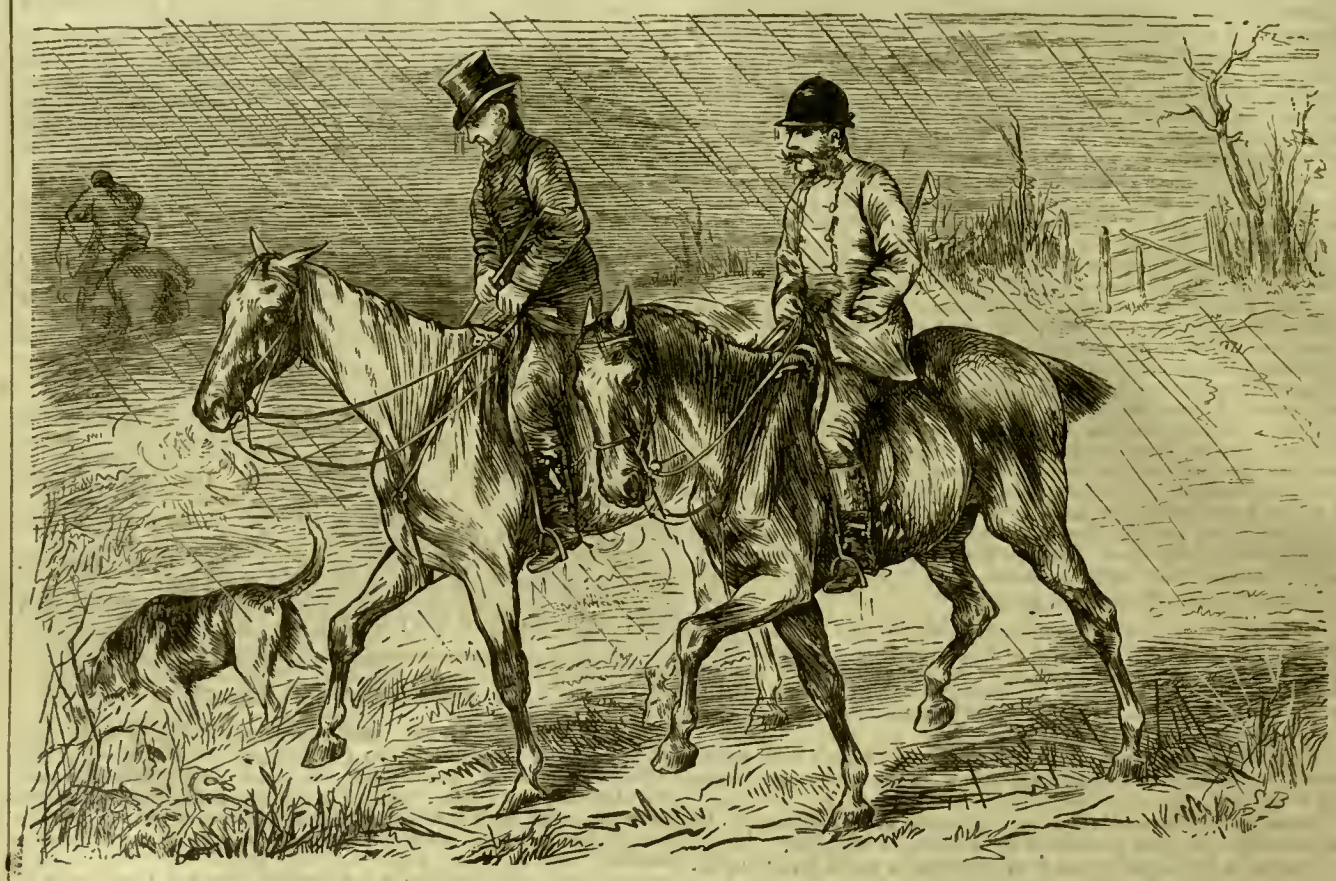
Why prejudicial to the people any more than to the heads of the people? For, observe, these would-be regulators of other person's appetites only propose to shut up the public-houses. They do not propose to close the Clubs also, or to prevent intoxicating liquors from being supplied at those establishments. Neither do they propose to prevent the stayers in hotels from being supplied with any liquor they may choose to call for, from bitter ale to Château d'Yquem. It is only the people, as distinct from the higher classes, that they want to exclude from access to the means of drunkenness. By the "people" they mean the working-classes, whom they invite to own themselves to be in general such drunkards and such idiots as to be unable with leisure at command, wages in their pockets, and public-houses open, to refrain from getting tipsy. If, on the contrary, the great majority of the working-classes are sober and intelligent, then they are asked to put themselves, and the public at large, to inconvenience, for the sole sake of trying to impede the inclinations of an imbecile and miserable minority.

In seconding the motion resolved as above, MR. ALDERMAN HALE is reported to have stated that "he occasionally took a glass of wine, but he never drank wine on a Sunday." This announcement was received with the laughter that, even in the most silly and serious assembly, a speaker excites by the utterance of declarations that are mutually irrelative, particularly when they include the avowal of an absurdity besides. What, if ALDERMAN HALE is accustomed occasionally to take a glass of wine, is the reason for which he never drinks wine on a Sunday? Perhaps a reporter has been unjust to ALDERMAN HALE. What he really did say may have been the logical statement that though he did occasionally take a glass of wine too much, he never committed such an excess on Sunday.

Ah, *Mr. Punch*, how pious it is of us to endeavour to mortify the desires of other people, by imposing upon them restrictions which do not affect ourselves, or which we do not mind bearing! Isn't it? You may call me herb o' grace on Sundays. Must I call myself

HABITANS IN SICCO?

THE RISING GENERATION.—The Fenians.



MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Enthusiastic Nimrod (who has mounted a friend). "SHOULDN'T LIKE TO GO HOME WITHOUT SHOWING YOU ANY SPORT, OLD FELLOW! PERHAPS WE MAY FIND A FOX, YET!" [*Friend (from the manufacturing districts) devoutly hopes not.*

CABMEN IN COUNCIL.

THE Cab-drivers of London met together the other evening at a public-house contiguous to the South-Western Railway Station, to declare their grievances, and protest against the aspersions which have been cast upon them. Their meeting was announced by a placard containing an address—"To Masters and Men—Now is your time, or never! Let us make use of the words of the great Iron Duke: 'Up, boys, and at them!'" Appropriately to this legend, the cabmen's conference was held at the Waterloo Tap.

What the DUKE OF WELLINGTON is reported to have said at Waterloo was, "Up, Guards, and at them!" He used to deny that he had ever said any such thing. So in quoting the speech attributed to him it was as right to use the word "boys," as it would have been to put "Guards;" and it was wise. For the calumniators of cabmen would have suggested as a prefix to "Guards" an epithet expressing a slander.

Some remarkable things were said at this meeting. The Chairman, MR. H. WRIGHT, a coach-builder, stated that, "There was no class of men who received fewer halfpence and more kicks than the poor cabmen." This is very true. For the definition of "kick," in the cabman's ordinary sense of the word, signifies "sixpence." A cabman does receive many more "kicks" than halfpence. But this is not monkey's allowance by any means. It is cabby's allowance. No man ever gives a cabman halfpence. Some ladies may. There are those among the fair sex who deem it not unfair to stint him to his legal fare of sixpence a mile. If they have not a sixpence about them, but only change for one, they will, rather than give him a shilling, give him sixpenn'orth of halfpence. That is the equivalent of a kick.

MR. BARNES, a cab-driver, in the course of moving a resolution, said, "He had been driving a cab for ten or twelve years, and he could safely say he had never seen a cab with two cushions of different colours as described by MR. COLE at the meeting of the Society of Arts, or open to the various objections raised by that gentleman." Well, MR. BARNES during all the time that he specified may have driven his own cab, and never looked inside of any other. If MR. COLE's principal objection to cabs is that their cushions are too commonly of different colours, his experience of those conveyances is fortunate. No matter if the colours of a cab's two cushions are different so long as both of them are clean.

MR. BARNES concluded his speech with a statement that looks like some attempt at a joke. He asserted, "that country cousins often cheated the cabmen." By "cousins" perhaps he meant "cozeners." But how is it that cabmen are subject to be imposed upon by country-people rather than townsfolk? Is the generic "young man from the country" a rogue so crafty that not only can you not get over him, but also that he is even capable of cheating a cabman?

ADVICE GRATIS.

Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

Hysterics.—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and soot over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

Butter Scotch.—Receipt. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

Cure for a Cold.—Take two quarts of anything you like, rub in with soap and water, stir briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

How to tame a Savage Mastiff who bites every one and eats children.—Take out his teeth.

Sic Omnes.

THE *Athenæum* musical critic, usually most conscientious, is this week unjust. He complains that SCHUMANN'S *Stücke im Volkston* are "sickly." Nobody Sticks in Folkstone except those who feel sick-ish.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*The Horse from* Brett's—*Sporting—the Harriers.*)

[*Diary and Notes for "Typical Developments."*—Byng's place is curiously situated. Some people say it 'a in one country, some in another. Byng himself is uncertain, but has a leaning towards Hampshire, as savouring of the Forest (which is within a hundred miles or so), and of old families. The Telegraphic Guide and the Postal Guide differ as to the locality. Among its disadvantages may be reckoned the fact that you can get to Byng's by five different lines of rail from London, each one presenting some few lesser, some few greater, inconveniences. On one line you go through as far as Stopford, then wait for the half-past ten from Thistleborough, which, being an opposition, makes itself as disagreeable as possible, arriving late, snobbishly, to show its consequence, going beyond its mark, shunting backwards, grunting forwards, coquetting with the platform, frightening the passengers who are taking refreshment, and, in short, behaving generally in a very ill-conditioned manner. On another line to Byng's, you change three times; but you get there, on the whole, quicker than by the Stopford Junction one. By this train you may calculate upon some difficulty with your luggage. On a third you only change once, and then you are taken out in an, apparently, totally contrary direction to that in which you want to go. This causes anxiety, references to guide-books, searching questions of guards and porters as to what the name of the next station is (checking them by *Bradshaw*), and as to the time of arrival at one's destination. The fourth only has two trains in the day which stop at Byng's station. If you want to go down to Byng's either very early in the morning or very late at night, you can't do better than go by line No. 4. The fifth is uncertain, slow, safe, and only stops if you give notice previously to the guard—which regulation you discover after you 've passed Byng's station. I note all these things, because in *Typical Developments*, Vol. XI., Book 16, when I come to touch upon Geography and Geology, I shall be then able to offer to the world some theories on the probabilities of iron veins, coal-strata, and chalk rock in this part of England. For this part unites in itself the peculiarities of the low marsh of Essex, the gravelly soil of Surrey, the woods of Hampshire, the rich meadows of Kent, the plains of Leicestershire, and the downs of Sussex. And all this I note down, having much leisure, and being very tired, but dreadfully wakeful at night, after a day with the Dishling Harriers. And I note it down for reasons as above stated, and also to account to myself for the varied country through which I have passed.—*Diary.*]

Morning.—Down to breakfast. Earlier than usual. Half-aunt making tea. Milburd, as I enter, is asking "How far it is?"

Byng replies, "A mere trot over."

Happy Thought.—Fridoline looking as bright as Aurora.

Happy Thought.—Don't say it: keep it to myself. Aurora sounds like *a roarer*, and the ladies mightn't like it.

"So soon?" I ask. Don't I know? "No, I don't." "Oh," says Byng, "we've found out the Dishling pack meets near here this morning, and so we 're going to have a run with them."

Happy Thought.—Have a run without *me*.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get a horse for me?" I ask this with a tinge of regret in my voice. If he says he hasn't been able, I shall be sorry; if he says he has—why, I feel I must take my chance.

Happy Thought.—Lots of people ride, and never have an accident.

"Hasn't he?" he returns, heartily. His groom (confound him!) has been up and down the village since five o'clock, and has hit upon a very good one—about sixteen one—well up to my weight. "Carry you, in fact," says Milburd, "like a child." "I suppose he 's not a hunter, is he?"

Happy Thought.—If he 's not a hunter, of course I shan't risk him over fences and ditches.

My doubts are set at rest by the groom, who enters at that moment. He informs me that "The old mare was reg'lar hunted by Mr. Parsons, and with you (*me*) on his back, Sir, she'll go over anything a'most."

Fridoline exclaims, "Oh, how delicious! Shall we have much jumping? It is *such* fun!"

Milburd appears to know the country. "It 's all very easy," *he* says. "Into one field, pop out again" (this is *his* description), "into another, over a hedge, little ditch, gallop across the open, little brook (nothing to speak of), sheep-hurdle, and then perhaps we may get a clear burst away on the downs."

"I don't care about downs: there 's no jumping there!" says Fridoline.

Happy Thought.—Keep on the downs.

I notice, on their rising from the table, that Milburd is in tops and breeches, and that Byng is in breeches and black boots. Both wear spurs.

Happy Thought.—I can't hunt as I am.

The half-uncle (who is *not* going—the coward!) says it won't matter—there 's little or no riding required with harriers. He pretends to wish he could join us—old humbug! I wish he could. I should like to see *him* popping out of one field, into another, over a hedge.

Byng has been considering. He *has* got by him an old pair of cords, but no boots.

Happy Thought.—Can't hunt without boots. Great nuisance. Better give it up. Don't stop for me.

A Happy Thought occurs to Milburd.—Patent leggings, fasten with springs. Antigropelos.

I try them on. They *do* fit me; at least, I imagine so (meaning the hunting breeches), though, never having worn hunting breeches before, I've got a sort of idea that they 're not quite the thing. So very tight in the knee. His leggings are patent antigropelos, which go over my stockings and boots. When I am dressed, I walk down-stairs, or rather, waddle down-stairs, and can't help remarking that "This is just the sort of dress for riding in," or, by the way, for sitting in; but walking is out of the question. [I wonder if they *do* fit.]

Fridoline, who looks so bewitching in her habit that I could fall down on my knees and offer her my hand at once—(My knees! I don't think they *do* fit; and I question whether this costume exhibits the symmetry of form so well as the modern style)—Fridoline says that I look quite military. (She means it as a compliment, but it isn't; because I want to look sportsmanlike). In antigropelos, if like anything, I resemble the Great Napoleon—from the knees. Milburd says I ought to have spurs. I object to spurs. I feel that without spurs I'm tolerably safe; but if there 's a question of a spill, spurs will settle it. That 's my feeling about spurs. I only say, "Oh, don't trouble yourself." Byng is going to fetch them: "I can get on just as well without spurs." The groom says, "She won't want spurs," which awakens me to the fact of the beast being now at the hall-door. A bright chestnut, very tall, broad, and swishing its tail; with a habit of looking back without turning its head (which movement is unnatural), as if to see if anyone is getting up. I ask is this mine? I feel it is. It is. I can't help saying jocosely, as a reminder to others to excuse any shortcomings in horsemanship on my part, "I haven't ridden for ever so long; I'm afraid I shall be rather stiff." If stiffness is all I 've to fear, I don't care. I wish we were coming home instead of starting. "Will I help Fridoline up?" I will: if only to cut out Milburd, and not lose an opportunity. What a difficult thing it is to help a lady on to her horse. After several attempts, I am obliged to give in.

Happy Thought.—I must practise this somewhere. Private lesson in a riding school. I feel I've fallen in her estimation. I feel I 'm no longer the bold dragoon to her. I apologise for my feebleness. She says it doesn't matter. Misery! to fail and be feeble before the woman you adore.

"DOD."

Dod's Parliamentary Companion, 1867. Whittaker & Co.

Puff it! We should rather think that we would puff it, not that it needs puffing, for it is simply a necessary of life to any person who goes out to dinner. Many sensible people carry it in their pockets, and as soon as they have taken stock of the party, before going down, manage a quiet peep at the biography of the Members of Parliament who may be in the room. We know a case in which a young gentleman secured a capital marriage by means of *Dod*, from having contrived to read up the political history of the father of a young lady whom he led to the table and has since led to the altar. We know of another case in which similar knowledge, so obtained, was so ably used in talk with an M.P.'s wife that a gentleman obtained an invitation to unlimited shooting in one of the best counties. He who is not up in his *Dod*, in these days, is unfit for any society whatever. We have carefully perused the volume, and have discovered only one mistake—the Garrick Club is said to be in New King Street, but that street now takes its name from the distinguished club itself. We find everything that one can want to know about the Legislative Wisdom. It just occurs to us, however, that in the next edition it might be well to add a word as to the kind of dinners given by each Member—thus, "Dinners at home. Rather stuck up, but capital wine." "Gives dinners at his club; good ones." "Seldom gives dinners, but his wife's dances are things to get to." "Awfully stingy, but very ready to dine out." "Excellent dinners, but too many parsons." "Tolerable dinners; advertised wine." With this addition to our political knowledge, *Dod's Parliamentary Companion* would be perfect.

Scotch and Irish.

At a meeting of the Cupar Volunteers, held the other evening, the members of that gallant corps, with Captain Hogarth at their head, declared themselves willing to be sent to Ireland, and aid in suppressing the Fenian rebellion. Scotland's liegemen might be trusted to give a good account of Ireland's traitors. As yet, the snake of Irish treason is "scotched, not killed;" but a corps of Scottish Volunteers would scotch it effectually.

The Burglar's Companion.—How to bone anything locked up. Use a skeleton key.



RATHER TOO LITERAL.

Country Gentleman (in a rage). "Why, what have you been up to, you Idiot? 'You've let him down, and——"
New Groom. "Yes, yer Honner, ye tould me to Break him; an' Bruk he is, Knees an' all, worse Luck!"

A LITTLE WORD FROM A LITTLE BIRD.

Kind Mr. Punch,—A day or two ago, as I was hopping along a gutter, my attention was attracted to a little bit of newspaper, on which I read this cruel and unmanly notice:—

A GENTLEMAN and thorough Sportsman is FORMING a SHOOTING CLUB (at starlings and sparrows only) at the West End of London. Should this advertisement meet the eye of any person of known respectability who may wish to become a member, he can have further particulars by writing to "A. B. C.," stating name and address, which is indispensable. At present the club consists of six members.

As I reside at the West End, I can't help feeling nervous at the sight of this advertisement, especially as I happen to be contemplating matrimony. The weather has been so cold that I have not paired as yet, but I have chirruped my addresses to one whom I may hope ere long to cherish as my wife, and from whose beak I have heard a few sweet twitters of affection. But am I justified in marrying when such dangers as above are threatened stare me in the face? If shooting clubs are formed for killing London sparrows, my wife and I can hardly hope to live in safety, and we may any day be murdered and our children left to starve. I had always fancied London was, comparatively speaking, a safe place for a sparrow, because nobody went shooting in it, and the only real causes of anxiety were cats. But it seems I am mistaken, and I fear that I must either break off my engagement and live as an old bachelor, or else persuade my wife to fly with me for safety to some street at the East End, where, although her genteel feelings will be hurt by the migration, she will not be potted by these sportsmen of the West.

Begging you to say a bad word for their club, allow me, Sir, to chirp myself yours humbly,

A Cock Sparrow.

P.S. I should have thought a "thorough sportsman" would have scorned to bag cock-sparrows! And what can make him so particular about the "known respectability" of men who join his club. Is shooting a cock-sparrow such an exclusive kind of sport that no one but a "gentleman" can properly delight in it?

ANOTHER PIECE OF SECRET HISTORY.

Sir John Pakington's Droitwich revelations of the Reform difficulties of the Cabinet are so very edifying, it is a pity they should be left incomplete. *Mr. Punch* is glad to supplement them with a remarkable historical anecdote for which he can vouch *the very highest authority.*

When Lord D. waited on a certain Exalted Personage to lay before her the conclusions of the Cabinet with respect to their Reform Bill,—

"I think, my Lord," remarked the Exalted Personage, "that your Lordship's Cabinet is likely to make about as great a mess of Reform as the last Cabinet did."

"Your M—j—ty," was his Lordship's reply, "will be graciously pleased to remember that Benjamin's mess was five times as great as that of *any* of his bretbren."

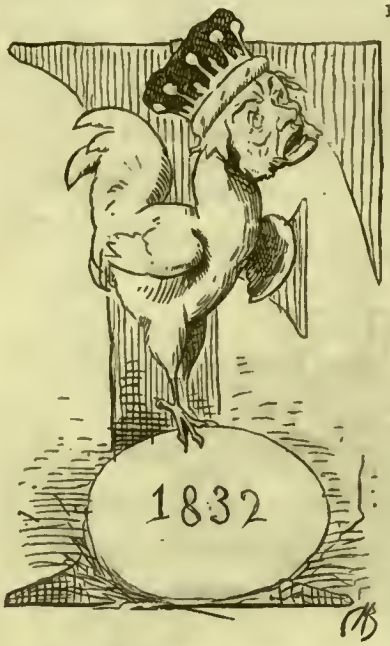
If Sir John Pakington had only written to us, we should have been delighted to put this interesting incident of contemporary history at his service, for the further entertainment of the enlightened constituency of Droitwich.

Pigs of Great Price.

The pigs of iron which the dockyards were discovered by Mr. Seely to have been paved with, were appraised by the Woolwich officials at only £1 per ton. A much higher estimate of their value, reported by Messrs. George Ryland & Co., is confirmed by a scientific analysis from Dr. Percy. They turn out to be worth from £3 to £4 per ton, and upwards. These pigs of iron may therefore be regarded as a sort of prize pigs. After the name of their discoverer, they have been denominated "Mr. Seely's Pigs." They belong, however, to Government; and, seeing the prices at which they are valued, we are justified in saying that the Admiralty have had their pigs driven to a pretty market. For this the nation should be grateful to Mr. Seely, who has saved so much of its bacon.


ILLUSTRATED · DRAMATIC · ADVERTISEMENTS ·
WANTED
ONE TON
TWO TONS
A HEAVY FATHER
A SINGING CHAMBERMAID
A FEW USEFUL PEOPLE
THE JUVENILE BUSINESS
A LEADING LADY
FOR
HIGH OR LOW COMEDY
AND
A WALKING GENTLEMAN
A UTILITY GENT
MANGLING
DONE HERE
OPEN FOR A TURN
A SINGLE HANDED NIGGER

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



LARING up suddenly on *Monday, March* 11, the LORD RUSSELL, late Premier, created a sort of sensation, which was not confined to the Ministerial ranks. It is the special gift of EARL RUSSELL to make his friends feel that they are never quite safe with him. His bolt out of a Ministry reminds them of a thunderbolt out of a cloudless sky. But to-night it pleased him to scare an unoffending Opposition. Everybody knew, at that period of the Reform campaign, that the awful syllables Household Suffrage were somehow to be made into Household Words, and that Ministers (who introduce a new Reform Bill Once a Week) meant to enfranchise men who hold houses All the Year Round. The Earl, taking for his text MR. DISRAELI'S ingenious allegation—which might as well be called alligator, by reason of the crocodilean character of the lament—that the Reform Bill had robbed the working classes of votes, proceeded to set forth his own views. He said that such a plan as he understood was in preparation would simply accord what was demanded in Trafalgar Square, namely, Residential Manhood Suffrage, and he objected to adopting in the Nineteenth Century the principles of the Sixteenth. He was for admitting the best class of artisan to the suffrage, but he would not swamp the middle classes, who ought to compose the substantial part of the electoral body.

The PREMIER, after complimenting his predecessor on his "interesting ante-biographical reminiscences," intimated that he ought not to discuss a Bill of which he knew nothing. This, of course, was the obvious official reply. But *Mr. Punch* takes the liberty of suspecting that LORD RUSSELL'S speech was not displeasing to LORD DERBY. Further, while *Mr. Punch* is taking liberties, he will go on to suspect that the speech was not calculated to afford the highest conceivable amount of pleasure to certain Liberals in another place. In fact, *Mr. Punch* heard, "below the gangway," the most unkind things said of the Earl. Some persons pleaded, feebly, that he wanted to frighten the Government out of Reform and office together, but this Happy Thought was laughed at by some others, who said that LORD RUSSELL was at his old games, and was trying to make dis-union in the Liberal army. MR. GLADSTONE did not say anything, but we happen to know that he thought the more. The speech was certainly not in the Flesh-and-Blood style, of which by the way we shall probably hear less for the future, inasmuch as ALDERMAN LUSK, apologising for the Guardians of the Poor, declared that those persons also were our own flesh and blood. POTTER, ODGERS, ROGERS, BUBB and that lot have already denounced LORD RUSSELL as a traitor, who has committed what they call political suicide, but we are happy to learn, on inquiring at Chesham Place, that the Earl is as well as can be expected.

This was the political event of the week preceding the Third Grand Reform Bill. The absconding of the three discontented Ministers caused the pretty yet athletic parlour game, the Postman, to be played by the others: PAKINGTON ran from the Admiralty to the War Office, NORTHCOTE from the Board of Trade to India, and DUX BUCKINGHAM from the President's Chair to the Colonies. MR. CORRY is the new Irish Lord, NORTHCOTE'S place is taken by DUX RICHMOND, and DUX BUCKINGHAM'S by DUX MARLBOROUGH. There has been quite a run upon strawberry leaves, and the Ministry is really a Dukery.

None of the plans for the new National Gallery will do, and LORD JOHN MANNERS is unable to say what course Government will take. Surely, after the splendid series of designs recently furnished by *Mr. Punch*, there ought to be no difficulty. Why is not Our MR. BENNETT sent for, or rather, waited upon by LORD JOHN?

We do not proclaim martial law in Ireland, but the Fenians are to be tried by four special commissions, *instanter*. What KING HENRY THE FOURTH said at Ivry would seem to apply in Ireland:—

"No native Pat 's our foe,
Up, up with every Yankee Pat, but let home-donkeys go."

MR. HARDY'S excellent Bill for the benefit of the Sick Poor went through Committee, and later in the week passed, amid cheers. MR. HARDY has shown himself an able and useful Minister; but it was not for his abilities that the non-intellectual part of the University of Oxford substituted him for MR. GLADSTONE, so our compliments are addressed to himself and not to his constituents.

The Duty on Dogs Bill passed the Commons, and it is to be hoped that the Tax Officials will go to work in earnest, and exterminate the mongrels who, without contributing to the support of their country's institutions, bite children's legs.

Tuesday. Our American Colonies Confederation Bill has passed both Houses. The consolidation is therefore accomplished. We observe that the United States Congress has appointed a Committee to consider the subject. This is awfully polite.

MR. EWART brought in a Bill for enabling persons to study in the Universities without being members of any college or hall. SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, Member for Oxford, said that some such measure was now under the gaze of that Eye of England. The only objection, to *Mr. Punch's* mind, is that non-members will have no college names to be bellowed at them in the boat-races. However, "Go it, Outsides!" "Pull, Dayboys!" might serve to convey the required admonitions.

MR. M'LAGAN, (Who is he, DOD? O, PETER M'LAGAN, Linlithgowshire, Liberal Conservative, first elected 1865; thanks.) got a Committee to sit on fires. Also to consider the best way of preventing them. Perhaps the title of his seat, Pumpherston, suggested fire-engines to the Honourable Member. Anyhow, he has done a very sensible and useful thing. Would anybody like statistics. Out of 9346 fires, 2500 were caused by curtains, 932 by gas, and 100 by carelessness. This seems an idiotic classification. Do curtains take fire spontaneously? Reading in bed was savagely denounced in the House. We always practise it—there is no opiate like the report of a debate.

Wednesday. Suppose that a public meeting is held. Some malicious ass, whom we will call TITIUS (after the manner of the legalists, though we could easily find an English name for him) gets up and utters a libel against somebody else, whom we will call JUNIUS. The reporters are present, and next day the public reads the libel in the pages of the —let us say *The Day*, as that is the last new thing in newspapers, and we delight to welcome a fresh brother. JUNIUS is in a rage, and goes to his attorney, desiring him to punish TITIUS. "I can't," says MR. LEX. "But I can bring an action against *The Day* for reporting him." "Well, punish somebody or something," says the raging JUNIUS. So the attorney goes to work, and the newspaper, which has merely reported the proceedings at a public meeting, as it is bound to do, is mulcted because it did not give a garbled report.

SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN has introduced a Bill for putting the saddle on the right horse. Yet even this, though it was approved by SIR JOHN KARSLAKE, for Government, was cavilled at. We have not always the happiness to agree with our friend and neighbour the *Morning Star*, but its observation on this debate is singularly fortunate. "Member after Member spoke in a tone that could have been justified only if the Press had been a Necessary Evil which the libel law alone could hold in check." It was actually urged that a "man of straw" would be set up to utter slanders at a sham meeting. What trash! What respectable newspaper reports such meetings? How much space does a first-class newspaper bestow on even real meetings where the men are nobodies and the objects are absurd? What paper reports the nonsense of the Beales and Potter gathering? But the Three Estates have not yet learned to love the Fourth. [N.B. The Three Estates are the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Temporal, and the Commons, you Ass.] *Mr. Punch* who, though menaced oft, has never had a libel case proved against him—except once, when a country jury gave a Jew something in compensation for an apology which the jury were too stupid to understand—nevertheless has deep sympathy with his brethren, and hopes that this Bill will pass.

Thursday. A long night was given up to War, the Lords being on Recruiting, the Commons on the Navy Estimates. MR. GLADSTONE, for some mystic reason, objected to hear LORD HENRY LENNOX, the Admiralty Secretary, on the latter, because his chief was away, getting re-elected, and there was some rather smart sparring. LORD HENRY showed a gentleman's spirit, and refused to speak on sufferance. But being assured that no discourtesy was meant, he moved the Estimates in a very good speech, and asked for Eleven Millions of Golden Sovereigns. No vote was taken, however.

MR. JAMES WHITE, the loud Member for Brighton, caught it. He tried to be smart on MR. DISRAELI, with a bit borrowed from SHERIDAN. MR. DISRAELI quietly said that he supposed he need not detain the House with remark on what had fallen from "the Successor to SHERIDAN." The Commons roared, and the name will stick.

Friday. "Over thy battlements, Belgrade," the crescent has been set since 1813, when the noble CZERNI GEORGE was compelled to abandon it to the Turks. Nobody ought to forget DR. CROLY'S fine poem, or

how when the Servian patriot was brought out to be beheaded, he saw the Moslem flag waving where he had set the Cross,

"Nor saw
The hurried glare of the Pasha,
Nor saw the headsman's backward leap
To give his blade the wider sweep.
Down came the blow. The self-same smile
Was lingering on the dead lip still,
When 'mid the throng the pikeman bore
The bloody head of the Pandeur."

He is avenged. The PRIME MINISTER of England announced to-night in the House of Peers that the SULTAN resigns Belgrade to the Servians. It is stipulated that the crescent is still to wave; but that sign will soon disappear, for Belgrade is "the key of the position," and Servia's independence is but an affair of time—probably a short time. Here beginneth a new chapter of the Eastern Question.

To-day the Conservatives met at LORD DERBY'S for a rehearsal of one of the two screaming farces of the day, which are "The Tory Reform Bill," and "The Eyre Prosecution." The Bill was read. But *Mr. Punch* will not forestal the splendid *Essence* of next week.

Divers things were done in both Houses. The Sandwich men—the advertising board-carriers—were put down. Flogging in the Army was condemned by a majority of 1 in the Commons, 108 to 107, whereat *Mr. Punch* expresses his extreme satisfaction. Keep the Cat—and use it freely, too—for the punishment of ruffianism.

"THE ONE-HORSE-SHAY."

(*Vatican Version*).

WHILE the POPE continues Lord
He can certainly afford
To claim all *égards* that Ministers to Monarchs use to pay,
And Diplomatists who drive
To his levees should contrive
Some vehicle more stylish than a one-horse-shay.

BARON HUBNER, it is true,
As Austria's *cordon bleu*,
Has a papal dispensation his visits thus to pay:
But no less true son of Church,
Can be allowed to perch,
In anything so vulgar as a one-horse-shay.

BARON ARNIM who the place
Of Pruss Minister doth grace,
Where o'er the Seven Hills ANTONELLI holds his sway,
From his palace, on the sly,
BARON HUBNER did espy
To the Vatican-door driving in his one-horse-shay.

HUBNER'S cheap turn-out to view
ARNIM looked quite Prussian blue,
And to himself indignantly in highest Dutch did say,
"What Austria can do
Is permitted Prussia too;
So *I'll* call on PIO NONO in a one-horse-shay."

Then his heyduk he bade fly
To the livery stables nigh,
And engage a single brougham upon the levée day,
And with moustache new blacked,
And tight-buttoned coat, he packed
Prussia's diplomatic fortunes in that one-horse-shay.

On the Swiss guard down he bore
At the Vatican front door,
Who stood stiffly at attention, nor for the Brougham made way,
But, as on the one steed went
Brought his picce to the "present,"
And sternly barred the passage of the one-horse-shay!

From his seat the coachman stormed
Inside the baron warmed
With such heat as a baron diplomatic can display;
But in spite of coachman's row,
And diplomatist's black brow,
There was nothing for 't but turning tail and one-horse-shay.

With a frown like JOVE in ire,
ARNIM gave the word "Retire,"
Vowing dearly for that stoppage to make ANTONELLI pay;
And as *he* drove out,—Oh, sin!—
BARON HUBNER he drove in,
And bowed, calm and complacent, from his one-horse-shay!

Outraged ARNIM thundered straight
To ANTONELLI'S gate,—
'Twas no rule that to *his* presence only pairs should make their way,—
And indignant begged to know,
What the Swiss should undergo
Who had dared to bar the passage of his one-horse-shay?

Quoth the Cardinal so bland,
"I cannot understand
Why a man who 's done his duty any penalty should pay.
We ought rather to reward
Helvetia's faithful guard,
Who has braved e'en Prussia's envoy in a one-horse-shay.

His Holiness the POPE
May not be armed to cope
With his enemies—may even be hard up in many ways;
But he 'a so much sovereign still
That upon his private hill
He won't receive ambassadors in one-horse-shays."

So the Cardinal's short-cut
ARNIM found that he must put
In his Prussian pipe, and smoke it as best he may.
And since then his awful ire,
He has nursed, but none the nigher
Finds entry to the Vatican per one-horse-shay.

While the majesty of Rome,
That from its seven-hilled home,
Excommunicated monarchs, and made continents obey,
Is so much out of joint,
That at the bayonet's point
It is proud to win its triumph o'er a one-horse-shay!

OFFICIAL CHANGES.

THE President of the College of Surgeons will try his hand at financial operations, and open the next Budget.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE will, after Easter, wield the bâton as Conductor of the Royal Italian Opera. Rumour points to a distinguished Cook as likely to undertake the care of the Police. Another Candidate for the office is the Constable of the Tower.

The post of Hydrographer has been offered to C. STANFIELD, R.A.

Usher of the Black Rod is to be Head Master of Eton.

It is not improbable that MR. TENNYSON will in future devote himself to the Management of the London and North-Western Railway.

MR. WHALLEY has engaged to edit a new Catholic paper. MR. NEWDEGATE will supply the Ecclesiastical Intelligence.

The Astronomer Royal is mentioned as willing to become Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and look after the Stars.

The Master of the Mint is about to commence practice as an Election Agent.

The control of the operations of the Mendicity Society has passed into the hands of the Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

The Master of the Horse is negotiating for the use of the Agricultural Hall as a Circus.

MR. BEALES will shortly be gazetted as Ranger of Hyde Park.

MR. GEORGE POTTER becomes a Field-Marshal in the British Army.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE is to be Dean of the Arches.

Something has been said with reference to a substitute for MR. DISRAELI. One of the Jugglers who have lately astonished the town with their tricks was named as a worthy successor. He would make a tip-top Minister.

Prescription for the Sick Man.

Tinct. diplom.	℥iij.
Mendac. Hellenic.	℥viij.
Insid. Tartaric.	℥v.
Am. Prop. Gallic.	℥x.
Neutral. Britan.	℈ij.

Fiat mistura, de die in diem sumenda, quanto sæpius tanto melius. In aquâ calidâ teneatur æger, et sæpius per ambass. quatietur.

THE WORKING-MEN'S ADVISER.

ON the stump at a meeting convened last Saturday week in Trafalgar Square, MR. GEORGE POTTER delivered an oration which, according to a report of it, "he concluded by calling on the working-classes to be up and doing." It is gratifying to find MR. GEORGE POTTER giving such good advice to the working-classes. They cannot do better than practise early rising and industry. Let them listen to MR. POTTER when he recommends them to be up and doing, but turn a deaf ear to him when he tells them to be up and idling.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 1.

Mr. John Joseph Jackson, Stockbroker—Widower and Childless—House in Bayswater—Brougham in perspective. His first Marriage was not a happy one.

Miss Margaret Browne, daughter of a Professional Man in Gower Street, eldest of ten. Has had the Hooping-cough and Measles, and got over a mild attack of first love. Is a moderate linguist, and plays and sings—also in moderation.

[Mr. J. J. J. looks rather ridiculous just at present, but he is under the influence of strong emotion. Mr. Punch advises Miss M. B. to turn round and say "Yes," as he thinks on the whole this will prove a not undesirable match.

ALL RIGHT FOR THE ROUGHS.

Now is the time for us, my pals; the place Trafalgar Square;
Another Demonstration for Reform 's to come off there.
And then whilst BEALES is holding forth, and BRADLAUGH speechifies,
Oh, won't we frisk the tickers, and, oh, won't we fake the clies!

'Tis Saturday when working-men has leisure time to spend,
With wages in their pockets—if they only would attend;
'Ow we 'd improve the shinin 'our, as doth the busy bee,
So as for to enjoy the gains of honest industry!

BEALES, he is called the People's Friend; GEORGE POTTER 's called the same;
No doubt but one 's as worthy as the other hof the name:
But, when they drors the people for to foller at their 'eels,
Us coves' perticlar friends is then GEORGE POTTER and old BEALES.

'Cause why, there 's no occasion for to do a little job,
Safe as the hopportunity created by a mob;
Wherein, catch e'er a cove as looks respectable astray,
'Ow heasy for to bonnet him, hand hear the swag away!

Two hundred thousand men or more is promised for to walk
Through London streets agin, which, if agin it ain't all talk,
And there 's no special constables the thoroughfares to sweep,
Will yield us sich an 'arvest as we shan't be slow to reap.

What 's a few Bobbies ere and there to deal with sich a lot?
We shall be free the passengers to hustle and garotte,
For vitch the demonstrationists may bear the wictim's blame,
Their monster demonstrations is wot suits our little game.

Most 'ighly I approves the course they 're suffered to pursue,
To terrify the Government and Legislature too;
From which we may look forward to an 'appy coming time,
No Punishment for ever, and the Liberty of Crime.

'Tis fun to hear by shopkeepers what sad complaints is made,
That demonstrations in the streets does injury to trade.
We finds 'em good for bisnis, if they inders lawful gain,
And let us 'ope the next one won't be scattered by the rain.

There isn't any favour that we sooner would entreat,
Than an obstruction for to be created in the street;
And we, my pals, must own what hobligations we all feels,
Towards our patron POTTER hand our benefactor BEALES.

SEMPER PARATUS.

WHO 's afraid? The Engine-drivers are going to strike. Let 'em. Stop all railways and letters. What do we care? We don't want to go out of town, and we certainly don't want to see anybody from the country, and we only hate one thing more than writing letters, and that is receiving them. We shall telegraph the contents of *Punch* to the clergy and other ministers of the provinces, who will impart our wisdom and wit to their flocks at special services, and remit us the results of the collections. Does anybody think that *Punch* is afraid of a crisis. Let the crisis try, that 's all. But, on the whole, he thinks that the Engine-men have a good deal to say for themselves, and though he does not care which way the thing goes, he rather advises the Directors to come to terms. Roo-ey-too-ey-too. PUNCH.

A POLITICAL MEM.—Some people are of opinion that Cumulative Voting is a heap of nonsense.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"TURN ROUND THREE TIMES, AND CATCH WHOM YOU MAY."

AN INVISIBLE ECLIPSE.

Dear Punch,

I wish you 'd say a word to the fellows who write Almanacks. Whenever an eclipse of the sun is on the cards, they tell us, nine times out of ten, it will be "visible at Greenwich." So they said of the eclipse which came off the other day, and, as I am rather a scientific party, I went to Greenwich solely, or, if you like it, solarly to see what I could see of it. Of course you can't expect a man in these east-windy times to tumble out of bed at the unearthly hour of eight, and, as the "greatest obscuration" was to be soon after nine, I went down over-night that I might be upon the spot. This arrangement naturally involved a Greenwich dinner, and a pretty bill to pay for it: and dining there in solitude, when whitebait is out of season, is not an entertainment likely to excite the envy of your friends. But what I most complain of is that the eclipse was *not* "visible at Greenwich," though the Almanacks had promised it. I got up at six o'clock, in order to be ready, and I cut myself in shaving, as I almost always do after dining down at Greenwich, and I choked myself by swallowing a cup of scalding coffee, as I invariably do when I am starting on a journey, which in this instance I wasn't, except just into the park. Then, after making the terrific ascent of One Tree Hill, in order to be somewhat nearer to the sky, I stood for two whole hours, as Dr. Johnson said, "like patients on the monument," to make a scientific observation of the sun. But as the sun did not shine, the eclipse was *not* "visible at Greenwich," as predicted, and the only observation it enabled me to make was to the effect that I had better have been in bed.

I think that when the Almanacks promise that eclipses will be "visible at Greenwich," they should add, in a parenthesis, the words "weather permitting," as a caution to such amateur astronomers as

Simple Simon.

P.S. A scientific friend of mine, who happens to be a Frenchman, writes to say that he is busily engaged upon a paper he is going to read before a learned *Société des Savants*, to prove that solar eclipses never can by any chance be "visible at Greenwich;" it being, firstly, granted that Greenwich is in England, and secondly, that, as every Frenchman knows, the sun never shines there.

ASTOUNDING SELF-DENIAL.

Sir,—So many wonderful things have happened of late years, that I had begun to think I should never wonder at anything again. But I do wonder at the following statement in that capital paper the *Sunday Gazette*:—

"General Peel.—Although it will not have the effect of increasing the public appreciation of the high honour of General Peel, it may be well to draw attention to the fact that had the General remained in office for another eight days, he would have completed the two years' aggregate service which renders retired Secretaries of State eligible for a pension of £2000 a year. There certainly is no vacancy now on the list, which is limited to four; but General Peel, had he been less high-minded, might, by holding on for a few days, place himself in a position to receive such a pension at a future time."

I wonder, in the first place, whether the foregoing statement is true. If it is true, I wonder if General Peel has more money than he knows what to do with. I wonder if anybody can have so much money as that. I wonder what else could induce anyone to waive his lawful right to £2000 a-year at the expense of nobody but the public at large. I wonder if public spirit could. If so, I wonder how much the spirit was above proof. I wonder if public spirit, when very strong, can get into people's heads. I wonder if it got into General Peel's. I wonder if any amount of it would make me decline to accept any amount of money that the public would pay me. I wonder if I speak for others besides myself in professing to be,

Yours truly,

Episcopus.

GIVING THEMSELVES HAIRS.

Dear Punch,

Ladies (married ones, of course) often hint to me their wonder at my remaining single; and this they usually contrive to do with such impertinence of words, or with such a facial expression of pity or contempt, as shows they think a bachelor well-nigh beneath their notice. Now, of course, I never am so brutal as to argue with a woman, or I flatter myself, I easily could give sufficient reasons for my preferring a cigar to a crinoline and chignon. Yet, since ladies usually read *Punch*, I feel very strongly tempted to adduce one single instance of the ways in which young women now deter young men from marriage. Here, if you will let me, I will cite it from the *Times*:—

"The number of chignons exported from France to England during the past year was 11,954, in addition to which there was exported a sufficient quantity of hair for 7000 chignons to be made up in England. The total value of the exports of hair and chignons from France during 1865 amounted to 1,208,605 f., or upwards of £45,000 sterling. England took the largest quantity, and the United States figure next on the list."

Somebody or other once said something or other about Beauty having drawn him "with a single hair." But I may confidently say that Beauty will never draw me into wedlock by buying foreign hair wherewith to make a chignon. A girl who catches a husband by such a snare as this is guilty of obtaining matrimony under false pretences. "*A bas les chignons!*" say I. Give Nature fair play, and put an end to the purchase of capillary attractions and their parasites. Conceive the horror of a husband at finding that his wife took her hair off every night, together with her ear-rings! With all my love for Angelina, I should not like to find that she wore, usually, a wig; and this is really what is meant by the wearing of a chignon. The Venus Calva was worshipped in Old Rome, I am aware; but I am not prepared to pay my homage to bald beauty. So at present I prefer to sign myself,

Yours truly, Cœlebs Smith.

REFORM FOR ROGUES.

Some people, when highly delighted with themselves, have a way of chuckling, grinning, and rubbing their hands together, as though in the act of washing them. Many such people, resident in Southwark and elsewhere, were probably excited to make those demonstrations by the perusal, in their newspapers, of the following statement:—

"Watering the Milk.—The police tribunal of Zug in Switzerland, has just condemned a landowner, who had been convicted of putting water in his milk, and had thus caused a loss to the purchaser, a dealer in that commodity, to eighteen months' imprisonment, the lose of civic rights, and costs."

The small tradesmen in the Borough who were slightly fined the other day for cheating their customers by means of false weights and measures must use that gesture of washing the hands vigorously, and make joyous grimaces, whenever they consider how lightly they were let off in comparison with the Swiss landowner, who got eighteen months for watering his milk, with costs to pay in addition, and forfeiture of his rights as a citizen.

Now that a Reform Bill is on the stocks, including disfranchisement, a clause might be introduced into it, disfranchising not only all corrupt electors, but likewise all convicted rogues, and punishing falsification of weights and measures, and adulteration of commodities, with that same loss of civic rights, as well as that term of imprisonment which the enlightened legislation of Zug awarded to the gentleman who eked out his supply of milk for the market with liquid derived from the cow with the iron tail.

A TRAP TO CATCH A SOLDIER.

"The broad feature," says the *United Service Gazette*, "of the scheme proposed by the Government for the amelioration of the condition of the soldier, is the grant of an extra 2*d.* per day, or 3*d.* to those who are in their second period of service." The Government expects that recruits enough to supply the deficiency of the British army will be tempted to enter it and remain in it by these additional browns. "It is not proposed, however," says our military and naval contemporary, "to make any addition to the present rate of pension, to increase the ration of meat, or to make any considerable reduction in the stoppage for necessaries." These arrangements appear to have been made in the belief that the population includes a very large number of men, capable of bearing arms, who are very incapable of earning a decent living, or providing for their old age. They are not calculated to attract the class of recruits who now refuse to enlist for soldiers because they are too wise. Rational beings will insist on rational treatment, which the soldier cannot get without an increase of his ration of meat; and unless the stoppage for necessaries is put a stop to, there is likely to be a continued stoppage of enlistment on the part of all men much above the mark of fools and paupers.

RITUALISM IN THE KITCHEN.

This very odd advertisement appeared on the 9th instant in the *Somerset Gazette*:—

WANTED, in a Ritualistic Family, a SITUATION as COOK. Ten months' character. No Protestant need apply.

Do the Ritualists fast often, and generally go without their dinners on a Friday? If so, there is some reason in a cook, if she be lazy, desiring to enter the service of a Ritualist, where she will once a week be spared the labour of preparing a family repast. Otherwise, we cannot see what connection there can be between high-churchism and cookery, or why the maker of a pudding should expressly take the trouble to stipulate beforehand that the family who eat of it must be of those who use a special form of public prayer.

Very Natural.

"The Pope," said Paterfamilias, reading his newspaper aloud, "disapproves of the proposed liquidation of the Church property in Italy." "To be sure he does, Papa," observed his daughter Caroline; "because of course the liquidation would make it all run away."



SCEPTICAL.

First Unbeliever. "Well, I don't Know his Regiment, but Tom introduced him as Captain Cockshot."

Second ditto. "Oh, every one is a Captain now, especially at Balls. I never Believe in anything under a Major!"

AN OUTRAGE ON AN ISM.

We are never tired of hearing it repeated that the French mind is pre-eminently logical. John Bull cannot be too often admonished of its vast superiority in point of logic to his own. Every opportunity ought to be taken of beating that truth into his head. Let him, then, know that, at Paris, according to a contemporary's own correspondent:—

"The manager, editor, and printer of the journal the *Libre Pensée*, have been subjected to a criminal prosecution for a series of articles which appeared in that Paper on the 20th and 25th of January and the 5th of February, on subjects of controversial theology. In one of these the author attacks Catholicism, which he declares to be 'a rotten trunk, a receptacle of death whose fatal emanations spread all around desolation and solitude.' The manager of the paper has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and the editor to four months, and to pay each a fine of 800 fr., together with the expenses of the proceedings."

Is it not obvious that Catholicism is not a rotten trunk, and a receptacle of death whose fatal emanations spread all around desolation and solitude? Is it not manifest that the faith of three hundred millions of mankind, mostly civilised, cannot be either the decayed body of a tree, or an overcrowded cemetery; or that, even if it can be one or the other of these things, it cannot be both of them? "No," answer a French Government, a French judge, and a French jury. "It is not obvious. It is not manifest. There is too much verisimilitude in that description of Catholicism. There are too many people who are likely to believe a good deal of it, if not all. The truth, moreover, is that, if any argument about it were permitted, too much of it could be apparently proved. Let us not, therefore, contemptuously leave it to meet with a refutation which it will not receive. Our wisest plan is to silence its promulgators. Accordingly we will sentence the manager and editor of the *Libre Pensée* to fine and imprisonment." This is logic.

Here, in England, Papists and Protestants are free to abuse each other's respective isms as much as they please, so long as they refrain from libelling one another or any one else. John Bull cannot see who is wronged by the abuse of an ism. Of course that blindness is owing to his want of logic.

NEW MUSIC.

Shortly will be published, a companion song to *Riding through the Broom*, to be entitled *Driving in the Brougham.*

AN EVENTFUL TEN MINUTES.

"Lord Derby had to address the Conservative party at two o'clock. He did not think they had more than ten minutes in which to make up their minds. They knew the result. It was determined by a majority of the Cabinet to propose—not the Bill which had been agreed to on the Saturday, but an alternative measure in the place of the larger and bolder scheme."—Sir J. Pakington's *Speech at Droitwich, Wednesday, March* 13.

Ten minutes—one sixth of an hour—
To settle the "Yes" or the "No,"
Whereon hangs the balance of power
Of classes high, middle, and low.
The time could not well have been shorter,
Though the old one, not Rupert, had driven—
But e'en Rupert's self, sure, a quarter,
Or, perhaps, half an hour might have given!

Ten minutes—to say what the bid
At St. Stephen's Dutch auction should be:
Whether Benjamin's mess should be hid,
And a way found therefrom to get free;
To decide between braving the rough rage
Of Potter, Beales, Bradlaugh, & Co.,
And risking whole-hog household suffrage—
Though as Jonah our Jonathan go.

Ten minutes—to fix on the fiat
That may mould generations unborn:
Whether new men and measures to shy at,
Or stick to old ruts, safely worn;
Ten minutes—to make up the mind,
Yes—or no—to a leap in the dark,
With the pluck of blind leaders of blind,
And the lightness of lads on a lark!

Ten minutes—to forfeit our pledges,
Our principles overboard pitch,
Count odds, balance books, settle hedges,
And put a good face on the hitch.
Ten minutes—to eat our own words,
And bid up to Beales, over Bright;
To harden our hearts for Lowe's girds,
The General's scorn, Cranborne's spite!

Ten minutes—to choose 'twixt all this,
And quietly backing the coach,
And, though Bright's alliance we miss,
Escaping the Carlton's reproach,
Tearing Dizzy's wild projects to bits,
Last year's bills taking down from their shelves;
Spreading stucco o'er Cabinet splits,
And keeping our rows to ourselves!

Ten minutes!—No wonder the plunge
Seemed too much like a jump in mid-air,
That e'en Rupert threw up the sponge,
And his Jonahs determined to spare.
Ten minutes! With Rupert for guide,
And on either side motives so strong—
No wonder, howe'er you decide,
Your decision should prove to be wrong!

A Carriage of the Queen's.

It is a gross insult to the community at large to call a prison-van the "Queen's omnibus." That conveyance, happily, is not one suitable for all of Her Majesty's subjects, but only for some. Therefore, let it henceforth be named the "Queen's quibusdam."



ORTHODOX.

Hunting Friend. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU MADE A DIFFERENCE IN LENT?"
Conscientious, but Sporting Parson. "SO I DO—*ALWAYS HUNT IN BLACK!*"

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SECOND.

HERE I am again. Most of the hints which I shall give you will be from personal experience—extracts, in fact, from *Peeps's Diary*. Generally speaking, you must prepare yourself for disappointment. I mean the EMPEROR cannot ask every visitor this year to the Tweellyrees. French pronounced as spelt in *my* Guide for the convenience of travellers.

The Tweellyrees is the Palace. It was built by King Tweellyree the First. This I have never heard before, nor is it what you will find in any ordinary history. If you could, what's the good of this? Logic.

Your "effays" and "Baggarge," by which words the ignorant foreigners mean trunks, portmanteaus, and so forth, will be examined by the Doo-any-of-yer, or a name not unlike this. It would be, this year at all events, a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. *Hamlet* says this, though he never was inconvenienced in this manner.

A slight smattering of French will carry you anywhere. Mind, you have just as much right to complain of a Frenchman's ignorance of English, as he of your ignorance of French. To whom shall you complain? I answer, "*O Meneestrr d'arnstroocshiong poobleek*," *i.e.* (if you want to know to whom you are talking) to the Minister of Public Instruction. He will summon everyone whom you will point out as unable to speak English, and after a severe reprimand, will give them an hour a-day, reading, writing, and arithmetic, at the complainant's expense.

This is how they manage these things in France. Take my advice, and practise talking French for at least three weeks before quitting your native country. By "native country" need I explain that I allude to England? Renounce all English words for butter, bread, knives, and forks. Dine at French *Restowrongs* in London; learn the names of dishes, and refuse to understand or speak one single word of English. Let your formula be, "Never say yes," but like the little pig, which has for centuries amused the infantile mind in the nursery narrative, "stop at home and say wee, wee, wee."

As to Dress. Never, when in a Kaffy, ridicule or caricature a Frenchman's hat, but always *take off your own*. Kaffy is the name for a shop, a maggyzang, where they sell kaffy, known in England as coffee. Lekeirs (liquors, such as Odyvee, Marryskeno, and so forth) *day Glars*, *i.e.*, *ices*, and other delicacies.

N.B. Among other delicious things ask for Granny doraragsh; in English some relation to oranges: translate it with a spoon.

To continue the subject of Dress. Observe this as a rule, treat dressing, in all cases,* as a scientific game of whist.

Thus lead the fashion, and the others, if they can, must follow suit.

But more important than anything this year is to settle at once where you'll live. Whether you'll settle in a Ru, a Bullvard, a Plarce, a Hotel, the Ongverong dep Parry (as Malmazong), or O segond in the Sharmseleesay. O segond means on the second floor, for evermore, like Nancy—a place in France, by the way, with a bishop to it.

Think over this, as far as it goes, and we'll go further next time.

* "Small *dressing* cases." Fine opportunities throughout these Peeps for advertisers: chance lost here.

CHRISTMAS COME AGAIN.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a-year, thoughtless people say.
Something very like it came again the other day.
Therefore I, to brighten returning winter's gloom,
Stuck the usual evergreens up about the room;
Tried beneath the mistletoe to kiss the little dears;
Christmas-boxes got of them—they did box my ears.
Dined on turkey, roast-beef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie:
Piled huge logs upon the fire; sat and drank thereby,
Bishop—stuff 'gainst frost and snow to fortify the frame—
Till my nose, they tell me, got ruddy as the flame;
Sang old songs, told stories, and, having had enough,
Played snap-dragon, afterwards tried at blindman's-buff.
Fell on sleep, awoke up-stairs—may be I was led:
Don't remember having been carried off to bed.

A FRATERNAL OFFER.

Fraternity of Genealogists.



Sir,—I beg to inform you that the Ancient Pedigree of your family has been recently discovered in our researches (*sic*), and should you desire copy, and will please remit the Fee, it (*sic*) will be forwarded within a month of receipt.

I have to request an early reply.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signature),
Secretary.

Mr. Punch, who always felt that he must be descended from somebody, but was never quite sure about his ancestors, received the other morning, with emotions which he will not attempt to describe, the above letter.

Hooray! was of course *Mr. Punch's* first remark. His second was more practical. How much is the fee? So he turned the page, and found three sides of information, with some highly fascinating old English print, in red ink, inserted amid the ordinary typography.

From this he learned that a Society of Practical Genealogists, resident in most of the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Wales, has been formed for the purpose of tracing the pedigrees of families of ancient date.

Various reasons are given why people may reasonably indulge hope of discovering the names of their ancestors, but the most tempting bait of all is this:

"Estates, Money in Chancery, Unclaimed dividends, &c., have been and are frequently recovered by the proof of kinship shown in a pedigree."

"Ha!" said *Mr. Punch*. "I have reason to think that Chatsworth, and Woburn Abbey, and indeed Eaton Hall, if right were done—but no matter, no matter, let us read on."

"Most people, from memoranda, letters, registers, &c., can trace back to the 17th century, and so join the modern and ancient pedigree."

"Can they, though?" said *Mr. Punch*.

"If, however, *in any instance*, this cannot be done, they [most people] can be *assisted* by the Fraternity."

"Hm!" said *Mr. Punch*.

"Pedigrees, when completed, can be illuminated"—

"I am slightly illuminated," murmured *Mr. Punch*.

"After the *chaste* and *classic* style of the *Thirteenth* and *Fourteenth* centuries, by one of the first illuminators in the kingdom. *Presses and dies by one of the first engravers at usual prices.*"

"Isn't that rather a—a—detail, after the invitation to listen to Lordly Heraldry?" said *Mr. Punch*; "but again, no matter."

"No attendance on Saturdays?"

"Eh! Do the Fraternity go to Synagogue?" said *Mr. Punch*.

Then comes a little button-holding sort of talk, in more familiar style, and slightly recalling the tone of certain medical practitioners of the less admired sort.

"With many people a veil appears to be placed between them and the termination of the ancient pedigree. But such ideas would soon be displaced by an acquaintance with any works known to the Genealogist, such as Abbey Rolls—also copies of Ancient Rolls—Ancient Registers *enrolled*. The *Liber Niger*, *Testa de Nevil*, *Scutage Rolls*, *Cartæ Antiquæ*, the *Tower Rolls*, and many similar *works*, to the Genealogist all this is simple, and of which (*sic*) he has the complete mastery. He would rather have to search for a date of marriage, birth or death 500 years since than one of 50 years.

"It is possible," said *Mr. Punch*.

"Surely the pleasure of seeing *our ancestors before us*,"—

"Quite right," said *Mr. Punch*. "Ancestors always come before us."

"Their quaint names,"—

"Pretty conceit," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The families they married into—their then residences, and various other facts connected with them,"—

"Which were always noted in wills and registers, and especially in *Cartæ Antiquæ* and similar *works*, I know," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The continuous sight of *such* would afford more pleasure than any painting, however costly,"—

"Certainly," said *Mr. Punch*. "What is a Poussin, or a Potter, or a Phillip, to a Pedigree, especially one which you know to be accurate, because it is certified by the Fraternity?"

"And would delight the rising Generation of not only the present day but also of those for Ages to come."

"Little dears," said *Mr. Punch*, "but *what* does he charge?"

"For the ancient pedigree the fee is Two Guineas, pre-paid, either by crossed cheque or P. O. O. in favour of" ——

"I see," said *Mr. Punch*, "the Secretary aforesaid. Eh, what does he add?"

"Agent to the —— Assurance (Limited)."

"Ha!" said *Mr. Punch*. "His Assurance does not seem to me so limited as to induce me to send the money. I can make a pedigree for myself."

So *Mr. Punch* did not patronise the Fraternity. You can, if you are wise.

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

Dear Mr. Punch,

What *horrible* things you men contrive to write about us women! One can hardly take a book up without finding *something dreadful*. Talk of our sensation novelists, indeed! Why, the wickedest of stories is nothing to the tales which are narrated by your travellers. I have not had the courage yet to see what Mr. Hepworth Dixon says about the Mormons, for, though the subject is most *interesting*, my nerves are far too weak for it. But the horrors he reveals can hardly be more horrible than what Sir Samuel Baker tells us of Latooka. This, you know, is a wild country which he and Lady Baker journeyed through in Africa; and this is a mild specimen of how he makes one's flesh creep:—

"Women in Latooka are so far appreciated as that they are valuable animals. . . . The price of a good-looking, strong young wife, who could carry a heavy jar of water, would be ten cows. . . . However delightful may be a family of daughters in England, they nevertheless are costly treasures; but in Latooka, and throughout savage lands, they are exceedingly profitable."

"Animals," indeed! I have no patience with the man. And yet, I hear, his book has been most favourably reviewed. It deserves to be suppressed for introducing such bad language. What *can* a man be made of, who can bring himself to speak about a woman as an *animal!* And that is not the worst of the bad names that he calls us. Only look at this:—

"A savage holds to his cows and to his women: but especially to his cows."

How dreadful, to be sure! And what *can* be the good of telling one such things? You may say that they are *true*, but to my mind really that makes it all the worse. We can bear a spice of horror when we find it in a *novel*—indeed, we rather *like* it. But then we know, of course, that it is mere *invention*, and so we are not shocked. There is a painful kind of pleasure in reading how a husband leaves his wife and seven children destitute in London, in order that he may visit the death-bed of his first love, in a bungalow near Delhi, who of course revives directly she sees her Charles approach. Nor can I deny that, weak as my nerves are, I have not lost my relish for the horrors of a novel, which details how five fond husbands are poisoned in succession by their beautiful young wife. Still, the things one reads in travels are to me far more *appalling*, for one knows them to be *true*. And surely the slow poisoning of half-a-dozen husbands, when described with every hideous detail in a novel, is by no means so distressing—to the female mind, at any rate—as the speaking of a woman as a "valuable animal," or the statement that a savage in the wilds of Central Africa attaches less importance to his women than his cows.

Trusting, Sir, that as a *gentleman* you will use your wholesome influence upon *persons* like Sir Samuel, and prevent their *harrowing* our minds by the *horrors* of their travelling, I remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

Crabtree Cottage, Tuesday. Selina Singleton.

Errors in Prosody.

The small tradesmen of Southwark, and many other places, have some excuse to offer for using short weights and measures. They have not received a classical education, and therefore they can't help making false quantities.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ever yours, Tottenham Court Road."—Please send the number of your address.



BAD EXCUSE BETTER THAN NONE.

Uncle. "Have you Read that Article in the *Lancet* about Chignons, Joe?"

Nephew (*Invalid Captain from India*). "Haw! Extwacts—Yes, Gwegowines!—Fwightful Idea! (*Happy Thought.*) Why, it ain't safe to go to *Church* positively with Ladies!"

MIDWINTER IN MARCH.

What bitter, wintry weather!
Confound it altogether!
The tiles are dight
With snow more white
Than any goose's feather.

About the streets 'tis lying,
And round your ears are flying
Conglomerate cakes
Of kneaded flakes;
The boys are snowballs shying:

Protect your pates with shutters!
Youth slides along the gutters.
Cock-Robin comes
To seek for crumbs,
And on your threshold flutters.

The birds have all stopped singing,
The crops have left off springing,
There ne'er was seen
A March so keen—
So biting, piercing, stinging.

The primroses awaken
To perish, sun-forsaken;
The violets blue,
Though that's their hue,
For snow-drops may be taken.

Put on the kettle, *Polly*.
Away with melancholy!
We'll burn the log,
And brew the grog,
Determined to be jolly.

Claimants for a Fancy Franchise.

The Bakers, introduced by the author of *Yeast*, have been in a batch to the Chancellor of the Exchequer: they contend that as making so much fancy bread, they ought to be on the Electoral Roll. The Poets have urged their claims in a memorial (in verse). The P. R. met and framed a resolution, carried amidst rounds of applause, which made the room ring again, requesting the great Mill to be the Champion of "The Fancy." Several old women, who have sovereigns in Savings' Stockings, hope Mr. Disraeli will not forget them.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Great Cry in the Commons on the night of *Monday, March* 18, but less Wool than could have been desired. Once more the House was crammed, the Heir Apparent was present, and a concourse of Nobles assembled to listen to the grand debate. But almost everything was flat. The good old rule that you should never show an incomplete piece of work to Women or to Fools might be extended, with advantage. Never show it to anybody. Between announcements of Recurrence to original policy, Sir John Pakington's confidences at Droitwich, and Lord Derby's in St. James's Square, the Opposition, as Mr. Gladstone said, had learned so much about the Reform Bill that they had nearly made up their minds upon it, and the various final touches of the artistic Disraeli were either ineffective or unwelcome. He had better have imitated the Veiled Prophet, and let his Reform Moon suddenly bounce up out of the well, symmetrical and brilliant. But we got his moon in cantles, and the firework did not appal.

These were Mr. Disraeli's points, and to save bother, we interpose Mr. Gladstone's retorts, or their import.

1. The Commons decided, last year, to make payment of Rates the basis of the Borough Franchise.

[They did nothing of the sort. The division on Rating *v.* Rental, which ejected the Government, was carried by those who wanted to restrict the franchise.]

2. Any male occupant of a House in a borough, who personally pays his Rates, shall vote.

[The idea of Rate-paying being the basis of the British Constitution!]

3. We shall therefore enfranchise 237,000 persons.

[Not you. Nothing like it. Three-fourths of your men are men in buckram.

4. We shall not give votes to Compound householders, nor to those whose rates are paid for them.

[Then you ought. Why, don't they Pay Rates through their landlords? Where's your boasted Basis?]

5. Two years' residence necessary to obtain a vote.

[But where is the clause enfranchising Lodgers? This you refuse, and this we must and will have.]

6. Every facility to be given to Compound householders to enable them to register.

[Very humane! and as for the Small Tenement people, their votes are to be in the gift of Bumbledom.

7. A vote to every person who pays £1 a-year assessed taxation. Not in the way of Licence, so your Ratcatcher is nowhere, Mr. Bright.

[Every man with a purse will make as many votes as he likes. A little hair-powder, dabbed on anybody's head, taxes him 2*s.*, and a man with a three-legged jade of a horse, value £3, may qualify three hundred and sixty-five people by handing it about.]

8. If a householder also, he shall have Two Votes.

[The Dual Vote! This is the Proclamation of a war between classes. The author of this is the man who strikes at the British Constitution. Our Constitution rests on our sense of equality in the eye of the law. Place arms like these in the hand of the Rich Man, to fortify his position against the Poor Man, and that day you seal the doom of the Constitution. You shall have my Implacable Hostility.]

9. A householder shall have a second vote who has £50 in the funds, or the savings' bank.

[This has grown up from £30 to £50 since we last heard of it. But it is all stuff, very few artisans have either.]

10. Then there should be an educational franchise, especially for Ministers of Religion.

[Not worth notice.]

11. No two votes in counties, and the county occupation franchise to be £15 Rating, and the other new franchises to apply.

[Then, where is your precious Principle? Why, you will give almost universal suffrage to Unskilled Labour.]

12. We desire to give to all who are worthy of the privilege a fair share in the Government of the country, but we maintain the principles on which the Constitution is based, and we give Representation to the Nation.

[Your Bill ignores all selection of the working class, it excludes a vast number of the most instructed and skilled of that class, and when it admits any of them, it admits with them the poorest, the least instructed, the least skilled, and the most dependent members of the community.]

There! After that *feu d'enfer* from the Gladstone Battery, we suppose nobody will have much doubt as to the ultimate fate of the Ministerial Sebastopol. Mr. Gladstone discarded his reticence, with a vengeance, and poured in thunder on the foe. There is no mistake, now, as to the attitude of parties. The Leader of the Opposition reserved his right to say what course his party would adopt, but its intentions were made clear enough.

In the debate, Sir William Heathcote (Conservative Member for Oxford) was the first to express dislike of the Bill.

Sir George Bowyer (Catholic and Liberal) attacked Mr. Gladstone for his censures, declared the out-of-door demonstrations to be hollow, and mentioned that he himself had heard Potter haranguing a scanty group from between the Lions, and that the repeated remark of his audience was "What a dam fool he is."

Mr. Thomas Baring (Conservative) also rebuked Mr. Gladstone, but—with the practical instinct of a commercial man—demanded to know what reductions Mr. Disraeli would make for the sake of doing business?

Mr. Lowe was stern against the dual vote, which was either a mere tub to the Conservative whale, or an attempt to set up a bastard plebeian oligarchy. He condemned the Bill as unsafe, and had no wish to see the country in the hands of an unbridled Democracy.

Mr. Henley (Conservative) was for giving the Bill patient justice, but he denounced the dual vote.

Mr. Roebuck castigated Mr. Gladstone for an onslaught the object of which was to hurt All and Sundry. Let us take the Bill into Committee and do our best with it. As for final resting-places, there were no such things in human affairs, and sufficient for the day was the evil thereof.

Mr. Beresford Hope (Conservative) abused the Bill, hoped for Mr. Gladstone's return to office, and advised Mr. Disraeli to add another fancy franchise, and give a vote to the ticket-of-leave man.

Mr. Butler-Johnstone (Conservative) wished Mr. Roebuck to prepare a Reform Bill.

Mr. Charles Buxton wished to consider Cumulative voting.

Mr. Sandford (Conservative) described the Bill of his friend and leader as illusory and insulting.

Mr. Bernal Osborne was grave, and suggested that the discussion should rise above party spirit.

Lord Cranborne (Conservative) would prefer a Reform Bill from Mr. Bright to such a Bill as this from men who were committing political suicide.

Mr. Disraeli replied with great spirit, as usual when he can be antagonistic. He hit out straight. He denied that he had imposed checks—they were constitutional conditions. He stood up for the character of Englishmen, who were proud of paying rates. He would never introduce Household Suffrage, pure and simple. The Government had never been inconsistent. The House ought not to be excited by rhetoric into giving judgment without complete consideration of the measure.

The Reform Bill was read, and was appointed for Second Reading on the following Monday.

The Distribution Scheme, which Mr. Disraeli announced on the 25th of February, is to be adhered to. He revealed the name of the place in the Black Country to which representation is to be given. It is Wednesbury (pronounced Wedgbury,) and, *olim*, celebrated for a very remarkable cock-fight, in the course of which much excitement among the sportsmen prevailed, unfriendly comments on gentlemen's costume were hazarded, conjugal tenderness was dominated by the interest of the moment, and filial affection was subordinated to the duty of impartial combat.

Tuesday. The Lords took pity on the Sandwich-Men, and instead of abolishing them utterly, consigned them to police discretion. Lord Cairns demolished a Bill of Lord Redesdale's, for preventing the creditors of railways from exercising their legal rights to the detriment of the public. We sincerely hope that every Lord who opposed the Bill will some day find himself shunted into a siding by the sheriff's officers, and prevented from coming up to some new opera or desirable dinner-party.

Mr. Churchward, of Dover, has been made a Magistrate by the Conservative Chancellor Chelmsford. The only objection to this creation is the small fact that Mr. Churchward has been twice reported by House of Commons Committees as guilty of bribery. Lord Chelmsford says that he knew nothing about that, which is odd. Mr. Peter Taylor made a solemn speech on the subject, and Mr. Disraeli made a very comic one, recommending a general inquiry into such cases. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck moved an address in accordance with Mr. Disraeli's facetious suggestion, and defeated the solemn and awful Peter of Leicester, and then Mr. Gladstone, rebuking Mr. Disraeli's levity, insisted on the amendment being adhered to. So each party claimed the victory, and we shall have some pleasing scandals.

Wednesday. Church-rates. Their abolition was decreed by 263 to 187, but Mr. Gladstone promises modifications of this decree. Mr. Leatham (Wakefield), who was expelled the House and fined for bribery, explained that he was "convicted at York" because a private letter on a delicate subject had been torn in half by his brother-in-law, and the conclusion had been lost. The letter asked his relative to send him money secretly for "legitimate purposes," as well as "for payments to watchers and runners of a somewhat doubtful character," and the cautious recipient tore off these last words. Altogether, really,—but what does it matter? Mr. Leatham is in again, and is an "advanced Whig," who will in future be more careful about advances.

Thursday. The Commons sat late, but nothing very sensational occurred, except that Sir John Pakington, attacked for promoting a young sea-officer over the heads of a whole fleet of other officers, because he was the son of Lord Hardwicke, defended himself on the ground that other First Lords had done similar things.

But the political incident of the day was a great meeting of the Opposition at Mr. Gladstone's. It was decided to let the Reform Bill be read a Second Time, and then to oppose its going into Committee unless Government would transmogrify it entirely.

Friday. The Scotch, who usually manage their Parliament business for themselves, are actually in a sort of revolt, and demand a whole Under-Secretary for Scotland. Moreover, the demand seems reasonable.

Mr. Punch learns with pleasure that such of the Irish police, as distinguished themselves against the Fenians are to be decorated and rewarded.

We had some fun, by way of ending an important week. Palmerston had his Close, and Derby has his Young, only the doggerel of the latter is not merely vulgar and foolish, but offensive. However, he is pensioned. Mr. Whalley (probably thinking that Young was author of the *Night Thoughts*) defended the grant, and said that Young's sentiments were truly Protestant. Mr. Disraeli said what he could, which was that Lord Derby had been hoaxed, and that it would be a warning to himself never to sign or believe in a Memorial.

LENTEN DISPENSATIONS FOR THE RITUALISTS.

Very Arch-Bishop Punch has received several complaints from the Ritualists. They want to fast and abstain. But while the Romanists are enjoying their Lent, and are told precisely what to eat, drink, and avoid, they, the Ritualists, are left in a state of doubt, and no ecclesiastical authority will speak. There His Very Arch-Bishopship Dr. Punch takes it into his own hands, and informs the Ritualists that—

He dispenses them from the necessity of eating any flesh meat on any day in the week.

He dispenses them from the necessity of drinking anything at all.

He permits the use of one shrimp on Wednesday at one o'clock, to be picked sparingly, and half a winkle on Friday; but the pin must not be swallowed.

Finally, by their adopting this regimen during the present season he trusts that at the end of Lent he will be able to dispense with them altogether.

In hopes of never hearing of them again,

He signs himself,

V. A. B. *Punchius.*

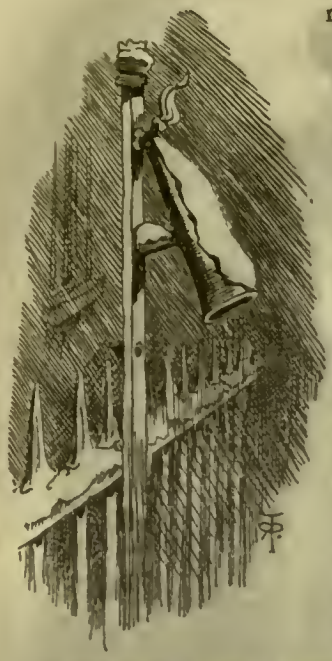
A Misprint that Might have Been.

"Yesterday, being St. Patrick's Day, Dr. Butcher, Bishop of Meath, preached at the Chapel Royal."

What a splendid opportunity for a mischievous compositor! We might have had the pain of reading, "Dr. Butcher, Bishop of Meat."

Fruits of Elections.—These fruits are generally preceded by the appearance of some early Bri-beries.

VOTES FOR LODGERS.



All Lodgers vote that the private rights to tea, sugar, and groceries in general be respected by the landlady.

Ground Floor votes that he asks Second Floor not to come in so late at night, and avoid difficulties with the door-chain, the scuttle, and Ground Floor's boots.

Second Floor votes that he and the neighbouring Ground and Second Floors request his own Ground Floor not to persist in attempting "*In My Cottage*" with one finger on the piano.

Third Floor votes that his landlady's servant brush clothes a little better, and be instructed in the art of removing mud from trousers.

Bachelor Lodgers vote that their "things" be sewn and attended to on going to and being returned from the wash.

Married Lodgers vote that no appeals be made by the landlady from the female to the male government.

The Ground Floor (in business during the day) votes that the landlady's children be not permitted to play in his room.

All Floors vote for the banishment of organ-grinders, juvenile German bands, one-legged mariners, and howlers.

Ground Floor and Second Floor (united) vote that the maid-of-all-work will not use their combs and brushes.

Everyone votes that some one gives him ten thousand a-year, on no conditions whatever.

Everyone Else votes that anyone will treat him to Paris for one month in the present year before August, paying all expenses.

Several Husbands vote they go to Paris, as lodgers, this year *en garçon*.

Wives (belonging to above-mentioned class of Voters) vote they do nothing of the sort.

PEDIGREE PROMOTION.

Shiver my timbers, *Mr. Punch*, and I'm blessed if a rope's end isn't wanted at the Admiralty! Only see here how the Swabs play Old Harry with the service:—

"A lieutenant whose commission dates from May 22, 1861, has been promoted over the heads of three hundred and seventy of his seniors. . . . This promotion is solely due to the fact that he is the son of a great Conservative nobleman, and a former colleague of the present ministers."

And see how Sir J. Hay palavers to the House about another ugly case of pedigree promotion:—

"He had not served his time as flag-lieutenant, and therefore he was promoted contrary to regulations, but he was promoted on account of the merits of the distinguished nobleman whose son he was."

A pretty reason that! So regulations go for nothing when a nob is in the Navy? If the merits of the father are to promote the son, a pretty set of officers there'll soon be in the service! Why don't "My Lords" throw overboard all rules and regulations, and give a middy of good birth the full rank of an admiral? And why send a boy to sea, if he be born of noble family? A lad who has a pedigree might as well be privileged to draw his pay ashore, without seeing any service for it. Blest if I don't think they'd save a deal of heart-burning, if "My Lords" were to launch a fleet of toy ships on the Serpentine, and put them in commission for the sons of noble swells to go and play at being admirals and captains, and so relieve the service of their oppressive presence. Lieutenants who can't hope to get promoted by their pedigree feel naturally hurt at seeing youngsters shoved above them, and doubtless would rejoice if all the young nobs in the Navy were drawn away to go on active service in the Serpentine.

I remain, *Mr. Punch*, yours, grumbling,

An Old Salt.

Loyal and Gratifying.

On hearing that several flying columns were ordered for service in Ireland, the Nelson's statue and the Duke of York's instantly sent in to know if their columns could be of any use. Both requested an answer through the medium of *Mr. Punch's* flying columns.

THE CHEAPEST THING IN THE ARMY.

Sergeant Kite presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs to say that the cheapest thing in the Army is the British Soldier. He has the honour to remind *Mr. Punch* of the circumstance, that General Peel, in moving the Army Estimates the other day, said they were "framed with a view to efficiency and economy." Sergeant Kite is aware that they always have been. Has no doubt that efficiency and economy have never ceased to be held in view by framers of Army Estimates—at a great distance. Does not think that distance has lent any enchantment to the view. Thinks, on the contrary, it has rendered the view dreary. And, in fact, that inefficiency has been combined with profusion.

Sergeant Kite observes that the total estimate for the present year, as stated by the General, was £14,752,200; exceeding that of last year by £412,200. Can, however, understand that it may possibly have been framed with a view to both economy and efficiency. Believes that if the latter object be now at last achieved, the former will also have been effected for the first time from time immemorial. Knows well enough that necessary expense is not extravagance, if you get your money's worth for your money. Takes the liberty of pointing out, particularly, that in framing the estimates with a view to allowing the soldier twopence more a day, General Peel may, nevertheless, have really framed them with a view to economy. Saw the following statement respecting the present pay of the British soldier, in the *Post*:—

"The evidence given before the Recruiting Commission shows that the soldier, whose gross pay amounts to one shilling and a penny per day (viz., one shilling pay and one penny beer money), after deducting the stoppages for his rations, washing, and 'necessaries,' 'on the average through the year, does not clear three halfpence a-day.'"

Sergeant Kite understands economy to be not mere saving, but due allotment of expenditure. May be allowed to express the idea that when the Army costs altogether upwards of fourteen millions, whilst the soldier gets only three-halfpence a day, the share of the military expenditure allotted to the soldier is comparatively small. Considers it to be as the figure of the bread is to that of the sack in the tavern score pulled out of *Sir John Falstaff's* pocket in a play which he had the pleasure of seeing at Drury Lane. Will acknowledge that the proposal now made to allow the soldier threepence-halfpenny a day clear, looks a little more like true economy. At the same time, makes bold to ask, how many of the enjoyments of life can be had out of even the magnificent sum of threepence-halfpenny?

With a view to obtaining recruits for the Army, Sergeant Kite invites the War Office to consider whether, if the soldier is allowed threepence halfpenny a day, it will not be as well honestly to announce that his pay is in reality limited to that amount of coppers? Takes leave to say that at present what is called the gross pay of the soldier is gross only in the sense wherein that word is applied to a deception. Will grant that might not perhaps be thought to signify much if the worst of it ended with the disgust of the bamboozled recruit. But requests attention to the fact that it prevents re-enlistment. Suggests that disappointment at least would be prevented if recruiting sergeants were instructed to explain to fine-spirited young men desirous of entering the service of the Queen, and fighting their country's battles, that their daily remuneration for that work, in hard money, will not exceed the sum of threepence-halfpenny. If the offer of that reward should not suffice, would recommend it to be raised, as by auction, to the amount needful for tempting them to engage in a business that consists in adventuring to be killed or maimed whilst leading a life which, except in dignity, is little better than penal servitude.

Sergeant Kite also suggests the expediency of increasing the soldier's ration of meat. Is convinced that many a good soldier abandons the Army as soon as he can, because he entered it expecting to become a full private, but found that he was never anything more than an empty one.

A Happy Name.

"The *Church News* announces that the Very Rev. Archpriest Popoff has gone to Russia with a view to bring about the founding of a Uniate Church in England."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

And if Popoff does not pop back again, no great harm will be done.

"EVERYTHING BY TURN."

Sir John Pakington may be called the Amphibious Minister, for he is (or is supposed to be) equally in his element on land and water. He should assume as his motto *terrâ marique*.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.

To a lady *embonpoint* in figure, and not good looking in face, you should be careful of saying anything which she might consider "plump and plain."



LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Middle-Aged Uncle. "Not Proposed to her yet! Why, what a shilly-shallying Fellow you are, George! You 'll have that little Widow snapped up from under your Nose, as sure as you 're born! Pretty Gal like that—nice little Property—evidently likes you—with an Estate in the Highlands, too, and you a Sporting Man——"

Nephew. "Ah! that 's where it is, Uncle! Her Fishing 's good, I know; but I'm not so Sure about her *Grouse!*"

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

Scene—*The Progressive Institute. A Conversazione.*

Professor Podgers. Dr. Harriet Brown.

Professor Podgers. Let me offer you a cigar.

Dr. Harriet Brown. Thank you, no; I prefer a short pipe. (*Produces one, and lights it. They smoke.*)

Prof. What weather we have had!

Dr. H. And what debates!

Prof. When shall we have an atmospheric reform?

Dr. H. Before we get Reform in Parliament.

Prof. When will that be?

Dr. H. Not yet awhile. We shall get no Reform worthy of the name this Session.

Prof. Why?

Dr. H. The House will reject Mr. Mill's Amendment.

Prof. And you will remain unenfranchised.

Dr. H. As long as we do there will be no real representation of the people, and to call the Reform Bill the Representation of the People Bill will be absurd. The people consists of women as well as men. Women are half of the people. If they are unrepresented, the people can be but half represented.

Prof. Well, that, no doubt, is a bit of Mill's logic. But say that women are the better half of the people. They are already represented by their husbands' votes.

Dr. H. Are they? Do you think, if they were, that property inherited by wives would belong to their husbands?

Prof. But are the majority of women fit to possess the suffrage?

Dr. H. As fit as the majority of men. Reformers say that the Constitution wants repairing, and must be repaired by working-men. A good needlewoman is as able to mend the British Constitution as a journeyman carpenter.

Prof. Do you claim Womanhood Suffrage?

Dr. H. Yes, if men are to have Manhood Suffrage. Isn't taxation without representation tyranny? We are taxed as well as men. We are subject to laws made without our consent. Show me any real reason why we should not vote.

Prof. I think I can mention one.

Dr. H. What is it?

Prof. You ought not to exercise political rights because you are exempt from civic duties.

Dr. H. How so?

Prof. You are not eligible to serve on jurics.

Dr. H. I am willing to be.

Prof. Nor are you liable to be drawn for the Militia.

Dr. H. I am ready.

Prof. You cannot be Churchwardens, Overseers or Magistrates.

Dr. H. I don't see why.

Prof. You cannot be Aldermen.

Dr. H. But we might be Alderwomen.

Prof. Some of you; and Mayoresses too. But not all. Not the generality. There are perhaps women fit to be Prime Ministers or Chancellors of the Exchequer. But are they not a small minority?

Dr. H. There is certainly something in your objection to female suffrage.

Prof. Besides, if women are to vote, why should they be excluded from Parliament? Who but women could represent women?

Dr. H. Well, I'll tell you what, then. Let there be a female Parliament. Constitute a Third House, and call it a House of Ladies. Make its assent necessary to all statutes affecting the interests of women.

Prof. That, to be sure, would be a way out of the difficulty. Perhaps it will suggest itself to the Member for Westminster. Why is Mr. Mill like a Tongue?

Dr. H. Give it up.

Prof. Because he is the Ladies' Member.

(*Scene closes.*)



MILL'S LOGIC; OR, FRANCHISE FOR FEMALES.

"PRAY CLEAR THE WAY, THERE, FOR THESE—A—PERSONS."



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



O, this *is* the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have got it, but Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the harriers, got a nasty fall at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. Miss Pellingle, on the door-step, says "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Happy Thought.—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester." Shakspeare, I think. What happy thoughts Shakspeare had. So applicable to a stupid old idiot. Keep this to myself.

Mounting.—I don't know any work on equestrianism which adequately deals with the difficulty of equalising the length of stirrups. You don't find out that one leg is longer than the other, until you get on horseback for the first time after several years. The right is longer than the left. Having removed that inconvenience, the left is longer than the right. One hole up will do it. "One down?" asks the groom. I mean one down.

Happy Thought—(just in time).—No; I mean up.

Groom stands in front of me, as if I was a picture. Placing no further reliance on my own judgment, I ask him, "if it's all right now." He says "Yes," decidedly. From subsequent experience, I believe he makes the answer merely to save himself trouble. Byng, on horseback, curvetting, cries "Come along!"

Happy Thought.—Sport in the olden time. Hawking. People generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not much exercise, perhaps, but safe. Why don't they revive hawking?

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive: if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

Happy Thought.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. The whole-uncle, who is watching the start—[old coward! he daren't even come off the door-step, and has asked me once if I won't "take some jumping powder." He'd be sorry for his fun if I was borne home on a stretcher. I almost wish I was, just to give him a lesson.—I mean if I wasn't hurt.]—says, "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man, I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

Happy Thought.—Ask Milburd.

He answers "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says "She goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall, though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

Happy Thought.—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like Byng. Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd. Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline. Walking gently. As we go along Milburd points out nice little fences, which "Your beast would hop over."—Yes, by herself.

Happy Thought.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy! Passing by a village grocer's.

Happy Thought.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Antigropelos effective.

Happy Thought.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle, and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

Fridoline asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

Happy Thought.—The pummel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, Byng says we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

Happy Thought.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left antigropelo has come undone. The spring is weak. I can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it *is* a great pace; not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. I go up and down, and from side to side.

Happy Thought.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose antigropelo, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This antigropelo will bring me off, sooner or later, I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

Happy Thought.—"Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter." We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the antigropelo goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; antigropelo flapping.

Happy Thought.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The cold air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

Happy Thought.—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow. Fridoline doesn't see me. What an uncomfortable thing a hard note-book is in a tail-coat pocket, when cantering and bumping.

Happy Thought.—End of canter. Thank Heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round, and laughs. She is in high spirits.

Happy Thought.—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my antigropelo. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her, I settle my hat and tie; also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to anyone. We pass through a gate, into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall all be galloping about, and hunting.

Happy Thought.—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Everyone begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of antigropelo out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green coat men disappear over the hedge.

Happy Thought.—Stop my horse: violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall.

Happy Thought.—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

Happy Thought.—Hares double: therefore the hare will come back.

Happy Thought—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten antigropelo: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. I explain to old gentleman who knows the country, that "I don't like leaping hired horses, or I should have taken him at that hedge." Old gentleman thinks I'm

quite right. So do I. They come back: the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry.

Happy Thought.—I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.

Happy Thought.—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to FRIDOLINE.

MILBURD laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush.

It is a great thing to possess quick perceptive faculties. I see at once that a hare has no brush, and treat the matter as my own joke. [Note for *Typical Developments*, Book xvi., "*Perception of the Ridiculous.*"]

After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "Away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round. I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle, that hurts my knees. Woa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something; a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace! Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my antigropelos on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees; my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I am pulling the martingale. Stop for a minute; I am so tired. No one will stop.

Happy Thought (*at full gallop*).—"You Gentleman of England who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

BYNG's whole-uncle is at home reading his *Times*. Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt-collar has come undone on one side.

Happy Thought (*which flashes across me*).—*Mazeppa*. "Again he urges on his wild career!" *Mazeppa* was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose the antigropelos. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me?

Happy Thought.—I'll come off over his tail.

I have an indistinct idea of horsemen careering all about me. I wish some one would stop my horse. Suddenly we all stop. I cannon against the old gentleman on the grey. Apology. He is very angry; says, "I might have killed him." Pooh!

Happy Thought.—If this is hunting, it isn't so difficult, after all. But what's the pleasure?

The hounds are scenting again. Countryman says he 's seen a hare about here. Delight of everybody. All these big men, horses, and dogs after a timid hare! Why doesn't the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfere? I thought they always shot hares. The dogs have got their tails up, and are whining. They are unhappy.

Happy Thought.—Shall write to old BOODELS, and tell him I'm going out with the hounds every day. Wish I was at home in an arm-chair.



A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

Stout Lady (*who has been let down easy*). "NOW, MR. FEATHERSTONE, IF I CAN'T GET ON FROM HERE, CAN YOU *LIFT* ME ON?"

A PROSPECT OF POSSUMUS.

"ORSON is endowed with reason!" We hope we are enabled to say. "So is the POPE." Behold a telegram from Florence, which appears to indicate the Holy Father's incipient rationality:—

"The POPE allows the Italian troops to enter his States to help the Pontifical troops to suppress brigandage."

The wire transmitting this intelligence also conveyed the information that CARDINAL ANTONELLI was "adverse," and that the "Blacks" were "furious." They are, no doubt, very wroth with the POPE for acting on the dictate of his newly awakened reasoning faculty, instead of continuing to follow their advice. To the eyes of the Blacks and ANTONELLI the admission of Italian troops into the Papal territory is an opening offered to the thin end of the wedge; a commencement of coming to terms with the KING OF ITALY, who is at the thick end of it They consider it to signify that his Holiness is about to regale himself on humble-pie, and to oblige them, his ultramontane advisers, also to partake of that truly Lenten repast, which they have a particular objection to. In answer to every reasonable proposition, the POPE, they fear, means no longer to keep on crying *non possumus*. They apprehend that, on the contrary, being now *compos*, he will presently speak as such, and suit his action to the word. The Sovereign Pontiff, they are afraid, will no longer reject an invitation like that which the wooer in the Irish melody addresses to the "Charming *Judy Callaghan*." It appears too probable to them that he won't say nay any longer. With alarm and rage they perceive the probability that the next time he is asked whether he cannot make the little concession required for the completion of Italian Unity, he will sink the *non*, and compliantly answer *possumus*.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.—Picking a pocket in a crowd.

WHAT THE LIONS THOUGHT OF IT.

'Tis a wild night: in flaws the east winds blow:
Slant drives the sleet, that neither melts to rain,
Nor keeps up its pretension to be snow—
Mad March has brought mid-winter back again.

How comes a crowd gathered on such a night,
About the Lions couched at Nelson's feet?
On what do those red naptha-lamps throw light?
Wherefore those loiterers, cumbering the street?

This little man, that perks himself to roar
Between the Lions, strong and dark and dumb,
These listeners, many curious, careless more,
And—it were hard to doubt it—earnest some?

These roughs who through the crowd their calling ply,
Bonnet, pick pockets, or "put on the hug,"
And, blessing Beales and Bradlaugh, qualify
For the Roughs' University—The Jug?

At length a stray policeman I impawn,
From roughs afar, on the mob's outmost bound,
And learn that 'tis Reform the crowd has drawn,
The League, that lamps and orators has found.

So having in my pockets nought to pick,
My watch at home, my hat too old to bone,
I force a passage where the crowd is thick,
To hear the blast by Beales his trumpet blown.

But empty breath to empty air is given;
Vox et præterea nihil! All I hear
Is sound and fury without meaning driven
By the cast wind, down their kind throats that cheer.

So, as from Beales's blast I gather nought,
I work myself free of the crowd again,
And, musing, try to shape the Lions' thought,
About the crowd, the occasion, and the men.

They think, I think, that neither here nor there,
About their feet, or round the Speaker's state,
Is met the Parliament, that mirrors fair
The strength that makes the British Lion great.

Here, in the Beales and Bradlaugh Parliament
Is too much *bark* for the wish or power to *bite:*
Mountains to heave, in desperate intent,
And, for the heaving, here and there a mite.

Wind-swollen puffiness for solid strength,
The braggadocio of chiefs, whose brass
Wire-drawn or beaten out to utmost length,
Only with idiots for gold will pass.

There, Potterers, as there are Potters *here*—
Both impotent to shape the nation's clay;
Cowards, who make great questions small, for fear:
Jugglers, who for their tops with pledges play.

Spinners of cobwebs, when we cables need:
Half-adepts, who a spirit can invoke,
In hopes to lame or lay him, at their need,
But impotent his summoned strength to yoke.

And baser tricksters, hiding on their hands
The soil of dirty bribe, or dirtier gain;
And many-acred, small-brained lords of lands,
And hungry dogs, of office-offal fain.

In neither Parliament the strength resides
That of our England makes us emblems fit:
The strength that sways the trident of the tides,
So wide, the sun sees not the bound of it.

That strength lies in the calm and common sense
That, drawn from deep reserves, can turn to scorn
St. Stephen's pride and peddling impotence,
And bring low Beales' and Bradlaugh's brazen horn.

Strength which can smite offence, occasion shape,
As lions make Earth's weaker herds their own:
Clear off the sophist films white truth that drape,
As lions' tongues the membrane rasp from bone.

Strength, nursed on long avoidance of extremes,
Knit by the ties that run 'twixt class and class;
That no more shares in democratic dreams
Than oligarchic horror of the mass.

Strength, that has root in reverence for right,
That, by law shaped, has gone on shaping law,
Strength, that will never perish while our light
From principle and precedent we draw!

WANTED—A LITTLE MORE OF THE TORNADO.

The House of Commons can find time for two or three hour discussions of Mr. Churchward's scandal, or Mr. Leatham's "*Apologia pro corruptione suâ*," or Sir John Pakington's defence of his promotion of Lord Hardwicke's son over three-fourths of the lieutenants of higher standing in the Service—in short, for any pretty little quarrel that involves spicy personalities, and leaves a stain on somebody's fame or fingers. Can't it spare a night for a case which involves the rights of half-a-hundred Englishmen? Can't it muster up virtuous indignation enough—enough of the spirit that blazed into flame over Captain Jenkins's ear, some hundred and thirty years ago—to bring home to the insolent and overbearing "Jack Spaniard" that England, though in no way disposed to pick quarrels with foreigners, or to bully on slight provocation, is not content to put up, quite as quietly as Lord Stanley seems disposed to do, with the seven months' illegal imprisonment, plunder, and ill-treatment of the officers and crew of the *Tornado?*

It is true that forty-five of the fifty-three sufferers from this outrageous violation of international law and natural justice have been liberated, but eight still remain in captivity, and even the forty-five so tardily set free have been ordered by the Foreign Office to be sent home "as distressed British seamen," and with express directions given to our Minister at Madrid *not* to insist at present on any indemnification for their long suffering, not even for restoration of the money—some £1093—of which they were robbed at the time of their illegal capture on the high seas! And this, after Lord Stanley has expressly stated (in his despatch of March 12) that the intervention of our Government has been exclusively founded on the *injustice and illegality* of the proceedings adopted by the Spanish authorities in the prosecution of their claim against "the vessel."

Unless indeed, Lord Stanley have merely deferred the claims of these ill-used men for indemnification *now* that he may exact it, with interest, *hereafter*. If that be so, it is England's duty to strengthen his hands. If it be not so, and Lord Stanley be inclined to let the men whistle for the compensation most righteously their due, it is doubly England's duty to speak out, through her Press and her Parliament, and let both Stanley and Spaniard know that such crying and scandalous injustice must not, and shall not, be.

"CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY."

It is with a gentleman's reluctance that *Mr. Punch* has brought himself to print the above vulgarity. But he heeds no sacrifice of feeling when he can instruct. He has just lighted upon an amusing passage in that most entertaining book, Mr. Jesse's *Memoirs of George the Third*, and it is a triumph of art to be able to append a morsel of readable stuff on such a peg or such a name for a time:—

"Exactly a hundred years ago Charles Townshend delivered one of the most brilliant speeches ever heard in the Commons. He had previously spoken with calmness and judgment, then went to dinner with two friends, and re appeared in the House about eight, half drunk with champagne, and more intoxicated with spirits. But whatever may have been the source of his inspiration, there flowed from his lips such bursts of impassioned eloquence, such flashes of wit, such bitterness of invective, so varied a torrent of mingled ribaldry and learning, of happiness of allusion, imagery, and quotation, that everybody was enchanted. For some days, says Walpole, the universal question was, 'Did you hear Charles's champagne speech?'"

Now, if Townshend had been called Champagne Charley, the words, instead of being intolerable (luckily the cleverest of the burlesque writers, and a respected contributor to *Mr. Punch*, has wittified the tune) would have been worth remembering. As it is, they inspire *Mr. Punch* with a desire to kick the person who uses them. When shall we escape the Cad-lyrics of the music-halls?

A Centenarian in a Cage.

The *Dispatch* states that the sister of Béranger is still living, at Paris, in good health, 101 years of age, in the Couvent des Oiseaux. She must be a fine old bird.

Irish Intelligence.—The number of asses in Ireland has been ascertained to be about 140,000. This figure is exclusive of the Fenians.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 2.

Mr. Lascelles Courtenay de Tracy Belassis Conyngham, M.P., Younger Son of an Ancient Family.

Miss Barbara Blunt, of Liverpool, Eight-and-Twenty, with £100,000.

Mr. L. *et cetera* C. is Stating, with what he considers much passionate Warmth, that, their Political Opinions being the same, a Matrimonial Engagement between the two would most probably prove conducive to their mutual Welfare.

Now, there is no Mistake about the £100,000.

Nor can any reasonable Doubt be entertained about Mr. C.'s Ancient Birth and Aristocratic Connections.

Moreover, judging from the Physiognomy of each, we do not think either will be over-exacting on the score of Conjugal Tenderness. And, speaking phrenologically, we are of opinion that in this particular instance, Mr. L. C. will find Two Heads considerably more than Twice as Good as One.

We therefore recommend Miss B. B. to reply, that "If the honourable Member will give Notice of his Question, it shall be duly Answered."

A STRIKE OF SMOCK FROCKS.

(Mr. Hawcock *sings.*)

'Tis strikun for wages as now 's all the rage
In this here progressive enlightenment age;
All labour 's a risun, and prices is too:
And I doan't know what we be goun to do.

The weavers was always a strikun, and then
The miners, they struck, and the ironworks men.
The builders is often on strike for a rise;
And even the tailors strikes sometimes, likewise.

Of strikes on the railways intended you hears,
The cry is Strike Stokers, and Strike Engineers!
Which must, sitch small profits the Companies shares,
Make them strike as well by an increase of fares.

The shipwrights have struck for additional pay,
Can't live on six shilluns and sixpunce a day;
Whilst here there is fellers, that bain't fur to seek,
Contrives for to do 't on nine shilluns a week.

When I, as a youth, did a clodhuppun roam,
I oft heer'd the bumpkins zing "*Britons Strike Home*,"
But there was no strikun in them days as now:
They only struck hosses that foller'd the plough.

Now they 've took at last too to strikun, I hear;
The lab'rers at Gawcott in Buckinghamshire.
Ten shilluns a-week 's all they arned heretofore,
But now they have struck to get two shillun more.

Trades Unions for workmen arranges a strike.
Farm lab'rers have now begun doun the like.
They 've got their Committee and Treasurer too,
Likewise Secretairy to carry 'em droo.

That systum of strikun, by all I can find,
Will soon be tried here if we farmers doan't mind;
And if the men strikes that 's employed on the land,
I s'pose their employers must graut their demand.

Consider'n to how much provisions do come,
Ten shilluns a week, I must own, 's a small sum.
And if there 's a strike as is anyways fair,
'Tis sitch as the strike up nigh Buckingham there.

But if we complies, for to gie 'um content,
We also med strike for reduction of rent,
But can't strike and pay at the same time, wuss luck!
While others can strike, we can only be struck.

Of all this here strikun the end I doan't zee,
Nor who, arter all, is the suff'rers to be.
But this I 'll acknowledge, there 's nobody can
Have moor cause to strike nor a farm lab'run man.

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NATURE AND ART.

Pedestrian. "That's an Extraordinary Looking Dog, my Boy. What do you Call him?"

Boy. "Fust of all he wer' a Grey'ound, Sir, an' 'is Name was 'Fly,' an' then they cut 'is Ears an' Tail off, an' made a Masti' Dog on 'im, an' now 'is Name's 'Lion!'"

A COLLOQUY ON THE CAT.

General Jobbernowl. Mr. Jones.

Jones. If Mr. Otway's Amendment in Committee on the Mutiny Bill had been carried, it would have put an end to corporal punishment in the Army during the time of peace. What then?

Jobbernowl. Sir, if flogging in the Army were abolished, the Army would be demoralised, and go to the deuce. Can't do without it, Sir. Civilians may talk; but we can't do without it, Sir—can't do without it.

Jones. As a civilian, of course, I speak with due diffidence. But is the British Soldier, generally, a fellow that can be restrained only by fear of the lash?

Job. Can't do without it, Sir—can't do without it.

Jones. But, my dear General, fear—the fear of bodily pain—is that the sort of feeling to restrain a man whose business consists in exposing his flesh to be lacerated and his bones to be shattered?

Job. All's one for that; can't do without it—can't do without it.

Jones. Well, I don't know, but I should have thought that a man who could only be got to behave himself by the terror of the cat, must be a good-for-nothing fellow.

Job. Can't do without it.

Jones. Can't you do without such fellows? Hadn't you better get rid of them? Are there so many scoundrels in the rank and file of the British Army, that the cat is necessary to keep the Army together?

Job. Can't do without it, Sir.

Jones. Well, but then, if that is so, the British Army is worse than the British Rascalry, the British Feloury, the British Rogues and Thieves. Among convicts the cat-o'-nine-tails is reserved for the exceptional punishment of cruel and cowardly garotters.

Job. Can't do without it, Sir, for all that. Discipline, Sir, discipline must be maintained. Can't do without it.

Jones. Well, it certainly does seem odd to me. Flogging is held to be too bad for any but the worst of criminals, and yet you can't do without it in the honourable profession of arms.

Job. No, Sir; no. Can't—can't do without it.

Jones. When Mr. Otway lost his Amendment, he made not a bad joke. He "congratulated the Government on the success of their whip."

Job. All I can say, Sir, is—can't do without it.

Il y a Close et Clothes.—After all, Lord Derby, when he makes the mistake of giving £40 a-year to Mr. Young is only doing with his Pensions what he has been doing with his Bills—stealing the other side's Clothes.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

However slowly the Reform Question may be advancing, it seems to be making safe progress. And in the meantime we get good speeches. Three capital ones, by the three best orators in the House, have adorned the debate on the Second Reading. This was moved on *Monday, 25th March*. Mr. Gladstone led off, with an elaborate attack upon the measure. It may suit Members of Parliament to tell their tales half-a-dozen times, but it does not suit *Mr. Punch*, and as he has already stated, in far terser language than that of the speaker, all the Gladstonian objections to the Bill, he will not recapitulate them. "We must make," Mr. G. said, "the best of the measure before us, but the prospect is very discouraging." He argued, at great length, and with much earnestness, to show how much the House ought to be discouraged. Finally, he demanded a Lodger Franchise, something to prevent very poor householders from being used corruptly, and surrender of the Dual Vote. If these were conceded, he thought that though a Heavy Task was before them, the Bill might be allowed to go into Committee.

Mr. Hardy, Member for the less intellectual part of Oxford University, defended the Bill, and declined to recognise Mr. Gladstone's right to speak for all the Opposition. This bold course was not so bold as it appeared, for at the great Liberal meeting at Mr. Gladstone's, when that gentleman advocated a smash at the Bill, there was a very marked dissent. A great many Liberals want the question settled, and do not care who settles it. It is natural that Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone should care very much.

Among various speakers was the young Lord Amberley, who made his maiden speech, and has yet his mark to make. He must not put his hands under his coat-tails, and talk without action or passion in his present stage of Parliamentary development. The House was kind to the young nobleman, but was not impressed.

Mr. Roebuck supported the Second Reading, but disclaimed any idea of improving the character of the House, which he believed to be a very wise assembly. He denied that there were any "natural rights" to vote—right was the creation of law. But a large number of respectable persons wished for votes, and ought to have them. But not the uneducated, not the vicious. He reproved Mr. Gladstone's intense hostility, and politely recommended the Government not to be frightened by Pettifogging Cant.

Sir John Karslake assured him that the Government would not be frightened at anything.

Arthur Wellesley Peel, youngest son of the great Sir Robert, will please accept *Mr. Punch's* congratulations on his personal appearance and on his style of speech. This gentleman will do. He talked good sense, and was for settling the question this year.

Tuesday. Sir Roundell Palmer dissected the Bill, ably, and was replied to, if not answered, by Sir John Rolt. Mr. Harvey Lewis made the good point that London was practically left out of the Bill. The Metropolis now possessed twice the wealth and population it had in 1832, yet nothing in the way of increased representation was offered, and the Lodgers were excluded.

Mr. Bright then assailed the Bill, and his speech, thoroughly good-humoured, was a capital thing to hear. He introduced excellent fun, and the way in which he compared the Government to the Bechuanas (a tribe discovered by the great and good man as to whose fate we are still in painful suspense), who are stingy to the last degree, but ostentatious to a remarkable extent—whose chief, when asked for food, said, "Behold an Ox!" and it was only a miserable goat—was true comedy, and drew roars from all sides. He would not be intolerant

of any reasonable proposition, and stated that he hated the ways and scorned the purposes of faction. Mr. Bright never spoke better, and perhaps it will not be considered disrespectful to him to ask him whether, having seen that the Commons are proof against defiance, and are not sentimental, but will go with a speaker who talks to them like a gentleman, he does not find a victory over such an audience better worth having than the applause of those who couple him with Mr. Beales and Mr. Odgers?

Mr. Disraeli then girded up his loins for fight, and went at his work like a man. He was in good form, and did all he knew. Even the *Star*, which does not habitually smile on him, owns that his speech was probably as good as the famous champagne oration of Charles Townshend, mentioned last week by *Mr. Punch*. He stood up bravely for the goodness of his Bill, especially exulting over the Gladstonians on the ground that the Bill was based on a principle. He made fun of Mr. Gladstone's menacing manner, and rejoiced that a large piece of furniture was between them, for Mr. Gladstone had come down on him in the tone of a Familiar of the Inquisition. (By the way, Mr. G.'s hatters will make their fortune if he dashes many hats down as he has lately served his present unoffending tile.) He retorted, as to the special franchises, that they were not his own inventions, but that of Lord Russell and the Coalition Chancellor of the Exchequer. He not recognise the Lodger?—why, he was the Father of the Lodger Franchise! But he had turned out his Ishmael into the wilderness this time because of the principle of Rating, but was ready to consider whether he could not be called in again. He at once surrendered the Dual Vote. And he would consider anything else, in reason. But the Government refused to treat Reform as a party question; they had assumed the responsibility of settling the question, and until it should be settled they would not desert their post. Act with us candidly and cordially, and you will find on our side a complete reciprocity of feeling. "Pass this Bill, and then you may change the Ministry to-morrow." So ended Mr. Disraeli a speech which he will find it hard to surpass.

Then was the Reform Bill read a Second Time.

Vu the Budget (and the Deficiency, Mrs. John Bull, M'm,) the Committee is deferred until Monday next, the 8th.

Reform has of late sat upon everything else, but we have now a little time to look up odds and ends.

Lord Derby, touching the pension to Poet Young, of course said that he had never read a word of that bard's works, and he did not believe that any Prime Minister could read the books of the people he was asked to pension. Now, you know, all that is very superb and official, but what does a man of many engagements do in private life when he receives a letter begging him to ask some literary friend for a puff for the author. Surely he has something in the shape of a sister, or a wife, or a cousin, or a lady-friend, to whom he can say, as he is putting on his gloves, "O, Margaretta, or Anastasia, or Epaphrodita, or Sal" (as the case may be) "there's a book in a parcel on my table. Would you just glance through it for me, and see whether I can decently do what the pestering idiot wants." We are unwilling to believe that an eminently respectable and genial nobleman has no assistance of this kind within reach, and it is sad that England should be laughed at for pensioning a writer whose lyrics are not nearly as good as a tailor's advertisement verses.

Lord Stanley states that he has had no unfriendly communications from the United States about the *Alabama* claims. We are happy to hear it. *Mr. Punch* is ready at any moment to run over and see Mr. Seward (at the expense of Her Majesty's Government), as *Mr. P.* wants to talk seriously to some leading Americans about Copyright. Besides he wants to tell them something that will make them roar. He opened the other day an interesting account of the inauguration of the splendid Boston Library, a few years ago. Nothing could be more imposing. But the music of the hymn that was sung as a sort of consecration of the collection of Books, was selected from the *Pirata*. Friends at a distance have only to refer to page 84 of the account. Let us liquor.

Archbishop Longley abandons a Bill he had intended to introduce, on Ritualism, because a Royal Commission is talked of; but Archbishop Shaftesbury declines to imitate his colleague in charge of the Church.

Mr. Walpole is like the actress who plays *Tilburina*, and cries in the wrong place. If ever a ruffian deserved strangulation, it is a miner called Wager, who murdered his wife in a most cruel manner. Mr. Walpole weeps, and reprieves. The inefficiency of all human law is also shown in regard to a couple of dastards, miners also, who stood by and saw the brutal murder, but never interfered to help the imploring woman. Unless the miners of that district are all scoundrels, they will make it too hot for the disgusting cowards. We read of black flags being hung out by some women in reproach of some engine-drivers who did not strike; and the women of Wager's district will not deserve the name if they do not make a similar demonstration.

Wednesday, a very excellent Bill, for Improving the Dwellings of the Humbler Class, was read a Second Time on the motion of Mr. Torrens, whose speech was worthy of the object.

Thursday. A movement in the Lords, originated by Lord Lyveden, and supported by various peers, including the Bishop of Down for abolishing the Catholic Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Lord Derby said, of course, exactly what *Mr. Punch* said a little while ago to Mr. O'Beirne on the subject. A little fun came up in a suggestion that it was hardly the thing to discuss the subject in the absence of the Boy who chalked up "No Popery," and then ran away.

The Duke of Cambridge, of whom Sir John Pakington speaks as veneratingly as if H.R.H. were the late Duke of Wellington, does not see his way to the entire abolition of the Army Cat, but will restrict it to certain cases. The Royal ducal will having been signified, the House of Commons has merely had to undo the vote of the 15th March, and vote by 225 to 131 that flogging shall not be abolished. Which it has done.

Friday. Conversazione as usual. The French make a row about the proposed gift of the Plantagenet Statues to England, so the Queen, like a lady, absolves the Emperor from his promise. But our dog-in-the-manger neighbours have been informed that they really ought to take the statues out of the back kitchen of the gaol. If France affects to value the articles, she should treat them decently. National Gallery talk, and statement by Lord John Manners that there was no hurry, the land had not been acquired, and no decision had been arrived at. Complaint that the Servians ill-treat their Jews, for whom Lord Stanley promised to say a word. And then a tremendously long Irish row, originating in a citation by Sir John Gray of some language by Mr. Justice Keogh, touching Orangemen and Catholics, language which appears to *Mr. Punch* to have been perfectly justifiable. When Irish fire spreads, Greek fire is a fool to it, and in the course of the wrangle of several hours Sir H. Edwards alluded to Fenian sympathisers in Parliament — the awful ceremony of taking down his words was moved, the Speaker interfered, and Mr. Disraeli begged the House not to revert to the quarrelling system in vogue a quarter of a century ago. It made him feel like *Rip Van Winkle*. Ultimately the words were withdrawn, and all was peace. *Punch* supposes that such safety valves are necessary at times.

THE STOKERS' STRIKE.

Time: Day of the Strike.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Nervous Gentleman. Impetuous Passenger.

Scene—*Interior of First Class Compartment, London and Brighton Line.*

Impetuous Passenger (*in a conversational mood*). Queer thing this strike.

Nervous Passenger (*who thinks "queer" is scarcely the epithet*). Yes. But I am glad to see that the men have returned to their work.

Impetuous Pass. (*delighted to find some one who is unacquainted with the news*). Returned! Oh dear no: not one.

Nervous Pass. (*to clinch any argument by an appeal to fact*). But the trains are running again, Sir. Here we are in one. There must be a Stoker of course. (*Is satisfied with his own proof, and would like to go to sleep.*)

Impetuous Pass. A *Stoker!* Not a bit of it: nor a Driver either.

Nervous Pass. (*beginning to feel alarmed*). No Driver!

Impetuous Pass. Well. I mean no regular Driver. The fellow we've got volunteered his services to drive the engine to Brighton. Public-spirited, wasn't it? He said he thoroughly understood the principles on which an engine was worked, and thought he could drive one, if he tried.

Nervous Pass. (*wishing he could stop the train and get out*). But Good Heavens, Sir! Good Hea .... hasn't he ever driven one before?

Impetuous Pass. (*on his own authority*). Never. (*With a laugh.*) Rather a dangerous thing, isn't it?

Nervous Pass. (*who has no words to express his horror at the situation*). Dangerous! Sir!!! it's——(*A bang is heard. Nervous Gentleman lets down the window*). Good Gracious! What's that? (*Another bang.*)

Impetuous Pass. That's a fog-signal. It means "Danger." They use them to-day because the fellow doesn't understand the regular code; and it is as well to be cautious. (*Another bang, and train slackens speed.*)

Nervous Pass. Cautious!

[*Thinks that if he ever gets to Brighton, he'll write to the "Times." Remembers that he wrote once before about organs, and they didn't put it in. Thinks he won't write to the "Times." Fog-signal. He is startled; wishes, to himself, that they wouldn't let off those things. Corrects himself by recollecting that if they didn't, something might happen. Finds, by his "Guide," that in twenty minutes more the train is due at Brighton, and resigns himself helplessly to his fate. Impetuous Person resumes conversation about accidents, mismanagement, signal codes, and general carelessness. Carriage-light down. Tunnel.*

End of Scene.

THINGS NOT YET EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.



R. Punch was far too wise to be made an April fool of, and so he civilly but firmly declined an invitation to see the Paris Exhibition opened on the first of April. Everybody knows that the Emperor is a man of his word, and is most honourably exact in the keeping of his promises. Yet everybody doubted if the Big Show would be opened precisely on the day which had imperially been fixed. The French notoriously are punctual in keeping their appointments, and in affairs of business never are behindhand. But somehow people recollected that in famous '51 and in less famous '62 the French Court was half shut up when the Exhibition opened. This year of course the weather was pleaded in excuse for them. Like the cat in the lodging-house, the weather is the cause of many breakages of faith, and not even the Emperor can quite command the weather. But though *Mr. Punch* abstained from decorating Paris with his presence on the First, he saw in his mind's-eye whatever was worth seeing there. Moreover, he saw many things which were not to be seen, excepting by his mental vision. For instance, in the French half of the Gigantic gasometer, these are certain of the things which *Mr. Punch* observed to be conspicuous for their absence :—

Portrait of a Happy Peasant, delighted at the prospect of an increased conscription.

Picture of a Railway Refreshment-Room in France, where, as in "merry England," you are served by merry jesters with such refreshing condiments as sawdust sandwiches, stale pastry, scalding soup, and shilling sherry.

Petition of ten thousand Tax-payers of Paris, praying for the threatened augmentation of the Army.

Presentation Service of Plate to an Hotel-Keeper, for not having raised his charges for the Exhibition Season.

Fancy Portrait of the Frenchman who has ever crossed the Channel without feeling the least sea-sick.

Ditto of the Chasseur who would ever let a fox trot past him without shooting at it.

A Sample of "*la petite presse*" which is proper to be read, or even looked at, by a lady.

A Modern Play which has achieved a great success on the French stage, and is fit to be with literalness translated for the English.

A French Knife that will carve a bit of French beef without bending. (Try Mappin in the Champs Elysées.)

Portrait of a French Gentleman who knows how to dress himself.

The *menu* of a Cheap Restaurant in any part of Paris, where for one-half of the money you cannot dine doubly as well as at any of the cheap and nasty dining-rooms in London.

The Dress of a French Ballet-Girl which to English eyes is decent.

The Address of any *Maison Meublée* to be hired this spring in Paris for less than twenty-fold the rent which has been hitherto demanded.

In conclusion, the most curious of the unexhibited curiosities—

A French Window that will shut; a French Clasp-Knife that will open; and a French Fire which in winter you can sit over in comfort.

MR. PUNCH TO THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

My dear Emperor, *Whitefriars.*

You must be a good deal occupied just now with your Exhibition, and I hesitate to bother you, but it happens that I want to say a word on an Exhibition topic.

Do you know Mr. Henry Cole, C.B.? I suspect he cannot have been in Paris all this time without having honoured you with his acquaintance. At least, it is not his way to hide his candle under a bushel, especially when he can make that brilliant light shine before the eyes of notables.

Well, my dear Emperor, excuse the request I am going to make, but grant it, though it may be disagreeable. I will do anything for you in return.

The first time you see Cole, please to order him to follow you into the British Department, and to point out to you a contribution from my publishers, Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co. That there may be no humbug, I will tell you that it consists of a tall stand, in black wood, on which are displayed specimens of the coloured pictures by John Leech, various works printed by the firm I have mentioned, two columns, on which are inscribed, in gold, the names of distinguished authors whose books have been published by that house, and, in the centre, is a curiously arranged pillar, formed of my own immortal volumes, and on the top of this is a beautifully painted statue of myself, saluting yourself, and France generally.

Make Cole show you this. I daresay he will not volunteer to do so. I do not think that he will resist; but if so, your late uncle had a way of taking persons by the ear—I say no more to his nephew.

When you have looked at my Shrine with befitting interest, turn round on Cole, and, fixing upon him the Napoleonic eye, demand of him why, in violation of original arrangement, he caused this display to be placed the wrong way, so as to injure the effect, and prevent many persons from seeing it. Make him speak, he likes to hear his own voice.

Then send me word what he says. If he does not give you the real reason, *I will give it you in another letter*, but I should like to hear what he assigns.

Congratulations and best regard to Her Imperial Majesty. I rejoice to learn that my young friend, her son, is so much better.

Believe me, yours very truly,

Tuesday. PUNCH.

A STRONG HINT.

Mr. Punch has observed, with displeasure, a theatrical advertisement, headed "Awful Cruelty to Schoolboys." He wonders what sort of persons such an amusement is thought likely to please. At first, he hoped that it referred only to something in a pantomime, but it describes a representation of the terrible scene in *Nicholas Nickelby*, in which such well-deserved and fatal vengeance was inflicted upon certain scoundrel schoolmasters in the North. This, in itself, is not a scene for the stage, and such an advertisement of it is simply revolting. *Punch* does not indicate the theatre, but it is one in the hands of a gentleman who seems to derive exquisite and undying fun from bad puns on his own name. That is harmless vulgarity, but the above advertisement is worse than vulgarity—we hope not to have occasion to recur to the subject, and say how much worse.

RITUALISM AND BUSINESS.

Under the head of "Minor Occurrences" the *Dispatch* says that :—

"In opposition to the remonstrance lately presented to the Bishop of Oxford by certain lay communicants of Reading, a counter declaration is now in course of signature among some of the leading Churchmen of that town."

Probably that counter declaration is the manifesto of eminent upholsterers who are interested in supplying Ritualist churches with furniture, and of large linendrapers who drive a good trade with Ritualist parsons in the ribbons, lace, silks, satins and muslins which are needful to make gowns, petticoats, shawls, tippets, and trimmings for those reverend gentlemen.

Ladies of the Creation v. Lords.

To votes for the ladies when we've once been schooled,
Seats for the ladies Mill must point his pen at:
And speed the time when England shall be ruled
As Cambridge is, by "Graces of the Senate!"

The Most Criminal Bet.—"Walpole's Wager."



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 3.

HOW VERY MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE! HERE IS A YOUNG MAN, PERFECTLY GENTEEL, OF IRREPROACHABLE CONDUCT, AND OCCUPYING A GOOD SITUATION IN A PROVINCIAL POST-OFFICE—AND A YOUNG LADY ADMIRABLY BROUGHT UP, WITH A WELL AUTHENTICATED DOWER OF £2000 (IN FRANCS IT SEEMS MUCH MORE).

Free Translation :—

"GOOD DAY, MADEMOISELLE. HAVE I NOT THE PLEASURE OF ADDRESSING MADEMOISELLE ANASTASIE TROUSSENEZ-LECAMUS?"

"SUCH IS INDEED MY NAME, MONSIEUR."

"MADEMOISELLE, I AM VICTOR ACHILLE HYACINTHE DÉSIRÉ PAPELARD! MY VENERABLE PARENTS HAVE OBTAINED FOR ME THE PERMISSION OF MONSIEUR, YOUR FATHER, AND MADAME, YOUR MOTHER, TO LAY AT YOUR FEET MY HEART, MY HAND, MY FUTURE! MAY I DARE TO HOPE THAT YOU WILL DEIGN TO CAST A FAVOURABLE GLANCE ON MY ASPIRATIONS?"

"MONSIEUR, I AM ENCHANTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! MY DEAR PARENTS HAVING RECOMMENDED ME TO ACCEDE TO YOUR WISHES IN THIS RESPECT, IT IS WITH MUCH PLEASURE THAT I HAVE THE HONOUR OF ACCEPTING THE FLATTERING OFFER YOU MAKE ME. GIVE YOURSELF, I PRAY YOU, THE TROUBLE TO SIT DOWN, THAT I MAY IMMEDIATELY IMPART TO MY MOTHER THE NEWS OF YOUR VISIT."

A PERSONAL RATING.

(*From the Westminster Ladies to the Westminster Ladies' man.*)

"PERSONS," indeed, MR. MILL! And *you* call yourself a philosopher,
And own that when ADAM legislates without EVE, he feels the loss of her!
And you talk about woman's rights, and the duties of man to *the* sex,
And yet you must tread on our toes, like the clumsiest wretch of your *he*-sex,
That in crush-room or on stair-case plants his stupid feet on one's train,
And for all the looks one gives him hasn't wit to get off again,
But wriggles and grins and gossips, with his odious boots entangled
In one's *Cluny*, *guipure*, or *moirée*, till one's *queue* is cruelly mangled,
And flatters himself all the time he's perfectly irresistible,
Though one hears one's gathers giving, and feels like the witch in *Christabel*.
As if BRITANNIA wasn't a lady, and Britons *her* sons,
When you claim our rights you've the impudence to allude to us as "persons"!

"Persons" indeed! as if women hadn't minds as well as bodies;
As if brain didn't work 'neath the *chignon*, and a heart beat under the bodice.
True, we've *persons* to be proud of, as you men know to your cost,
And milliners' bills to be paid, and cheques and husbands to be cross'd:
We've *persons* that turn *your* heads, and fill the men's wards in Bedlam,
Change the roaring bachelor lion into the bleating wed lamb;
Persons that have set armies in march, bade conquerors linger;
And twisted SAMSON'S strength round DALILAH'S little finger.
Persons that have made poets and painters and sculptors immortal,
Have built the temple of Venus, and bowed all men at its portal!
And *you* would give woman her *right*, as if she hadn't taken it
When ADAM ate the apple, after EVE from the tree had shaken it.

But know if *we* are the PERSONS, 'tis "men" that are the *things:*
The plausible, pompous puppets, of which women pull the strings.
Talk of giving a vote to *her*, who can give *you* a curtain lecture;
And about "what will she do with it" complacently conjecture!
I'll tell you "what she'll do with it"—she'll fling it back in your faces,
And bid the Lords of Creation kotow to its Ladies' graces.
While voteless we both govern and reign, the vote we would eschew all,
Which if man and wife were twain would be "duel," if one, "dual."
In *your* house why should we serve, who reign in our own houses?
Why take the trouble of pairing off, who've already paired off with spouses?
Why "DIVIDE ET IMPERA" take as the motto of woman's mission,
Who make laws without debating, and win without division?



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE LODGER."

Mrs. Dizzy (The Charwoman). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS—AFTER THE *EIGHTH OF APEIL* I DESSAY WE MAY BE ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE THE LOT OF YER."



EFFECTS OF THE EAST WIND.



ery terrible were the effects of the east wind last month. For scientific purposes we record a few of them.

Mr. Fawner was so angered by walking for an hour with the east wind in his face, that on calling on his aunt, from whom he had great expectations, he actually forgot himself so far as to kick her favourite lap-dog—a kick as fatal to his hopes as that of the poor merchant who kicked down his basket of glass.

Mr. Smiler was enraged by the east wind to so alarming an extent that he showed his loss of temper by passing a whole week without paying a compliment.

Mr. Honeymoon was so put out by the east wind that he sat down to dinner without having first kissed his bride.

Mr. Mealymouth was so affected by a walk in the east wind that he forgot himself so far as, in the presence of a lady, to speak of it as "beastly."

Mr. Sleek was paying court to the wealthy Miss Crœsus, but his warm affection was so cooled by the east wind that she is always "not at home" now when he pays a visit.

Mr. Clapperton was so cut up by the east wind that in a moment of ill-temper he actually hissed at seeing some bad acting, a thing hardly in the recollection of the very oldest playgoer.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE THIRD.

Yours truly Peeper the Great was prevented from giving you a peeper—I mean a paper—on the all-absorbing topic last week, in consequence of a private communication from Louey, who had his doubts as to the practicability of opening the Palley on the advertised day. "*Ki bono?*" he said to me, speaking as excellent Latin as I ever learnt at the seminary in Hammersmith which superintended my education when *in statu poopillari*.

The truth is, the Exhibition is in the deuce of a mess, and so my task of guidance, undertaken as a labour of love, will be a work of some difficulty. As it is, I have done my shins severe injury, and have sustained several severe shocks by falls and concussions in my attempts to climb over the packages, cases, and boxes, and give you from personal inspection, the situation, number, and all possible particulars concerning every article sent for exposition.

"*Jer swee,*" said I to Louey—"*Jer swee sewer kil serar urn grong sooksay.*" It would be mere snobbishness on my part to repeat our conversation.

My best plan will be to give your readers a clear idea of how to spend a happy day in Parry. I suppose that you have obtained a bed at some hotel. On awaking you will *sonnay*, that is ring the bell, and be prepared on the entrance of the chambermaid (who is a man) to give your orders while he is in the room. Keep your dictionary under your pillow and a grammar; I need not tell you the French words you will require, as these books will repay your careful researches.

Send for a *tas* of *shokolar* (chocolate) and piece of dry toast (*urn morso der pang freet sek*). Refresh yourself with this, and sleep till eleven, when you will dress and go to a Kaffy to take your *dayjernay allar furshett*. If the pecuniary means at your command won't allow of this extravagance, be satisfied with *dew shokolar*, as above, and lie in bed until such time as may seem to you best adapted for combining lunch, dinner, and *dayjernay allar furshett* in one meal. Of course this method will considerably curtail your time at the Exhibition, but as the old proverb says, "You can't burn your pudding at both ends at once."

The prices for dining vary all over Parry. You may get a thoroughly satisfying dinner for half a franc (5*d.*). This depends upon what you take, and the nature of your appetite. If you can make a dinner off large lumps of sugar, you may dine for nothing, anywhere. The Parisians as a body are decidedly hospitable, but they will not ask you to dinner unless they know you; a considerable latitude will be allowed to visitors this year, and an Englishman walking at haphazard into any French gentleman's house will be received with more than open arms. The unexpected visitor will be astonished at the warmth of his reception.

Carry your umbrella with you, always.

[Any reader sending me privately a postage-stamp, shall receive the address of the hotel I last patronised. This recommendation will be invaluable to the stranger, *only on no account mention your informant's name.*]

Before proceeding any further, let me ask one question. Is there anyone wishing to show himself in the Exposissiong who has not yet applied for space?

Remember, the first of April has passed. Allowing for differences between clocks and watches of all nations, it will perhaps not come back again.

I trust that this hint will be taken in good part.

Having to go down to the Tweellyres on business, I must defer any directions about visiting the Exhibition until my next.

THEATRICAL IMPERTINENCES.

We don't complain of the normal impertinences of the stage—the leering horse-play of the average low comedian, the airs and graces of the light ditto, the saucy familiarity of the *soubrette*, or the heavy-man's demand for a round of applause, emphasised by an attitude and insisted upon in a rant. All this the much-enduring British Public has been used to so long, that it submits to it, as to the measles, or the plumbers, or the tax-gatherers, or the east wind, or any other ill that comes so regularly that we learn to grin and bear it. But there are some new theatrical impertinences creeping in which have not yet taken such root as to be entitled to submission without protest, some which may yet, perhaps, be nipped in the bud by a firm application of the public finger and thumb, or rooted out by a vigorous use of the critic's spud.

Among these, is the impertinence of mustachios. If a stage hero wants these appendages, and won't be content with burnt cork, but must go in for the realistic in hair, he should buy them of Mr. Wilson or Mr. Clarkson. An actor has no more business to *grow* mustachios than he has to grow wrinkles or rouge or scratch wigs, or a red nose. The one should be as much matter of "make-up" with him as the others. This holds, even supposing mustachios to be in keeping with the part. Natural hair, in fact, has no business on an actor's mouth and chin. His face is a canvas to be painted on, and should be kept as bare as possible. But natural hair on an actor's upper lip, as one sees it so often now-a-days, in parts where the mustachio is an anachronism and a disfigurement, is a gross impertinence—a piece of inartistic self-conceit, which Managers ought not to tolerate, and critics ought to denounce. One night last week *Mr. Punch* saw, at the Lyceum, mustachios worn by a tavern-waiter! It is true that M. Fechter did not perform in the piece, and it was only to be expected therefore, that scenery, dresses, appointments and acting should be as bad and careless as they could be. But going on to the Olympic, where pieces are as a rule well-dressed and well-mounted, whether the Manager plays in them or not, and where Charles Mathews is now engaged, to give his brother actors as perfect an example of dress as of deportment, *Mr. Punch* was disgusted to see the actor who played a Maccaroni in a play of Foote's—very carefully put on the stage, and admirably acted (with a few exceptions)—wearing black mustachios with a powdered wig! We do not know whether such an anomaly was a piece of ignorance or conceit on the part of the actor; it should be enough to point out to him that mustachios are as much out of keeping with the costume and period of *The Liar* as a chimney-pot hat or a spade-beard would be: that they destroy the effect of the wearer's appearance—which we presume he chiefly cherishes—and mar every picture in which he takes part. If the actor has not the good taste to keep these appendages for the parts they belong to, the Manager ought no more to permit him to wear them in characters that they do not properly fit in with than he would allow *Othello* to appear without colour, or *Hamlet* to come on in the black coat and continuations of Belgravia. As this impertinence is a growing one, it ought to be noted and nipped.

Another impertinence is, as yet, confined to the bills—that of young ladies figuring in posters and programmes under *petits noms*, as Millies, Nellies, Katies, and Madges. We presume these ladies were christened in the usual styles as Emily, Ellen, Kate, and Margaret? To use a pet name is the privilege of a lover, a husband, an intimate friend or a relation; to take one for yourself, in dealing with the public, is to assume a footing at once of favour and familiarity which is both vulgar and impertinent, however popular, pretty, or *piquante* the particular Milly, Nelly, Katie, or Madge may be. Even men are beginning to fall into the same impertinence; but as yet the male *petit nom* has hardly got beyond the comic singers of the music-halls. In them it is only one impertinence more.

One of the things they *don't* "Manage better in France."—A Great Exhibition.



SOCIETY.

Mistress. "Well, Dickson, I suppose you all want a Party this Year, as usual?"

Maid. "Yes 'm, we should Like one, if you Please. It 's awkward accepting of Invitations, if we don't Send out none in Return!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Finish of the Run—Staggers—Home.*)

Ask a countryman to fasten my antigropelos. Sixpence. Can he alter my stirrups? He does; not satisfactorily. The hounds make a noise, and before the countryman has finished my stirrups, we are off again. Nearly off altogether. I shan't come out again. Up another hill. This is part of the down country. My horse is beginning to get tired. He'll go quieter. Every one passes me. Get on! get up! He is panting. I feel excited. I should like to be on a long way ahead, in full cry, taking brooks, fences, and ditches. Get on! What an obstinate brute! I think I could take him over that first hedge now. I'd give something to be at home. Dropped my rein; in getting it up, dropped my whip. Some people standing about won't see it. Horses and hounds a long way on. I think Milburd, or Byng, as I 'm his guest, might have stopped for me. Very selfish.

Happy Thought.—Get off and pick it up.

If I get off I shall have to get up again. Perhaps he won't stand still. I am all alone; everyone has disappeared, except a few pedestrians who have been watching the sport from the top of this hill. I haven't got the slightest idea as to where I am. What county? How far from Byng's? The horse seems to me to be trembling, probably from excitement. He stretches his head out. What power a horse has in his head, he nearly pulled me off. He shakes himself violently. Very uncomfortable. Perhaps he 's rousing himself for another effort.

Happy Thought.—Get off.

He *is* quivering in both his front legs. I feel it like a running current of mild electric shocks. Get out my note-book. The beast seems to be giving at the knees. I don't know much about horses, but instinct tells me he 's going to lie down.

Happy Thought.—Get off at once.

Off. Just in time. He nearly falls. He is shivering and quivering all over. Poor fellow! Woa, my man, woa, then, poo' fellow! I have got hold of his bridle at the bit. His eyes are glaring at me: what the deuce is the matter with him?

Happy Thought.—Is he going mad!!!

He pulls his head away from me—he jerks back: he pulls me after him. I try to draw him towards me: he jerks back more and more. His hit 's coming out of his mouth. Is he going to rear? or kick? or plunge? or bite me? What *is* the matter with him?

Happy Thought.—Ask some one to hold him.

Two pedestrians come towards me cautiously, an elderly man in yellow gaiters, and a respectable person in black. Horse snorts wildly, grunts, glares, shivers, jerks himself back: I can't hold on much longer. If he runs away he'll become a wild horse on the downs, and I shall have to pay for him. Hold on.

Happy Thought.—Say to man in gaiters, very civilly, "Would you mind holding my horse while I pick up my whip," as if there was nothing the matter. He shakes his head, and keeps at a distance. In *his* opinion the horse has got the staggers.

The staggers! Good heavens! I ask him, "Do they last long?" "Long time, generally," he answers. "Will he fall?" I ask. "Most likely," he answers. Then I ask him, angrily, "Why the deuce he stands there doing nothing? Why doesn't he get a doctor? If he 'll hold the beast for a minute, *I'll* run to the village for a doctor."

He says, "There ain't no village nearer than Radsfort, six miles from here." Then I'll run six miles, if he 'll only hold my horse. He won't—obstinate fool: then what 's he standing looking at me for, and doing nothing? He says he 's as much right to be on the downs as I have. The horse is getting worse: he nearly falls. Ho! hold up. He holds up convulsively, but shows an inclination to fall on his side and roll down the hill.

Happy Thought (*which strikes the Person in black*). Loosen his girths.

Happy Thought (*which strikes me*).—Do it yourself.

He won't—the coward. He says he 'a afraid he 'll kick. Kick! he won't kick, I tell him. I think I should feel the same if I was in his place. I urge him to the work, explaining that I would do it myself, if I wasn't holding his head. He makes short nervous darts at the

horse's girths, keeping his eye on his nearer hind leg. I encourage him, and say, "Bravo, capital!" as if he was a bull-fighter. He loosens one girth. Do the other: he won't.

Horse still shivering. Now he is dragging away from me, and trying to get down hill harder than ever. "Staggers" are like hysterics. What do you do to people in hysterics? Cold water, vinegar—hit them on the palms of their hands. Man behind a hedge, about a hundred yards distant, who has been looking on in safety, halloes out some advice unintelligibly. Why doesn't he come close up? I shout back irritably, "What?" He repeats, evidently advice, but unintelligible. It sounds like, "If you arshy-booshy-marnsy-goggo (*unintelligible*), you'll soon make him balshybalshy (*unintelligible*), and then you can easily causheycoosheycaushey." Why on earth can't he speak plainly?

I can only return irritably and excitedly shouting to him, "Wha-a-at? What do you say?" He walks off in the opposite direction. I ask who is that man? Nobody knows. I should like to have him taken up and flogged. No change in the horse's symptoms. Where are Byng, Milburn, and the rest? They must have missed me. I think they might have come back. I say, bitterly, "Friendship!" Confound the horse, and the harriers, and everybody.

Another man comes up. Tall and thin, he stands with the other two, and stares as if it was an exhibition. If there is one thing that makes me angry, it is idiots staring, helplessly. The last idiot who has come up has something to say on the subject. The horse is shaking, gasping; I know he'll fall. If he falls I've heard cabmen say in London, "sit on his head."

Prospect.—Sitting on his head, in the middle of the bleak downs, until somebody comes who knows all about the staggers. If no one comes sit on his head all night!!!

Happy Thought (*which suddenly occurs to the last comer*).—Cut his tongue.

What good 'll that do? "Relieve him," he replies. Then do it. He says he won't undertake the responsibility. He has got a pen-knife, and I may cut the tongue, if I like. Cut his tongue! doesn't the man see I'm holding his head—I can't do everything. He replies by mentioning some vein in the horse's tongue, which if cut instantly cures the staggers. It appears on inquiry that he doesn't know where the vein is. What helpless fools these country people are! I thought country people knew all about horses!—What are they doing on the downs? Nothing. Fools: I hate people who merely lounge about. Will any one of them get a doctor? As I ask this the horse nearly falls. A ploughboy arrives.

Happy Thought.—He shall hold the horse.

I ask him: he grins: what an ass! I command him imperiously to hold the horse. He says, in his dialect, that he can't. "Why not?" I ask, "What on earth can he be doing?" He replies, "Moind'nruks." "What?" I bellow at him. "Moin'nruks." His reply is interpreted to me by the yellow gaiters—the boy is "minding rooks." The boy grins and shows me an enormous horse-pistol with cap on, pointed, under his arm, at me. The idea of trusting such an imbecile with a pistol! "Turn it the other way": he grins. "'Tain't loaded." He explains that they only give him a cap—no powder. "Never mind, turn it the other way."

Happy Thought.—If the long thin man will hold my horse while I go to Radsfort, I will give him half-a-sovereign. I offer this diffidently, because he is such a respectable-looking person.

Respectable-looking person closes with the offer immediately. Yellow gaiters and man in black propose to show me where the village is: for money. Is *this* the noble English character that we read of in the villages of our happy land!! Mercenary, dastardly, griping, gaping fools and cowards, who 've been delighting themselves with my miseries for the last hour.

Long man holds the horse. The beast just as bad as ever. Don't care now: got rid of him. Wonder what the long man will do if he falls on his side. It 's worth ten shillings to be free.

Miserable work walking. Beginning to rain.

Man on horseback coming towards me.

Happy Thought.—Byng's groom. I can imagine the delight of a shipwrecked man on a desert island on seeing somebody he knows rowing towards him. He has come back to look for me. He is on his master's horse, and the ladies and his master are in the pony trap in the road just below. The ladies!

Happy Thought.—Be driven home. Soft cushions: rugs.

The Good Lady Puzzled.

Mrs. Malaprop cannot understand all this fuss about Household Suffering and Vote by the Ballet. Having just parted with another servant-of-all-work—the fourth since Martinmas—she has her own ideas on the subject of Household Suffering; but, why anybody should wish to give votes for Members of Parliament to those young persons who dance at the theatres, she cannot possibly imagine. She is shocked and horrified at the notion of Duel voting.

THE POETS: AN ECLOGUE ABRIDGED.

Poet Young. Poet Close.

Poet Close. Young, in arm-chair, behind your yard of clay,
You muse and meditate on grog and pay.
I missed my tip, and mourn the cancelled boon;
I pine unpensioned. Luckier buffoon,
You, all serene, Young, teach the woods around
"*Croppies lie down*," responsive, to resound.

Poet Young. O Close, a Trump this rest on me bestowed,
For Trump I 'll ever call him—or be blowed.
Oft to his health I 'll drain the steaming glass.
Life, as you see, he gave me leave to pass
Thus jollily, and, what I chose, to sing
On Agriculture, or on anything.

Close. I envy not, more wonder at your luck,
So many foes might cup from lip have struck.
Lo here, myself, I blighted hopes beweep,
Those kids, Young, I can ill afford to keep.
Alas, my rent fell due the other day!
And now I have my taxes yet to pay.
I might have, if I hadn't been an ass,
Foreseen the grief foredoomed to come to pass.
I spilt the salt, and from a blasted oak
One day I heard a boding raven croak.
But who the Trump is that has eased your woes,
O Poet Young, relate to Poet Close!

Young. 'Twas Derby's Earl, 'twas Knowsley's noble Lord,
Close, who my genius gladdened with reward.
He to my testimonials lent an ear,
And said, "Allow Young forty pounds a year."

Close. O fortunate old Young! so you 'll remain
A pensioned bard, how rude soe'er your strain.
O fortunate old Young! exempt from need,
You 'll quaff potheen and smoke the fragrant weed.
Now, Poet Close, your panegyrics write,
Now your lampoons with caustic ink indite!
Go dreams, once happy, go delusions wild,
By hope of pension now no more beguiled,
Hereafter shall I trace, with ready pen,
Verses in praise of influential men.
I 'll cease to sing, nor poetry nor prose
The public shall receive from Poet Close.

Young. Yet here awhile you can repose with me
On yonder stool. Here are potatoes, see.
Here is tobacco; there is genuine Cork:
Here is a pipe, and there 's a knife and fork.
And now the cabin roofs are smoking too;
Come, mingle water with the mountain dew.

FREE AS EYRE.

Well done, old Shropshire! Well done, Market Drayton! Quite right to ring the bells when the sensible Salopian Magistrates apprised Mr. Peter Taylor that he might go back to Town and inform Mr. Beales (M.A.), Mr. Shammyrumstuff, and their tail, that there was no evidence on which Governor Eyre could properly be committed. That "individual" as the *Star*—intending to be awfully severe—calls him, has floored the Jamaica Committee as completely as he floored the Jamaica Rebellion. English good sense is seldom appealed to in vain. We really cannot murder a man for saving a colony. It may be, theoretically, proper to kill him, but the fact that Jamaica now belongs to the Queen of England, and not to the "brown-skinned, canting, disreputable agitator," Gordon, is a fact which somewhat overrides theories. It is to be lamented that excessive punishment was awarded to some of Gordon's dupes; but, on the other hand, English ladies and children were saved from worse than Cawnpore atrocities. So that, on the whole, Englishmen are very well satisfied that Peter Taylor, Beales (M.A.), and Shammyrumstuff, are out in the cold. A word of recognition of Mr. Giffard's masterly demolition of the case for the prosecution, and as warm a word of recognition of Mr. Stephen's most gentlemanly discharge of his professional duty. "The matter cannot rest where it does," remarks the *Star;* and we agree. Some manifestation of English sympathy with a persecuted officer must be made. Meantime, why not return Mr. Eyre for Middlesex?

A curiosity of literature.

"An Inquiring Tyro" is informed that the judicious Malthus was the Author of *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.*

The Milkman's Paradise.—Chalk Farm.



STATUESQUE.

BARBARA MAKING A CALL ON MRS. GRIFFIN (HER OLD SCHOOLMISTRESS), IMPRUDENTLY TAKES HER COUSIN TOM (COMIC MAN) WITH HER, AND LEAVES HIM IN THE HALL. DURING THE INTERVIEW, A GREAT SCUFFLING AND GIGGLING IS HEARD OUTSIDE THE PARLOUR DOOR. MRS. G. ANGRILY RUSHES TO SEE THE CAUSE——*TABLEAU!!*

AS TOM EXCUSED HIMSELF TO BARBARA, "THE VACANT PEDESTAL WAS IRRESISTIBLE."

STRIKE OF GOVERNESSES.

ONE of the reasons, MR. MILL, why the working classes ought to have the elective franchise, is said to be the capacity which they evince for organisation. If capacity for organisation is a reason why they should vote, incapacity for organisation would be a reason why they should not vote. Now that argument knocks female suffrage on the head, if women are incapable of organisation. It is to be feared that they are. Read this advertisement, Sir,—

RESIDENT GOVERNESS (Church of England).—About the middle of May.—A lady wishes to meet with a GOVERNESS, of sound Christian views, to co-operate with her in training and educating her daughters. She should be fond of children, and able to impart a thorough English education, making use of the best modern educational works—Morell's Analysis, the higher rules of arithmetic, and Latin are essential. The lady should be qualified to prepare her pupils for the Cambridge Local Examinations. She must sing and play well, and teach the theory as well as the practice of music: drawing from the flat and from models desirable. Address, &c. &c.

The advertiser, you see, says nothing about the remuneration which she proposes to give the walking Encyclopædia whom she wishes to hire. But one would not at all wonder if, on inquiry, the sum she thinks of naming should turn out not to exceed that which, owing to excessive competition in the governess market, is stated in the heading of this other advertisement:—

FIVE SHILLINGS A WEEK.—Superior FINISHING MORNING GOVERNESS.—A young lady, from Paris, REQUIRES an ENGAGEMENT. Subjects—German, Italian, and French (which she speaks fluently), drawing, English, music, and singing. Highest references. Address H. H., Post-office, &c.

Now, if women have any, the least capacity for organisation, there ought, assuredly, in these striking times, to be an immediate Strike of Governesses. Are they altogether and utterly devoid of that capacity? Unless they are, they will strike directly, and their strike will be one which you, and every other Liberal who deserves that name, will surely support. It will be a strike objected to only by the Stingy and the Shabby, and the Mean, who for the most part are also the Hypocritically Pious, and, in their advertisements for Governesses dirt-cheap, usually combine parsimony with sanctimony, and beggarly offers with cant. "Wanted" is a word commonly prefixed by these humbugs to their advertisements. It is one which Governesses might prefix to an advertisment of their own. Wanted—a POTTER. They do want a POTTER, say a GEORGINA POTTER. Could you help them to one in any way? If you could, you would do women more service than you will if you succeed in getting the franchise which you demand for them, but which they are, as aforesaid, unfit to have unless the Governesses strike.

COMPETITION AT OXFORD.

THE *Morning Post* says that a Roman Catholic College and Chapel are about to be built at Oxford, on a site in St. Aldate's Street. The *Post* adds:—

"It is, however, a singular circumstance that the Roman Catholic College and Chapel will be almost immediately opposite the lodgings occupied by the celebrated DR. PUSEY."

The Regius Professor of Hebrew will perhaps hang his *Eirenikon* out of window. If he does, of course his opposite neighbours will exhibit a poster in front of their establishment declaring, "No Connection with the Heretic over the Way."

Word Splitting.

HAD Ministers adhered to dual voting,
We fancy it is every one's belief,
That dual had been changed to *deuil*—quoting
A fast expression—as they'd "come to grief."

THE ONE THING *NOT* WANTED IN IRELAND.—New blood.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, April 6, 1867.



TAKING A HINT.

Aunt Flora (*concluding the story of the naughty little girl*). "——AND SOAKED ALL HER NICE NEW SUNDAY CLOTHES FROM HEAD TO FOOT." (*Moral.*) "BUT SYLVIE'S A *GOOD* LITTLE GIRL—*SHE* NEVER GOT INTO HER BATH WITH ALL HER SUNDAY CLOTHES ON."

Sylvie (*thoughtfully*). "NO—O, I NEVER DID——BUT I WILL NOW!"

A VISIT TO VENICE.

HAVE you been to Venice yet? No? Then hi! here, Hansom! Drive to Venice, quick now, eight o'clock 's just striking. Not know the way, you blockhead? Why, I fancied every cabman knew the Gallery of Illustration. That 's where Venice is this season. Thanks to MESSIEURS GERMAN REED and TELBIN, one can get there in a cab any evening after dinner, and be cosily at home again in time to smoke a couple of cigars ere it be midnight.

What a charming scene! What capital costumes, too! Were the Entertainment done on horseback, it could not be better mounted. Dialogue dull, eh? Well, I *have* heard jokes more sparkling. Gems of wit in Venice ought to be of the first water. Pruning-knife, my dear boy? Better take a hatchet, and lop off the introduction. Keep *Faigue*, he 's rather funny. And don't meddle with the Hashesh mixture: music-hall and opera. I got eleven distinct laughs from it, and I rarely now get one even by going to a theatre, except from *The Liar*. MRS. REED, Ma'am, how do you do? Glad to see you well again. You come on in a gondola, why not sing us that old song, "*Gondolier, row, row,*" to remind us of the time when there was something in burlesques, beside bare legs and nigger break-downs. Good evening, *Mrs. Roseleaf*. What a lively Wedding Breakfast! Where are there ten other fingertips in England, that can ring so good a peal of bells on the piano?

SETTING BONNETS AT BACHELORS.

OUR elegant contemporary, *Le Follet*, enumerates, amongst the trimmings for bonnets now in vogue, "bachelors' buttons." Are these ornaments to be considered emblems of conquest achieved, or symbols of expected victory? Bachelors' buttons, decorating the bonnets of spinsters, may be thought, perhaps, to express, in the language of flowers, a desire to get married. When the wearers of bachelors' buttons in their bonnets shall have obtained the bachelors for whom they advertise by the exhibition of those tokens, may those whose buttons will have ceased to be bachelors' buttons ever find their buttons all right!

Town and Country.

THE EMPEROR having been obliged to drop Luxemburg, will have to content himself, as at present, with "*Luxe-en-ville.*"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

IN the opinion of Colchester, signified through LORD HARDWICKE, *Monday, April* 1, our soldiers ought to have some honest employment found for them, to keep them out of mischief. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF talked of "insuperable" difficulties which our officers are trying to conquer. We are aware that British officers are wonderful fellows, but either they mean to work miracles, or the Duke does not know grammar.

The Lawyers cannot agree as to the period of Divine service when banns should be published. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has thoughts of bringing in a Bill to settle it. As this is Lent, when it is not considered the thing to marry, be born, or die, there is no hurry; or if there is, Doctors' Commons will serve couples with licences, on reasonable terms.

MR. WALPOLE made a most unsatisfactory defence of his conduct in reference to the sentence on a person called TOOMER, who is condemned to fifteen years' penal servitude for an offence which nobody believes that he (though a vicious man) committed. Our HOME SECRETARY is a very gentlemanly HOME SECRETARY, but "talent is not his forte."

Touching Reform, MR. DISRAELI, in reply to MR. GLADSTONE, stated that in Committee the Dual Vote should be struck out, but he would say no more, except that in Committee, also, the House would find the best solution of other controversies. LORD CRANBORNE, with great good-nature, then demanded of his late colleague, LORD STANLEY, what were the Features by which Government intended to stand or fall? LORD STANLEY quietly responded that the matter was one for argument and discussion rather than for question. Which may be called an answer, because you may call anything by any name you please.

Luxemburg is a duchy, and it belongs to the KING OF HOLLAND. The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH wanted to buy it. The KING OF HOLLAND wanted to sell it. The Luxemburghers did not want to be sold. The Prussians did not wish German territory handed to France. The EMPEROR has had to give up his Napoleonic Idea. Another of Our Failures, eh?

MR. O'BEIRNE wished to know why the War Office Clerks cannot have their salaries monthly instead of quarterly, as they wish. The answer was of course a red tape one—if we do it for one office we must do it for all offices. And why not? Because that would increase the duties at the Pay Office. Now is not this bosh enough to make men turn radicals, and take down pikes, and skewer their betters generally? It is a most desirable thing to pay monthly, as the wife of every clerk would tell the Government. How much difficulty would there be in signing twelve cheques instead of four? Officialism sometimes makes reasonable men incline to kick somebody.

UNCLE SAM is buying Russian America. That is, the Government of the States has bought it, but the Legislature has to ratify the treaty. Having looked at the map, to see where the country is, we have no hesitation in saying that Uncle is quite welcome to it, and if he would export thither every Irish citizen of the States, he would confer a service on mankind, indeed we believe that is the secret object of the purchase, though MR. SEWARD cannot well say so just yet, as the Irishry are politically useful.

MR. DISRAELI said that the question whether the Easter holiday would begin at the usual time, was a question "in the hands of Fate." To which *Mr. Punch* adds,

"Lanificas nulli tres exorare puellas contigit,"

not, of course, that it is necessary to say so, but the quotation shows the gentleman, and one who has remembered his MARTIAL, and this brings us to another Martial subject, namely, Flogging in the Army.

There was a long and animated debate on SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S clause for continuing the practice, though the House had condemned

it. But the Horse Guards stuck by the Cat, and another kind of whip had been used, so flogging was re-enacted by 175 to 162. Not only this, but Sir George Grey managed to interject the suggestion that for so bad a crime as mutiny no soldier ought to escape the Cat, and the end was that whereas Sir John Pakington had intended to exempt nine-tenths of the service from the chance of being flogged, that chance is now re-distributed over the whole Army! There was much heat, and much hope that the country would take note of the proceeding. *Mr. Punch*, who never indulges in either heat or hope, simply notes that though there is apparent retrogression, the cause of sense and humanity has gained, and he applauds Mr. Otway, who has managed the Cat-hunt admirably, and who declares that next year he will again loose the dogs upon the sanguinary beast.

A debate on Navy Estimates produced some shameful disclosures, but Government got all the boys, men, and money asked for, and *Mr. Punch* went home singing "*Fool Britannia.*"

Tuesday. Lord Shaftesbury made some exceedingly sensible remarks on the dangerous practice of releasing criminal lunatics. He told this little anecdote:—

"The last time he went over Bethlem he spoke on the subject to the eminent medical man who presided over that great establishment; and the answer he received was, 'I suppose there are twenty men in this room who have said to me at different times—If ever we get out we will take your life, and no harm will be done to us, because having been declared to be lunatics, the utmost penalty we could possibly incur would be to be brought back here.'"

Lord Amberley begins his legislative career by introducing a little Bill permitting certain performances called "services" at St. Martin's Hall, on Sundays. There are lectures, which are enlivened by music, and money is taken at the doors. Singers are paid, and are dressed "as they would be at a theatre," says Mr. Kinnaird, who does not seem to know much about theatres. As this species of Service is at present illegal, Lord Amberley proposes to legalise it. What will Dr. Cumming say to him?

Mr. Dent (Scarborough) brought under the notice of the House a system so abominable that nothing but the intensest hypocrisy can call this a Christian nation, while such a thing exists. It is known as the Gang System, and is applied to agricultural labour. A slave-driver hires a gang, chiefly of children of both sexes, some as young as five, but mostly boys and girls approaching the age of puberty, and makes as much as he can by taking these creatures about the country, and letting out their labour to farmers. The cruelty to the children is the least frightful part of the system, the demoralisation is too hideous to be more than hinted at here. But look to it, gentlemen philanthropists, if you have sympathies for anybody but niggers. A debate followed, in which several speakers at least used earnest words. Mr. Walpole wished for more information, which is to be obtained. In other language, the disagreeable subject is got rid of for some time.

Two hours' debate on the question whether the State ought not to take upon itself the debts of a bankrupt railway, and also acquire the railway itself. Mr. Gladstone thought the question "vast," and that the House was not in a condition to decide it, and the House agreed with him.

Another effort by the Attorneys to get rid of their Certificate Duty. But it brings £90,000 a-year, and is really a fair tax. *Punch* would advise its being doubled, if that would tend to keep needy cads out of an honourable profession.

Wednesday. Actually, our persistent friend, Mr. Darby Griffith, tried his hand at a bit of legislation about Voting Papers for Joint Stock Companies. Blandly smiling on Mr. Griffith, the House went into Committee, and placidly cut out the first clause, which was the only one of importance, and the Bill collapsed. But Mr. Ayrton fared no better with a Bill about Spiritual Destitution. A Bill for improving Irish Sea-fisheries, however, was read a Second Time. Let the Irish fishermen get never such hauls, they will not bring up such odd fish as the gentlemen who to-day decided that the Waterford Election was valid, because there was rioting everywhere, but no general riot.

Thursday. Some time back, *Mr. Punch* offered the profound advice that Spain should be cut in four, and divided among civilised nations. It is not impossible that the operation may be performed. There is our *Tornado* quarrel with her, and she has still to account for her conduct in that respect. But, last year, she seized another vessel, belonging to Gibraltar, and called the *Queen Victoria*, and this was without any sort of justification—the ship was not even in Spanish waters. Ever since, the Spanish Government have been simply "humhugging," and have finished by a proposal which is itself an insult. The British Lion is roused. Lord Stanley has sent a peremptory demand for restitution, compensation, and apology. If these be denied, the Escurial is immediately to be seized, and brought to England in several ships.

We had the Budget. Mr. Disraeli made the shortest speech ever heard on such a subject. But he really had only to say that having a surplus of £1,206,000, he wished to follow Mr. Gladstone's lead, and reduce the National Debt, by means of Life-Annuities. He also reduced Marine Assurances to threepence per cent., and kept a trifle (a quarter of a million) in hand. The Budget, and the lucidity of the Chancellor, were alike approved. (It was only our fun, *Mrs. Grundy*, when we mentioned a Deficiency,—we wanted to frighten you out of talking about Women having Votes, you dear old goose.)

Friday. Out of about a dozen topics, only two or three demand the attention of *Mr. Punch*. Baron Bramwell was vindicated for having increased the sentence on two ruffians who, in the dock, made a murderous attack on the officers; Mr. Lowe was defeated in an attempt to prevent the outlay of more money on primary schools, Mr. Corry saying that he did not mind violating political economy; and Mr. Armstrong was greeted with roars of laughter for proposing an anti-bribery oath. *Mr. Punch* does not see the fun.

But the great event of the night was a Notice, given on behalf of the Liberal party, who had met, in the afternoon, at Mr. Gladstone's. To the eloquent and delicate handling of Mr. Coleridge was consigned an Instruction to the Committee on the Reform Bill, to the effect that the System of Rating is to be altered, no one to vote who pays less than a certain amount, and all who pay more to have an equal vote. This was called a Gentle but Firm pressure on the Government. Before these lines are an Instruction to the Universe, some shall see. "What shall some see?" "Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon."

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FOURTH.

My first direction for visiting the Exsposissiong will be to visit the Prussian Court. In order to do this hire a man with a broom, sweep away the accumulated dust of months, and then let him give you his hand over the first set of packing-cases marked "Glass with care."

Arrived on the top of this first *Glassier*, you will look about you. If evening comes on you suddenly, wrap yourself up and lie down to slumber, like a warrior taking your rest, with your martial cloak around you. But to avoid this make the ascent of Mount Packing-caseus early in the morning. Do this, and you will be enchanted with the view which presents itself to your eye when the first rays of the sun fall upon the pale picturesque bales, the brown sawdust which has fallen heavily during the night, and perhaps a large trunk or two lying helplessly, crushed by its own weight, which has also fallen heavily during the night. When you have reached the summit of the Titanic Apollo, which, being about thirty feet from toe to top, is a fine specimen of genuine high art, pause and take some refreshment.

As at this height there are no refreshments, the best substitute is to take breath. You came up here for a blow: it will do you good. Talking of blows, take care that the next case above your head loosely placed, and containing metal devices and small works in bronze doesn't fall upon you. Safely over the next box what a view you obtain of the Exposissiong! Here I sat for I cannot say how long, lost in reverie, and utterly unheeding the admonitions of a Surgeon der Veal below.

A *Surgeon der Veal* is a policeman. Did he think I wanted to steal the Titanic Apollo thirty feet high?

My dear visitor, if inclined to be dishonest, do not attempt such a thing: the French spies are everywhere: they would be sure to see you.

The Surgeon der Veal waited for me for some time, but I waved my hand to him, and gallantly jumped on to the next box.

This must be your line of country at present.

Sursum corda! I mean lift yourself up by the ropes which you will find still fastening the bales together.

Excelsior! Excelsior! This is Latin, and is conversationally translated by "twopence more and up goes the donkey." On your part, however, never mind the twopence, but go up.

The next packing-case, containing a Titanic Apollo, which, with the assistance of another block, containing crockery, completely shuts out the Austrian Court, must be carefully ascended.

V'lar! Voller! This is French, and spelt *voilà*. Always say it sharply and quickly when you want to attract any one's attention. It means everything: so does *cum sar*. So does *May wee*. Say 'em one after the other, and see what 'll happen.

I can't send any more to-day, as in consequence of making a false step I performed a rapid act of descent on to the Austrian territory, and fell quite unexpectedly into the very midst of the Royal party and the Japanese ambassadors.

The Royal party, consisting of Lumpyraw and Larmperrytreece, started back, exclaiming, "*Mong Doo!*" which means nothing more than "Good gracious!" though literally it is impermissible in English society.

I understood it, however. What the embassy from Japan observed, I did *not* understand. I fell on my knees. I do not mean when I came off the packing-case; but afterwards, before Lumpyraw.

As His Majesty wished to see the Egsposissiong, I wouldn't detain him, and he wouldn't detain me.

In my next I shall take my visitors for a turn round Parry, and then we 'll go into the Egsposissiong again.

FEMININE INTELLIGENCE.



In one of its intensely interesting articles upon the Fashions, *Le Follet* naïvely tells us that—

"It is just now rather amusing to inspect the novelties of the season."

Amusing? we should think so: for among the present novelties, we are told, is a new necklace called a—

"*Collier de chien*, made just to fit close round the throat, and with long ends behind."

A dog-collar seems rather an odd ornament for a lady. A man must be a puppy to evince his admiration for it. If worn at all, we think it should be only sported in the dog-days. "Sported," by the way, is precisely the phrase proper for it. Ladies who wear dog-collars are doubtless fond of slang, and would incline to masculine expressions when talking of their toilette.

In the same delightful article the writer also naïvely says that—

"The Spring bonnets seem to require very little material, as they are smaller than those of last year."

One will soon require a microscope to see a lady's bonnet, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," as it is every day becoming. Now that ladies wear their chignons rather larger than their heads, one has really to look twice before their bonnets become visible. We often wonder that it has not been the fashion for a lady to wear two bonnets at once; the one upon her head and the other on her chignon.

This at least would be a novelty, and would double the expense, which to many a fine lady would be a great attraction.

SCIENTIFIC WIFE-KILLING.

The question is sometimes asked, "Can a man murder his wife?" Though at first blush we might be inclined to doubt it, if we founded our conclusion on recent trials, sentences, and revisions of sentences, still we believe the feat is not absolutely impossible. As a general rule, it may be laid down, that though wife-killing is easy, wife-murder is one of the most difficult things a man can set himself to accomplish. Of course, if you are rash and hasty, and, in a fit of passion, whip up a knife and cut your wife's throat, you *may* be hung for it, though we need hardly say, that every effort will be used by Jury and Judge to obtain remission of the punishment, on the general understanding that the presumption of law in all cases of uxoricide is "Served her right." But still, a man who kills his wife in this rude and unrefined way, *may* slip his head into a halter.

This method, however, is uncertain, even if it were not dangerous. You may only wound, instead of killing, and if you *do* kill, there is little or no pleasure in it. This act is too soon over, and the suffering too insignificant, to extract any enjoyment out of. How much better, if you are bent on effectually severing the nuptial tie, and can make no opening for Baron Wilde's intervention, to secure at once your own safety, and get the utmost pleasure out of the act, by killing your wife by inches. "Every little makes a mickle;" and you may gently urge her on to her death by a series of skilfully applied kicks, or blows, or starvings, or shocks of terror, or by an artistic combination of these, none of them in themselves leading immediately to death, yet all conducing to it, and leaving you, when the consummation is accomplished, safe to get off with a few months', or, at worst, years' imprisonment, and, perhaps (if the Judge be a Quixotic person), a reprimand.

But you must be a bungler if you have to pay even this price for your riddance from a domestic nuisance. With a properly regulated mind, and the coolness that is proper to conduct the operation, you ought to be able so to measure your acts of brutality and cruelty, as to escape with no penalty at all; probably without even the formality of a trial. It is only bunglers who precipitate matters, as by taking jumping exercise over their wives' bodies with iron-plated boots on, or throwing them out of three-pair-of-stair windows, or other rude and summary processes of destruction. You may go considerable lengths even in this direction without much risk, but sometimes an eccentric Judge or Jury may be found to take an uncharitable view of your conduct. But the safe rule is to administer quiet cruelty in small doses, and to keep it up, varying the treatment, if you like, by more energetic exhibitions of fist or stick, starvation or exposure, from time to time; and the great point is to go deliberately enough about your work, and to be cool in regulating your treatment. *Ne quid nimis* should be the motto of the uxoricide as of the physician. Besides the safety from consequences thus insured, there is the pleasure of watching the progress of the case, and the manly satisfaction engendered by the consciousness of your own power, and the hopelessness of your victim's resistance. If by any accident, any rashness of your own, or any extravagance of the Jury, you should be sentenced on the capital charge, you need not be under any alarm, so long as there is a Walpole to counteract their sentimentality, and to give you the benefit of those doubts to which every man who kills his wife is entitled;—first, the doubt whether he meant to; and, secondly, the doubt whether, if he did mean to, he hadn't very sufficient provocation.

Our Musical Saint.—Saint-on Dolby.

ODE TO MRS. GRUNDY.

Mrs. Grundy,
On a Sunday
Joyful music I will hear,
Gaze on painting
Soul untainting,
Nor the sight of sculpture fear;

For diversion,
An excursion
Make by steamboat or by rail,
Or, preferring
Active stirring,
Take my walk, and glass of ale.

Mostly clad am
I, so, Madam
Your decorum as may shock;
In a shooting
Jacket, suiting
With the hat named billycock.

As my raiment
Little payment
Costs my dwelling, nowise fine,
Simply furnished:
Roof-tree burnished
Glitters not in house of mine.

Outward show, Ma'am,
I forego, Ma'am,
When it interferes with ease:
Often eat, Ma'am,
In the street, Ma'am,
As I walk, my bread and cheese.

Grandeur sinking,
Never thinking
How your censure I provoke;
Oft a cutty
Pipe, with smutty
Bowl, along the road I smoke.

My life's measure
Is my pleasure,
Only saving others' due:
That respecting,
But directing
Madam, no regard to you.

Mrs. Grundy,
Gloria mundi
Passes like a dream away.
You may chatter,
That 's no matter—
Ma'am, I care not what you say.

BEAUTY WITHOUT PAINT.

Madame Jezebel offers silly women, who are not contented with their natural features, "recipes for Youth, Beauty, Grace, and Elegance, which give golden tresses, sparkling eyes, ruby lips, and soft peachlike complexion to ladies wrinkled, freckled, scarred, or aged, which have gained for her the patronage of the crowned heads of Europe and her world-renowned name." These prescriptions for facial paint and plaster, Madame Jezebel adds, "can be forwarded on the receipt of £1 1*s*." Her advertisement concludes with:—"Caution: Beware of spurious imitations." Certainly; but rather beware of noxious originals.

The Next Thing from New York.

(*A Reuter's Telegram.*)

The House of Representatives has adopted resolutions calling on Mr. Seward to demand redress of the British Government for the American citizens shot by the Irish constabulary in putting down the Fenian insurrection.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 4.

This is a Case in which Mr. Punch refrains from offering his Advice.

Angelina is the Daughter of a Country Curate, and has fourteen Brothers and Sisters. Edwin is a Landscape Painter—a most charming Profession.

He, it is true, is an Only Son, but this is of small Advantage to him, for he is also an Orphan, his parents having died Insolvent a long time ago. He has just taken up Art as a Profession, and by doing so has Quarrelled with the only solvent Relative he possesses.

He is now persuading Angelina to share with him the Honours and Profits of his Glorious Career, proposing they should Marry on the Proceeds of his First Picture, now in Progress, (and which we have faithfully represented above).

The Reason why Mr. Punch withholds his Advice, is, that he does not Believe it would be Followed.

PALÆONTOLOGICAL PIPES.

As a young man desirous of improving my mind, *Mr. Punch*, I have studied Geology. The teachings of that interesting science have elevated me above the popular belief as to the time during which this planet has existed. A lady's age is a delicate subject to question, especially in the case of Mother Earth. That good lady, my early preceptors assured me, is little more than five thousand years old, but geologists declare her to have existed for myriads of ages before the commencement of that term. They assert also that man was living upon his mother's face at a time long previous to the commonly received date of his first appearance. I thought myself safely anchored in these conclusions. But look here, Sir:—

"Professor Hall, of the New York Geological Museum, and Edward Maguire, of Saratoga Springs, are having a controversy touching the bones lately exhumed at Cohoes, N.Y. Professor Hall thinks they are the remains of a mastodon, which had lain in the earth 25,604 years; while Mr. Maguire asserts that they are the bones of a menagerie elephant which died and was buried in Cohoes forty years ago."

The foregoing extract from a newspaper would, if I thought it true, seriously shake my faith in the evidence which has been considered to establish the high antiquity of the globe and the human race. And what am I to think when I see, by the *Manchester Guardian*, that on the North American continent, amongst the remains of extinct organisations, a gentleman has actually discovered smoking-pipes; and when I read in the *Times* a letter from Mr. T. England, F.R.S., testifying to the fact that, amid similar surroundings, "an unmistakeable smoking-pipe" was found some years ago in a cavern at Torquay? The discovery of a pre-historic smoking-pipe along with the remains of the mastodon, would, if established, suggest the possibility of finding a pre-historic cigar-tube in the same situation, or of finding pre-historic "fusees," or "lucifers," and all manner of other pre-historic objects indistinguishable from contemporary. From this idea the reflecting intellect would pass, by a natural transition, to the theory that some of the flints in the drift were pre-historic gun-flints, and might even be gun-flints that were merely pre-percussion cap.

Do you not think, Sir, that journalists should be careful how they publish statements respecting science that are calculated to unsettle young men's minds?

Wishing I knew whether our leading geologists smoke those pre-historic smoking-pipes, or not, I am, *Mr. Punch*,

Your ever attentive Student,

Telemachus.

P.S. You are my Mentor, you know, Sir.

Prussian Treatment of Danes.

Count Bismarck, in the North German Parliament the other day, stated that until 1870 any Schleswiger could become a Dane by emigrating to Denmark, but in such case he would have to remain a Dane, and should he return, would be treated as such. What did Bismarck mean? That the Dane would be plundered and have his throat cut?

Walpole's Wager.—Won by a neck, with a million to one against Walpole.



EXTREMES *MUST* MEET; OR, A BIT OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Prof. D—r—i. "BUT YOU SEE, TO COMPLETE THE CIRCLE, POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE *MUST* JOIN HANDS."



Charles H. Bennett.

APRIL 2, 1867.

A very able colleague, a very dear friend, has been removed, at an early age, from among us. To his genius it is not here that tribute should be paid, but it may be said that none of our fellow-workers ever entered more heartily into his work, or laboured with more earnestness to promote our general purpose. His facile execution, and singular subtlety of fancy were, we hoped, destined to enrich these pages for many a year. It has been willed otherwise, and we lament the loss of a comrade of invaluable skill, and the death of one of the kindliest and gentlest of our associates, the power of whose hand was equalled by the goodness of his heart.

SIDDONS TO THE RESCUE.

A great name is a perilous possession; and the name of Siddons is the most burdensome that a lady-aspirant to stage-honours can have to stand up under.

The young Lady who bears this mighty name in the third generation, and who has been acting for a year past in the provinces, has now challenged the verdict of London. It is to be regretted that she should have done so, from the reading desk in the first instance, instead of from the boards. The more genuine her vocation as an actress the worse, in all probability, her chances of succeeding as a reader at this point of her experience.

An old actress may have so tamed her histrionic fire, and have so learnt the limits which divide elocution from impersonation, that she *may* be able to turn stage experience to account in reading. Mrs. Siddons did so in her old age. Her distinguished niece, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, has done so in middle life. We have seen a similar power more recently manifested by Miss Helen Faucit and Miss Glynn.

But Mrs. Scott-Siddons is still on the threshold of her womanhood and her Art Her instincts and impulses as an actress can, at present, only serve to hamper instead of helping her as a reader.

We are glad to see that she is at once to have the opportunity of showing how she can bear the burden of her name, as an actress, and we shall watch the event with interest.

Some good points about her eye and ear give warrant that she carries the credentials of her illustrious descent in her face. Take ten years from the lineaments of Sir Joshua's *Tragic Muse*, and Mrs. Scott-Siddons might, almost, have sat for those lambent eyes, and grandly-chiselled features.

True, the great grand-daughter is small of stature and slight of proportions, while her great ancestress was stately of height and largely moulded—a muse in figure as in face. In the descendant, for the present at least, we see no possibility of a *Constance*, or a *Lady Macbeth*; but by way of compensation, she has all that is needed, in voice and person, for a *Juliet*, *Rosalind*, or *Imogen*. The voice is at once sweet and sonorous. It has the unmistakable ring of education and good-breeding. What powers of humour, pathos, or tragic intensity, may lie behind those beautiful features, or find breath through this musical organ, London has yet to learn. On these points we should not trust any opinion formed on her reading only, for reasons already indicated. If there were errors of emphasis enough to indicate that the inexperience of twenty had not been corrected by deeper or maturer counsel, these would be quite immaterial, if the test of the stage reveal the power to conceive and sustain a character as a whole, and to interpret it with grace, refinement, and right apprehension of its humour or its passion. At present, we have *one* young actress, and one only, who has shown this power in a consummate degree, and who only waits the opportunity of a fitting stage to show that the loveliest womanly creations of the ideal drama have still among us an admirable impersonator, who is fitted for the task, at once by grace of person, and refinement of mind and manners, by natural intelligence and laboriously acquired mastery of her art. That actress is Miss Kate Terry, who is egregiously misjudged as an artist, if tested only by even her best performances in realistic drama, and who, in her *Ophelia* and *Viola* has, as yet, had but infrequent and unfavourable opportunities for revealing her noblest and purest metal. If Mrs. Scott-Siddons should develope qualities at all approaching those of Miss Kate Terry, though she cannot, short as her experience of the stage has been, reasonably be expected to equal her, she will have achieved something over which all the lovers of the higher dramatic art may and will, rejoice. There is room in this field for her and many more.

That the promise of this interesting young lady's face, voice, and name, may be fulfilled to the uttermost, is *Mr. Punch's* hope and prayer. Buffoon as the superficial public may think him, he loves and feels high art, and he is not the first low comedian who like Ben Jonson's *Master Matthew*, has kept in his closet "a stool to be melancholy upon."

SHALL WE RUB "NO POPERY!" OFF THE DOOR?

(*See the debates on the Bill to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act.*)

Who fears to speak of fifty-one,
And anti-Papal panic,
When John Bull swore no Bull should roar
Loose here, save Bulls Britannic:
When Papist mitres he cried down
As Papist levers' handles;
Swearing their wearers to discrown,
And quench their Roman Candles?

When Little John a-tiptoe sprung,
And penned "the Durham letter,"
Defiance at Rome's lightning flung,
Her faggot and her fetter,
Some said that faggot was burnt out,
That fetter long rust-rotten:
But there was meaning in that shout,
Of instincts true begotten.

When on the letter came the Bill,
Of penalties and pains,
For all that Romish titles still
Dared sport in John's domains:
When giving rope to Priest and Pope,
Those who the Bill dared bring out,
With threats content, to clamour bent
And coolly took its sting out.

When *Punch* showed Act and Actor up
And little Johnny chiselled,—
As boy who chalked "No Popery"
On Wiseman's door, and mizzled!
Since then, up-hung, the Act has swung
The deadest of dead letters:
But footpads may a warning read
E'en from a corpse in fetters.

And, by his hunch, now will not *Punch*,
Though the law's dogs *be* dumb 'uns,
Eat humble pie, *peccavi* cry,
At Pope's or Prelate's summons.
The Act was good, for all no blood
Its bite has ever followed.
It spoke a truth, that still is sooth,
And must by Popes be swallowed.

That England's Church owns England's law,
Knows no head but the Queen,
But from the State draws power and weight,
And on the State must lean.
That here Rome's mitres are fools' caps,
Rome's hierarchy naught:
And Romish Sees but the mirage
By thirst of priestcraft wrought.

As boys they press, who 've made a mess,
Into the humbling office
Of wiping clean what fouled has been,
While loud their comrades' scoff is—
Some wish Lord John were called upon
The vain words to out-score,
And write "By Licence of the Law."
On the Archbishop's door!

But *Punch* says "No!"—Be this not so:
Still let those words remain:
Rather, that all may read who go,
Write them up o'er again.
Dogs, in their sleep, their grinders keep,
Though the lips are closed o'er 'em:
And a rod is not less a rod,
That 's hung up *in terrorem*.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Whipper-in. "Master Tom hurt? Bless you, no, Mum! The old Mare and him never misses that Brook!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Driving home after the Run—Dressing—Dinner—Prospects.*)

The ladies in the trap are the half-aunt and old Mrs. Symperson.

Happy Thought.—Be very attentive to old Mrs. Symperson. Give her my hand when she gets out. Make her feel she can't do without me as a son-in-law. Perhaps, afterwards, I might have to make her feel that I can do without her as a mother-in-law. I don't think so, though: nice old lady, and a little deaf.

Driving home I am very bitter against Brett, who could send out a horse with the staggers.

Happy Thought.—The staggers might take something off the expense of hiring.

In the carriage the ladies say he oughtn't to charge me anything: I agree with them, but feel that Brett's opinion will be different. Not sure, if I was Brett, if I shouldn't charge more. I shall, I say, call and blow Brett up, severely.

[When I *do* call, two days afterwards, Brett asks me how I liked the mare? I say, "Well enough, if she hadn't got the staggers." He is not surprised, and makes no apology. While receipting my bill, he pauses to observe that "If I'd ha' lost that chestnut it would ha' been a matter of a hundred pounds out of my pocket," as if it would have been a matter of a hundred pounds out of *my* pocket.

Happy Thought.—Say, "Would it, indeed," and look at my watch—gives a notion of being pressed for time. Won't discuss this question of a hundred pounds any further. Go.

"Will I hunt with the Croxley to-morrow?" he wants to know. "He's got just the thing to suit me; I can throw my leg over her and try her now." I haven't time: I should like to hunt with the Croxley immensely. "Nice fencing country, and a brook or two." Very sorry can't—let him know when I'll hunt again. Good morning, Mr. Brett. I'm sure he regrets not having charged me extra for the staggers.]

In the Pony Trap, driving home.—The half-aunt expresses her wonder that gentlemen can find pleasure in such a dangerous pastime as hunting. I smile, as much as to convey the idea, "Yes, you're right, but we are such daring dogs." I don't say this, because I *think* Byng knows I didn't go over the first hedge. Mrs. Symperson is of opinion that married men oughtn't to risk their lives. I agree.

Happy Thought.—Always agree with Mrs. Symperson.

Say pointedly, "When I am married I shall never hunt again, but settle down comfortably somewhere." At the present moment I fancy that if I ever do hunt again I shall never settle down comfortably anywhere. Don't *say* this: feel it.

Happy Thought.—To say to her mother, that Miss Fridoline seems to enjoy being on horseback. Praise her appearance.

Say she is very like her Mamma. [Byng tells me afterwards that this sounded fulsome. Must take care not to be fulsome.] Mrs. Symperson says, "*she* was very fond of riding when *she* was young." I reply, "that I should think so." By the way, I shouldn't think so if she wasn't Fridoline's Mamma. She is pleased.

Byng, flicking the pony, asks me if I feel pretty fresh. Before the half-aunt and Mrs. Symperson I can't say more than that I am pretty fresh, considering I haven't ridden for years.

"Stiff?" asks Byng. I am surprised at Byng; but nod expressively. "Loins?" continues Byng. I am astonished at Byng: before Mrs. Symperson too! I reply "No," as if I hadn't any loins.

[Note for *Reticence of Politeness. Typical Developments*, Vol. XX. Book 51, Par. *m*.]

Driving up to the house. Butler, servants, whole-uncle and Mr. Symperson out to meet us.

Happy Thought.—Subject for picture, *Return from the Chace*. Wave my hand to them, as if I 'd just come up triumphantly, after flying over five-barred gates and stiff fences. Wish I knew if Byng had or had not seen me in the first field. Painful, getting out of the trap. Quite forgot to give my arm to Mrs. Symperson. The whole-uncle asks if we've had good sport? I answer, deprecatingly, "pretty well," to give the old coward who's been in his arm-chair all day an idea that it's not the sort of sport *I've* been accustomed to; as, indeed, it is *not*.

Mrs. Symperson notices that I walk lame. From a fall? She is anxious. I say, "No, not from a fall." Fridoline, who has entered the hall, expresses her anxiety too. I almost wish it *had* been a fall. If I say "stiffness" it will flatten the excitement.

Happy Thought.—To say "Oh no, nothing at all," and smile. They 'll think I've been over a precipice, and am bearing it heroically.

In my room.—Warm bath, at Byng's suggestion, before dinner. Looking in the glass; I am an object. Collar nowhere. Tie anywhere and anyhow.

Happy Thought.—Scarf, next time I ride; with a pin in it.

My face is such a curious colour, a muddy yellow. Wish I'd come up to my room at once, instead of stopping in the hall. How different to when I started. Meditate on this, before the glass; "So in life, we set out gaily and briskly (as I did on the chestnut), we go on—we go on—odd:—lost the simile." The footman comes in with hot water. He is familiar in consequence of that dressing up as a German friend the other day. He says, "I suppose you ain't much accustomed to riding a-horseback, Sir." I should like to put *him* on a wild Arab in a desert: hate familiarity. Tell him to call me in time for dressing. He is now going to sound the *first* gong. That's an hour before dinner.

Happy Thought.—Cup of tea. Toast? suggested by footman. Amendment adopted.

How delicious (in bath) is this dreaminess. All dangers of the day past and gone. I feel, triumphantly, that I have seen a hare killed. I should like to hunt every day. At least, I should like to enjoy a bath, tea and toast like this every day.

Happy Thought.—When I go up to town again practise leaping in hunting grounds, so much a lesson. Don't believe *Dick Turpin*, on Black Bess, ever cleared a turnpike gate.

Happy Thought.—I could clear a turnpike gate—with a ticket. Wish I'd said this in conversation: brilliant: needn't have said anything else for a whole evening. Note it down when I'm out of my bath. Read a book recommended by Fridoline, with *her* name in it. Novel: *Saint Alice*. Good. Read Fridoline's name again. Drowsy. If I don't take care I shall be asleep. * * *

Happy Thought.—Dressing gown: arm-chair. Plenty of time before dinner—delicious drowsiness. * * * Footman enters: I *have* been asleep. Referring to my watch, same time as when I was in my bath: stopped. They've begun dinner.

Happy Thought.—Say, "I'll be down directly."

EXCURSIONISTS IN DANGER.



The comfort of the community on Sunday is threatened by two Liquor Bills, about to be smuggled, if possible, through Parliament. One of them is in the charge of Mr. Graves, and the other in that of Mr. J. A. Smith, Mr. Bazley, and Mr. Baines. Into the provisions of these measures, respectively, it is unnecessary to go, further than to say that both the one and the other are designed to deprive excursionists on Sunday of all provision, food as well as drink. Mr. Roebuck, doubtless, is aware of the attempts on the liberty of the subject and the enjoyments of the people, which the Sabbatarians and teetotallers are making in the House of Commons, and will take care not to be out of his place at the proper time for frustrating their insidious machinations.

DIAMONDS OF DEBATE.

In studying, with microscopic eye, the debates in Parliament, *Mr. Punch* occasionally lights upon gems, or rather sparks, which, though they are not of sufficiently pure water to be set in his magnificent Essence, may be just worth picking out. Therefore, he arranges a few, of recent discovery, and renders them priceless by the addition of a little gold of his own:—

WHO WAS THE BOOBY?

Said Mr. Disraeli, in his Budget Speech,—

"I am responsible for a very familiar expression with regard to the public debt, which I shall not repeat to this committee. I did say to a great booby on the hustings of my country—quoting the amount of the public debt as a reason why this country could not discharge its duties to itself and defend its independence—that the public debt might be compared to the incision of a most troublesome, although not one of the most unpopular insects."

The word was "flea-bite." But who was the Great Booby? The nation demands the name.

VERY PROPER FEELING.

Said Sir Stafford Northcote, on a Gas Bill,—

"He should be inclined to withdraw the present Bill if satisfactory to the gas companies, and to introduce another, leaving in blank all the figures as to price, the rate of dividend, and the standard of gas."

He was quite right in saying that he would withdraw any Bill that was satisfactory to the Gas Companies, because any such Bill must be eminently unsatisfactory to a victimised public. As for the blanks, *Mr. Punch* proposes to fill them up in a way which will put down a good deal of dishonesty.

CHILDREN, PLEASE ATTEND.

Said Mr. Gladstone, on the Budget,—

"Duties are not to be considered as what they are in themselves, but as regards what they are as outworks and defences of the great branches of the revenue. (*Hear, hear.*) Now, what would be the effect of abolishing the duty on Comfits? Why, there would be an enormous increase in the importation, and we should doubtless be ultimately able to put them in our tea, and use them with as much satisfaction as we now do that article called sugar. (*Hear, hear, and laughter.*) In fact, Comfits would become little less than sugar under another name."

There, dears, and *Mr. Punch's* darlings. Get your beloved parents to explain this to you, and tell you that in buying goody-goodies you keep the Crown on your kind Queen's head, help to pay for all the pretty soldiers, and for the beautiful ships which you see in Portsmouth harbour, when you are taken to the Isle of Wight. And then, *Punch* thinks, you may ask to have your pocket-money increased from threepence to fourpence a week, and your parents do not love their country if they refuse you this.

VERY UNFAIR.

Said Mr. Pollard-Urquhart, on Taxation,—

"When he remembered the sentiments which the right hon. gentleman, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had in younger days expressed in *Sybil*, he was much surprised that he had not done more to relieve the poorer classes from certain taxes under which they especially suffered."

"Must one swear to the truth of a song?" asked the late Mr. M. Prior. Is a novelist, when he becomes a Minister (and any good novelist ought to be offered office), to be bound by all the pretty theories he may have woven around his groups of lovers? Is Lord Lytton to stand by *Eugene Aram's* views touching the taking of property from the unworthy, and killing them if they do not like that redistribution? Is Lord Brougham, as a Statesman, accountable for the sentiments in a remarkable fiction which was suppressed? Is——but the interrogatories would stretch out to the crack of doom. Echo gives a comprehensive answer in the negative, and adds that Mr. Urquhart had better shut up.

MISERRIMUS.

Said Mr. H. B. Sheridan, on the Marine Insurance,—

"That if there was any one in that House deserving of commiseration it was himself. (*A laugh.*) His expectations had been excited, perhaps unwarrantably, with respect to the reduction of the duty on fire insurance. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Mr. Sheridan deserves something better than commiseration. He deserves praise and honour, and he shall have them, too. He perseveres, very creditably, in his attempts to demolish a noxious tax, and one of these days he will succeed. Meantime, let him rejoice, for the Eye is upon him, and winks affably.

IGNORANCE NOT BLISS.

Said Colonel French, on Burlington House,—

"May I ask the noble Lord what he means by Italian Gothic? (*Laughter.*)

"Lord J. Manners. The honourable and gallant gentleman had better consult the honourable gentleman (Mr. Layard) who sits next to him. (*Laughter.*)"

Though a Colonel of Militia, Mr. French has known things. He obtained "several science premiums in college." Either Architecture was not one of his pursuits, or he has forgotten what he learned. We hope Mr. Layard (no one could do it better) explained to the future Lord de Freyne that Italian Gothic means the Gothic that was erected in Italy. Italy is in the South of Europe.

A MEMBER FOR CORRUPTION.

Said Mr. Scourfield, on Bribery,—

"It would be better to group all the corrupt boroughs—(*laughter*)—and let them return one member between them—(*laughter*)—if they could find a man bold enough to accept their representation. (*Laughter.*)"

These "laughs," on a subject which some folks think a grave one, indicate that certain Members of Parliament have no more learned to consider bribery a crime than a jockey considers it one to run as "ordered," or than a cabman thinks it one to overcharge a lady. And as to "bold enough," let the grouping be made, and *Mr. Punch* will pay all the bribes, if it be proved that there is any difficulty in getting a candidate who moves in the best society.

British Jurors for the Paris Exhibition.

The jurymen who recommended Mr. Wager and Mr. Longhurst to mercy should be sent to figure in the British department of the Great Exhibition at Paris. Then they might be compared, by students of character, with the French jurors who find murders such as those which were committed by the abovenamed criminals to have been accompanied by extenuating circumstances.



THE SAUSAGE MACHINE.

Cook (in a fluster). "O 'F Y' PLEASE, 'M, NO WONDER THE FLAVIOUR O' THEM SASSENGERS WASN'T TO-RIGHTS, 'M, WHICH I 'VE JEST NOW KETCHED MISTER ALFRED A CUTTIN' HIS 'CAVENDISH' IN THE MACHINE!"

THE PARKS AND THE POLICE.

ONE good, at least, has come of the Reform Demonstrations. The parks have been delivered to the charge of the police, and this, perhaps, would not have happened for a century or so, if it had not been for the Hyde Park Demonstration. In future, let us hope, it will be possible to cross that Park, even after nightfall, without having one's pocket picked, or being otherwise maltreated. And, ere long, we may arrive at such a height of civilisation as to be able to take exercise, even on a Sunday, in St. James's Park, without being hustled by the roughs from St. Giles's.

We presume that the number of police has been increased, now that the Parks have been put under their protection. Now that highway robberies are done by broadest daylight in the most frequented streets, we have certainly no wish to see policemen added to our parks but subtracted from our pavements. Brigandage near Rome is becoming bad enough, but really it is hardly worse than the brigandage in London. Here the plan is for a gang of highway robbers to surround you on a sudden and empty all your pockets, and then stamp upon your toes to prevent your running after them. Two friends of *Mr. Punch* have been thus robbed in the last month, within a mile of Charing Cross, and in broad open daylight. As a pedestrian himself, *Mr. Punch* desires to find the pavements well protected, not less than the Parks; and, if the Force requires an increase, *Mr. Punch* cannot see Y an X or other letter of the alphabet should not forthwith be added to it.

Beales the Buster.

POOR MR. BEALES (M.A.) is in a fearful passion because he and the rest of the Jamaica Committee have been laid on their backs. He has proclaimed that MR. EYRE should be punished, if the whole Reform League had to become the prosecutors. The connection between MR. EYRE and Reform may be as difficult to discover as the connection between MR. BEALES and good sense. We think, even more highly than we ever thought, of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN.

LA CLEMENZA DI PIO.

IN a letter of recent news from Rome, it is stated that —

"CARDINAL ANTONELLI has received the thanks of the British Government for having allowed the Scotch Presbyterian congregations to continue in the enjoyment of their own forms of worship outside, though not inside, the walls of Rome."

The dull British Public, of course, will be of opinion that the British Government went very far out of its way to thank CARDINAL ANTONELLI for the smallest of mercies. It will wonder how much the POPE would thank the British Government, if the British Government were absolute, for permitting DR. MANNING to officiate without the bounds of London and Westminster, but not allowing him to celebrate Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields, or anywhere else within them.

Dull, stupid, ignorant British Public, it doesn't understand, and cannot see, that the British Government well knows that Popery is, in fact, the truth, that Protestantism is humbug, and that Protestants, all of them who are not mere impostors, are fanatical blockheads, whose worship is a farce, who have really no business, and no right to be suffered to preach or perform divine service at all, and, in pretending to exercise their sham religion at Rome, commit a gross impertinence. It is fun to think how amazed and enraged the purblind British Protestant Public would be if they knew the blessed change which Ritualism is working amongst the superior classes!

Wager, Walpole and Toomer.

WANTED—Some other HOME SECRETARY than MR. WALPOLE. Is the man whose intelligence and ideas of justice are on a par with those of the Judge and Jury who recommended WAGER to mercy, of the jury by whom TOOMER was convicted of a crime which he didn't commit, and of the Judge who sentenced him to fifteen years' penal servitude, fit to remain one of her Majesty's advisers?

ALL PLAY AND NO WORK.

WHAT wonder the French "*Exposition de l'Industrie*" is so behindhand, when its Conductor is MONSIEUR LE PLAY?

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Judicious speeches by Peers, on *Monday, April* 8, touching the Spanish questions. No reason to believe Spain really hostile to England, dubious circumstances in the *Tornado* case, very proper dispatches by Lord Stanley, hope that things would look less serious after Easter—all highly proper and diplomatic, meantime ships go from Malta to Gibraltar. The Spaniards had better keep to the savage sports of their arena, they are safer than John Bullfighting.

Very premature question by Mr. Goldsmid. Wanted to know when the St. Paul's Monument to the Duke of Wellington, for which we voted in 1858 £20,000, would be ready. Why, it is not quite seventeen years since the Duke died. Lord John Manners said that in about two years we should see it. We shan't.

Lord Stanley very neat. Asked by Mr. Darby Griffith whether the ships had left for the Spanish coast, answered that Gibraltar was within the ordinary cruising ground of the fleet, and that there was nothing unusual in a ship or two leaving Malta for an excursion. High comedy, exiled from the theatres, takes refuge at Westminster.

But we have had still higher comedy, with a fine intrigue, and some striking situations, leading up to a climax. *Mr. Punch* duly recorded that a Notice on the Reform question had been given by the Liberals. This was for an Instruction to the Committee, and was designed materially to alter the Bill. Mr. Coleridge was to move it, in his most elegant manner, on the Monday in last week. But, before evening, about half a hundred Liberals met in the Tea Room, and decided that they should be Spoons if they stirred in the matter. The proposal of Mr. Gladstone would appear to the country as restrictive of the Suffrage which the Government Bill offered. The announcement of their discontent was made to Mr. Gladstone, and at the last moment it was decided that all definiteness should be struck out of the Instruction. So there was a pleasing little scene in the House, Mr. Locke asking Mr. Disraeli whether he would assent to the motion if cut down to its first line, and Mr. Disraeli gravely asking whether Mr. Locke had any authority to make the suggestion. On Mr. Locke's saying that he had authority, Mr. Disraeli, with lengthened sweetness long drawn out—at least not exactly sweetness, but suavity, and after reading out, deliberately, every word of the doomed notice, so that, as he said, no mistake might be made, graciously assented to the proposal, which simply affirmed what the Government, and also Lord Grosvenor took to be undeniable, namely, that the Committee had power to alter the law of Rating.

To-night the Liberal party came to grief, and some smart speaking by Mr. Osborne and Mr. Lowe (who pitched heavily into Sir Stafford Northcote for changing his views and simultaneously rising in office), was scarcely a consolation.

But Mr. Gladstone rose, *acer et iracundus*, and gave another notice, which, of course, was divided into three parts. It will be understood from what Mr. Disraeli said of it in a circular to his supporters. It was Mr. Coleridge's Instruction in a new form, and if any of the points were carried, the Government would throw up the Bill.

These points were—

(1) To reduce the term of occupancy from two years to one year.
(2) To let occupiers under £10 have votes in respect of any tenements, and not limit the franchise to dwelling-houses.
(3) To give a £5 franchise, instead of one based on personal payment of rates.

Then did the Reform Bill go into Committee—a fact to be noted in the history of progress.

Then we at once shut up Reform until the Thursday.

Tuesday. The venerable and virtuous Lord Westmeath got upon Ritualism, and maundered into a scold at the Bishop of Oxford for having consecrated a church bell. The Duke of Marlborough explained that the Bishop of Oxford had done nothing of the kind, but on the contrary, had on the occasion in question censured the Church of Rome for baptising bells. This drew a letter from the ever-ready Sir George Bowyer, stating that Rome does not baptise bells, but only expresses a hope that they may ring the faithful to advantageous devotions. He added, that many bells had names, but this fact had nothing to do with religion. He might have mentioned Tom of Oxford, Ben of Westminster, and Punch of St. Bride's.

Sir Morton Peto desired a Select Committee for the purpose of examining into the entire history of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and the conduct of its managers. Both Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone informed him that the House had other business beside the whitewashing railway people. Then, nervous Mr. Whatman, who had given a notice implying charges against two other Members, was vehemently assailed by them, and showed, rather painfully, that he had either no case, or (as Mr. Esmonde classically remarked about the Waterford business) "funked the fight." Serjeant Gaselee thought that Mr. Whatman should withdraw his charges "almost on his knees," but we presume that anatomical obstacles prevented this feat.

Next, the Duke of Somerset had to be cleared of imputations touching the Totnes election. Sir Roundell Palmer did the work skilfully, but *Mr. Punch's* view of the Duke's ideas is that they resemble some which Madame Vestris, as a lady's maid, attributed to her mistress, in one of the delightful Olympic farces. "To have her own way in everything is one of the few things about which Madame is *very* particular."

Abolition of anti-Catholic oaths by office-holders, very good speaking by the two leaders, and a Protestant victory (gained by 3 in a Committee of 283), by which it is still forbidden to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to be a Catholic, though his master, the Home Secretary, may be one. Mr. Whalley was frantic over some rebel oaths which pledged the Catholic takers to the extremely disagreeable process of "wading to the knee in the red gore of Saxon tyrants," but if the Committee heard him—at all events no notice was taken of his antics.

Wednesday. The Oxford and Cambridge Test Race was rowed, and was a dead heat. But umpire Gladstone is dissatisfied, and it will have to be rowed over again. In other words, the Test abolition which was to be confined to Oxford, was on the motion of Professor Fawcett, extended to Cambridge also, by 263 to 166, but Mr. Gladstone means to modify matters in Committee.

Thursday. We lend Canada money for railway purposes, and Lord Russell managed to hitch in a bellicose word. We ought certainly to defend Canada against the United States, if necessary, and the States ought to feel that in attacking her they attacked the whole power of England. *Mr. Punch* had not heard from America anything which called for this fire.

A speech from Lord Shaftesbury, giving such insight into the accursed system of Agricultural Gangs as ought to make Pharisees blush with shame, and Christians with indignation.

Then was resumed the Reform Battle, and the Choosers of the Slain waved their dusky wings, and shrieked with cruel joy.

It was an awfully stupid night, though. There was an attempt to postpone the business till after Easter, in the hope of a compromise, but Mr. Bright asked who was going to stop in town and cook such a thing? It was decided to go on. Mr. Darby Griffith once more thrust himself in the way, but was promptly shoved out of it, and

Clauses 1 and 2 were agreed to.

On clause 3, Mr. Gladstone, in a long speech, moved his first amendment, and was answered by the Solicitor-General. Sir William Heathcote, Conservative, went dead against Government, and so did Lord Cranborne, late Conservative Minister. Mr. Henley spoke well, against the amendment, denounced the Small Tenements Act as a Device of Old Nick to make poor people pay who couldn't, and predicted gloomy things. The debate was adjourned, whereas to-night the House should have risen for Easter.

Friday. But it was not stupid to-night, for we had all sorts of personalities, a smart debate, a tremendous whip, and a great division.

Firstly, to calm the mind of the legislators, and to put them into a fitting state to consider and decide upon a great constitutional question, we had a row, originated by Mr. Osborne, over a document supposed to have been shown for the purpose of getting some votes for Government. It purported to intimate that the Premier and Mr. Disraeli approved a device of Mr. Hibbert's, about Compound Householders. When the Committee had been thoroughly excited, Lord Stanley, in a manly fashion, repudiated the alleged pledge, and said the Government desired to be judged only on the merits of the question.

Then we got on Reform.

Mr. Roebuck fought for the Bill, and hit some Opposition men very hard.

Mr. Beresford Hope opposed it, and gave Mr. Disraeli much sauce. Mr. Hope talked of the Asian Mystery. But Mr. Disraeli is a dangerous person to gird at, and in return he complimented Mr. Hope on his Exhibitions, adding sweetly that their Batavian grace took away their sting. The Hopes are of Dutch descent.

Nine men followed. "Lethe is a brave river."

Mr. Horsman said that but for party, five-sixths of the House, including the Ministry, would support Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Hardy defended the Bill, boldly and ably.

Mr. Bright attacked it, and said that three-fourths of the Liberals were opposed to household suffrage. He complimented Lord Cranborne in a most elegant manner.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer took all their weapons in his target, and made a good fight, occasionally cutting down a deserter, to encourage the others.

Mr. Gladstone gracefully alleged that there was no animosity between himself and his able rival, though they had fought sharply, and would probably do so again. He then defended his amendment.

At half-past one the Division came, and Government was victorious. Mr. Gladstone was defeated by 310 to 288—majority 22, and the shouting of the Ministerialists woke the swans that were sleeping upon the river to be ready to see Oxford beat Cambridge six hours later by a quarter of a length.

Both Houses rose for the holidays, the Commons until the 29th of April, the Lords till the 2nd of May. "For this relief, much thanks."



Juvenis. "JOLLY DAY WE HAD LAST WEEK AT MCFOOGARTY'S WEDDING! CAPITAL CHAMPAGNE HE GAVE US, AND WE DID IT JUSTICE, I CAN TELL YOU——"

Senex (who prefers whiskey). "EH—H, MUN, IT'S A' YERA WEEL WEDDINS AT YE-ER TIME O' LIFE. GIE ME A GUDE SOLID FUNERAL!"

A LITTLE FRIENDLY ADVICE TO MR. QUARTERMAINE.

DEAR MR. QUARTERMAINE,

As the Whitebait season is commencing, and I have already dined once at the "Ship," and may have to dine there many times between this and August, I think I may be consulting our mutual comfort and advantage in giving you the advice contained in this letter.

I don't mean to say that you want it more than other Greenwich purveyors, but as it is suggested by *Ship* experience, I address it to the master of the *Ship*.

I suppose it is useless to urge upon you the reform of your wine-*carte?* I am not master enough of the mysteries of Greenwich hotel-keeping, to say how far it may be absolutely necessary to your paying your way to exclude from your wine-list anything under six shillings a bottle. Nor do I mean to throw any doubt on the exactness of your cellar-nomenclature; though I must own, as a man of moderate means, that I should be quite willing to put up with less high-sounding names for your Clarets, Burgundies, and Rhine wines, if you could give me an article at a price somewhat nearer that at which I can supply my own friends with sound, light dinner-wines. I can't afford, myself, to wash down my meals with La-Fitte, or Château-Margaux, Nuits, or Chambertin *premier cru*, Liebfraumilch of the vintage of '57, or Steinberger Cabinet (blue seal), at fifty-two shillings a bottle. I don't know many people who can. But when you *do* force me into such extravagance, I experience considerable surprise and some comfort at finding how very little difference there is between these high-named and high-priced beverages and the honest ordinary Bordeaux, Burgundy, and Rhenish, which I am content to drink myself, and not ashamed to give my guests. As I can lay in these wines at from twenty-four to thirty-six shillings a dozen, I hardly think the names worth the difference between that price and what I am called upon to pay at the "Ship."

Leaving out the sound, wholesome, and agreeable Hungarian, Greek, and Italian wines, which have at last found their way to our market, and to *our* private cellars though not to *yours*, may I ask if it is absolutely impossible to supply a wholesome *vin-ordinaire* of the received growths of France, Spain, and Germany, say at three or four shillings a bottle, and yet leave yourself a living profit?

I can't help thinking you might manage it, if you tried; or, at least, that you might come nearer it than you do.

And do you really think ten shillings a fair price for a claret-cup, containing a bottle of ordinary Bordeaux, and the requisite condiments for a jug of "Badminton"?

I must say that your wine-list requires reforming grievously. I will not insinuate that, as it stands, it is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. But I say that it fails, by a grave oversight, to provide for quenching the thirst of men with fortunes under £4,000 a year. I have calculated, and I conclude that your wine cannot be drunk, with an easy conscience, at a less figure.

But let me pass over the wine-list, and allow you the benefit of the excuses which I can imagine for such titles and such prices—as for instance the general tendency of the unenlightened JOHN BULL to believe in things with big names and long figures; the shortness of the season; the necessity of getting your cent. per cent. somewhere; the impossibility of charging as monstrously for eating, as long impunity and the sheep-like submissiveness of the British public, enable you to charge for drinking. I will even give you the benefit of the plea, that if men will go dining at Greenwich and leaving their wives and families, they ought to be made to pay for it; and that you are thus a humble instrument for mulcting extravagance and making selfish indulgence penal.

But, waiving all objection for the moment to either the prices or qualities of the eatables and drinkables you set before me, I would ask you if it is not possible to serve up your dinners, such as they are, a little more rationally? Are you quite above borrowing a lesson from France?

Why are your waiters allowed, or instructed rather, to put all the dishes of each course of fish on the table at once, there to cool themselves, crowd the table, and nauseate the diners, instead of handing round a number proportioned to the party of each *plat* in succession? This is done at every French *table d'hôte*, and the practice is as simple as it is natural. In this way every guest has his option of tasting, or passing by, everything. Everything is handed round hot. No ignoramus is allowed to violate the proper order of succession, which should be as absolute in fishes, as in wines, or any other element of a dinner.

I protest that the last time I dined at the "Ship" the comfort of the dinner was utterly ruined by the want of organisation in the ordering, and handing round of the dishes. The table was covered with a dozen dishes at once; no one knew which to take first; and everybody was at last reduced, in desperation, to help himself to what he could get, not what he liked or wanted.

I say nothing of your *cuisine* itself. But taking your dinners exactly as they are, I want to know why you don't give them the benefit of a rational well-organised, and orderly serving up?

Please weigh these hints, which are as well meant as the need of them is sorely felt.

You may tell me that the arrangements of the "Ship" are as good as those of any of its neighbours. We have said as much. That is my very reason for believing that you would find your account in making them better; in encouraging visitors of a more rational, moderate, and regular order than the young swells, who pay a bill with a bill—and never question an item or grumble at a stupidity, so the champagne is cool, the pink bonnets pretty, and the laugh and joke loud and free enough.

If you will believe *Mr. Punch*, this class does not exhaust the possible patrons of Greenwich dinners. Rational men would be glad to dine there under rational conditions, some suggestions towards which are supplied in this letter from

Yours very truly,

MR. PUNCH.

By Order.

IN Paris they have a phrase for things which are not necessaries — things which people need not have, and sometimes would be better without: they call them *articles de luxe*. Henceforth the expression is to be changed to *articles de Luxemburg*.

NOT A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.

IT is now doubtful whether the French EMPEROR will make the contribution to the Paris Exhibition that was expected from him—a piece of Holland.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 5.

Carl August Schlummerkopf and Gretschen Josephine Herzlieb have plighted Troth, and announced the Fact, by means of Printed Cards, to all their Friends. Behold a Scene of Never-by-Sordid-Worldly-Interests-to-be-Disturbed-or-ever-in After-Life-to-be-Forgotten Bliss! The Rhine is flowing calmly by to the German Ocean. Johann-Atolf (Gretschen's Brother, and Carl's Bosom Friend) is singing a Volks-lied to a sweet Accompaniment. Carl's Mother is lifting up her Voice in Harmony, as she Sits and Knits peacefully. All around are Friends—happy Friends!

They will come and Sit like this every fine Evening for the next Ten Years—in fact, till Carl is in a Position to Marry; and then he will Marry somebody else.

(The faithful Johann-Atolf has not yet Troth-Plighted: Music, Poetry, Philosophy, and Friendship have hitherto sufficed to fill his Heart; but should any fair English Maiden, tempted by the Happiness we have essayed to depict, wish to make his Acquaintance, with a View to mutual Interchange of Vows, Mr. Punch will be most happy to manage an Introduction.)

A DIRT-PIE IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Punch,

You know there is a talk about repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. The subject is under the consideration of Parliament. No doubt the idea has been suggested by humble gratitude to the Pope for the immense liberality which his Holiness exhibits at Rome, in permitting the extramural celebration of Protestant worship.

True, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is a mere protest, backed by a nominal penalty. Still, it is a protest against the papal supremacy in Her Majesty's dominions, and therefore a gross and fanatical impertinence.

The Roman Catholic Bishops don't seem to care much about that Act. "It pleases them," they think, "and doesn't hurt us." They say this is not yet quite the time for its repeal. Here they are wrong, *Mr. Punch*. British Protestantism is just now taking a nap. There is no knowing how long this slumber may last. No time like the present.

The British Public at this moment imagines the Pope to be what the frequenters of the British Public-house and Skittle-alley call a "down pin." They suppose that his temporal power is at an end. But of course, if Italy were to quarrel with France, his Holiness would probably be reinstated in all his possessions, and perhaps become, as a political factor, stronger than ever he was before. Then British Protestantism would awake again, and any proposal to repeal the Ecclesiastical Titles Act would only create another awful row.

Protestantism, by-and-by, may be white hot again. Strike while the iron is cold.

But why, if the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is a dead letter, should the Roman Catholic Bishops wish it repealed? Because its repeal would be a legislative disavowal of the Church of England's nationality. Because the Royal assent necessary thereto would be a formal acknowledgment, on the part of the Queen, that the Bishop of Rome not only hath, but likewise ought to have, authority and jurisdiction in Her Majesty's dominions.

But if, nevertheless, the Roman Catholic Bishops do not particularly desire the Ecclesiastical Titles Act's repeal, there are others who do. The Ritualist Anglican Clergy and their partisans, *Mr. Punch*, would give their ears, the whole length of them, great as that is, to effect it. For then they would be enabled to excommunicate the rest of the parsons, and, with a bishop of their own at their head, set up as a Church for themselves, with a legalised right to pretend to constitute the true Church of England. For the world at large the English Church, thus split up, would have no existence. This would be fine fun. Do not spoil sport, *Mr. Punch*, let the Ritualists triumph, and oblige your ancient,

Mephisto.

Nethermost Place.

MINISTERIAL BULLETIN.

The answer to the latest inquiry at the Home Office is, that Mr. Walpole is doing as well as he can be expected to do, but is still suffering from a Toomer.

The Sound Sleeper's Paradise.—Snoring.

THEY 'RE SAVED! THEY 'RE SAVED!

THE road was rough, our team untried,
And hard to be controlled,
They dashed the sledge from side to side,
'Twas hard our seats to hold.

All day the wolves were on our track,
And as the night fell dark,
We heard their bay, about our sleigh,
And their red eyes could mark.

In front, behind, to left and right,
Those red eyes glared and glowed,
The frequent feet broke on the night,
Still following, as we rode.

And now their hot breath round us hangs,
Till we seem its flame to breathe,
And we hear the gnashing of the fangs,
That soon in us they 'll sheathe.

I held four babies in my arms,
Four babes that I loved true:
There was RESOLUTIONS he was one,
And DUAL VOTE was two.

And the Third was PERSONAL RATING,
And RESIDENCE made four:
No father e'er gat bonnier babes,
Nor lustier mother bore.

The wolves they howled, the wolves they growled,
And nearer gnashed their jaws;
I could note the licking of their lips,
The pattering of their paws!

'Tis hard to lose one little one,
But harder to lose four;
And hardest of all to lose oneself,—
So I flung one baby o'er!

I flung first RESOLUTIONS,
And I thought the wolves 'twould stay:
But they tore him small, and they eat him all,
And again pursued their prey.

Then over DUAL VOTE I tossed,
In hopes 'twould stop the pack:
Soon limb from limb they severed him,
And again were at our back!

But PERSONAL RATING and RESIDENCE
As yet are safe I trow:
And the wolves have ta'en to quarrelling,
And merrily on we go!

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FIFTH.

I WILL not offer a word of advice as to the dress of an Englishman when among our lively neighbours. I am not a fashionable myself; in fact, I am not Little Beau Peep. Let me merely hint that a white hat, chimney-pot fashion, turned up with green is, perhaps, a trifle ootray, which is French for extravagant. A hat in French is Shappoh; a white hat being Shappoh Blong—*Blong*, though you wouldn't think it, means *white*. While I think of it let me give an excellent piece of advice presented gratis to me by a gentleman from Ireland:—

Always, in a hotel, on going to bed, take great care to lock your door on the outside.

As to money, never change it.

Let us take a drive before visiting the Egsposissiong. Call a cab. This is done by saying to your Congseairgsh, *Fate sarvarnsay urn voytoor*. A voytoor is a cab. When he arrives, ask him for his *Billy* (or ticket), which he is bound to give you. Jump in, and tell him where you want to go to, premising that you are taking him *parl coourse, i.e.*, by the course, *i.e.* by the drive, *i.e.* not by the hour. Urn frarnc a d'mee (1½ franc) is his price parl coourse, and you must give him money *poor boor* into the bargain. *Poor boor* is drink-money; say *der soo, i.e.* two sons, about 2*d*.

Of course, if you have any relations in Paris your first duty is to go and see *them*, but in any case you should commence with a visit to the Mont der peatay, written Mont de Piété, the house of your Uncle. Pledge him your honour that you are glad to see him, and ask if anything can be done on the voytooriay's Billy.

Drive to the Maddy Lane, which is nothing like Drury Lane, but is a church.

Over the altar is a fine devotional picture representing NAPOLEON THE FIRST being received into Paradise by all the Saints of the Roman Calendar, including the POPE whom he imprisoned. On reflection, it is wonderful that the artist should have stopped even at this point. In May, close by the Maddy Lane, is the Marshy day Fler, the Flower Market, where, if you alight at one end, you may walk through, and out at the other, forgetful of the voytooriay. It is the voytooriay's duty to look after his own business. This idea has no claim to originality; the Burlington Arcade, and the Albany, in London, offer similar opportunities to the adventurous.

After this, drive to the Loovrrr.

The History of the Loovrrr (*Compiled by Our Special Vague Correspondent*).—Most interesting. It was built by Whatshisname, you know, as a place to fire cannons off from, when people storm it, and so forth. HUNGRY CART did something to it, and so did one of the LOUEYS, and the result is beautiful. The architecture is all Græco-something or other, unless that's the Maddy Lane, and the other fellow went to do that. (N.B. He means me by "the other fellow:" I have looked over his copy for corrections in spelling.—*Peeper the Great.*) Somewhere out of one of these windows CHARLES THE (I forget which) fired upon the Hugynose as they ran about wild in the streets. His mother and CARDINAL REESHLOO were there and loaded his gun. Either REESHLOO or BELLARMINE or BRILLAT SAVARIN was the Clergyman, I mean Cardinal: if not, try MAZARINE. However, there was a picture in the Royal Academy of it a year or two ago, and if any one's got it go and call on him, and he 'll tell you all about it. There *was* a Cardinal, I know. Admiral CRICHTON was somewhere about at the time. The ceilings are all painted. How the artists' backs must have ached. There is a Napoleon Room; no extra charge as at MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

This is, as I have said, the history of the Loovrrr.

Now drive to the Sant Shappell in Old Paris. *Eel dla Setay* is the name of Old Paris. They are generally repairing the Sant Shappell, and you can't get in without an order. I don't know from whom or where the order is to be got. A *frank* will do as well, and better, as they sometimes refuse you with an order, but never with a frank.

See Notrrer Darm. It is the Old Church of Paris, and was built by ——, but you 'd better ask one of the Sacristans, who will tell you all about it, as he told our party. You 'll be much interested in his account, especially if you cannot follow French spoken quickly. Whenever he stops say "wee," *i. e.*, yes; or "beang," *i. e.*, good; or Trays arntairessong. This, which one of our party took to mean "that what the Sacristan was saying was very interesting," came in very well, and appeared to thoroughly satisfy all the necessities of the case. My own idea (privately) is that the Sacristan was abusing us all the time. But what did it matter? We gave him a frank each.

Drive back again to wherever you came from, or to the Passarge Juffroy, where look out for the Denay deparry, for you 'll be hungry and must dine. [For dinners generally, see MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD'S *Paris for the English*. How he must have dined!]

Ill fo kurn marngshay: French as spoken, mind; so come out with this, gaily and boldly, as you ascend the wooden stairs, and pay Madarm at the counter your four franks, which includes about eight courses, dessert with ice and fruit, and a bottle of wine.

Garsong is waiter. I append a few words, which all will find most useful in everyday life among Parisians.

Night cap, *Bonny Denwee.*

This will go well to the air of "*Bonny Dundee.*" Sing to the Garsong or Fam deshambrr before you retire for the night:—

Call till you 're hoarse is the rule I make when
You call me o mattang: pray call me at ten.
I 'm only a boarder, *may, sirtainmong*, wee,
Jer mer coosh * in my *bonny*, my *bonny denwee.*

This is the way to recollect a language. Directly you can compose poetry in any language, you 've mastered it. What did Thingummy say? "Let who would write the something or other, *he* (whoever he was) would compose their songs." Go in for this noble sentiment: songs sell well now-a-days. I hear that a young lady named CLARIBEL, who writes such lovely things as, "How my heart soft moanings whispers, in the glade, the lonesome glade," &c., realises something considerable from the music-publishers.

More useful words:—

An Usher, *Peong.* (When you want to go to school.)
A Client, *Cleong.* (If you 're a Solicitor.)
A Pedicure, *Paydecoor.* (That is, if you want a Pedicure.)
A Mountaineer, *Montarnar.* (If you require one.)
A Female Ape, *Guaynong.* (Might be useful.)
The Sun *Sollayle.* (Absolutely necessary.)
A Whirlpool, *Raymole.* (No harm in knowing this: it may come in useful when you see a whirlpool.)
Ardier arpraysong, O raywwor.

P. THE G.

* "*I go to bed.*"



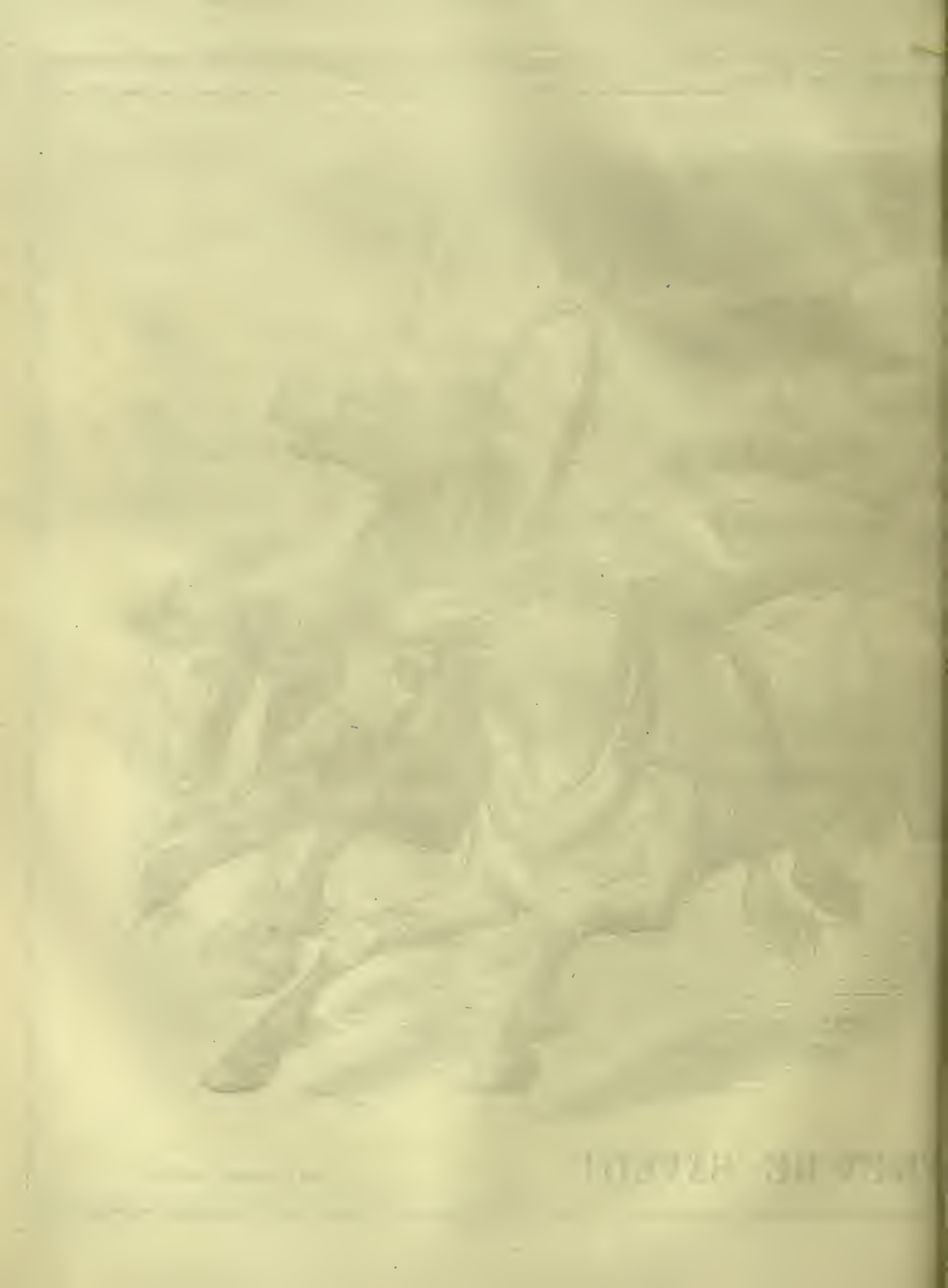


THEY 'RE SAVED!



THEY 'RE SAVED!

(See "Essence," p. 155).



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



They have sent my evening clothes. Show how different I look to when Fridoline last saw me, in mud and those abominable anti-gropelos. Ought to be able to dress in ten minutes. Heroes in novels Walter Scott's or James's always do it, with armour too. Tubs unknown to men in armour, unless they took it in breastplates and sponged over a cuirass. Then how about towels afterwards?—interesting subject opened up. Wish I hadn't opened it up now as footman comes in to say, "Fish just on, Sir." Note down the above for *Typical Developments*—chace—armour—towels. * * * Wonder if I shall recollect what this means.

Just ready. Bother—no dress boots. Of course, when in a hurry I can only see those infernal antigropelos lying about. My bell is not attended to—and, hang it, no white ties.

Happy Thought.—Byng's white ties.

Bell again: wish some one would answer it, I should have been down by now. Just like those servants—don't like to ring again—*must*. Hard: it is a rope-bell. Old-fashioned thing—breaks. What shall I do now if they don't come? They don't come: I do nothing.

Happy Thought.—Stand on the drawers and pull at the wire. After a hard day's riding it isn't easy to climb about. When I am on the drawers the footman comes in. I feel as if I ought to apologise for being so impetuous. Without any explanation I say, "Dress boots: and will he get me one of his master's ties." This last request sounds unprincipled. He returns with my boots. Master hasn't got any: he 's wearing his last.

Happy Thought (*which strikes the footman*). He will lend me one of his, if it will do.

Don't like to refuse. Thanks, yes. He gets it. As folded it is about double the thickness of my waistcoat. Very long. Difficulties. After first attempt the ends stick out straight three inches on each side. Methodist preacher. Try it double: result on appearance; gentleman with mumps. Third attempt, tie it in very broad bow, so as to absorb the length. Result: comic nigger who does the bones. Tie becoming creased and limp.

Happy Thought.—Not in a bow at all. Once round, and hide the ends.

At the last moment it strikes me I want shaving.

Happy Thought.—No one will notice it.

General feeling of untidiness somehow; but a strong sense of comfort in no longer wearing breeches and antigropelos.

Entrance into Dining-room.—Awkward. Apologise. Byng cuts it short. As I am going to my seat I find I've left my pocket-handkerchief up-stairs, Uncomfortable.

Dinner.—Place left for me next to Fridoline.

Happy Thought.—Explain why I was late to Fridoline. Opens a conversation.

They are at the Third Course; but have kept soup and fish for me. Wish they hadn't. Can't refuse it.

Happy Thought (*say it in my sporting character*).—Hard work catching up people over a soup and fish course, after giving them up to beef. "There," says Fridoline, "you mustn't try to talk." I look round at her. (Soup on my shirt front.) Not talk? Not to *her?* Then doesn't she, I ask, wish me to—(wipe it off quickly)—"Now then, don't be shy," cries Milburd to me. I nod and smile at him. Where *are* my repartees? I should like to be a Pasha for just one minute. I'd wave my hand, and the butler and footman should throw a sack over Milburd's head, and then drop him into the Bosphorus. He is *so* rude and thoughtless.

Happy Thought (*when I am going to bed*).—I know what I ought to have said to Milburd when he said, "Don't be shy." I ought to have said something about his setting the pattern, or that he shouldn't have all the modesty to himself. This isn't the sharp form in which the repartee should come, but it's the crude idea. [Note it in my book, and work it up. Sheridan did it, and was brilliant at repartees.]

After the beef I *do* talk to Fridoline. I don't know exactly what I say. I think once I say I hope her father likes me: I praise her mother. She advises me to make great friends with her mother—I will. I hope that I shall see her after she leaves here—she hopes so too. I hope so again, because, really, I shall be quite lonely—I don't mean lonely—I mean melancholy, without her—I mean, after she 's gone. Feeling, perhaps, that I have gone a little too far, I laugh. The laugh spoils the whole effect. She will think I am not in earnest: she 'll think I 'm a mere flirter.

Happy Thought.—To impress this upon her. Ask her, "You think I am not in earnest?"

She asks, "In earnest—about what?" This disconcerts me. I don't like to say, "about loving *you*," because there 's a pause in the general conversation, and we two are the only ones talking. The pause began when she asked "About what?" as if everyone was anxious to hear my reply. I laugh again, arrange my fork and knife, and cast a glance round to see if anyone's listening. I catch Mrs. Symperson's eye—for one minute: she looks away instantly.

Happy Thought.—Ask Fridoline if her mother won't be angry with her about our talking together so much. (This is nearer the mark, though I put it diffidently.)

Oh, no, her mother is *never* angry with her.

Happy Thought.—To say, "Who could be?" She replies that her papa can. Here the subject is at an end, as I can't abuse her father. Silence between us. Milburd telling some story, making old Symperson laugh—everyone laughing. Feel awkward, being out of it. Fridoline will think I 'm dull and stupid. Must go on talking: can't start a subject. Tell her that I *am* in earnest, once more. Expatiate on sympathies. I hope, in a very undertone, to which she inclines to listen, that she will let me talk to her this evening. I know what I mean, and am uncomfortably and hotly aware that I don't put it so intelligibly as I could wish. She replies, "Of course you may." "Ah, but I mean I wish you 'd let me see more of you, be more with you"——she wishes I would not be so foolish, there 's Mr. Milburd and Papa looking this way. The half-aunt is putting on her gloves, and going to nod to the ladies.

I am going to lose her. As she is preparing to rise she wants to know if I 've seen Mr. Byng's conservatory lighted up. I've not—can I see it now? Yes, she 'll show it me, but I mustn't stop long over the wine. One look. Byng says something to her as she goes out. I hope *he* hasn't put *me* out of her head.

Happy Thought.—No. She half-turns at the door. Half catches *my* eye.

Happy Thought.—The Conservatory.

Conversation turns on Free-masonry. Milburd relates stories of masons knowing one another anywhere. Byng tells how a French mason met a Chinese mason in battle, and didn't kill him. The whole-uncle says, he recollects a curious case, but on trying to recall details, fails; but anyhow it is admitted on all hands that to be a mason is a great thing when abroad or in difficulties anywhere.

Happy Thought.—In difficulties anywhere: then be a mason before I go out hunting again. Wonder if any of those men, who were looking on at my horse in his staggers, were masons. Perhaps they were all making the signs, and I didn't know it. Wish I 'd been one. Ask all about it.

Fridoline will expect me. Awkward to leave the table. Getting fidgety. Laugh at Old Symperson's stories. He 's telling me one now which detains me.

Happy Thought.—Left my pocket-handkerchief up-stairs. Go for it. Promise to return: only my handkerchief.

Happy Thought.—Conservatory.

CANZONET ON COSMETICS.

(DEDICATED TO ERASMUS WILSON.)

AIR—"*My Mother bids me Bind my Hair.*"

My fancy bade me stain my hair
With dye of golden hue,
And tint my face with pigment rare,
To captivate the view.
But now the tresses I beweep,
With which I dared to play,
The charms I had not sense to keep,
The health I threw away.

'Tis sad to think those locks are gone,
The wash had turned them sere,
My head was shaved; a wig I've on,
These pimpled cheeks are queer.
That poison I've absorbed I dread;
A doctor I've to pay:
The beauty I had once is fled,
I've thrown my health away.

A Con. for Creditors.

Why should a householder who means to bolt without paying his tradespeople, buy his sheets at the famous bedding warehouse in Tottenham Court Road? In order that he may be able to show his creditors "a clean pair of Heal's."

Motto for the New Daily Paper.—*De die in diem.*



ARCADIAN AMENITIES.

Little Rustic (*after a "game" struggle, evidently overweighted*). "Oh, please, help us along 'ith this Linen up to Mother's——"

Amiable Swell (*aghast*). "Eh! oh, ridiculous—how can I?—Look here, I've got a Bag—heavy Bag—to carry myself——"

Little Rustic. "I'll carry your Bag, Sir."

Swell. "Eh—but (*to gain time*) wh—what's your Mother's absurd Name?"

[*This did not help him much. There was no escape; and ultimately—— but we draw a veil over the humiliating sequel.*

JACK SPANIARD AT THE TRIANGLES.

Lord Stanley has spoken out at last—not before it was wanted, and redress for the outrages on the crew of the *Tornado*, and on the owners as well as crew of the *Victoria*, has been demanded, in terms which leave nothing behind them but an *ultimatum* and reprisals.

When the Don has done us this satisfaction—and he will have to do it, in spite of his bluster and braggadocio, for there is nothing under the sun like Spanish brag—we shall have to face the further question of the wrong done to the *owners* of the *Tornado*. Lord Stanley has given *them* the cold shoulder from the first, having apparently been prejudiced against their claim by the daring allegations of the Spanish Government—allegations, we are bound to say, contradicted by the ship's papers, and by every particle of trustworthy evidence extant in the published correspondence.

This point has yet to be cleared up, and Lord Stanley is bound to satisfy himself and the country about it. But whatever conclusion may be borne out in this particular, as to which we must confess our own impression to be that the owners of the *Tornado* have been as cruelly wronged as the crew, John Bull must not allow *his Tornado* to be put down, now that it has once been raised. We cannot measure Spain's liability to compensate our injured sailors and shipowners, by her poverty, her weakness, or her dishonesty, any more than by her conceit and her blustering.

She has shown herself in this case, what she has always been in all her international relations, a brazen braggart, and a measureless liar. This is hard truth, but *Punch* is not a diplomatist, and need not mince matters. We have now to teach her that the liberties and property of Englishmen cannot be invaded and confiscated without a penalty, and that England has made up her mind to insist on that penalty being exacted to the uttermost farthing.

Waste of the Public Money.

The Clerical Vestments Bill is now before Parliament. It cannot surely be intended that the nation should pay the heavy account the gentlemen at St. Albans, &c., must have incurred for dresses, out of the surplus?

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Foreigners visiting France this year would be glad never to hear the term passport, but they have no such objection to the continuance of the words pass claret.

Awful Warning.—We know a man who took so much refreshment on Saturday last (aquatic sports) that even his boots were "screwed," and "tight" too.

THE JOURNEYMEN TAILORS' ULTIMATUM.

Scene—*A Club Room.* Mr. Gaffer, *with his back to the fire, and newspaper in hand, loq.*

Fine times these, Sir, that we are living in. (*Lowers newspaper, and raises his spectacles.*) I say, expressly, fine. How fine our houses are, how fine our style of living is, how fine our women are! What fine clothes they wear, and what fine prices you have to pay for them! Fine ladies, fine gentlemen; fine fellows altogether. Fine from top to bottom—the bottom of society; why even our journeymen are fine. Our very journeymen tailors are, to use a vulgar expression, coming it fine. Here, Sir (*replaces his spectacles*), is a paragraph headed "The London Tailors' Movement." London Tailors' Movement! In my young days the only tailors' movement—the only movement peculiar to tailors ever heard of—was that of leaping on a shop-board, and squatting cross-legged. But now the movement of the London Tailors is a movement threatening a strike. They have a—what?—an Amalgamated Society with a President, Vice-President, Committee, and Delegates; and last evening a general and committee meeting of the London Tailors' Association was held at the Green Dragon, King Street, Soho. The delegates reported that it had been resolved at Manchester that the masters' terms should be rejected, and the London and Manchester men act as a united body. And now, Sir, listen to this (*reads*):—

"In consequence of this resolution a telegram had been sent up to the committee of the Masters' Association, requesting their ultimatum by Monday next. Should this ultimatum be unfavourable to the claims of the men, a proposition is then to be made for a second strike."

Ultimatum! Their ultimatum! Journeymen tailors' ultimatum! To think I should have lived to read of journeymen tailors talking about their ultimatum! How we should have laughed in my time at hearing anyone mention a journeymen tailors' ultimatum! I wonder what Brummell would have said if anybody had told him of an ultimatum of journeymen tailors! Ultimatum—eh, what?—and I suppose they will next have plenipotentiaries. Now, all this—all this—is the result of education; and in my opinion journeymen tailors, as well as other journeymen, are getting too clever by half; and the consequence is you see now they are all to have votes and political power; but of course education is necessary for them to exercise that for good, and not for evil, and mend the representation and institutions and government of the country, instead of confining their ingenuity in repairs to mending breeches, and coats out at elbows, and other operations of that nature which journeymen tailors are reduced to perform when they have no better employment, and are what I should have understood, if I hadn't known better was meant, by a journeymen tailors' ultimatum.

An Apology for the Yarmouth Bloater.

I don't care which man's colours I wear upon my coat,
Might as well have to choose 'tween a weasel and a stoat.
So, because I've not got any other reason for my vote,
I cannot have a better than a ten-pound note.

"Evenings at (the Speaker's) home."

"Eyes and No Eyes." Mr. D's. dinners to Ministry and Opposition.



THE PLEASURES OF YACHTING.

Jones takes his Fair Cousins out for a Cruise; but the Weather turning out Squally, his Hands are more than Full.

[*Note.—The Gloves are Jones's.*]

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY.

Hey for the reign of Great Higgledy-Piggledy,
Lord of Confusion and Prince of Misrule!
Parties all surging, waggledy-wiggledy:
Old Father Precedent thrust from his stool:
Liberals trying to clap on the stopper,
And keep a Conservative leader in bounds;
Tories prepared to give Dizzy a cropper,
Holding with hare, while they hunt with the hounds.

Gladstone deserting his "own flesh and blood" line;
At five-pound rate bidding the House bar the door;
Derby content to leap over the mud-line
That dirty Democracy leaves on the floor;
Dizzy to tribute of Roebuck aspiring;
Cranborne and Gladstone in gay *pas de deux;*
Osborne a-blush to hear Henley inquiring
What harm, after all, household suffrage will do?

Squires bucolic in helplessness hurried
Far from old pathways and swept into new:
Hustings-Reformers, exceedingly flurried,
Now Reform 'a grown a thing not to talk of, but do.
General shifting of old party land-marks,
Sore doubts what to say, whom to cheer, how divide:
Washing of old party-hues out, like sand-marks
Erased by the rise of Democracy's tide.

White turned black, black grown white, with chameleon changes,
As the light streams from this side or over the way;
Proofs how far public men's elasticity ranges,
And how true a prophet was *Vivian Grey.*
Parliamentary chaos, and swift resolution
Of parties to atoms, again to combine,
When the hand of Reform, having stayed Revolution,
For new men new measures proceeds to define.

Till which achievement, *vive* Higgledy-Piggledy,
Lord of the Crisis and King of the Hour;
Be Premiers and Parliaments never so wriggledy,
To right crooked things, still there worketh a power:
That over-rides partisan organisation,
The juggling of Commons, the jostling of Peers,
That Power is the sound Common Sense of the Nation,
Still calm, though its M.P.'s are all by the ears.

FRENCH BEEFEATERS AND ENGLISH BEEF.

Englishmen in days gone by were wont to sneer at their French neighbours because they drank sour wine and ate fricassées of frogs. But French dishes and French drinks are common now in England, and there seems reason to believe that English beef and beer will soon be popular in France. See for instance what a writer in the *Morning Post* says about the way in which our two refreshment places at the Paris Exhibition are winning converts to our tastes:—

"Pale ale is in great demand at these two establishments, and is highly appreciated, not only by Englishmen but by crowds of foreigners, who loudly praise it. . . . . Here also are to be seen splendid rounds and ribs of beef, which are cooked in England, and sent over by the night mail, so that they arrive perfectly fresh in the morning ready for luncheon."

Oh, the roast beef of Old England! *Vive le rosbif anglais! Ourrah pour la bière pâle! Ah, que c'est bon ce Burton! Garçon, donnez-moi encore une autre tranche de ce fameux rosbif! C'est du rib, n'est-ce pas? Ah, que c'est délicieux! Une veritable bonne bouche, n'est-ce pas, mon ami? Eh bien, buvons donc à l'Union d'Angleterre et de la France! Heep, heep, ourrah!*

There is little doubt that diet makes the man. What makes a Frenchman volatile and frivolous? Why, surely the light *soufflées* and *vol-au-vents* he swallows. Let him live on English solids and his nature will be changed. His revolutions will subside into reform demonstrations, and his soldiers be as peaceful as our peace-keeping police.

An Unconstitutional Proceeding.—Pork and Walnuts for Supper

OBTAINING HUSBANDS UNDER FALSE PRETENCES.



The *Pall Mall Gazette* animadverts on a statement made by a contemporary, that "small neat gutta-percha ears are now generally worn by ladies whose own ears are coarse and excessive, the natural ears being easily concealed under the heavy masses of false hair now so fashionable." The masses of false hair which conceal the natural ears of ladies who wear sham ones would have to be very much heavier than they are, if those ladies' natural ears were as long as they should be to indicate moral and intellectual qualities.

Really, in contracting matrimony, now-a-days, a man must take care that he does not buy a pig in a poke. The aptitude of this phrase will commend its homeliness. Wives are not to be had without money, and not to be maintained without wealth. The use of cosmetics is uncleanly. So is the practice of wearing false hair. Where do the chignons come from, but from the gaol, the lunatic asylum, the workhouse, and—the dead-house?

When a man marries he should narrowly inspect the features of his intended bride to see that the most prominent of them are not artificial. But an ear, or a nose—a gutta-percha Grecian, which may have been superinduced on a natural snub—may be so cleverly constructed with relation to mere eyesight, as to equal the wigs that, as though designed to disguise rogues, are said, in snobbish phraseology, to "defy detection." Therefore it would be necessary to catch the lady napping, and see whether or no her slumbers were disturbed by thrusting a pin or needle into the suspected lineament, or dubious region. It is becoming expedient to apply the test for wives that used to be applied to witches.

Surely the law of divorce ought to be amended with a clause permitting dissolution of marriage in cases wherein the wife has obtained a husband by false pretences, such as false ears, or any other counterfeits of at least any vascular portion of the bodily frame, to the possibility of which there may be no end. For otherwise there will be no knowing, till it is too late, how much of a wife is really flesh, and how much mere plastic material. At the very altar it may now be a question whether the finger on which a bridegroom is placing a ring may not be made of gutta-percha.

ANOTHER STRIKE!!

4 P.M.—The Clock of St. Paul's has struck. There will be a meeting of the Dean and Chapter to consider the next step.

6·30.—The Cloek Hands have met. Great excitement in the City. Further information impossible, as we have not received any minutes of the proceedings.

6·59.—Threatening attitude: preparations being made for another Strike.

7·10.—Dissensions in the works. Differences among the Clocks themselves.

By later Telegram.

6.—Big Ben struck. Little Ben been sent for from the Exchequer. It is feared that the Horse Guards will join the movement. Serious anticipations: no quarter will be given. Watch-guards called out.

6·30.—The Lord Mayor has been summoned from dinner to read The Winding Up Act. He will be attended by his repeater. All loyal citizens will be called upon to surrender their Time-pieces. Greenwich all right.

Latest Particulars.

7·10.—Panic in the City: stoppage of several watches.

8.—Key of the position at St. Paul's obtained by a well-known City watchmaker. Time flies.

8·30.—A journeyman watchmaker caught in the act of making a face.

9.—Bells of St. Clement's volunteered to come out as Pealers.

10.—Several changes. Watch-keys mostly tipsy.

11.—Alarums set; but all quiet.

1 A.M.—Everything going on like one o'clock.

A BRIDGE OF GOLD.

The Jamaica Committee being totally routed, and Mr. Eyre and those who obeyed him being delivered from persecution—danger there never was any—*Mr. Punch*, who won the victory (with the slight aid of the contingent called English Common Sense) has no intention of riding down and slaughtering the vanquished. He affably smiles while

> "Wisdom throws
> The golden bridge she builds for flying foes."

Indeed, master of the field of battle, he has no objection to invite the defeated to stay their flight, and come to his pavilion, where they shall be courteously entreated. For there are men among them whom he honours, and even for Beales and Peter Taylor he has now a good-natured smile on his beaming but intellectual face.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn delivered a luminous and voluminous essay on Martial Law, by way of charge to the Grand Jury, in the case of Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand. *Mr. Punch* remarked, last week, in reference to the Chief Justice's having kindly afforded Mr. Beales leisure from professional duties, that the first thought more highly than ever of the second. *Mr. Punch's* friend and neighbour the *Star*, was a little in a hurry to divert the compliment. Sir Alexander Cockburn's masterly address, and the admiration it justly caused, was a very good excuse for this small bit of exultation by the *Star*, and *Mr. Punch* shakes hands with the latter in the most affable manner, blandly answering to the demand, "What of the Shropshire Magistrates now, *Mr. Punch?*" "What of the Grand Jury of Middlesex, *Mr. Star?*" Let us bury the hatchet, and forget who threw it the astounding distance of eight miles—of blacks.

There should be an end of the matter. If the Jamaica Committee thought so much for the blacks that it could not think of the whites, the blunder has resulted in defeat. English instincts are seldom at fault. The Lord Chief Justice summed up the story of the rebellion admirably. The Jamaica insurgents, he said—

> "Appeared in arms. They stormed the Court-house in Morant Bay, in which the magistrates were assembled. The volunteers came to the assistance of the magistrates, but they were all overwhelmed; the Court-house was stormed, no less than eighteen people were killed, and upwards of fifty were wounded. From that moment the whole of the negro population in that neighbourhood was in a state of rebellious insurrection. This state of things spread itself very rapidly, and lives were taken and property destroyed by the negroes, who made no secret of their intentions, and threatened to destroy the white population—at least, the main portion of it, and expressed their determination to seize and take possession of the whole of the property of the island. Now, it seems this state of things caused in the minds of the white population the greatest possible consternation and alarm. The military force of the Island was but small, and the number of the white population small—very small indeed—in proportion to the number of the blacks. The result was, as might be expected, that the greatest terror and alarm prevailed under these circumstances."

And "under these circumstances," the whites put forth all their energies in defence of life and property. They crushed the rebellion, and in stamping it out did several things which can be defended only on the ground of the "terror and alarm" mentioned by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. Severity which appears excessive was used, and Gordon, a pestilent and dangerous agitator, was most irregularly hanged upon "moonshine" evidence, instead of being regularly hanged upon evidence that would have satisfied an ordinary jury. The defence for all that is alleged against the whites is in the above language of Sir Alexander Cockburn, and the Grand Jury threw out the bills, confirming the view of the Shropshire Magistrates that there was no evidence to send to jurors.

Mr. Punch hopes to have little more to say on the subject. He rejoices that English gentlemen have been delivered from an unjust persecution; he rejoices that an English Judge has had an opportunity of once more vindicating his splendid talents; he rejoices that the question of Martial Law is to be examined, though its true principle is rooted in the instinct of all brave men; he rejoices that a disagreeable subject is passing out of his jurisdiction; and in fact he is perfectly radiant. Or, if one light cloud passes over his glowing face, it is because Lord Chief Justice Cockburn unkindly used these words:—

> "It may have been that Mr. Gordon entered on this system of agitation, as many agitators and demagogues have done before, for the sake of the temporary power and influence it would give him, but without any ulterior designs."

If it be true that as these cruel words were spoken, certain members of the Jamaica Committee fainted and had to be supported out of Court, and comforted with brandy-and-water, *Mr. Punch* hopes that the L. C. Justice will be able to forgive himself as heartily as *Mr. Punch* forgives him. It will be the fault of other people if *Mr. Punch* has to take up the subject again—as he will, at the shortest notice, if necessary.

What? No! Ha! Since writing the above *Mr. Punch* hears that a new persecution of Mr. Eyre is to begin. The Colonial Governors' Act is to be made a machine for the purpose. Mr. Beales is to be retained as leading counsel, and instead of Jamaica Committee the association will, in future, be called the Gordon Gushers.



TOO LATE.

Departing Guest. "But my Hat was a bran-new one!"

Greengrocer (*Footman for the nonce*). "Oh, Sir! The second-best 'Ats a' been gone 'alf-an-hour ago, Sir!"

THE PURPLE AND THE FUSTIAN.

(*To a Trades' Unionist.*)

If an Autocrat imbruted,
Russian Czar, or despot Turk,
Cut you down, because it suited
Him, not you, to so much work,
Labour, which you get your bread off,
Saying you shall not pursue;
Right to knock his blessed head off
You would think it—wouldn't you?

Who would e'er ask, "Who's your Hatter?"
Of a tyrant? If the chap
Has a crown on, does it matter,
Or a square brown paper cap?
He's a tyrant, whether hewing
Wood, or seated on a throne,
Who dares hinder me from doing
As I please with what's my own.

He's a thief, 'tis clear as crystal,
Who, to throat applying knife,
Or at head presenting pistol,
Says, "Your money or your life!"
Brain or muscle of employing
Who debars a man through fear,
Threatening him, or annoying,
Is a thief, too; 'tis as clear.

Blow all tyrants whomsoever,
Be they great or be they small,
High or low, if they endeavour
Any freeman to inthrall.
Blow all thieves—they're thieves, who bridle
Skill and Labour all they can:
Who, to gratify the idle
Rascal, rob the working man.

The Jockey Club Superseded.

On Tuesday, the 16th instant, a Paper was read before the Anthropological Society on the "Arrangement of Races." The Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster Meetings were afterwards fixed.

SOME MORE THINGS NOT EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

People say the Paris show is hardly yet worth going to, so much space is still left empty by the nations who have so furiously been raging at the railways, and the rivers, and the rain, and other causes which have hindered them in sending in their goods. But honourable mention must be made of some exceptions, such as Russia, Sweden, France, and England, all of which have now completed the arrangement of their goods, and, we may be excused for adding, their indifferents and bads. England on the whole looks very well in the gasometer, if anything looks well in so hideous a structure. The Punch Trophy atones for a multitude of faults, and is alone worth a journey from Jerusalem, or Java, or Kamschatka, or King's Cross. There is always a vast crowd of admirers near this Trophy, for a free newspaper, like *Punch*, is not seen every day in France, nor is a journal which, though comic, never is unclean.

There are, however, still some omissions in the catalogue, which we should like to see supplied. We wish, for instance, that to make the English show more perfect, some kind fairy could exhibit such rare articles as these:—

A cup of coffee half as good as the worst you get in France.

A bottle of pure air from the work-room of a West-end fashionable dressmaker.

A specimen of roadway, macadamised upon the English plan of using costly carriage-wheels in lieu of cheap steam-rollers, that will bear the least comparison with any Paris *trottoir*.

Half a dozen patent sunbeams, extracted, by a novel process, out of hothouse cucumbers, to supply the want of sunshine felt so commonly in England by foreigners who visit it.

A bill of fare of a cheap dining-room anywhere in England, in which at more than twice the money the cookery is comparable to that which you may meet with almost anywhere in France.

The British cat-o'-nine tails, discarded from the Army through national disgust, and henceforward to be only used on brutes who beat their wives, or on ruffianly garotters.

A vestryman who does his public work as well as an Imperial inspector.

And, finally, the *menu* of a whitebait dinner where each dainty, as in France, is separately served, and you can get cheap sparkling wine at less than eighteen pence a glass.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

(*Sonnet by a Seeker after Truth through the Debates on the Reform Bill.*)

What is the Compound Householder? Invite
Reply from Dizzy, Cranbourne, Heathcote, Lowe,
Hardy and Heathcote, Gladstone, Bright & Co.,
And you receive a different answer quite.
These swear that he is all that's wise, polite,
Well-read, industrious; the others cry
Out on him, venal, ignorant, still dry,
In pot and pipe still seeking his delight!
Each feature of him hath its opposite;
Each vice its virtue, virtue hath its vice,
Streaky with good and bad laid slice on slice,
One half of him with the other armed to fight!
As "*Compound*" Householder we well may greet
The wight in whom such warring compounds meet!

Advice to Lonely Travellers.

If you are ever walking along a dangerous road, and a footpad stops you with "Stand and deliver," say pleasantly, "You're the man for *my* money." This will raise a smile on his saturnine countenance. Take advantage of this to show you will stand none of *his* nonsense, and deliver yourself.

TARABAN THE TEETOTALLER.



Friend Argus, the judicious Hooker of the Turf, in his notice of a horse named *Taraban*, describes that animal as having recently made an exhibition of very remarkable behaviour:—

"Like as in *The Criterion*, as soon as he had gone a short distance he stuck his ears back and his toes in the ground, and refused to try a yard."

This horse is announced to stand for the Derby, and stand it seems most likely that he will—instead of running. Otherwise the United Kingdom Alliance might be disposed to back this quadruped, for its constituents will rejoice to learn that:—

"The next time of asking they endeavoured to put some heart into him by giving him some of Bartholomew's best whisky, but it was of no use, he refused it as obstinately as Father Mathew would have done."

Will neither Mr. Lawson, nor Mr. Morley, nor Mr. Pope—will no reverend member of the Alliance for the enforcement of teetotalism—back this temperance horse? Perhaps—who knows?—he would run if they gave him tea.

If I had a racer what wouldn't go,
D'yo think I'd fuddle him, oh dear no!
I'd give him Souchong, or try Pekoe,
Jockey!

Is there among all the members of the Alliance not one enthusiast who is also horseman enough to adventure to ride *Taraban* at Epsom? If so, perhaps, by way of an amusing novelty, he might endeavour to make him run by the expedient of letting a bunch of greens, suspended on the end of a broomstick, dangle before his nose. Thus, to be sure, *Taraban* would be rather heavily handicapped; but if, in a society of gentlemen most of whom are supposed to be oily, one could be found light enough to occupy the saddle as an amateur with the above-mentioned substitute for whip and spur, he would illustrate a maxim which greatly needs to be inculcated on his associates in the endeavour to make temperance compulsory—that persuasion is better than force.

THE BIRD AND THE BELLE.

The fair Pauline went forth one day,
One balmy day in Spring,
When trees with early bloom were gay,
And birds conspired to sing.

A fleecy flock did pasture find
Within a neighbouring field,
And, to a flock of feathered kind,
Themselves a pasture yield.

A starling rose from off an ewe,
Perched on the fair Pauline,
And from her chignon, nice and new,
Picked out a gregarine.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SIXTH.

Hotels.—If you want to do the grand this year, of course you will go to the best Hotel. If you really wish to do the Grand go to the Grand and leave without paying. I can imagine no more effective way of "Doing the Grand." Why I say this is because they *are* charging *such* prices.

Contrary to all precedent, the higher the room the higher the price. I mean by comparison. Fifth story, Sir, and this is no story, eighteen francs *per diem*. Per diem means by the day, and is not French, as I thought it was before I came here. [I just mention this to show you privately why I wanted that circular note sent on *at once*. This is not necessarily for publication, as the *Times* says, but as a guarantee of *your* good faith.]

In one of my pleasant letters to you I mentioned that any Englishman might now find an opportunity to come over here and make an exhibition of himself. I have done more; I have executed a marvellous feat of legerdemain: the other day *I turned into the Exhibition!* Shall I add, that I was very neatly turned out? I will. But let me explain that my turn out was unexceptionable: brown coat, blue trousers, polished boots, low hat (not French style), and etceterar, etceterar.

Your Peeper will give you an insight into the produce herein gathered. I will give you a list, which I drew up before visiting the Exhibition, embodying my ideas of what I expected to see.

Shall I say I was disappointed? I will not. I like the *Egsposissiong*. *Jay ettay lar*, "I have been there," and still would go.

Crowds this week in Parry; but *ravenong ar no mootong*, let us return to our mutton, or it will be cold. My list. "List, oh list":—

Spain	Liquorice.	Sweden ..	Swedenborgians.
Portugal ..	Onions.	Turkey ..	Sausages.
Egypt	The Sphinx.	Baazil ..	Nuts.
Bavaria ..	Beer.	Prussia ..	Needles & Prussian Boots.
Wurtemberg ..	Nothing Particular.	Poland ..	Red Boots with Bras Heels.
Italy	Oil.	Bohemia ..	Bohemian Girls.
Chili	Pickles.	Japan ..	Candlesticks.
China	Cochins.	Siam ..	Twins.
Morocco ..	Slippers.	France ..	French Polish.
Russia	Bear's Grease.	Enoland	MYSELF.

There is a whisper going the round of the most fashionable circles that I am to be appointed on the Jury-commission of the Egsposissiong. As there may be some truth in this, I shall defer my notice of the several departments until the question is settled, as, no doubt, a few of the Exhibitors would like to say a word or two to me about their goods. *Ardiur ar praysong.* P. the G.

PULPIT READINGS.

Under the name of Ruri Decanus a Clergyman, in a letter to the *Times*, says:—

"This morning, in one of the principal West-end Churches, I heard the incumbent deliver a very beautiful sermon which I recognised immediately as one of Dr. Arnold's early School Sermons."

Unquestionably the incumbent, in preaching Dr. Arnold's Sermon instead of his own, set an example which the great majority of clergymen had better imitate. Ruri Decanus indeed suggests that:—

"If these recitations of many of the best passages in which our theological literature is so rich were more frequent, there would be less of the now increasing outcry against sermons, people would then sit to listen as they sit to his readings or recitations from Milton or Shakespeare."

But, as he points out, for the reproof of pulpit plagiaries:—

"We should remember, however, that whenever Macready, or Kean, or any celebrated master of eloquence, makes us sigh or weep by the mighty force of the words which he utters, he does not give us to understand at the same time, or even allow it to be implied, that these 'words of power' are the result of the speaker's own labour or thought or imagination."

Just so; and therefore it would behove every reverend gentleman, taking what would generally be the commendable course of substituting a "recitation" from the works of a persuasive, reasoning, and learned divine for a discourse of his own, when he has given out his text also to give out his sermon. As:—"The discourse which I am about to deliver is taken from such and such a work of Richard Hooker," or "is one of Jeremy Taylor's," or "is the original composition of Dr. Tillotson." And if any captious hearer should, with a slight variation of *Macbeth's* inquiry, demand:—

"Why do you preach me
A borrowed sermon?"

—the candid answer might be "Because it is the best I can." Honestly preaching an avowedly borrowed sermon is at any rate better than fraudulently preaching a clandestinely bought one.

The letter above quoted was dated April 14th. A remark which will therefore naturally occur to some minds is, that a borrowed sermon was seasonable for a Lent Sunday. If judiciously borrowed, a borrowed sermon would in most cases be found equally seasonable on any other occasion.

For the Home Sweet Home Secretary.

When Mr. Walpole visits the Theatre he always goes to the Dress Circle or Upper Boxes, because that part of the house is divided into *tiers*.

THE BOAT RACE.

A dull dead sky distilling rain,
A sun reserved and prudish,
And vicious gusts whose hints were plain
That Boreas was rudish;
Rain wed to mud in every place
(A dirty kind of leaven);
Such hopeful case showed in the race
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

The English public thronged the paths
In endless helpless muddle:
The English public took foot-baths
In many an obvious puddle.
(Benighted aliens might refuse
To recognise the good in't;
And rather choose to keep dry shoes—
The English public wouldn't.)

Maidens were present, high-born dames,
In phaëton, coach, and brougham,
And other vehicles whose names
I'll mention when I know 'em.
And fair-haired girls on horseback there,
So soaked, and oh, so pretty!
With nought to wear except the bare
Blank macintosh of pity.

Blue, dark or light, on each man's tie,
Blue on each lady's bonnet;
Blue everywhere, except the sky
With leaden grey upon it.
Blue on the harness horses shook,
The oars of every sculler—
Blue in his look, who 'd made a book,
And backed the Cambridge colour.

For vainly Griffiths spurted strong,
And showed his pluck and muscle,
As side by side they raced along
In that unequalled tussle.
The grand slow stroke they never shift,
The heir-loom of the Isis;
The boat's long "lift," that fatal gift,
Saved Oxford at the crisis.

And Bowman struggled all he knew,
And didn't shame his *nomen;*
But showed himself superior to
The usual run of bow-men.
And Crowder crowded might and mass,
And Carter proved no ninny;
And Tinné's brass—but let that pass,
We won't make puns on Tinné.

And Marsden managed well the crew
That put their trust his skill in;
And Willan proved a good and true
As well as "heavy willa(i)n."
They owe him much, but all the same
As great to Wood their debt is,
Since Wood by name, must be a flame
Of *sylva*-footed Thetis.

And Fish of course propelled the bark
As swimmingly as could be;
And Tottenham's steering (vain remark!)
Was all that steering should be.
And choice of place, seven times the case,
And luck, and "lift," and leaven,
And pluck, and pace, pulled off the race,
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

Yet fight brave Cantabs one and all,
Nor let the light blue ribbons
Distinguish a "decline and fall"
Perhaps as great as Gibbon's.
Hope, work, and wait, 'twon't be too late,
When once again you 've striven,
If sixty-eight reverse the fate
Of eighteen sixty-seven.

PROS AND CONS.



The Government Reform Bill will put a stop to agitation, and settle the question permanently.

The Government Reform Bill will distract the country, open the door to renewed agitation, and do nothing to settle the question.

The Government Reform Bill will add no number worth speaking of to the existing constituencies.

The Government Reform Bill will swamp the middle class voters, with the ignorant, the venal, and the vicious.

The Government Reform Bill will open the franchise to all who are really anxious to possess it, while it excludes the vagrant and thoughtless residuum, who are unworthy of the suffrage, or careless about its acquisition.

The Government Reform Bill will interpose invidious barriers between the franchise and the best of the working men.

The Government Reform Bill will purify elections, and effectually prevent the corruption of the constituencies by electioneering agents.

The Government Reform Bill will open the way to the most extensive manipulation of the constituencies by electioneering agents, and give an increased stimulus, a wider field, and greater facilities to bribery and corruption.

The Government Reform Bill will gradually elevate the character of the constituencies, by an operation akin to natural selection.

The Government Reform Bill will create a reserve of passion, ignorance, and venality, to be resorted to whenever the public mind is excited on a great question.

The Government Reform Bill is based on the great principle that two and two make four; and is calculated to conduce to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and will tend, on the whole, to make this best of all possible worlds considerably better.

The Government Reform Bill proceeds on the assumption that two and two make five; is calculated to sow dissension among classes, to perpetuate mischievous prejudices, and foster rankling animosities, and, if carried, by its operation will permanently lower the place of England among the nations of the world.

Having extracted these conclusions from the debates on the Reform Bill, and having weighed the evidence in support of them, *Mr. Punch* finds it about equal, due regard being paid to the authority of the speakers and the force of their arguments.

He concludes that neither they, nor he, nor anybody knows anything about the matter, or can form any opinion that deserves a moment's consideration how this or any other Reform Bill will work.

BRITISH AND AUSTRALIAN BEEF.

To Mr. Punch.

Dr Sr,

You always was a Consistent frend of the Pore, and I've often Read with much Pleasure your frequent exposures of the unfortnate Paupers' shameful small Allowance of Meat in Union Workhouses.

Allow me to call your Notice to an Innivation as appears Calcilated to Redooce allso the Qualaty of that Article as supply'd to these pore creeters.

There's a certain secsion of the Society of Arts as calls itself the Comittee of Food for the People, and a Member of which has wrote a Letter to the *Times* statin that Fresh Beef from Australia is now to be ad at the contemptably ridiclus low price of *7d.* per lb. ! ! !

This stuff, which he purtends to be Prime, is packed in Tinns reddy cooked, thus savin the expense of Fewel, and without Bone, which makes it still more Dirt cheap than olesome good old English beef at a Shillin.

I do ope, *Mr. Punch*, that you will ixert your Powerfull Pen to pretect the apless Paupers from avin their poor Pityance of Beef, all they ever gets, sitch as it is, substituted for Australian Meat. I assure you, Sir, 'tis this only Feelin for them, and Hanxiety on their Account, what indooces me to Trubel you with this Comunication. Don't for a moment Imagine I'm at all afeared that the Australian Carron at *7d.* a lb. will Hever cum into competicion with the Beef as a respectable Butcher suplies the British Public with at prizes summit like sootable to Food for Human consumpteon. With which I remane,

Yours truly,

Blue Surplice.

Reassuring Intelligence.

There is now no doubt that the King of Prussia will go to Paris to see the Great Exhibition. We believe we may state that arrangements have been concluded for a pacific demonstration to be conjointly made in public by King William and Napoleon the Third. At a *fête* which is to be given in the Place de la Concorde, their Majesties will amuse themselves and entertain the spectators with a game of see-saw—the King seated at one end of a plank, and the Emperor at the other, in exact equilibrium, to symbolise the balance of power in Europe.

"THE RIGHT MAN," ETC.

The application of this ancient saying, positively for the last time, was irresistible on reading that in the Oxford boat the Bow was Mr. Bowman.



PUNCH'S PHYSIOLOGY OF COURTSHIP.—No. 6.

The above Sketch is dedicated to our faithful Allies, the Germans and the French, and is intended to pacify such of them as may have felt aggrieved by Cuts III. and V. of this Physiological Series.

We have here endeavoured to typify our own National Mode of Courtship in a manner true to modern English Life and Manners, and at the same time pleasing to the Foreigner, whom we would fain Conciliate.

Lord the Honourable Sir Brown (Eldest Son of the Lord Mayor) is making, in the Cold and Formal Fashion of his Compatriots, a Declaration of his Sentiments to a young Miss, Daughter of a Duke residing in the immediate vicinity.

The Scene is Smithfield (or Smitfield, or Schmittfeld, as you like), that habitual Resort of the Wealthy, the Frivolous, and the Proud. A little to the Left may be perceived a Church Dignitary in a fit of the Spleen disposing of his Wife, for Ready Cash, to a Field-Marshal—sad, but only too frequent Result of our insular Incompatibility of Temper.

In the Background are represented some of our Brutal Amusements, such as a Prize-fight, and the Cooking of the Lord Mayor's Dinner. Further back, St. Paul's and the Tower of London are to be seen. We regret we have not space for the "Thames Tunel" and the "Palais de Vhitehall." Some other time, perhaps.

THE BULL THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT.

A New Spanish Ballad.

There was royal sport and gentle as in Spain was ever seen,
And bull and horse they ran their course and died before the Queen.
All red with blood of man and beast was that arena sand,
A goodly sight to set before a Queen of Christian land.

The Last of all the Bourbons—the rest have ceased to reign—
Sat gazing, and around her sat the chivalry of Spain,
The titular Francisco smiled weakly near her chair,
And Asturia's Prince Alfonso, and all the Court were there.

Full many a savage soldier, full many a bigot priest
Looked on with glee, well pleased to see that strife of man and beast,
And yet some cruel Coup d'Etat the soldier held more sweet,
Some Act of Faith, (O, if we dared!) the priest had deemed more meet.

He falls—he falls! Well rushed, thou bull! Well held, thou steady blade.
What joy, for twice three mangled steeds around the corse are laid!
Now, drag the gallant brute away, the dying horses drag,
Fresh sand, fresh steeds—another bull, before our transports flag.

"Whence comes the next, my Minister?" Queen Isabella said.
Narvaez bent his scowling brow, and hardly turned his head:
"An Island Bull, I fancy, but he only comes to bleed:
For years I've seen small fighting pluck in bull of English breed."

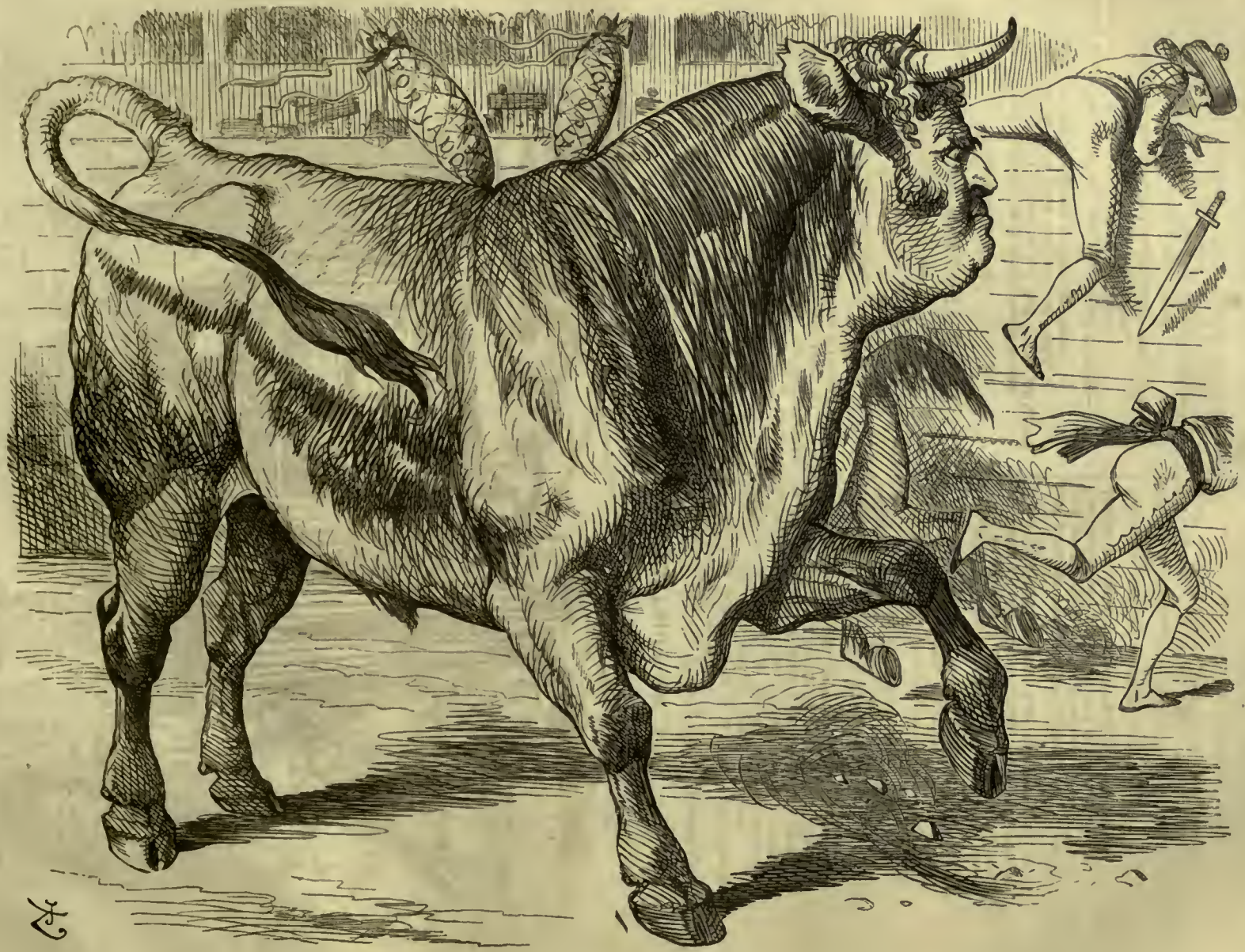
A laugh went round to every lip, a scoff to every eye.
"We'll see," said Don Diego, "how a Protestant can die."
Answered the sneer Don Carlos, "'Twould lend his pluck a lift,
If one dared to wave before him Patrocinio's holy shift."

Lo! parts the door, a thunder roar, a Form of terror springs—
And every dame of honour to a husband (some one's) clings:
The blinded horses shudder, and at bridles wildly pull—
And in the thronged arena stands in wrath the English Bull.

Full quick, I ween, from crowd and Queen has passed each thought of scorn;
Who thinks to tame that glance of flame—who dares that iron horn?—
"By Santiago." hissed the King, "there's danger in that eye,
Methinks the Escurial safer." Don Francisco went to try.

But see, in darkness some have dared to wound the island hide—
Two barbed darts, with legends, they have stuck in either side.
One bears the name of her who holds Gibraltar's rock in gage,
And one inscribed "*Tornado*," fitting emblem of his rage.

They have roused him to an anger that speaks in thunder-tones—
The champion who shall front him now will make no aged bones.
But who will dare to front him—the arena's in a stew—
And picador and matador have scrambled out of view?



THE BULL THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT.

The Bourbon blood has rushed in flame to that proud lady's face,
"Is there no Man about me who will save us this disgrace?
Is yon the beast, the Protestant, at whom ye hurled disdain?
Narvaez, take a lance and horse, and charge for me and Spain."

Narvaez bent his scowling brow, and hardly turned his head—
"And if I do may I be saved," the angry soldier said—
"I'm awfully determined when I've twenty men to one,
Or when I've got to decimate a troop without a gun.

"But if I'm asked to grapple, Queen, with that tremendous beast,
My only answer is that I don't see it in the least.
By Jove, he stoops, he means to charge fence, rail, and gallery through,
I just remember I've some work at home that I must do."

Again that haughty English Bull he raised his dreadful roar—
It sounded just a trifle more revengeful than before—
It might have been a trifle less irate than it appeared,
But ere its echoes died away the theatre was cleared.

And in the unlaved undergarb of her fanatic nun,
The Queen hath sworn to interdict, in future, dangerous fun:
Narvaez more profanely swears his folly's cup was full,
The day he dared on Spaniards scared to bring the English Bull.

NEARLY IN A HOLE.



Here is news from Hayti to the effect that the rebels, unlike the Fenians, have shown pluck, and have attacked the President. But they came to grief. The gallant Geoffrard put himself at the head of some soldiers, and dashed out upon the insurgents; their leaders fell, and between the charge of the President, and the fire of his artillery, the revolters were very considerably cut up. We understand that as soon as this became known to certain members of the Jamaica Committee, they held an indignation meeting, and were about to insist that one of their number should interrogate the Government, and demand whether England could not interfere to prevent such chastisement being inflicted on men with black skins. Luckily, just as the notice of the question had been drawn up, a little boy from school, who had accompanied his father to the meeting, exclaimed, "But the President of Hayti is as black as your hat, papa, and blacker, and so are all his soldiers." On reference to Mr. Charles Knight's *Cyclopædia*, the child's statement was confirmed, and the meeting separated in some haste, but still abusing the Shropshire Magistrates and Mr. Stephen.

"MASKS AND FACES" IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We understand that Mr. Disraeli is at present taking lessons of the clever German artist in faces, Herr Ernst Schultz, with a view to the more effective simultaneous presentation in Parliament of the two sides of his face as the Advanced Radical and the Old Tory.

Herr Schultz's own exhibition of his face under the divided empire of joy and sorrow has hitherto been considered the *chef d'œuvre* of physiognomical versatility, but he declares that Mr. Disraeli's power of looking the Democrat with the left side of the face, and the Aristocrat with the right, quite surpasses anything he can himself achieve.

Herr Schultz reports most favourably of the pliability of his distinguished pupil's muscles, and of his extraordinary range and readiness in the assumption of character.

To Bad Boys.

See what your end may be. A Paper in a Scientific Magazine has this awful heading, "Skeleton of the Purple Urchin." Take warning and be good, and avoid the jam cupboard.

Just Like Him.—Old Singleton says that he only knows of one thing better than a Wedding Present—a Wedding Absent.

A LITTLE LIGHT UPON THE GAS REFORM BILL.

The brilliancy of *Mr. Punch's* wit is of quite sufficient radiance to illuminate his office, and *Mr. Punch* is therefore forced to burn but little gas. Still, in the interest of his readers, that is, the nation generally, he desires to see the best gas supplied at the least price that can possibly be charged for it. As gas does not grow wild, some people have to make it, and these persons have an inclination to be paid for it. If a scheme could be devised for growing sunbeams out of cucumbers, gas might be dispensed with, and bottled sunshine take its place. But unluckily at present bottled sunshine is all moonshine, and of all invented substitutes the cheapest light is gas.

Being therefore well-nigh a necessity of life, it is not very wonderful that gas should now and then be talked about by people who say they cannot get it—at least of a good quality, and at a fair price. Their talk having at length come both to the ears and the *hear! hear!'s* of the House, the present Government, although Conservative, has introduced what, in one sense, may be called a liberal measure, to reduce the price and regulate the quality of gas. One may call the measure liberal, for it would liberally distribute all the gain in making gas among those who consume it, an arrangement which the latter would doubtless find convenient. Unhappily the Bill has little chance of being passed, because in England there are still old-fangled notions about honesty, and Parliament is not yet quite prepared to legalise sheer theft. This may sound an ugly word, but it may be made use of on the faith of the *Times* newspaper, a journal which is not accustomed to mis-state matters, and which regards the Gas Bill as being without precedent, in this country at all events, as "an act of confiscation." The Bill proposes to upset two previous Acts of Parliament, on the faith of which large sums have been invested in gas companies, which will virtually be ruined if the measure becomes law. Listen, Sir Stafford Northcote, to what the *Times* says of your child:—

"No doubt, it is very desirable that London should have good gas, and that it should have it as cheap as it can profitably be made; but it is not desirable, because it is grossly unjust, that these ends should be obtained at the sacrifice of pledged faith and the rights of individuals. There is no way to obtain a commodity so cheaply as to steal it, and this is what the Bill of the Metropolitan Board proposes to do with the gas."

John Bull wishes for cheap gas, but hardly, one would think, at such a dirty price as this. Of course, if Parliament breaks faith with gas-makers, it may with railway shareholders, or investors in the funds.

Without alleging that the Companies have failed in fulfilling their contract with the public, the Gas Bill coolly cuts down the dividends allowed them, and thus virtually repudiates the contract with the Companies which Parliament has made. People who petition in favour of the measure might with equal justice petition for an Act to reduce the Three per Cents, or to confiscate the *Times*, or *Punch*, or any other private property, with the simple view of pocketing the money thereby gained. Anybody who has sixpence, or any larger sum, invested in the funds, or in any English railway or other trading company, will find his property depreciated if Parliament once pass an Act of confiscation, such as that which now the Board of Works is smuggling through the House. *Mr. Punch*, then, as perhaps the richest commoner in England, with all his heart "says ditto" to this protest of the *Times*:—

"We must protest against the first instance in our legislation of a deliberate proposal to confiscate private property without compensation for the supposed benefit of the public. It must be remembered that property is none the less private because it is absorbed in a vast Company, and that public faith is none the less sacred because it is pledged to an impersonal corporation. The former consideration does, indeed, suggest a peculiar point of cruelty which would be inflicted by any such measure as the present. A Company may seem a scarcely sentient body, but it is composed of individuals who have often staked their fortunes and the happiness of themselves and their families on the security of their investments. Where they have done this on an open risk, they must be prepared to take all consequences; but where they have only made a prudent investment on what seemed almost a Parliamentary title, it would be a cruel and unpardonable injustice if Parliament were itself to confiscate their property. Moreover, nothing will be gained in the end by violating any such public pledge. No Metropolitan Board will ever supersede the necessity of joint-stock enterprise, and joint-stock enterprise will receive a fatal blow in the day when the public, for selfish interests, violate legislative engagements into which they have deliberately entered."

Hearing this, Sir Stafford, you surely will be wise if you reform your Gas Reform Bill, before you ask the House to pass it. All the railway-men and fundholders of course will vote against it, for, if the measure passes, their turn may come next. English capital will fly abroad for safe investments, if faith in English Acts of Parliament be lost. Depend on it, Sir Stafford, the subject of your Gas Bill requires further light on it, before you ask your colleagues to flare up in its defence. If gas reform be needed, prepare an honest measure, and *Mr. Punch* will pass it for you with abundant pleasure; but he will not lend his aid to any "act of confiscation," though all the vestrymen of Bumbleland were to bray and bellow at him for refusing them his help.

Householders who "Compound."—Druggists.



PARIS COMMISSIONERS READING THE OFFICIAL CATALOGUE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(*Married and Settled.*)

Poetical and Happy Thought.—"We met, 'twas in a crowd, and I thought she would shun me;" but she didn't.

We are alone: in the Conservatory. I don't know what I am talking about. My slightest sentences are intended by me to be pregnant with tender meaning. She doesn't see it. I say I could stop here (in the Conservatory) for ever. Of course "with you" is to be understood. She answers laughingly that *she* couldn't. "With you." I say it. (Nuisance, when I want a soft tone I only get a gruff whisper.) "Had we not better return to the drawing-room?" she suggests. A few minutes more.

Happy Thought.—Call the Conservatory a Paradise.

Wish I hadn't, as, in calmer moments, I reject the simile. "Will you give me that flower?" I don't know its name. She gives it to me.

Happy Thought.—Detain her hand.

Happier Thought.—She doesn't withdraw it.

Happy Thought.—"Fridoline!" I have her permission to call her Fridoline. * * * * * *

Happy Thoughts! Happy Thoughts!! Happy Thoughts!!!

I think I am speaking: she speaks: we speak together. A pause. Oh, for one Happy Thought, now.* * *

"May I?" Her head is turned away from me: slightly. She does not move. "I may?"

Happy Thought.—I do.

We really must go back to the drawing-room. She will return first. I will follow presently. "Once more, before we separate?"

Happy Thought.—Once more!

She is gone. I am alone, among the geraniums, in the Conservatory.

I can only say, "Dear girl," in confidence to the geraniums. It seems I have nothing else to say. I am stupified. I will go out into the garden. Cold night: refreshing. Smile at the stars. Is it all over at last? Odd: stars beautiful. Everything is lovely.

Happy Thought.—Go in and brush my hair.

Enter the drawing-room. Feel as if I was coming in with a secret. Fridoline at the piano. Milburd wants to know rudely enough where the dickens I've been to. I despise him, *now*. He is harmless.

Happy Thought.—Talk to old Mrs. Symperson.

Fridoline having finished playing, comes to sit down by her Mamma. Old Mr. Symperson is dozing over a book. I should like to kneel down with Fridoline before them at once, pull his book away, to wake him up, and say she is mine. I am so full of indistinct Happy Thoughts that I find it very difficult to keep up a conversation. She asks me to look over that dear old photograph book again, with her. Milburd wants to join us: she sends him away.

At night in my room.—Try to write *Typical Developments*. Can't. Everything's Fridoline. Try to make notes: all Fridoline. Can't get to sleep. Relight my candle. Wonder how asking the parents' consent is done. Must do it. Put out my candle. Fridoline. * * *

Morning.—*We* are down before anybody else, and out in the garden. How easy it is to talk *now*. We have got one common object in view. *A propos*, here comes Milburd. Fridoline sends him in-doors for her garden-hat. Poor Milburd! As to parents' consent, Fridoline must tell Mamma at once. No difficulties: they're so fond of her. I am independent of every one: even my mother. Should like to introduce Fridoline to my mother. * * * *

1*st Day.*—Old Symperson procrastinates: Mrs. Symperson our friend and ally.

2*nd Day.*—Old Symperson bothered. Why can't he say "Yes," and have done with it.

3*rd Day.*—Mrs. Symperson says that her husband is going to cut short their stay at Byng's. What does this mean?

4*th Day.*—Byng tells me that old Symperson has been talking to him about me. I confide in Byng. Byng agrees with me, "Why doesn't the old boy" (meaning old Mr. Symperson) "say yes, and have done with it?"

Byng has great weight with old Mr. Symperson.

End of the Week.—Old Mr. Symperson says "Yes," and *has* done with it.

Mrs. Symperson begins to deprecate any haste. Mr. and Mrs. Symperson having both said "yes," do not seem to have done with it at all. Isn't it sudden? Do we know our own minds?

This is infectious. I find Fridoline asking me, "Are you certain you know your own mind?" "Certain!" I exclaim. I can only exclaim, having no words equal to the occasion.

"Will you always love me? Never be sorry for" * * * *

Happy Thought. Prevent her saying any more for the present.

Being released, she says, "But seriously——"

Happy Thought.—Another penalty.

No more doubts.

Happy Thought.—Go and buy presents for different people. Write to my mother. Fridoline says I must go and see her. The

Sympersons, when I leave, will go home. Then I am to come with my mother, and spend a week or so with them.

Happy Thought.—Romeo and Juliet. "To part is such sweet sorrow that—" forget the rest—but think it's something about not going home till morning? Don't care what it is now. Hang *Typical Developments.* Bother note-books.

My mother is a dear old lady. She is much given to tears. She always cries when she sees me; she always *has* done so, ever since I can recollect, and she invariably cries when I go away. If I talk to her on any subject for more than a quarter of an hour, she is sure to cry. I find her at home, and well. She is delighted to see me, and of course, cries. Where have I been? What have I been doing? I tell her that I have been enjoying myself very much lately, and as to health, have never been better. This intelligence sends her off again, and she weeps copiously. When she is calm again, I open the important subject, gradually, so as not to startle her. Had I told her that I had been ordered off to instant execution, she couldn't have been more overcome. It brings back her happiest days; old memories; loving young faces; kindly words; trustful looks; passed away, gone. We are silent: gazing on the fire. I follow her in her retrospect. I am the last of all to her. A portrait hangs upon the wall: I have often as a boy heard her say how strong the likeness is between us. From it she turns to me and takes my hand in hers.

"My dearest Mother!"

She has done with retrospect, and is looking, trustfully, into the future.

"God bless you, my dear. I am sure you have chosen well: I hope you will be very happy."

* * * * * * * *

Happy Thought.—Solicitor done with altogether. Everything settled. My mother has taken to Fridoline immensely, and Fridoline to her. Old Boodels writes to say, he'll be delighted to be best man on the occasion, and has actually postponed the dragging of his pond, which was to have been done on the very day of my wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Plyte Fraser are coming.

Milburd, it is arranged, is to be very funny at the breakfast. This intelligence makes him very stupid for the next few days.

Happy Thought.—My things *have* come home from the tailors in time.

Happy Thought.—Look over the Marriage Service. Get it up so as to know when to say "I will" and "I do," or whatever it is.

Happy Thought.—The ring.

It is arranged that we take a tour on the Continent for six weeks. At the end of that time the old folks will join us. Where?

Happy Thought.—Paris. Exhibition.

Byng will join us there, too: so will Milburd. Boodels would, only about that time he's asked a few friends down to drag the pond, and "He can't," he says, "very well put them off again? Can he?"

In the Summer we shall come back to England. Little place on the Thames, where I tell Fridoline I'll teach her to sniggle for eels, and when she's tired of that, she shall dibble.

Happy Thought.—Summer night: under the placid moon: together: in a punt: dibbling.

Happy Thought.—Take the cottage before I leave England. We go down, a party of us, and visit the little cottage, next door to the astronomer's, who used to tell me all about Jupiter.

Fridoline and I walk in the garden while the old folks manage the business for us.

At the end of the garden runs the river higher than usual, it being winter time. There are two strong poles stemming the tide and fixed by a chain to the bank.

Between them is fastened a punt. In it sits a man wrapped up: he is fishing. He turns his left eye towards us; we recognise each other at a glance. I have but one question for him:

"Caught anything?"

Back comes his answer as of old,

"Nothing."

It is half a year since I last saw him in the same place, in the same punt, with the same rod, and the same answer. I wonder if *he* is married? Or going to be?

Fridoline is charmed with the place. So am I. So are we all.

The Day after to-morrow is coming.

The Day.—Wake up. Something's going to happen. What? I know: I'm going to be married. Hope I haven't overslept myself. Bother breakfast. Byng and Milburd come in with stupid old jokes about "the wretched man partook of a hearty meal," "the wretched man thanked Mr. Jonas, the governor of the gaol, for all his kindness," and pretend to treat me as a condemned criminal. Everybody supernaturally cool for half-an-hour. Everybody suddenly in a hurry, and becoming doubtful as to the time "by *their* watches."

At last.

The Church. I can hardly see anyone, at least to distinguish them. If left to myself I should find myself leading a Bridesmaid to the altar. Everyone appears to be dressed like everyone else. All gloves and flowers. Gentlemen in difficulties with their hats. I laugh at something somebody says: I oughtn't to laugh. Nobody seems to recollect that we are in a Church, or rather in the vestry. The Clergyman, a youngish-looking man, but middle-aged, dashes himself suddenly into a long surplice, and looks round defiantly, as much as to say, "Come on, I'm ready for any number of you." The Clerk says something to him in a whisper, and he replies also in a whisper. An idea crosses my mind that the Clerk is starting some objection to the ceremony at the last moment. It is all right, however. The Clerk takes charge of *me;* I surrender myself to him, as also, very mildly, do Byng and Milburd.

This is the last thing I notice.

The Clergyman is saying something to me at the rails. I don't know what I am saying to the Clergyman. I brought a book, but somebody's taken it, or it's in my hat. I am helpless: the Clergyman does with me just what he likes: tells me what to say, and I say it; tells me what to do and I do it, and go on doing it, with a vague sense of annoyance at seeing Byng's hat on the cushion, and at feeling that Byng is no sort of help to me in an emergency of this sort. The ceremony is disturbed by suppressed sobs. It is my mother, in a pew. Old Mr. Symperson doesn't refuse (as I had some idea he would at the last moment) to give Fridoline away to me, and so I take her for "better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part," and as nobody steps out (I had also expected that *this* would happen at the last moment) to stop the proceedings, I and Fridoline are man and wife.

Happy Thought.—Married. No more Happy Thoughts. (I don't mean that.) Yes, one.

Last Happy Thought.—Send "Happy Thoughts" to Punch.

TO LYDIA.

Impromptu Complimentary on seeing her new India-Rubber Ear.

Lydia hath a mimic ear.
Truth to tell, 'tis very tiny;
Cast in caoutchouc so queer,
But pink as shell of Ocean briny.
Envy pale may frowning chide,
Lydia, whom th' elastic pleases,
In comfort takes her morning ride,
With lobes that feel no nipping breezes.
Lydia hath a mimic car, &c.

Lydia's lisping lover burns
To kiss her crimson cheek so sweet—he
Marvels deeply when she turns
A cold deaf ear to his entreaty.
But let none scorn Lydia's taste
Who whisper nonsense ev'ry minute,
An auricle composed of paste
Is worth a thousand vows breathed in it.
Lydia hath a mimic ear, &c.

POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CHIGNON.

Mr. Punch, Sir,

I am no alarmist, nor do I exercise prophetic powers, yet were I not to raise a warning voice at this momentous crisis, I should deem myself criminally negligent in discharging my duty to my fellow-men. Sir, a straw will show in which direction the wind sets: so will a single hair. It is a remarkable fact that the desire for female enfranchisement, which is now so widely prevalent, dates from the introduction of the chignon. *Ver. sap.* Beauty and fashion are reciprocally bound by capillary ties. They have formed a League, whose motto is "United we conquer."

Sir, I cannot help feeling—call it, if you please, a pardonable weakness—*overshadowed* by the mystic symbol above alluded to. It seems by its appalling magnitude, deliberately designed to make those who are shut out from its lofty privileges, painfully conscious of their manly insignificance. In plain language, it tells us miserable male creatures—to hide our diminished heads. Here then is a *casus belli,* and on behalf of the weaker sex I claim belligerent rights. It is terrible to think of reverting to the perukes of our ancestors, but, Sir, this is a matter affecting the supremacy of the crown. If one section of society will persist in throwing out bastions and horn-works, another section (forming the complement of the fashionable circle) is justified in restoring the round towers to which our great grandsires so tenaciously clung. Sooner or later, Sir, up to the citadel of Thought we shall be compelled in self-defence to drag that monster artillery which the historical Wigs of Louis Quatorze are so well adapted to supply. I am not a peace man at any price, and therefore should not hesitate, if put on my mettle, to employ even *powder* to render our common dignity unapproachable and secure.

Sir, these are my sentiments, and in taking up this hostile position, I look with confidence to your powerful columns for support.

Nobsworth. Guy Frizzle.



A PLUTOCRAT.

Swell. "'D you oblige me—ah—by Shutting your Window?—ah——"

Second Passenger (politely). "Really, Sir, if you will not Press it, as yours is Shut, the Air is so Warm I would rather keep this Open. You seem to take great Care of yourself, Sir——"

Swell. "Care of myself! Should wather think so. So would you, my dear Fel-lah, if you 'd Six Thousand a Ye-ar!!"

THE PITH OF A PETITION.

"It was mentioned some weeks back that a memorial from Mr. Wilkinson, the late manager of the Joint-Stock Discount Company, for a free pardon, on the ground of wrongful conviction, had been sent to the Home Office. This having been unsuccessful, a memorial on his behalf has now been prepared, which has received the signatures of a large body of the leading merchants of London. The list includes several of the principal bankers and the representatives of the most solid city firms wholly unconnected with speculative operations, and who would be the last persons in the world to feel any sympathy with persons rightly convicted of crime. . . . From the first every one conversant with city business has felt that the character of the prisoner during his whole previous life, in which he had always been accustomed to large dealings in money, coupled with the fact that in the Joint-Stock Discount Company he might have appropriated a hundred thousand pounds or more, had he been so minded, and this in a way to render punishment impossible, throws complete improbability on the idea that in a matter of £860 he would have run the risk of penal servitude, as well as of leaving his large family in utter destitution . . . . Certain it is, that such is the belief in his personal honesty, that if he were free to-morrow he would find a large number of the best people in the city ready to trust him as heretofore, so far as the absence of any fear of intentional misappropriation might be concerned."—*Times City Article, Tuesday.*

Please, Secretary Walpole, let Freeling Wilkinson out,
Of his respectability we can't entertain a doubt.
The faith that his Directors placed in him knew no bounds,
And he might easily have taken a hundred thousand pounds.
Then how can we believe he took a paltry four thousand eight hundred?
We submit it stands to reason he didn't hone, only blundered.
And as blunders *will* happen, &c., (the proverb holds all the world o'er,)
Pronounce him not guilty, and we 've no doubt he won't do it any more.

A Wedding Gift.

Are you about to have the marriage knot tied? Are you on the eve of forming new ties by marriage? Are you going to be spliced? You will find all the information you can possibly require in "*The Book of Knots*, illustrated by 172 Examples, showing the manner of making every knot, tie and splice." Read it, and make an example of yourself.

STRIKE AWAY, TAILORS!

Strike away, tailors, you won't hurt me,
Nothing care I how dear clothes may be;
Being provided with store of slops,
Purchased in detail at divers shops.

Coat, fitting well enough, here I chose—
There got a waistcoat—compile my clothes:
Look to economy more than show—
Trousers obtained at a third dépôt.

Strike away, tailors; I know not when
I shall have on a new suit again;
Never, I think, till in one arrayed
Not by the hand of a tailor made.

Eagerly longing I here remain,
Longing for many good things in vain,
Good things for money that come at call,
Longing for proper dress least of all.

Therefore these garments will long endure—
Long as my life in this world, I 'm sure,
Though ten years older I live to be.
Strike away, tailors, you won't hurt me!

Legal Observance of Lent.

The Ritualists will be shocked to hear that on Monday last week the Lord High Chancellor of England had the Lord Chief Justice, the Judges, and the other legal officers, including the Queen's Counsel, to breakfast with him. Of course the Lord Chancellor's breakfast-party included the Master of the Rolls.

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NOVELTY FOR THE NAVY.

Letter from a Post-Captain.



Punch, old Boy,—This is the day of the Volunteer Review at Dover. At least yesterday was the day: forgive the inaccuracy, but somehow from circumstances, over which I had no control, I have got a little muddled as to dates. As the present Mrs. William Hatly (*née* Miss Black-eyed Susan) used to say to me, "Captain, you 've had something stronger than welch-rarebit," and last night, such, my dear Sir, was, I regret to say, the case. A case, in fact, of wine.

This statement, honourable as it may appear to be to all concerned, is not, in point of fact, in any way connected with the subject of my letter to you.

Dover has superseded Brighton.

The Volunteers were intrusted with the duty of defending the Castle from the attack by land and sea. This duty they discharged, as they did their cannon, admirably.

Now, Sir, I have nothing to do with the land. The Military Volunteers are excellent in their way, but, permit me to observe, their way is not mine. I am R.N., and when I was no higher than a small powder-monkey, I was shipped on board the *Leviathan*. My proclivities are towards the sea; "the blue, the fresh, the ever free," as the song says.

Here is my idea then, *Why do we not at once start a Volunteer Navy?* Mind, that is what we *shall* want one of these days; and let people, instead of giving testimonials to one another, on the tickle-me-and-I 'll-tickle-you principle, spend their money in rigging out some thorough sea-going vessels, beginning with *Training Ships for amateur Sailors?* Why not, Sir, Volunteer Marines? Tell *that* to that branch of the service.

Ships there are in plenty lying idle in dock, and costing us heaps of money to keep *out of* repair. Just sail about Portsmouth, as I've lately done, and see how many vessels there are in dock that might serve my present idea, and be of some use to Government, beyond the money they 'll ultimately fetch as firewood and old iron.

Glad to see you any evening you like to drop in and talk the matter over in the Admiral Benbow Tavern, (of which you only see the exterior in Scene 3), and so, Sir, farewell.

I enclose my card.



"Captain Crosstree is my name."

PROPOSED DEMONSTRATION OF THE FAIR UNREPRESENTED.

The Executive Council of the National and Fashionable Association for the vindication of feminine rights to the enlightened but enslaved Enchantresses of England.

Greeting.

Ladies, Non-Electors!

It has been asserted by timid men, both in place and out of place, that you *are not to be trusted* with that sweet thing in politics—the Suffrage!

Mark those words "not to be trusted," and inscribe them on your work-box cushions in pins with a peculiar point.

The aspirations of beauty for electoral privileges are natural and noble. Breathe soft ye winds, and waft a sigh from Lydia to the Poll!

Calumny whispers that you are too accessible to flattery—that a handsome candidate would certainly be carried by a show of hands in primrose gloves (sixes); that a knowledge of figures (not arithmetical) and a willingness to admire and praise them would supersede all other qualifications.

Let such discreditable views be at once dissolved, and let Pall Mall have ocular demonstration of your Spartan severity and scorn.

Avoid agitation as you would a younger son.

Exhibit no chignons, but let your demeanour be distinguished by a lofty, dignified and independent air.

Listen not to sophists, who tell you that beauty was born to be honoured and adored, nor weep if to secure a vote you lose a votary.

By Order of the Council,

Portia Portico, *President.*

A PRESCRIPTION.

(*Suggested by the Easter Monday Review at Dover.*)

Inventions we have seen brought out
Sea-sickness for resisting,
As tight the patient's loins about
A leathern girdle twisting;

Or, better still, along his spine
A bag of ice applying—
'Tis Dr. Chapman's plan, not mine,
And must be rather trying.

When towards Albion peaceful France
Across *La Manche* is stretching,
These methods may afford a chance
To o'er-reach over-retching.

But if, when "*L'Empire c'est la Paix,*"
And a fast boat the carrier,
To keep out your sore-tossed *Français*
Mal de mer proves no barrier,

What were it, should the day e'er come
When, urged by force centrifie,
France should look in on us at home
In fashion less pacific?

Should red-legged hosts pour o'er in shoals,
We might require, to whack 'em,
Something besides Old Neptune's rolls,
With iron-clads to back 'em.

Sick they would come, as sick come now
French tourist and French trader;
But not as we treat *them*, I trow,
We 'd physic the invader.

What are the pangs of *mal de mer*—
Though sore in French opinion—
To those bred of that *mal de terre*—
The itch for more dominion?

What cure for that, whose cancer grows,
Whose proud-flesh still gets prouder,
But, thrown in briskly, dose on dose,
Quant. suff. of Dover's powder.

And if to powder add we pills,
If these the invader swallow—
Treatment that either cures or kills—
A course of steel should follow.

Convertible Consonants.

The celebrated toast of "The Three R.'s" has been hitherto understood to mean merely Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic. It may now be proposed with reference to three Reformers. The three R.'s might be said to be Bright, Beales, and Bradlaugh. You might also, of course, call Bright, Beales, and Bradlaugh the three B.'s, or Birds of a Feather.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON (ART).

Porter. "Now, then, if you don't give over saying I hang Pictures just like a R.A., I'll come down, and Punch your Head!"

THE DEMAGOGUE'S DITTY.

If you want to get your rights,
There is no way like Jack Bright's.
O, a monster demonstration never fails!
In your thousands march the streets.
All the barriers your will meets
Will go down before you just like Hyde Park rails.

Tell the Government, for you
Their Reform Bill will not do;
It is clogged with some conditions that are shabby.
Let the House know what you mean.
Go and fill the space between
Charing-cross, boys, and the venerable Abbey.

But you won't suppose, of course,
I advise the use of force.
Oh dear no! but just a physical display,
So imposing, and so grand,
(I dare say you understand,)
As to show them you intend to have your way.

So good care be sure you take,
Any windows not to break,
I particularly hope you won't throw stones.
Pray don't fling dead dogs and cats
At the proud aristocrats.
I should weep if you broke anybody's bones.

The Bright and Beales Junction.

A political line, supposed to have been abandoned by its promoters last summer has been suggested as eligible for affording the shortest cut to Reform, by Mr. Bright, at Birmingham. This line, of which the honourable gentleman appears to be one of the principal Directors, is the Hyde Park Railway.

A Serious Undertaking.

"We are informed," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the 'Evangelization Society' wishes 'to co-operate with Christian friends' who can assist it 'in opening fresh ground without interfering with existing efforts.'" If that is what they want, they had better apply to one of the Cemetery Companies.

PEACE AGAINST PRESTIGE.

To Monsieur Jacques Bonhomme.

Monsieur,

Certain scribes and spouters want you to go to war with Prussia about Luxemburg. They tell you that if you don't you will lose your prestige. Well; suppose you do? I shall say, Brother in calamity, come to my arms!

They are continually telling me that I have lost mine. Very possibly I have. I lost it, they say, because I wouldn't fight Prussia to prevent her from robbing Denmark of Schleswig-Holstein. What should I have got by an attempt at fighting Prussia with unconverted Enfields? I don't know. Very likely a deuced good licking; small addition, at any rate, to my prestige. But I know what I should have lost. I certainly should have lost many millions of money, and many thousands of men; and might have had less prestige than none to show for them.

Monsieur, the truth is, I can't afford to keep a prestige. Trying to do so has cost me above eight hundred millions sterling. I don't feel the loss of my prestige at all. If I have lost it, indeed, I should say that I feel better without it. What is prestige, after all? The word is a piece of diplomatic and political slang. It is yours, and of course I need not tell you originally meant illusion caused by sorcery, or the effect of imagination. *Præstigia* means simply a trick. Prestige, even in its slang sense, is a word whose significance includes something illusory, deceptive; somewhat, in fact, of humbug; the humbug of the charlatan. It expresses a halo of renown, so to speak, which is more or less of the nature of moonshine. Who are they whom prestige chiefly influences? The unreasoning and the impressible.

What is the use of prestige, Monsieur? It may make people who, if you had it not, would not regard you, mind what you say—for a time. But at last some people don't mind what you say, for all your prestige, and then you must either lose it or fight them—as the scribes and spouters are now instigating you to do, and tried to make me; but they couldn't. Consequently, no doubt, people sometimes don't mind what I say to them—which they may live to repent. Their contempt does not hurt me; they may despise me as much as they please so long as they leave me alone. At last, too probably, some of them will do something that I can't stand. Then, and not till then, I shall fight, and I shall fight with a will. By that means I shall get back my prestige fast enough; in as far as I am able to win prestige by fighting.

Monsieur, is prestige worth smashed skulls, shattered limbs, exenterated bodies? Is it worth driving thousands and thousands of men to death, to torture, to mutilation, and wretchedness for life? And oh, Monsieur, is it worth the millions and millions of francs which, if you fight for it, you will have to pay for it?

Wait, like me, Monsieur, till you are menaced. You will have to wait a long time. Anybody would think twice, and more, before resolving to quarrel with such a great fellow as you.

The scribes and the spouters will represent me to you as talking about prestige like the fox in the fable who had lost his tail. But in the first place, I don't know that I really have lost my prestige. Perhaps I am told so only to vex me. Besides, a fox's tail is a substantial thing, and prestige is another thing. It is not like any tail, except the tail of a comet, which is lighter than vapour and astonishes weak minds. Even if I were convinced that I actually had lost it, I would not afford my ill-wishers, who taunt me with its loss, the satisfaction of seeing me go about whining and blubbering—Boo-hoo-oo-ooo, I've lost my prestige!

I intend, Monsieur, to limit my care about my prestige to the requisite provisions for making any who, on the presumption that I have lost it, may think they can bully me, find out their mistake. Permit me to advise you to content yourself with practising the same moderation.

In the hope of seeing and hearing less and less in future of that humbugging word, prestige, which I dislike as much as I do that other humbugging word, glory, I entreat you, Monsieur, to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

John Bull.

An Old Joe and a New One.—The Shoemaker's Last.



A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

Village Hampden (*"who with dauntless breast" has undertaken, for sixpence, to keep off the other boys*). "IF ANY OF YER WANTS TO SEE WHAT WE'RE A PAINTIN' OF, IT'S A 'ALFPENNY A 'EAD, BUT YOU MARN'T MAKE NO REMARKS."

SHALL LOVELY WOMAN VOTE?

DEAR *Mr. Punch* at least I really do not know if I ought to call you a *dear* for I have not been *introduced* to you But if it be a *liberty* I dare say you will not *mind* it much especially when you see the photograph I send you for your album you *dear thing* and it is really not unlike me although cousin CHARLEY says that photographs are always a libel on a *lady* They do well enough for men of course for they have *no complexions* and besides it matters little how a *man* looks in an album because *everyone* of course looks only at the *ladies!*

But what I wished to say was that I really have *no patience* with you *Mister Punch* and I will tell you why Sir It is because you have not said a word about *our* having votes as that dear darling MR. MILL quite *advocates* our doing or should I say our having? I never *can* make out which is the proper verb to use in sentences of this sort Of course Sir as a champion of Lovely Woman *Mr. Punch* should have been foremost in backing MR. MILL in his *glorious crusade!* although I doubt if the word *backing* be a proper one precisely for a *young lady* to use but really cousin CHARLEY teaches one such slang that like the princess in the story one drops an ugly word out before one is aware of it at least the princess I remember did not do that exactly for a toad is not a word excepting in the dictionary

Now you *cross old thing* you really ought to say a word for us and help us to have votes as MR. MILL proposes *He* is a clever man besides being a philosopher and has written a big book about logic CHARLEY tells me and doubtless he can *logically* prove that ladies ought to vote because you know they *ought* and that is quite enough of logic for a lady! Besides I'm sure we are as competent to exercise the franchise is not that the proper phrase Sir? as chimney-sweeps and costermongers and all that sort of people who have very likely never been to school and have never even heard the name of Magna Charta What can they know about Government I should like to know and when people begin talking of their right to Manhood Suffrage as CHARLEY says they call it I think that *Womanhood Suffrage* should in logic be conceded.

You may say that Lovely Woman has enough to do at home in minding her own business and sewing on her husband's *buttons* to say nothing of the *far more* important avocation of ordering his *dinners* But this argument might surely be applied with equal justice to the *lords* of the creation as they are vain enough to style themselves Do *men of business* never neglect it at election time? And pray will you contend that only *idle* men should vote because busy men have quite enough to do in minding their own business without bothering their brains about the business of the nation?

Another reason CHARLEY tells me why a woman must not vote is that she would be so amenable to *bribery* Now this I *do* call *mean* in any *man* to say! As if *men* voters were so pure and super-humanly immaculate! But CHARLEY says a woman's vote might be bought—no I'll say *biassed* by the offer of an opera-box or the gift of a new bonnet and *considerably influenced* by the mere fact that a candidate had a handle to his name or that a canvasser was known to *Dod* or rode in Rotten Row or wore a blush-rose in his button-hole But pray Sir are *men* voters never *biassed* by small matters when they exercise their franchise? Do Lancaster electors *always* turn in holy horror from an offered *ten-pound-note* which is about the price of one of MR. GYE'S best boxes? Are Yarmouth bloaters I mean voters *always* virtuously indignant if treated upon polling-days to a pint or two of *beer* which is as tempting to their taste as a new bonnet to a woman?

Of course I do not mean to argue that a lady if she voted might not think it right at times to be *guided by appearances*—For instance I can fancy that if women had the franchise a pair of *handsome whiskers* might sometimes head the poll and a candidate who had his tail coats cut by POOLE might by the favour of the ladies defeat a *dowdy dresser* But you surely are *gallant* enough to grant that this *slight weakness* ought not to deprive us of our right to give a vote! Just consider *Mr. Punch* what a splendid spectacle our Parliament would be if the Members were elected by virtue of their *beauty!* What a struggle there would be to get into the House if M.P. meant PRETTY MAN and were accepted in society as a feminine certificate that the bearer was one of the *half a thousand handsomest* of handsome fellows in Great Britain! Certainly if ladies were to vote and were to let their votes be biassed by their

natural predilection for masculine good looks I think the *uglies* and the *dowdies* would find it small use to canvass for a seat and as none but the *Narcissuses* would ever be elected the House of Commons would become the House of the *Uncommons!*

Craving your assistance to dear darling Mr. Mill in getting us our votes I beg to sign myself

Your constant reader and *well-wisher*

Sophonisba Smith.

PS Charley says that Mr. Mill wants to call the ladies "persons" in Lord Derby's Reform Bill! But I don't one bit believe him for no *gentleman* would *dream* of using such *coarse language* when speaking of a *woman!* It is probably a misprint in some stupid penny paper Perhaps he meant to urge that *parsons* should have votes and I confess I think they should

PPS You are musical I know—ugly people always are—and I dare say you remember the old ballad called the "*The Maid of the Mill*" and I think it would do nicely as a *parody* for one of your *young poets*

THE HALBERTON FARMERS FRANTIC.



We are afraid that the Rev. Canon Girdlestone, by his efforts to improve the condition of the agricultural labourers of his parish, has exasperated the farmers of Halberton. On Monday last week, at the Annual Vestry Meeting, over which the Canon presided, there was a large gathering of those gentlemen who came there determined to try and prevent him from electing, as usual, one of the two churchwardens. The *Times* says that:—

"In the course of the proceedings, which were of a very noisy character, the Canon was fiercely attacked by several of the farmers, who complained that he had been the means of removing labourers from the parish, and that he had not fairly represented the wages question. One gentleman, Mr. Pearce, who came from a neighbouring parish to have a 'go' at the Rev. Gentleman, said he was not the good shepherd 'who gathered the lambs to his bosom,' but 'one of those hirelings who scattered the flock.'"

Interference between the lambs and their shearers appears to have constituted the offence really given to Mr. Pearce and his compeers by Canon Girdlestone. A good shepherd, in their estimation, is one who brings his lambs up to be shorn. Such a person as Canon Girdlestone is not fit for the office of shepherd, but for a service in relation to a different animal, thus described with euphemistic delicacy:

"Another farmer, Mr. G. Ware (who was subsequently elected by the parishioners as churchwarden), told the Canon that he was more fit to 'go and feed a bear' than to be a clergyman.'"

Mr. Girdlestone should immediately have asked this gentleman to dinner.

LADY LEXICOGRAPHERS—MRS. DR. JOHNSON.

(intercepted correspondence.)

From Miss Fanny Foxall *to* Miss Laura Lightstep.

Yes, my dear Laura, you are quite right in saying that language was invented by Man to conceal his thoughts. Certainly, Woman is not responsible for its inconsistencies; but dictionaries are of purely masculine origin, you can see at a glance. I am convinced that Mrs. Doctor Johnson (Doctor or Doctress?) had *she* written those two fearful folios, which Papa has hidden in his library, would not have given a dozen meanings to one word. Take "curiosity," how would you or I define it?—very briefly, as "an earnest and laudable desire to obtain an insight into things which concern our own happiness or the well-being of others." But does man use it in that sense? Oh, dear no. Curiosity is purely a feminine foible, an impertinent prying into blue chambers and skeleton cupboards. Call it Curiosity if you please, but so long as gentlemen will shroud their proceedings in mystery so long shall we endeavour to find them out. For instance, look at the Stock Exchange. Look *at* it—don't look *in* it, unless you wish to be annihilated by five hundred money-making Bluebeards.

Little Paul Peach, who is articled to a broker (not an upholsterer), has told me dreadful tales about the secrets of the prison-house: how, on certain occasions called settling-days, bulls and bears run about wild, and lame ducks are tortured unmercifully, and though little Paul is fond of romances, I don't think he exaggerates. It is very natural where prices are constantly quoted and poetry never is, that men in spite of themselves should become bears, and only one flower flourishes in their garden, and that is—Stocks.

From Miss Laura Lightstep *to* Miss Fanny Foxall.

I quite agree with you, my dear Fanny, that we must have a Dictionary of our own, with new and sensible meanings, for it can no longer be borne, that man should define words just as they think proper, to gratify their boundless vanity.* * * Take "monopoly,"—this is a perversion of *mano*poly, and is confined chiefly to cotton and corn? But why? Is not a club a *mano*poly? Is not Parliament a *mano*poly? Are not an Exchange and a Board of Green Cloth all *mano*polies? for over every one of them is written in an Italian hand, "Abandon Wives all ye who enter here."

And now, I would ask (as some liberal writers have already suggested), why should not ladies have a little Capel Court of their own? Is not our interest in a sentimental exchange equal to 3 per cent., and then consider for a moment the value which many parties attach to *preference shares* in our affections. Why should we not have time-bargains and settling-days, when if Algernon does not propose, then he shall be surrendered by Isabella, and if Alice accepts, then all flirting shall cease with the Cornet, or Alice shall be called to account. * * * I think you made some remark on Ducks. Of course, we can't do without them, and all who promptly pay their addresses will be very dear ducks, indeed.

MR. DROVER'S REFLECTIONS ON THE MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Punch,

When I reflect as I often Do as I'm driving My sheep to and from copenhagen Fields how badly Driving in parliament is conducted, I'm nonplush'd. Neither Dizrarli nor Gladstone Seem able to get All their Weathers into the Right pens, and when a Bolter dashes past one or tother, he stands Agast as if he Was politically Paralized. Something Is Wanting—That's evident. It may Be science, it may be alacrity—Possibly Both. What a pity it Is that lofty statesmen won't Bend a little. If they would only condescend to take a leaf out of our Book, they needn't stand with their Slates in their hands, trembling like schoolboys who can't Do a simple sum in Long division.

Why, Sir, such a Calamity as a South-Down getting into the Wrong shop is never heard of among Us reg'lar certificated practitioners, and you know, *Mr. Punch*, none Can practise without A diploma in *Our* market, if they Can elsewhere. Often when I've been Debating over a pipe at the Markis o' Granby, my friends have said to me, "George, they want you at Westminster, to drive them dullamites—*you'd* go afore 'em, and turn 'em down constitution hill."

Pause here.——

Pig-driving, Sir, is A art of itself. Like poetry, it may Be cultivated, but you must have its primevall Germs born in you. I don't Follow it as a matter of business, but I am acquainted with its finer pints as A amateur. Now, Sir, it may be taken as a axiom, that a party as Can drive a I. P. (trade-mark for Illiterate Pig) can Drive any number of M.P.'s. But then what A almost contradictory Conjunction of qualities is called for! Coolness, Ardour, Hope, Humility, and Resources infinitum. A Eye for every alley—a temper Under every Provocation Sweet as molasses, and A courage like Hannibals what Scorns to Stick in the Ruts.

Pause again.——

I'll be bound, Sir, that No minister, X. or XX., would Volunteer to Drive a I. P. through The narrow passages of either house Of parliament. Then why Reproach himself with Bitterness because A Obstinate M.P. doubles and darts into A lobby, where None is admitted except On business?

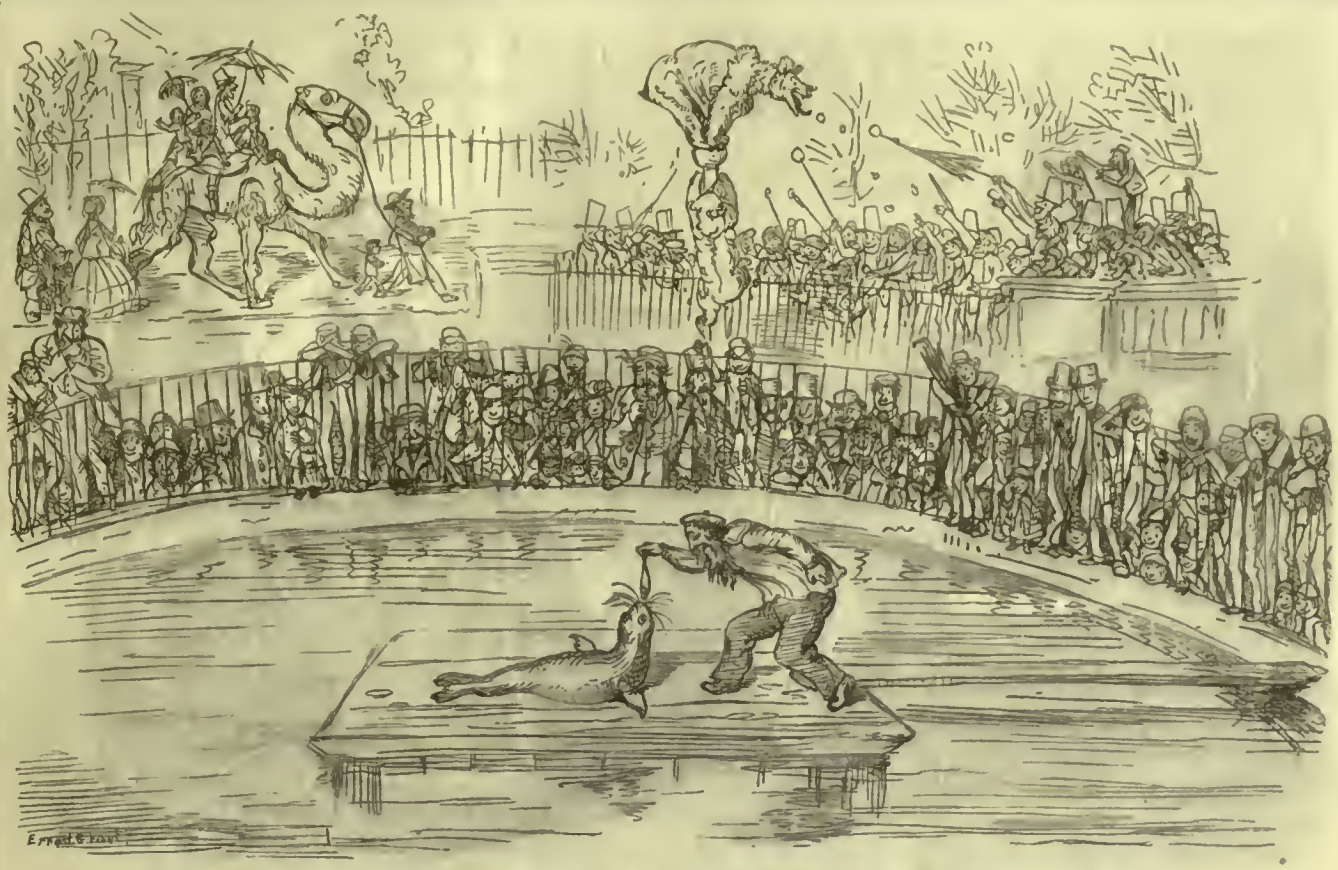
Sum up.

I sometimes, Sir, feel afeard that Our leading X minister in driving *his* I. P.'s to market Fails from want of tenderness in Touch and Tone. A little coaxing Now and Then helps a I. P. wonderfully over a style. Flip him with a Whip, and he becomes a awful Squealer, and possibly A abandoned character ever afterwards.

G. D.

Shepherds bush.

P.S. Returning to our Muttons—assuming that Our most illustrious X minister don't entirely Despair of witching the world by noble drovership, let him call on me Any market-day, and I'll initiate him In first Principles, which is these, *videliset:* when you've got Bolters to deal with, send A dog before 'em to *catch 'em by The ear* artfully, and so as not to wound their 'ceptibilities, which very often is Singularly 'cute. But Above All Things (And Here Lies The Grand Secret) Don't Terrify 'Em By Too Much bark.



A RECOLLECTION OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

GIVING BY PROXY.

MR. T. P. COOKE was, no doubt, the original British Sailor.

He was also the original Monster in *Frankenstein*—and a very original monster, too, who made a *furore* in Paris, and gave a colour to gloves, *Vert de monstre*. He was as original in his will as in his parts; and amongst some bequests eminently shewing benevolence and kindness to his professional brethren, he inserted others of a more eccentric kind.

We have nothing to say to the combination of his own memory with SHAKSPEARE's at a memorial dinner, on St. George's Day, in the Hall of the Dramatic College, for providing which he left the interest of a handsome sum.

No apology is needed for any actor's desire to claim fellowship with the greatest of all players.

But a more questionable bequest in MR. T. P. COOKE's will was £100 to be paid for a Prize Drama on a national subject, the profits arising from its sale to go to the Dramatic College.

Under this bequest, MR. J. SLOUS was the first successful competitor; and the sale of his drama, *True to the Core*, has brought, we are glad to hear, the sum of £600 to the treasury of the Dramatic College.

We wish the College joy of the money, but we can't help feeling, somehow, that it is rather the contribution of the author of *True to the Core*, than of the benevolent testator, who left the £100, which is all that the author of *True to the Core* has received. We shall be told, no doubt, that MR. T. P. COOKE meant to benefit actors and not dramatic authors, and that MR. SLOUS, having sent in his drama, and having been paid £100 for it, under the conditions of the will, has no right to complain. We do not say he has; nor need we be surprised to find that MR. T. P. COOKE considered £100 rather a high price than otherwise, even for a drama "upon a national subject." How shouldn't he think so, considering the experience he was bred to? Was not £60 the whole payment to DOUGLAS JERROLD for *Black-Eyed Susan*, which brought in more thousands than we care to count to the Managers, and was the main foundation of T. P. COOKE's fame and fortune? Why should we expect T. P. COOKE to prove an exception to the usual rule, by which Manager and Actor look on every shilling paid to the Author as so much feloniously abstracted, or unfairly diverted from their own pockets? Happily, they have now to deal, in some conspicuous cases, with Authors who are or have been Actors, who can thus look at the question of an Author's due from both sides, and use the Manager's experience to bring the Manager to terms.

We do not regret that the Committee of the Dramatic College should have made £600 out of the play for which MR. SLOUS has received one-sixth of that amount, though we feel it would have been fairer if the proportions had been reversed—if MR. SLOUS had received the £600, and the College the £100. But believing that £100 is not a price likely to tempt established Authors into the field, or adequately to reward even the untried author of a meritorious play, we cannot but have an uneasy feeling that MR. COOKE's bequest is a device either for encouraging the production of bad dramas—which needs no encouragement—or for getting a good one at an unfairly low figure.;

At all events, let the saddle be put on the right horse, and let the Pensioners and Committee of the Dramatic College, in the tablets of their gratitude, debit MR. T. P. COOKE with £100, and MR. SLOUS with six times that amount.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS."

THE Sabbatarians had a meeting the other day at Exeter Hall. The Secretary to their Society stated that during the past year sixty-eight sermons had been preached, and ten thousand tracts issued against Sunday excursions. This is the way to put a stop to Sunday excursions, if Sunday excursions are, though healthful, irreligious. He also announced that "the Public-house Bill, introduced by MR. ABEL SMITH, would be supported by the Committee." Every publicity is due to this announcement, in order that prompt resistance may be offered to an attempt to enforce the religious practice of a sect by Act of Parliament. The Sabbatarian Secretary further mentioned that the Committee would give a general support to MR. THOMAS HUGHES's Sunday Trading Bill. Therefore, MR. THOMAS HUGHES had better abandon his Bill, seeing that he may be sure it would curtail personal liberty. Besides these Sunday Bills there is a Sabbatarian Liquor Bill before the House, in charge of MR. GRAVES, the Member for Liverpool, who should be taught to mind his own business instead of interfering with other people's pleasure. Excursions are threatened—sound we therefore alarums.



FINE UNSOPHISTICATED OLD BOY FROM THE COUNTRY:

"Well, my Dear, he seems a capital Young Fellow, and I am sure he will make you a good Husband. But I say, Jessie, what did you mean by '*No Cards*'? Surely, your Father-in-Law, the Parson, doesn't object to a mild Rubber at Whist?"

QUOS DEUS VULT PERDERE.

Whom God to ruin dooms for sin,
Their wits he first withdraws!
Lo, France and Prussia brought within
That awfullest of laws!
The powers that boasted, late, how each
For an idea warred,
Draw off their velvet gloves, to reach
Their swords, and spring on guard.
'Tis an idea, too, that now
Bids troops take place of talk—
That either should to the other bow,
As cock of Europe's walk.

It is an *idée fixe* of France,
Or his who is her fate,
That France grows less by each advance
That Prussia leaves more great.
Whereas 'tis Prussia's *Grund-idee*,
That strong enough she 's grown
To slap France on the face to-day,
Yet hold more than her own.
What wonder if, set side by side,
These two ideas clash,
And Janus' gates, which war sets wide,
Fly open with a crash!

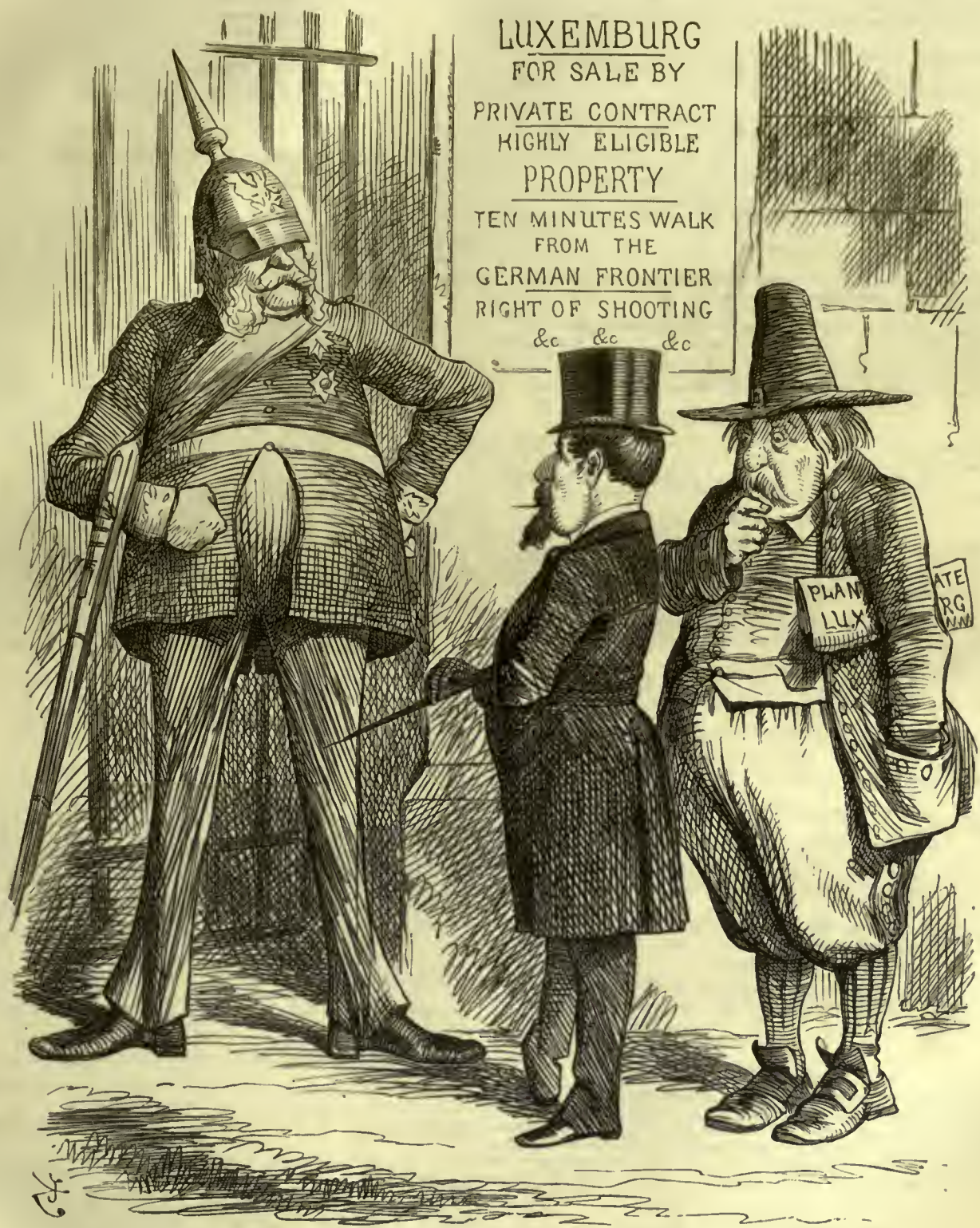
So Time's wheel brings round destined ends:
So to the poisoner's lip
The poisoned chalice Heaven commends,
His own drugged draught to sip.
Strong hand against strong hand arrayed
Must weaklings' wrongs repay;
The mights that owned no right are made
To waste themselves in fray:

The iron vessels, strong to grind
Poor earthen flagons small,
Dashed on each other, kind to kind,
Iron by iron fall!

Lo, Emperor and Minister,
Crowned craft, and craft *sans* crown,
Gamesters as desperate as e'er
On the green cloth staked down.
He who 'gainst *Rouge* for *Noir* went in,
An Empire's throne to gain:
He who thrones for his Lord could win,
Content to rule, not reign.
A well-matched pair, calm, crafty, cool,
Stern wills and smooth regards;
The fate of Europe in the pool,
Dynasties on the cards!

A'match in which who wins shall stand,
Or seem to stand, supreme;
In which who loses, from his hand
Sees power fade like a dream.
And they who all laws have defied,
Except the law of might,
Mights, long unholily allied,
Are met to test in fight.
While at their side unseen doth pass,
Nemesis with her glaive,
To give the loser's *coup de grâce*,
And dig the winner's grave.

As these arm each for th' other's end,
So him that gains the day
Sure Retribution will attend,
To claim him for her prey.



"TO BE SOLD."

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "I—A—HAVE MADE AN OFFER TO 'MY FRIEND HERE, AND——"

THE MAN IN POSSESSION. "NO, HAVE YOU, THOUGH?—I RATHER THINK I WAS THE PARTY TO APPLY TO."

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "OH, INDEED! AH! THEN IN THAT CASE I'LL—— BUT IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE."



Let Bismarck or Napoleon win,
Victor must vanquished be,
Till from the tangled ways of sin
God'a guiding clue we see;
Till lawless might to might of law
Subdued and prostrate fall,
And he that braving Heaven we saw
Proclaim himself Heaven's thrall.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF "THE GREAT CITY."

FROM DRURY LANE.

Scene 1.—*Exterior of Charing Cross Railway Station about* 8.30 P.M. *Music descriptive of luggage. Life-like picture; no one about, except at intervals sudden rushes of people from left to right, or for variety from right to left, then everything in the Great City perfectly quiet, while the principal character talks.*

Enter Arthur, *a reformed drunkard, in trousers of an antiquated fashion: music ceases.*

Arthur. I've been drinking all my life. There's one bright spot in my heart—my love for Edith. I've given up drink. There's ten minutes before the train starts; what shall I do? (*Considers: the phrase "ten minutes allowed for refreshment" probably occurs to him. He says with decision,*) I'll go and drink.

[*Exit to drink. Music descriptive of more luggage. People rush in vaguely, go by no train, and disappear into some other part of the Great City.*

Enter Mogg, *the Convict, who has escaped from prison, braved starvation, dared fearful dangers, and lived through the perils of the Bush, in order to return to the Great City and see the improvements at Charing Cross.*

Mogg (*looks about, then remarks astutely*). How changed is everything. (*Pauses.*) This *was* Hungerford Market. (*Is much affected.*) Now—— (*Pauses, and gets to the extreme right-hand of stage, so as to be ready to make a good exit when he's delivered his effective line.*) Now—— (*Delivers his effective line.*) Now it is a hotel.

[*Exit, much overcome. Music more descriptive of luggage than ever. Rush of the same people as have appeared before. Probably they've all missed their trains, or are spending a happy day in the Great City, rushing about from one terminus to another, until they come to* Frith's *picture at the finish. Exeunt all these people for no apparent reason, except that three of the principal characters are now coming on to talk.*

Enter Three of the Principal Characters, represented by three persons so got up as to be quite unable to appear in any quarter of the Metropolis without attracting a considerable crowd. One is a Jew, with an evident false nose, much worn, of course, in the Great City, a paper flower in the button-hole of a very open black coat, set off by a red waistcoat cut very low, perhaps his idea of decollé; plenty of false jewellery. The second is a Mr. Blount, M.P., *for what constituency it is impossible to imagine. The third an Irishman, described as an American, or an American described as an Irishman, it doesn't matter which, as no sort of interest is in any way attached to the character. They explain to one another that they are libertines.*

Blount, M.P. I am a libertine. (*To* Mendez, *the Jew.*) You must introduce me to your daughter. [*Nudges* Mendez.

Irish American. Introduce me to her, too.

[*Nudges* Mendez: Mendez *nudges them: they both nudge* Mendez. *Music, during which, while they are still nudging* Mendez, *the same people who have missed every train since the commencement of the play rush on and off. The three finish nudging.*

Enter Miss Edith. *Deposits her box on the ground and sits on it. The three libertines regard her: more nudging.*

Libertine (*with the false nose, to Edith*). May I give you some refreshment?

Edith (*indignantly*). No!!! (*Scorns his proffered offer.*) And if our kind friends in front—I mean if an English female is to be insulted, &c., &c., then she will know how to, &c., &c.

[*Applause, and three cheers for* Mr. Mill. *While she is speaking comic beggars run away with her boxes. Real picture of life in the Great City.* Blount, M.P., *immediately finds a Policeman, which also shows the author's remarkable powers of observation during his residence in the Great City, and sends him after the boxes.*

Edith (*suddenly communicative, tells* Blount, M.P., *all her family history. N.B. The following is our general idea of what she said; it doesn't signify, however, as the plot is immaterial, the acting of no consequence, scenery and grouping everything*). I was brought up at school some years ago. I was paid for: regularly. But lately they haven't. (Blount, M.P., *is interested. The other two libertines are still nudging one another in a corner.*) I once met a little romance, called Arthur: and as they wanted to turn me away, I've come to meet him. But he is false like all the rest.

[*The libertine with the false nose takes this as a personal allusion: more nudging in the corner.*

Blount, M.P. (*in his character of a libertine*). Do you know anyone in London?

Edith. Only Mr. Wilson (*vaguely*), of the City.

Blount, M.P. (*sharply*). I know Mr. Wilson, of the City.

[*Exeunt* Blount, M.P. *and* Edith, *to go to* Mr. Wilson, *of the City. As he goes off,* Blount, M.P., *makes faces at the two libertines in the corner, who are still nudging each other.*

Libertine (*with false nose, delivering himself of some sparkling dialogue*). Did you ever see anything like this man! I quite grudge him to the Christians. [*Exeunt, both nudging.*

End of Scene 1.

Theatrical Person (*giving his opinion*). Those three fellows are not unlike the Irishman, the Jew, and the Swell Libertine, in *The Flying Scud.*

His Friend (*in dress circle*). Dear me—so they are! (*Is struck by the coincidence.*)

Scene 2.—*Street near St. Paul's. Apparently a back view of an advertising hoarding by night. Music descriptive of* Mr. Tully *in the orchestra.*

Enter Mogg, *the Convict.*

Mogg. I've come home from Australia. While undergoing my sentence I've amassed a colossal fortune. For further particulars see *Great Expectations.* I can't drag myself from my old haunts.

[*Meaning the back of the advertising hoarding by moonlight.*

Enter Blount, M.P., *from somewhere.*

Blount, M.P. Edith is now supping with me on chickens and champagne. (*Perhaps in St. Paul's, by express permission of the Dean and Chapter.*) I know that face (*seeing* Mogg). That's Mogg.

Mogg. What! Blount! (*Neither move.*) Leave me alone.

Blount (*vaguely.*) Why not?

Mogg. Because (*as an answer to a riddle*)—Because when you were chief clerk at Messrs. Somebody's (*name we didn't catch*), I was a porter. [*Exit* Mogg *side-ways, threatening.*

Blount (*to himself*). Can he ever have seen the play of *Still Waters Run Deep?* But no matter, I'm a Member of Parliament.

[*Exit gaily to join* Edith *at chickens and champagne in St. Paul's.*

Scene 3.—*Waterloo Bridge, Surrey Side. Real everything.*

Enter Arthur.

Arthur (*in brilliant dialogue*). I've looked everywhere, and found her nowhere.

Blount, M.P. (*with* Edith, *after chickens and champagne*). Let's go and see Mr. Wilson, of the City. [Edith *hesitates.*

Blount, M.P. (*as a Happy Thought*). Let's take a Hansom.

Edith (*overcome, consents*). Yes!——Let's!

[*Excitement of Audience expecting the Hansom. It comes: real horse, real cab, real man, real badge, all new and clean. They jump in.*

Arthur (*seeing her, while getting a real fivepence-halfpenny out of sixpence at the turnstile*). Ha! 'Tis Edith—and in a Hansom!!!!

Curtain.

This was too much for us all at once; another night we will endeavour to see the remaining acts. For the present we are perfectly satisfied with what we've seen.

A Property of Caoutchouc.

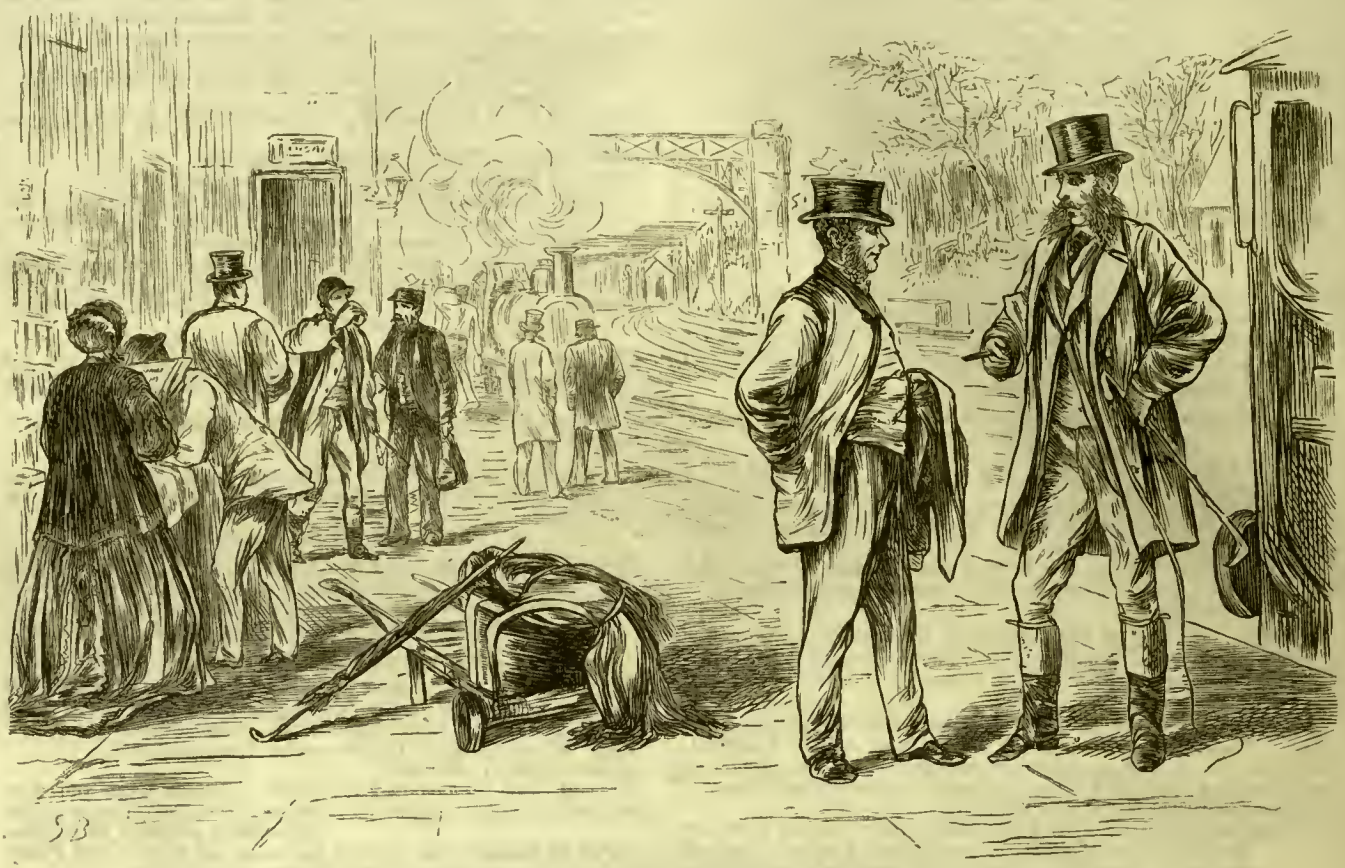
Our notice has been attracted by the prospectus, just issued, of the English India Rubber Company, according to which the object of that association is to purchase and extend the business of the Southwark India Rubber Company, Grange Road, Bermondsey. It may be hoped that the proposed extension will be effected without difficulty by a concern whose resources may be presumed to be sufficiently elastic.

Dropped, but not Disposed of.

Dear Sir Morton,

You tell me the House of Commons has whitewashed you. Pardon me. It has declined to take up your case. I can't say that I blame the House, and I remain, Your obedient Servant, Punch.

Metaphor made Easy.—"A Telegwam from Bombay," said a Swell, reading a newspaper, "says, 'Money is tight.' Haw! 'Suppose they've no loose cash there."



HUNTING, AND NO END!—(A FACT.)

Cheerful Party (to depressed Nimrod, returning by train). "Last Day of the Season? Nonsense! Why, in my Country we Hunt all April! *Hunt Cubs!*"

OUR VIRTUOUS VESTRIES.

An indignation meeting of the vestrymen of London was held the other evening at the Pig and Whistle public-house, to protest against the protests of the public and the press, that the vestrymen of London are utterly incompetent to discharge their public duties.

Mr. Butcher having, as the first comer, been unanimously called on (by himself) to occupy the chair, the business of the evening was opened by his ordering a glass of gin-and-water, and a clay pipe and tobacco, with which he entertained himself until another gentleman arrived. This being Mr. Shortweight, the celebrated baker (see *Police Reports*, last year), an intellectual conversation upon things in general, and parish matters in particular, naturally ensued. Other vestrymen soon followed, and pipes and grogs having been sufficiently supplied—

The Chairman begged to say that business *was* business, and being punctooal hisself he had been woted to the chair, which he was quite ready to wacate, should any just impediment be found about his sitting theer. (*No, no.*) Well, then, he wouldn't beat about the bush but come straight to the pint. (*A Voice, "Can't you make it a quart?" and laughter.*) What they wished to say was simply that the public was a Hass; (*'ear! 'ear!*) and no reporters being present he'd take the liberty to add, the press was a Hass also. ("*Brayvo, old Cock! go it!*") He wouldn't say no more hisself as his woice was rather 'usky, but would call upon some honourable gent to fire away.

Mr. Shortweight said he thought there was the soundest common sense in what their noble friend, the Chairman, had remarked. For himself, he thought the press was the wust Hass of the two (*cheers*), seeing as how it frekently interfered with the liberty of the subjick, in a manner to his mind entirely unconstitooshnal. (*'Ear!*) For instance, last year he 'appened, by one of them there accidents which occur in the best reggerlated family establishments, to have a few 'arfquarterns a trifle under weight, and what did them there blessed noospapers but parade his name in print as a robber of the poor, (*shame!*) and recommend, besides his paying of a 'eavy fine, that he be kept on bread and water, and short weight of the former, with, to give him a good appetite, a turn upon the treadmill. (*Groans.*)

Mr. Sandsugar observed that he had also been a wictim to them howdacious "horgans," as they was pleased to call theirselves, he meant the public noosepapers. He would gladly give a trifle, say a pound of his best lump, to any public benefactor who would put down the press, (*'ear! 'ear!*) which was a hinsult and a hinjury to every freeborn British westry. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Guzzler said that it was the duty of the westries to look sharp after the cash. But there was no call to be stingy, and to starve theirselves when working 'ard on parish business. (*No, no!*) Gents nat'rally got good appetites arter their 'ard work, and it was only right and proper that the public should stand Sam for 'em. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Swiller said some friends of his in Camberwell was lately 'auled over the coals for simply running up a tavern-bill or two at the ratepayers' expense. (*Shame!*) What with wines and weeds, and warious other liquors, the westry dinners there might be reckoned on a average at about a sov. per man, and this here nessary refreshment was actilly complained of as illegal and extravagant. (*Groans.*)

Mr. Blobley observed that in his parish the custom was to tip the wink on dinner days to one or two choice spirits as was knowed to be good company, and give 'em dinners gratis for their 'elp to make a night of it. (*Hear, and Bravo Blobley!*)

Mr. Gobbles thought that westrymen must live as well as other people, and, while they were about it, they might as well be jolly. (*A laugh, and "Go it, Gobbles!"*) The ratepayers, 'owever, might grumble at cigars, so he proposed that, with a view to parochial economy, all westrymen in future should be limited to clays.

A warm debate ensued upon this interesting question, and fresh supplies of stimulants being ordered in, the meeting did not separate until an early hour.

THE SIMPLE REASONS.

The Theatrical Feed was a failure, becos
Miss Poole was not present, and B—cic—t was.



TOO BAD!

Country Railway Porter (to Swell, who is waiting for the Express). "Now, then, look Aloive for the 'Scursion!—Second or Third, my Man?"

BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

(*A Truth from the Trades-Unionists.*)

From us our foreign brethren,
Have learnt how to behave:
Here are Brussels shops *en chômage*,
Parisian shops *en grève*;
Their tailors quit the shopboard,
Comb and tongs their *coiffeurs* shy;
Their very undertakers
No coffins will supply!
And *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

Political Economy,
You tell us, we've defied:
That Smith and Mill and Malthus
Are all on t'other side.
But example more than precept
In church or shop can teach:
While we know what masters practise,
We don't care what they preach—
So we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
So we're all striking in our shops at home.

Whatever they may tell us,
The rules that guide 'em all,
Are "devil take the hindmost,"
And "the weakest to the wall."
Let the light of Mill and Malthus
Be clear as light of sun,
The law that guides our masters
Is the law of Number one,
So *we're* all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

What wonder while rich Capital
To number one is true,
Poor Labour should the interest
Of number one pursue?
But while, in clash of capitals,
No master master spares,
Our number one I take it
Is a bigger one than theirs.
Though we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
Though we're all striking in our shops at home.

They fight, in competition,
Each man for his own hand:
We fight, in our trades-unions,
Each man for the whole band.
If we stint hours, we tell you,
'Tis the more mouths to feed,
If we say "no" to piece-work,
'Tis the weakling's case we heed,
While we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

We don't deny that Capital
Might yet be Labour's friend:
And when the two are friendly,
Why then—their feud will end.
But while master thinks for master,
And never thinks for man,
Man to man will hold the faster,
And wring out all he can.
So we're all striking, strike, strike, striking,
We're all striking in our shops at home.

Mr. Babbage's Paradise.—Stillorgan.

POETRY IN THE PANTRY.

Some people say that poetry, like chivalry, is dead. In these prosaic times, they tell you, a lover never pens a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow: such a thing, he would most likely say, is "all my eye," and if he sent her any lines they would probably be fishing ones. Railways, it is said, have annihilated poetry, as well as time and space. In these high-pressure days, making verses is by far too slow an occupation. Except perhaps the poet laureate, and *Punch*, no one now-a-days writes anything that people can call poetry.

For the credit of mankind, *Punch* is glad to think these statements are not founded upon fact. Poetical himself, *Punch* is proud to be the cause of poetry in others; and that he is so his waste-paper basket daily gives full proof. Some lines, however, reach him now and then, which he finds worth preservation in the amber of his type. Such for instance are the following, which appeared upon the 10th of April in the *Irish Times*:—

A PLACE is Wanted by a Girl,
Ere this short week doth end,
To wait upon an invalid,
And all her wants attend:
She has the power which few possess,
To soothe and comfort in distress!
Or wait upon two ladies fair,
For she excels in dressing hair.
Address, &c.

If this be not true poetry, *Punch* would like to know what is. And how much prettier is such a notice than the curt, blunt, prosy statements of people who "Want Places" in the columns of the *Times!* Nobody now ever dreams of reading those advertisements, but by the help of poetry they might, we think, be made delightfully attractive. We really advise servants not to be too proud to act upon the precedent this Irish girl has given them. A footman, we should fancy, would soon find himself engaged, if he announced his talents in some such style as this:—

A Footman now doth want a place;
His height is five feet eight:
He can both ope the door with grace,
And at the table wait.
His calves are fine, his figure good,
His H's ne'er he drops:
He deigns to eat the simplest food—
Yes, even mutton chops!

If exiled from his pantry by some unlucky chance, Jeames might find his muse of service in procuring him a place. And who could fail to be impressed by this poetical appeal by a paragon of a Cook?—

You want a Cook? Well, here is one
Who ne'er sent pork up underdone:
Who drinks no beer, who cribs no grease,
Nor gives cold meat to the police.
No kitchenmaid doth she require,
Nor ever burns too big a fire.
Her wages twenty pounds a year;
For such a Jewel 'tis not dear!

Surely such a jewel deserves a finer setting than the plain, unpolished prose of a common-place advertisement. And why should not a Coachmau put his Pegasus in harness, and thus modestly announce his abilities in verse?—

As coachman, for a gent or swell:
Can drive one, or a pair:
Is single: steady: knows town well:
Can sleep in country air.
N.B. Would also like to state,
Finds his own gloves when he doth wait.

From the butler to the "Buttons," from the valet to the scullery-maid, all servants, high or low, might find the art of poetry a valuable agent in procuring them a place. We should be glad if our remarks at all assist towards this result, but we candidly confess we do not think they will. However, while the rhyming fit is on us, we must supply one more poetical advertisement, just to show that poets soon might be as common as potatoes, if our servants took to writing in the manner of the advertiser in the *Irish Times*:—

Pray, which of you ladies now wants a nice page?
He is not quite thirteen yet, and tall for his age.
Yet, though fast he is growing, his appetite 's small,
And he ne'er bursts his buttons by larks in the hall.
In lollipops never his wages are spent,
Nor plays he at leap-frog, on errands when sent.
To give him a trial you 'd never refuse,
Could you see how he 'll polish your knives and your shoes!

THE EMPRESS OF LAQUES.

We do not know the age of the lady named by the *Post* in the subjoined paragraph. We do not inquire. Far be it from *Punch* to moot so delicate a question. But there was a time when the idea of a most sensible woman and a large landowner, combined in one person, would have invested that person with peculiar interest in the eyes of *Mr. Punch*. For reasons which may be imagined, he would then have been anxious to know whether a lady, evidently endowed as well with much property as with great taste and intelligence, had also the advantage of parity of years with himself. This would have sufficed him. He is satisfied with intellectual beauty—the beauty of expression: "the mind, the music beaming from the face." That he would have taken for granted. Here is the brief but suggestive statement, which has occasioned him to gush at the unusual rate foregoing:—

"Crinoline.—The *Oswestry Advertiser* says that Miss Lloyd, of Laques, has given wholesale notice to quit to her tenants in Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, in consequence of their wives and daughters wearing crinoline, a practice to which Miss Lloyd objects."

The mandate above described as issued by the Lady of Laques must be owned apparently to partake of the nature of an Ukase, or a Bull. Arbitrary, however, as that decree may seem, Crinoline, in excess, is such a bore, such an ugly, such a troublesome, such a vicious, such a dangerous, and now, happily, such a vulgar thing, and gives rise to such unpleasantnesses, that if 1867 were an earlier date, and *Mr. Punch* were not blest as he is, he would certainly inquire immediately about Miss Lloyd of Laques.

A JOKE OF THE FIRST WATER.

The Rev. Sydney Smith calumniated a facetious nation when he declared that a surgical operation was necessary to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. The following extract from the *British Medical Journal* will show that, so far from being impermeable to a joke from without, a Scotchman's head is capable of giving issue to a joke conceived in its interior:—

"A Musselburgh Baillie's Opinion on the Best Water for making Toddy.—We find in the Shields *Daily News* a note to the following effect: 'The Senior Baillie of Musselburgh (Mr. Peter Millar, of Eskside) has requested us to state, in reference to the discussion at the Town Council meeting on Monday night, upon the condition of the public wells, that it was not Dr. Sanderson's opinion, but his own "that the finest toddy was made from the worst water in the town."'"

Does anybody doubt about the jocosity of Baillie Millar's joke? Let him try it. Let him see if it will not set any intellectual table in a roar. Besides the Baillie's joke is suggestive. It is not only witty in itself, but calculated to be the cause of other wit. The public wells of Musselburgh are perhaps replete with the results of intramural interment. The reason why the worst water in the town makes the best toddy may be surmised to be that it forms with whiskey a union of body and spirit. As a combination of animal matter with spirit, the toddy made with the Musselburgh wells water may be represented as an elixir of animal spirits. And so on. No wonder Baillie Peter Millar was jealous of his fame for the joke which he had made, and did not like to have the good thing that had been said by himself attributed to Dr. Sanderson.

THE MYSTERY OF BONNETS.

Mr. Punch is unfortunately unable to speak as often as he could wish in commendatory terms of fashionable articles of ladies' dress. His nature prompts him to praise with the utmost enthusiasm any and everything that tends to enhance the charms of beauty. Any effectual contrivance for setting off a bust, an arm, or an ancle, would set him raving with eulogy at least as frantically as the loveliest new thing in sauce. But he seldom has the pleasure of thus expressing himself. The demon of perversity has for a long time presided over the fashions. What could *Punch* say, for instance, of chignons? Simply that they are more ridiculous than pigtails, and less cleanly.

But now there has at last arisen a fashion that *Mr. Punch* has the unspeakable happiness of being able to extol in the highest terms. It is that of those charming little bonnets that ladies now wear.

Mr. Punch has a most particular reason for magnifying these little bonnets, while wishing they may never get bigger. His reason is that those same bonnets——No!

Never give reasons is a maxim which must now be followed. The little bonnets are popular. *Mr. Punch* is glad of it. If he were to state his reason why, he has no doubt that they would be instantly discarded. He must, therefore, withhold his reason for admiring them until he is implored to assign it by their wearers, whose entreaties are never addressed to him in vain.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Liberty, Fraternity and Equality? Yes, good people. Liberty for ever, Fraternity also, and likewise Equality—but not Equalisation.



WHAT H. M. CIVIL SERVANTS HAVE TO ENDURE,

BESIDES THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW SALARIES.

Mr. Registrar. "What 's the Number of your Deed, Sir?"

Attorney's Clerk. "H-eight, H-ought H-eight, H-ought, Sevin, Sir!"

Mr. Registrar (*faintly*). "Oh dear! Oh dear!—(notes down the number)—that will do." [*And is so upset that he takes a month's holiday on the spot.*

YE WORKING-MEN OF ENGLAND.

Ye Working-men of England,
Who know how humbug deals,
Whose sense detects its little game
In Bradlaugh and in Beales—
To those who 'd mould you bone and brain
As Potter's clay, say no,
Nor keep, like the sheep,
The way your leaders go—
Where the spouter spouteth loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow!

If wiser than your fathers,
Why worse than they behave?
Why be the prey of every fool,
The dupes of every knave?
Where Bright and gallant Gladstone fell,
Can Beales and Bradlaugh go?
You must creep e'er you leap,
Let fools prate ever so:
Let the spouters spout both loud and long,
And the penny trumpets blow!

Britannia loves not humbug,
And big-talk holdeth cheap;
The chartered rights of Englishmen
Law gave and Law will keep.
By roots deep as our native oak's
Secured these rights we know,
King ner nob, still less mob
These rights can overthrow,—
Nor the spouters, spouting loud and long,
Nor the penny prints that crow!

Then hoist the flag of England,
Red caps and banners burn,
Till the spouters' spouting wins no heed,
And common-sense return.
Then, Working-men of England,
Will *Punch* his trumpet blow,
To the fame of your name
When the Beales has ceased to blow—
When the fiery Bradlaugh 's heard no more,
And the Beales has ceased to blow!

SOMETHING WITTY FROM THE CITY.

Why is Smithfield like Rome in the days of Cicero?
Because it is threatened by a Cattle-line!

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SEVENTH.

I couldn't write last week, in consequence of the tailors' strike. My new things had not come home, and my old ones, which were sufficiently done up to require fresh doing up by the tailor, had not been returned. I couldn't walk about the Egspositsiong in my *sack dinnuee* (that 's what our lively neighbours call a night-gown) so I was obliged to lie in bed.

A friend who looked in to see how I was, casually observed that I might have written in that situation, "because," he said pleasantly, "My dear Peeper, you can lie in bed as well as out of it." If this hadn't been his *fun*, there would have been bloodshed.

I have been appointed one of the Jury. From information I've received (since my clothes came home) I understand that my department will be in the Potteries. I'm not quite clear what "Potteries" means. However, I've ordered several works on Potteries, and the volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in which *Potter* occurs. I am quite a Frenchman now, in my new costume. I have also purchased a large collar, a *neglijay* tie, and a tall hat. The tall hat I look upon as my first step towards the study of chimney-potteries. Instead of a first step it ought to be a crewning effort. These hats are specimens of real High Art; they were introduced by the Freemasons of Paris. I don't mind telling you this, as we 're all "tiled" here, there 's no doubt about that.

Lumpyraw (I allude to Louey) said to a friend of mine the other day (a friend of mine, observe, of course not myself—delicacy that, eh?)—well, Lumpyraw said, and I must remark that his lightest word considerably illumines the present Luxemburg difficulty, he said quietly ——But an *Aidykong* has come round to tell me that what was said the other morning was quite *ongter noo*.

While giving you the gossip of the day in Parry, I have quite forgotten the object I had in view, namely, of assisting the numerous English visitors. (A note has been sent to me from the authorities, saying that I 'm on the Jury for Surgical Instruments. I must get up the subject and counterorder my Pottery works.)

In the afternoon the visitor, decorating himself with a bit of red ribbon in the second button-hole of his best frock-coat, will saunter up the *Bwaw dibbulloin* (spelt Bois de Boulogne) and see the pretty equipages and the swells riding and driving in this merry month of May.

Boulogne, as many people know, is on the sea, and is a favourite residence for the English. I was going to give a long account of this place, but I find that this isn't the same Boulogne at all, consequently I shall defer all my information on this subject until I can speak positively. Peeper the Great won't deceive you, so don't be afraid.

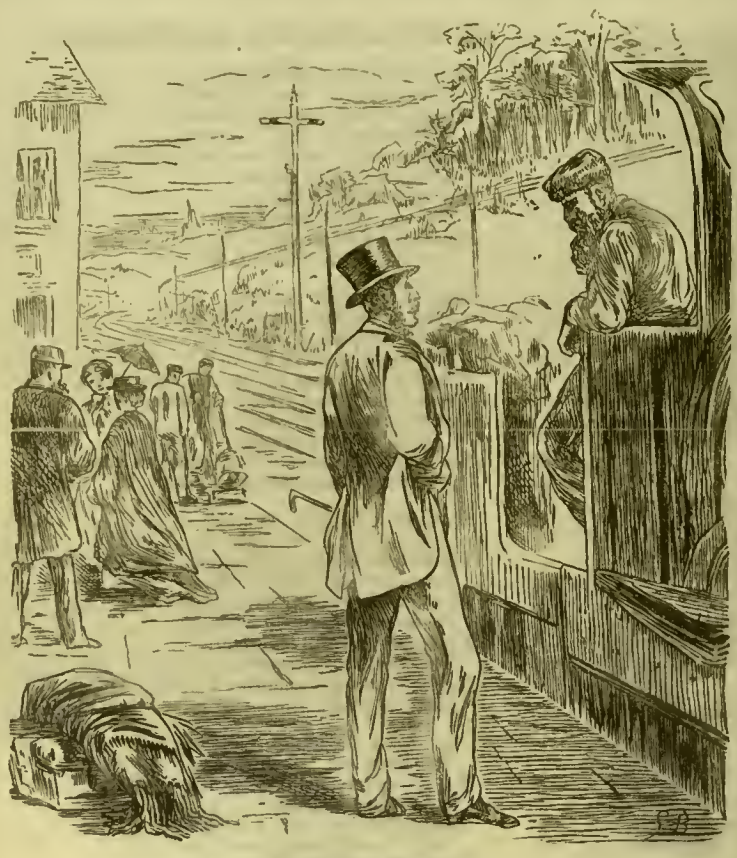
While perambulating Parry look in at the *pallay dullarndoostree*, spelt, in spite of this pronunciation, *Palais d'Industrie*. Also saunter through the Arcades and Parsages.

Palais de l'Industrie.—The Great Hospital for retired Chevaliers d'Industrie: a most meritorious charity. Visit it by all means.

Arcades.—There are so many Arcades in Paris that the classic visitor might be tempted to call it the Arcadia of Europe, if he was not restrained by his better nature. These Arcades are thoroughfares leading to several somewheres, and not merely in at one end and out at the other, as in the Lowther Arcade, or the Burlington, though of course you can simplify your proccedings considerably by going nowhere. But then why begin by going to Paris?

I must leave off. A note has just come from the Commissioners saying that I 'm appointed on the jury for deciding upon the qualifications for admission of Fungi from the Hautes-Pyrénées. Must order works on the subject, and counterorder the others.

Dictate of the Demonstrationists.—You must take the Rough with the Smooth.



SENTIMENT.

"DID I STRIKE? NO, SIR! YOU SEE A ENOINE 'S A HANIMAL AS A CHAP GETS FOND ON, AND I COULDN'T LEAVE MINE TO THIM AS DIDN'T KNOW HER WAYS!"

A NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

AIR—"*When in Death I shall calm recline.*"

WHEN we 're buried in slumber deep,
Fancy often is apt to teem.
I was once in the land of sleep,
When about me came an amazing dream!
All sorts of Swells were masquerading,
And playing the fool in such a degree
As I, but fact that there 's no evading,
Might say I never dreamt I should see.

Pipes and beer at a festal scene,
Free and easy, dispelled dull care;
Missing the face was of PADDY GREEN:
But the EARL OF DERBY was in the chair.
Ministers all, a hand of brothers,
As Minstrels of Christy sat in a row;
DISRAELI'S voice rose above the others:
And likewise BENJAMIN jumped *Jim Crow*.

All sides politics there forgot;
BOWYER handed to WHALLEY a light.
Pledging each other in pewter-pot,
ROBERT LOWE drank cooper with friend JOHN BRIGHT,
Roaring, in *Rule Britannia's* chorus
With GLADSTONE they joined, at PAKINGTON'S call.
LORD RUSSELL then having danced before us,
The EARL OF SHAFTESBURY sang *Sam Hall*.

DISPLAY OF PHYSICAL FORCE.

THE attendance at the political meetings which take place on Saturdays at Trafalgar Square has fallen off lately. This is very much to be lamented in the interests of safe and rational reform. With a view of giving these assemblies the required attraction, it is suggested that a prominent part in them should be taken by the honourable Member for Birmingham. That constitutional orator is accustomed to exhort multitudes to the harmless exhibition of physical force. In illustration of what he means by that, perhaps, at the next gathering in Trafalgar Square, MR. BRIGHT will get on a platform, and balance MR. BEALES on his chin at the top of a ladder. It would be fun to hear the great Tribune of the People crying, "Twopence more, and up goes MR. BEALES!"

THE TEMPERATE TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

EXCURSIONISTS who like to dine on a Sunday, and to drink beer at dinner, will be glad to hear that MR. GRAVES has abandoned the Bill which, if he had been asinine enough to press, and the Legislature had been sufficiently stupid and Sabbatarian to enact it, would have forbidden them to satiate their hunger and slake their thirst on the first day of the week.

There is a Society, of which MR. GRAVES would do well forthwith to become a member. It is not a community such as that enclosed within walls at Colney Hatch, or as that other similarly circumstanced at Hanwell: no, nor is it cared for in any Asylum for Idiots. It meets at Exeter Hall: it met there the other day. It would, if it could effect its object, keep everybody ont of the public-house on all days of the week. It is, MR. GRAVES, the National Temperance League. Its annual public meeting was held the other day, under the presidency of MR. B. SCOTT, F.R.A.S. A report of its operations was read by MR. R RAE, its Secretary.

By this statement the members of the League, and the public at large, were apprised of the nature of its endeavours to inculcate its principles. Those proceedings are very different from your Bill. They are reasonable and just. For instance, the Very Reverend the Dean of Chichester, DR. HOOK, delivered an effective speech in favour of total abstinence last autumn, before the Church Congress at York. A very reverend, and very rational, and very respectable way of going to work. Then another Very Reverend Dean, the Dean of Westminster, DEAN STANLEY, has agreed, at the request of the Temperance League Committee, to permit the delivery of a temperance sermon by a total abstaining clergyman at one of the approaching special services in Westminster Abbey. Good again. He will have no difficulty in finding a text for a temperance sermon, if he will limit his discourse to that. Should the total abstaining clergyman preach total abstinence, he will have texts to get over; but that is his affair. Well; then MR. RAE enunciated the principle whereon the National Temperance League acts:—

"The Society sought to carry out its objects by moral suasion, and by Christian example. The Society differed from the kindred society, the Alliance, which endeavoured to carry out its views by political and parliamentary action; but the League only employed the aid of moral suasion and religious instruction (*Cheers*). . . . By reason and the force of argument, the platform, and by the press, they would be able to break down the fallacies and the prejudices which existed in opposition to the principles of the League."

Follow their example, MR. GRAVES. Enlist under their banner; and desert the Alliance, if you have been fighting under the flag of the latter. Be content to enforce total abstinence and Sabbatarianism by reason and the force of argument as well as you can; by moral suasion and religious instruction. There may be some difficulty about religious instruction, if you go so far as to preach total abstinence. In that case you will have to resort to the Korân; but you had better do that than seek to close places of refreshment on Sunday by a decree which, though Parliamentary, would be just as tyrannical as any edict ever promulgated by the Grand Turk.

A COOL IDEA.

DEAR PUNCH,

THE Luxemburg question appears difficult to solve. But it is easy in comparison with the question as to what can be the meaning of this passage, which I stumbled on this morning in the *Cornhill Magazine*:—

"Like icy letters, graven on a wall,
That grow the stronger as we pore on them,
Till at the last, they are not seen at all."

"Icy letters," *Mr. Punch!* That 's a cool idea. But is it not a cooler one to fancy that a reader of average intelligence can fathom what is meant by such a simile as this? Yours in amazement,

JONATHAN JONES.

A Prolonged Fencing Bout.

JOHN PARRY has just sung "*Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party*" for the thousandth time. This is the longest interchange of point and PARRY on record.

By this time PARRY ought surely to have mastered every passage, including the North-West.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Knights of the Shire and their humbler associates in the Representation met again, after the Easter Holidays, on *Monday, the 29th of April.*

But before recording their work, it is fitting that *Mr. Punch* should mention that no less a workman than William Ewart Gladstone followed the example of the engine-drivers, tailors, masons, colliery-boys, and others now on Strike, and Struck. The defeat he sustained on the night before the holidays made him think that he could no longer lead, with advantage, an Opposition that thought for itself in Tea Rooms. So, before going over to Paris to give his verdicts on pottery and the like (on which he is a great authority), Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to Mr. Crawford, of the City, renouncing his Amendments, but adding that he was ready to do anything, in the way of concerted action, to prevent any further limitation of what he called the Scanty Modicum of extension of franchise offered by the Government. Remarking that *Mr. Punch* hopes Mr. Gladstone enjoyed his visit to Paris, and that he appeared in his usual place on the Thursday about to be immortalised by the Diamond Pen, we now proceed to the proceedings of

Monday. It appears that France and Prussia are not going to fight about Luxemburg, yet. Lord Stanley had the pleasure of announcing that all the Neutral Powers were to hold a Conference, and that the quarrellers would accept its decision. Anything that impedes the march of the war-fiend must be welcome to all who are not of his own devilish nature. May the Conference be successful. Nobody was astonished, everybody was delighted, that the good Queen of England had written an admirable autograph letter to the King of Prussia, praying him to keep the peace, and warning him that if he did not, he must hope for no moral support from England. We are fully aware of the value of a great, strong Protestant power in the heart of Europe, but one of the features of Protestantism is its protest against doing evil that good may come, and those eminent religionists, the King and Bismarck, are thought to be a little less sound on this doctrine than they might be.

We resumed the debate on the Irish Bill about tenants' improvements, but *Mr. Punch* declines to trouble the world with a reproduction of the arguments. Suffice it to say, that an Amendment, very ably supported by Mr. Gregory, and intended to commit the House to the Encouragement of Leases, was rejected by a small majority, and another, suggested by Mr. Sandford, for inhibiting loans for improvements, except with the consent of the landlord, was rejected by a larger majority, and the debate was again adjourned. And as every Irish result has to be explained afterwards, it is fair to say that these decisions must be understood with the aid of explanations which mean that the divisions did not exactly mean what they seemed to mean—for further particulars apply to Lord Naas, whose business it is to seem to understand the matter.

Tuesday. We had a debate, originated by Mr. Trevelyan (the Competition Wallah), on the Purchase of Army Commissions. That gentleman stated the case against the system very fairly, and moved a resolution condemnatory of it. Sir John Pakington, War Minister, in opposing the motion, admitted that the mover had a strong case, and Lord Hartington said that the system was full of anomalies and evils, but its abolition was surrounded with difficulties. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that he has—or does his fine memory deceive him—heard this kind of answer once or twice before when reforms have been suggested. Mr. Trevelyan was complimented by the official and ex-official swells, and asked to withdraw his motion, but he acknowledged the compliment, and pressed the motion, and was defeated by 116 to 75. The numbers in the House (191 out of 657) either showed the profound interest the Members take in one of the most important questions of the day, or their certainty that officialism would effectually prevent any present action.

Listen to this. We voted £402,000, as a trifle on account of the expenses of the new Palace of Law. You may like to know, also, that lever and pickaxe are hard at work amid the dirty old houses behind the left of the Strand, and that among others a den once consecrated by a visit paid by our most religious and gracious King, Old Rowley, (we may guess his Majesty's errand) has gone down before the invading navvies.

Wednesday. In the absence of a theme for the usual theological set-to of Wednesday, we had a couple of speeches on Communication between Railway Passengers and Guards. Mr. H. B. Sheridan will accept our best thanks for forcing the subject on Parliamentary notice. He had a Bill for compelling the companies to make the necessary arrangements. It was, of course, opposed by Government, with the usual pleas—the best being that we might as well see what the Royal Commission would report on the subject. Mr. Cave seemed to think that a personal insult was cast at the directors by the attempt to make them take care of the lives of their customers. Well, so there was, and they deserve it, and *Mr. Punch* means to insult them a little more, until they shall all have adopted some contrivance for the security of mankind. They are ready enough to rush at any device for preventing tickets from being tampered with, or second classers getting into first-class carriages, but they, mostly, evince a strange want of interest in something we care a great deal more about.

Mr. Graves presented a petition in favour of his Bill for regulating public houses. It was signed, he said, by 82,182 persons, but *Mr. Punch*, who immediately went to the table to count, could only, after going through the sum five times, make it more than 82,180, but he does not think it necessary to accuse Mr. Graves of wilful mis-statement. After this, he withdrew his Bill, because Government had threatened to oppose it, and had also promised to look into the question next year—perhaps rather a safe promise, certain circumstances considered.

While on the subject of public houses, *Mr. Punch* desires, in the kindliest spirit he is sure, to ask a question. There was to have been a great prize-fight the other day. It did not come off, an Irish giant who was to have been one of the combatants, was out of the way. Never mind that. Mr. Roberts, landlord of a well-known public house, boldly writes to the papers, defending Gigas and saying that he himself was the chief supporter of that party. He dates from his inn, in which we hope he will not take less ease when *Mr. Punch* shall have asked, firstly, whether it is a lawful thing to promote a fight, and secondly whether licensing magistrates have anything to say to victuallers who encourage such things? Because it appears to *Mr. Punch* that to refuse the licence of some little publican who has allowed a game of whist, and to concede it to a big publican who avows that he has been specially active in getting up a scene of brutal blackguardism is —— thoroughly English in its absurd inconsistency.

Thursday. The Lords met. *Mr. Punch* is happy to say that Lord Derby's gout has retired, and has left him so well that he was able not only to attend in his place and make Luxemburg explanations, but to endure deputations from Working-Men's Conservative Associations. We hear that these Conservative artisans were singularly well dressed, for provincials, and that the perfumes on their cambric were of a very good class. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli did not laugh, however, until they heard the street-door shut behind the Conservative Working-Men.

Then, Ladies (persons, we mean,) and Gentlemen, the Committee on the Reform Bill sat again.

Last time we chronicled a Government victory. That is not exactly the story we have now to tell.

Lord Grosvenor withdrew his amendment in favour of a £5 Rating Franchise, but declared his anxiety to make the Bill a good one.

Mr. Ayrton moved the second of Mr. Gladstone's abandoned (we mean forsaken) amendments—that for doing away with the two years' residence, and for making it one year.

Government, through Pakington and Karslake opposed the amendment,—Mr. Bass supported it, and spoke up with effervescence in favour of the Tea Room. Mr. Bright supported Mr. Ayrton.

On division, Government was beaten by 278 to 197—81.

Mr. Disraeli demanded time to consult his colleagues. It was conceded.

Friday. The night was much wasted in debate about the meeting which Beales and his accomplices insisted on holding in Hyde Park. The Queen's Government protested against it, Mr. Gladstone most earnestly entreated the League not to hold it, Mr. Thomas Hughes, a Leaguer, did all in his power to prevent it. Mr. Baight and Mr. Peter Taylor encouraged it. These proceedings "make people think of several things," as Mr. Carlyle says.

Mr. Disraeli, having consulted his colleagues, regretted the decision of the Committee on the previous night, and did not think it inconsistent with his duty to defer to that decision. In one of Mr. Planché's burlesques, written in days when play-goers understood wit, a King mentions an opinion which he had stated:

> "*Prime Minister* You did, my liege, and I agreed with you.
> "*King.* Uncompromising man, you always do."

Mr. Walpole brought in a Bill for punishing any persons who should hold any sort of meeting in the Parks without the permission of the Queen.

Robin Hood's Riflemen.

On Monday evening last week there was held at the Drill-room, Nottingham Castle, the Annual Meeting of the Robin Hood Rifles. The name of this corps is remarkable. The weapons of Robin Hood and his merry men were, to be sure, bows and arrows, but travellers with purses to lose, who fell in their way, used generally to find that their expertness in archery was even surpassed by their dexterity in rifling.



BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT.

Edith. "Now, Tommy, you keep Turning slowly, till we've Done it all round."

SOLVITUR ABERRANDO;

OR, WALPOLE'S WANDERINGS.

Oh, weep for the hour
When Home Secretary's power
To the man of tears and terrors, Spencer Walpole, came,
The clerks were puzzled quite,
And Waddington waxed white,
At first for consternation, then red for shame.

A Sec we may have soon,
Who to quite another tune
Would handle blatant Beales if to conference he came;
But none will see the day
When the stain will pass away
Which the tears for Hyde Park railings left on Walpole's name.

When Wager took the life
Of his miserable wife,
And deserved, if ever murderer deserved, to swing,
Walpole clapped his veto's check
'Twixt the gallows and his neck,
And mercy's self to disrepute contrived to bring.

Then the Toomer business lay,
Like a rat-trap in the way,
For Walpole to get caught in, till Waddington quite swore:
His chief so blundered in't,
Both in and out of print,
You'd have thought it quite impossible to blunder more.

First, the verdict he'd respect;
Then, the proofs he would dissect;
Till, at last 'twixt would and wouldn't, he wandered to the light:
But his reasons when we get
Why the verdict he upset,
We find he had wrong reasons for doing what was right!

To be now right, now wrong,
To mortals doth belong;
If *Humanum est errare*, then Walpole's twice a man;
With the best intent, we know,
Wrong he still contrives to go,
The most persistent bungler since bungling first began.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTION.

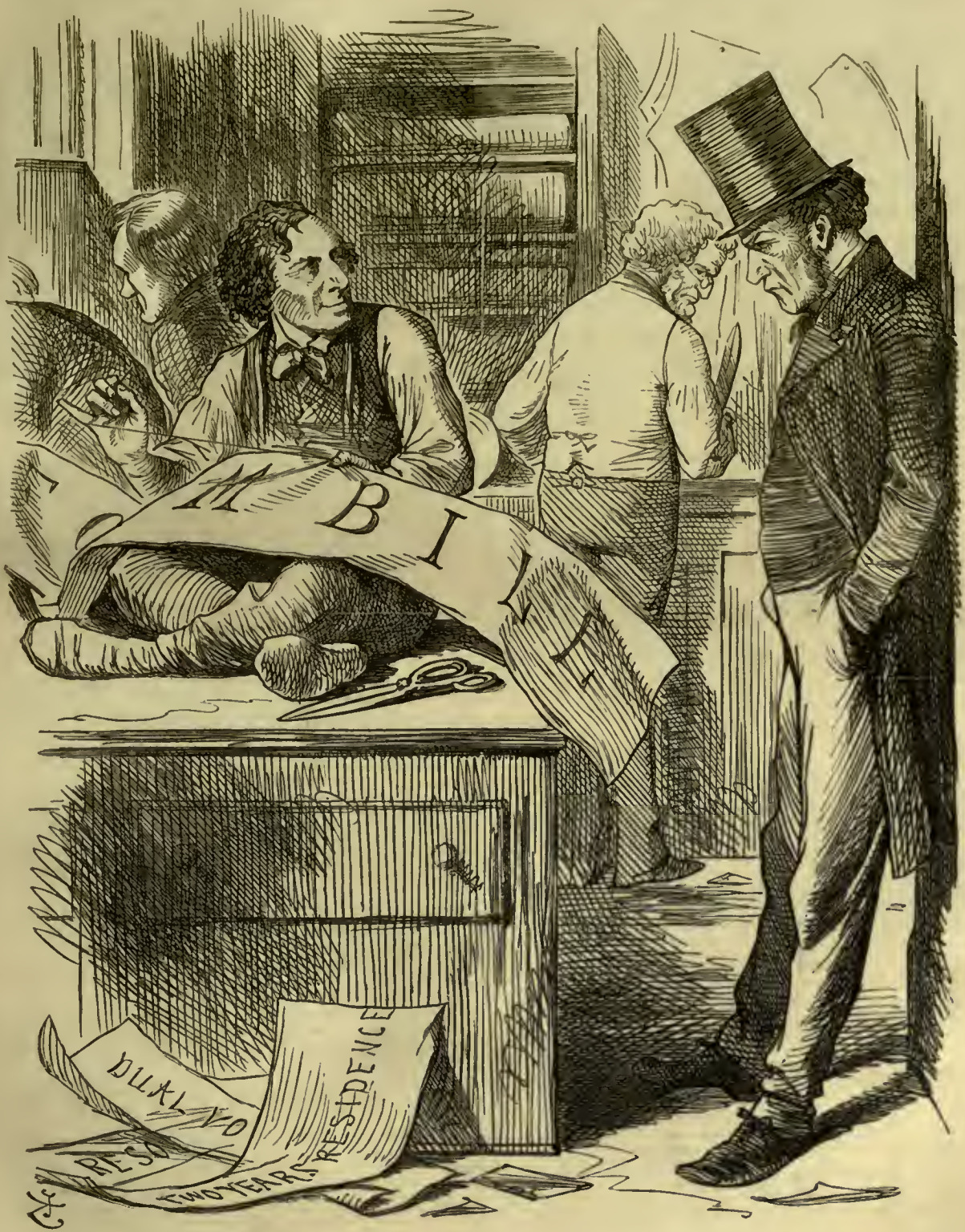
Mr. Punch,

A Play-house Advertisement takes me mightily. It gives out that:—

THE SATYR is the title of a New Ballet Divertissement at the Lyceum Theatre, in which the extraordinary dancer, M. Espinosa, will make his fifth appearance in London these five years; Mdlle. Sophie and a numerous Corps de Ballet.

I suppose M. Espinosa, the extraordinary dancer, is to play the character the Ballet is named after. It is no doubt very proper that he who plays a dancing Satyr should be an extraordinary dancer; and truly, methinks to do it well he ought to be a very extraordinary dancer indeed. I do mean to go, if I can get away, and see M. Espinosa dance. If, as I suppose, he act the Satyr, his dancing cannot but be extraordinary if he do it right; and the rather because while other dancers trip it, as the saying is, on the light fantastique toe, a Satyr must needs trip it on his hoofs; which is more fantastique. I long to see M. Espinosa with Mdlle. Sophie dance as a Satyr among the *corps de ballet*, and expect the dancing to be mighty pretty, and most extraordinary, and myself to be pleased and delighted with it more than I ever was with anything in my life almost; for nothing ever did or doth, I think, please me so much as extraordinary dancing such as I do imagine a Satyr's would be. It is very strange that I should continue to like such things just as much as I ever did in the flesh, and perhaps more; and I very much admire your new Table, and the fair Medium you get this communication by from

S. Pepys.



THE POLITICAL TAILORS.

DIZZY. "NOW, THEN, GLADSTONE, JUMP UP!—YOU PROMISED TO LEND A HELPING HAND, YOU KNOW."
GLADSTONE. "NO, I'M 'ON STRIKE;' AND YOU MAY FINISH THE JOB AS YOU BEST CAN."



THE LANGUAGE OF LEGISLATION.



WHILOM, in the good old middle ages, the King of England used to keep a fool. The Parliament appears to have been unprovided with any such officer. That, however, is what can by no means be said of the contemporary Legislature. Read the following extract from a statute passed in the present reign, enacting:—

"That where a justice shall adjudge the defendant to be imprisoned, and he shall then be in prison undergoing imprisonment for some other offence, it shall be lawful for the justices to order that the imprisonment for the subsequent offence shall commence after the former term has expired."

Now, who but a fool, and a very great fool, could possibly have composed such bewildering nonsense as that? No wonder that a prisoner, sentenced under the Act which it is quoted from, appealed to the Queen's Bench, and that the construction of the foregoing jumble puzzled the learned Judges, with LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN at their head. The Act in question is called "Jervis's Act," and when it passed one would think that JERVIS must have held the situation above suggested as existing in connection with modern Parliaments. But the composition of unmeaning statutes is no fun, and the Collective Wisdom, to word its decrees, ought to employ somebody who is *not* a fool.

THE STRIKE OF ARMY-SURGEONS.

Concession of the Employers.

THERE is now some prospect of the relief of that surgical destitution which the British Army has been so long groaning under, in consequence of the gross deception, in the matter of a certain Royal Warrant, practised on its medical officers by authority at Head-Quarters. The attention of medical gentlemen will have been captivated by the following statement in the *British Medical Journal*:—

"CONCESSIONS TO THE ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE.—We are able to announce on excellent authority that the recommendations for improving the relative rank, and otherwise ameliorating the social position of the medical officers of the Army, which were made by the committee, have been accepted by the War-Office, and will be embodied in the consolidated and revised book of warrants which will shortly be issued. The warrant just issued, referring to the pay of medical officers, and granting the scale advised, together with a further Improvement of pay in the inspectorial ranks, was published separately, in order that the change might begin with the financial year at the commencement of April."

When the next first of April comes, let us hope that any Surgeons who shall have entered the Army on the faith of the warrant just issued, will not find themselves in the position into which ingenuous simplicity is apt on that day to betray confiding minds. But a profession capable of being twice taken in, would be foolish in a degree far below the folly of mere April fools. Never again, your ROYAL HIGHNESS, never again! The *British Medical Journal* expresses hope that the moment of popularity for the medical service of the Army is not far distant. Mistrust, too well grounded, may, however, postpone it indefinitely. Its arrival might possibly be accelerated if the authority responsible for the revocation of the deceptive Warrant would come forward with a solemn and duly attested affidavit declaring that the promises held out in the one just issued, and in the warrants that remain to be issued, shall be religiously kept. The concessions at last plighted by the Horse Guards to the medical profession are all very fine; but when they have answered their purpose, it is to be feared that they will be repudiated like "vows made in pain, as violent and void." The determined stand of the medical profession on its rights and its dignity has had the effect of making Head-Quarters give way; but necessity alone has driven them to this.

The Masters' Latin Primer.

WE denounce it. *Mr. Punch* had not looked at it until yesterday, when, condescending to open it, he found on the third page a direction to "drop rum in the first declension." It may be right to sweeten learning, but to habituate boys of tender years to the use of ardent spirits, is a crime. Cannot a declension be swallowed without having rum dropped into it? We denounce the book. The Masters ought to be ashamed of themselves.

THE BOTANY OF THE CHIGNON.

(Exclusive of the Daucus carota.)

THE form of the female pigtail, or chignon, is more remarkable than elegant. Unlike that of its masculine original, it approaches the globular. The remark which it accordingly suggests is, that the chignon in shape somewhat resembles the globe. The internal resemblance of the chignon to the earth is even greater than that presented by its exterior. In a list of publications, just out, occurs the subjoined advertisement, as interesting in a scientific as in a fashionable point of view:—

"THE CHIGNON FUNGUS.—Its Life, History, and Development, with fifteen illustrations, drawn from living specimens under the microscope, showing the various stages of its growth. By DR. TILBURY FOX. See *Science Gossip* for May."

Science Gossip is published by MR. HARDWICKE of Piccadilly; so the gossip may be safely taken as truly scientific on trust. Not only, then, is the chignon like this planet as regards figure, but it is a little world in itself; a world that teems with life. A philosophic foreign naturalist had already discovered in the chignon minute organisations belonging to the animal kingdom. DR. TILBURY FOX has now augmented British Zoology, by demonstrating the existence of vegetable structures also in that fashionable ornament of the feminine occiput. The chignon is proved not only to be the habitation of animalcular forms of being, but also to abound with fungous growths. In addition to the "gregarine" there is the "chignon fungus." We naturally associate the idea of these tiny productions with that of the dainty folk

> "Whose sport
> Is to make midnight mushrooms;"

and of them that

> "By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites."

who, however, in fact are identical with the others; for the "green sour ringlets," as everybody now knows, are circles, in which grow crops of funguses. It is perhaps allowable to say—

> In green sour ringlets grow champignons,
> But other funguses in chignons.

The knowledge of this fact cannot but increase the popularity of those graceful embellishments, replete, as they may be imagined to be, with the creations of hairy sprites, funguses wrought by fairy fingers.

THE CHARMING CLUB.

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,

PERMIT me, on behalf of a numerous and highly-gifted body of your fairest admirers, to solicit a great favour at your hands. Will you do us the unspeakable honour of laying the foundation-stone of the "Charming Club," a Club, as you are aware, purely political, and composed of ladies only.

Any day will suit us for the ceremony, and we only wait your gracious assent to give MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSKELL instructions for a golden trowel. If you would prefer a conference, a brilliant deputation will wait upon you at the Treasury, in Bride's Passage—say between two and four any morning, Wednesdays (of course) excepted, as on that day, I believe, you give audience only to the *corps diplomatique*.

I have the honour to be, Dear Sir,
Your obedient, humble, and obliged Servant,
HARRY WILD ROSE,
Lovegrove's. *(Hon. Sec. to the Committee.)*

Little Rhymes for Little Rioters.

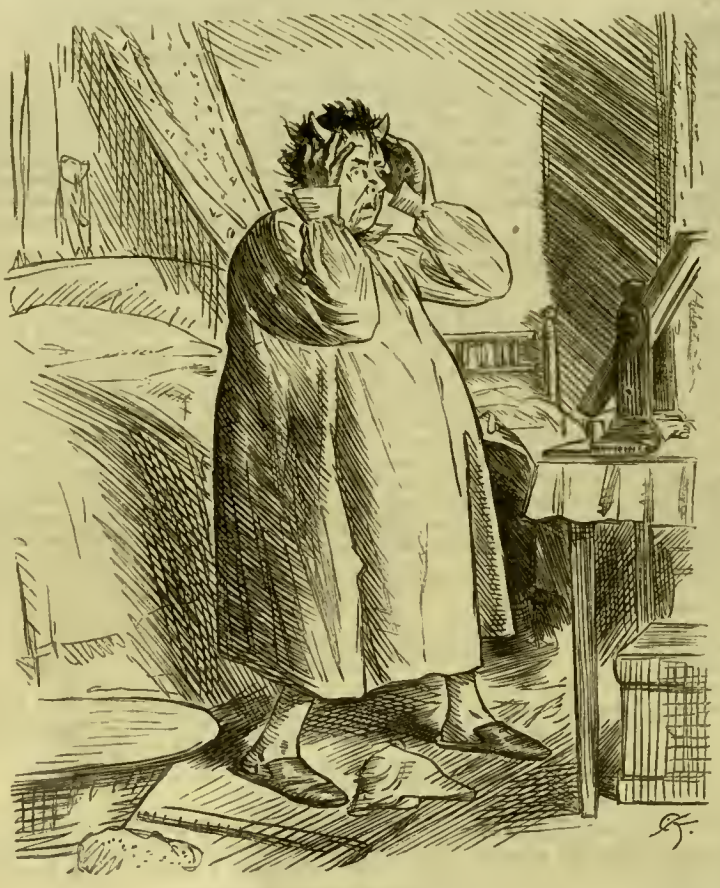
IF in faith of the fist
BEALES and BRADLAUGH persist
To claim rights, yet the test shun
Of rights—legal question;
Then BRADLAUGH and BEALES
Must be laid by the heels,
Until BEALES and BRADLAUGH
Learn Mob-law is bad law.

Striking Suggestions.

IN consequence of the strike among the journeymen tailors, the usual regulations as to evening dress will be everywhere dispensed with.

The attention of the Nobility and Gentry is respectfully directed to the restorative qualities of the Black and Blue Reviver.

In view of ultimately possible eventualities, the Society of Ancient Britons is contemplating the extended cultivation of woad.



BEWARE!

Podgers found that Liebig's "Extractum Carnis" was uncommonly nice for Supper, and he'd nearly Finished his second Ten Shilling Pot. But one Morning he discovered—— [*The unfortunate man is in an asylum.*

A PARODY UPON A PARASITE.

Air—"*The Ivy Green.*"

Oh, a dainty nest hath the Gregarine,
In many a chignon fair;
There snugly he hideth, for combs never clean
The purchased and alien hair.
He plays unmolested the frisettes amid,
Scarce, save by a microscope, seen:
There he gambols at will, being easily hid,
Like the fays on the moonlit green!

Chorus.
Creeping where 'tis not quite clean,
A parasite gay is the Gregarine.

He crosseth the ocean, this roamer gay,
Of a dainty dwelling in quest;
And on many a head will he couch on his way,
Ere he findeth a quiet nest.
On the skull of a serf he was cradled, may be,
In a foul-smelling Russian back-slum:
Whence, brought to bedeck English beauty, did he
With hosts of his relatives come!

Chorus.
Creeping where 'tis rarely clean,
A parasite sleek is the Gregarine!

But, tho' lowly his birth, a free entrance he gains
To the highest society here;
On the Queen of the Fashion, in Mayfair who reigns,
He dwells, where no foe need he fear.
Snug he sleeps in the chignon which, tho' it be false,
Brainless Beauty thinks proper to wear:
Till he's waked by the whirl of a galop, or valse,
When he dances himself in mid-hair.

Chorus.
Creeping where 'tis seldom clean,
A parasite rare is the Gregarine!

The Muscovites on the Motherbank.

The other day the Imperial Russian squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Kern, having recently returned to Europe from the North Pacific, anchored at the Motherbank, off Ryde. Fancy the Russians in the Solent! It is like their insolence.

PUNCH TO PRESIDENT.

Dear Sir Francis,

I understand that by your rules, as lately amended, it is open to the Academy to extend indefinitely the number of Associates. I congratulate you on the wide opening thus made for the infusion of new blood into the veins of the Academic body. *Entre nous*, with all the rising or risen talent already included in your ranks, you want a good deal more to counteract the dead-weight of some half dozen of your body, who can't paint, and have not the good sense to give up exhibiting the proofs of it.

But it is especially in landscape that you must be anxious for the transfusion into the *Corpus Academicum* of a fresh tap from the body of outsiders. Creswick is very well, but *toujours* Creswick is tiresome; and he is the only landscape painter left in the Academy, now Lee is painted out, and Stanfield, full of years and honour, is on the point of giving up the brush.

I cannot doubt, looking at the Exhibition just opened, that the Academy will hasten to welcome into its pale H. W. B. Davis, Mason, Peter Graham, T. and J. Linnell, Vicat Cole, and B. Leader.

I know, too, what pleasure it gives the forty to recognise, in the son of an old member, a revival of some of the purest and sweetest qualities of his father's genius. This will, no doubt, make you eager to open your doors to G. D. Leslie, whose pictures this year are hardly, if at all, less delightful than his last year's *Clarissa*.

St. John's Wood is already so strongly represented among you, that a high-toned anxiety to resist all appearance of partiality or personal influence can alone explain your non-admission of Mr. Wynfield, the painter of *Cromwell's Deathbed*, while the proverbial reluctance of the Scotch to stand by each other, probably accounts for your not yet having held out the hand of associateship to Mr. J. Archer and Mr. Orchardson.

But in one conspicuous case of merit this year, the fear of yielding whether to personal or national partisanship, cannot come into play. I refer to the case of Mr. E. J. Poynter. Aware, as I am, of the eager anxiety of the Academy to do honour to research, thought, and the highest technical acquirements wherever it can find them, I am delighted to think that you have such an excellent opportunity for showing how you esteem these qualities, by at once electing Mr. Poynter an Associate, for his most scholar-like, well-composed, well-drawn, and well-painted picture of *The Sphynx*.

If you don't, I shall know it is because you like your little joke, and see an opening for one *apropos* of Mr. Poynter's subject.

The public will naturally ask, "*Why* don't you make him an Associate?" and you will say, "Ask the Sphynx."

You see the allusion. If you don't, ask Leighton, and he will explain it to you. He is up in *Lemprière* and the Classics.

Congratulating you on an excellent Exhibition, which would be still better if it could be weeded of the works of a few of our friends whom I need not mention more particularly,

I remain, dear Sir Francis,
Yours ever most truly,
PUNCH.

Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., &c., &c., &c.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Classic Cuss.—No. The Musical statue was at Thebes, but the Greeks did not erect a monument to Harmonium and Aristogeiton, nor is it more likely that it was Aristogeiton with his Harmonium.

Right U.R.—Pawnbrokers do as a rule live in Hampshire. The reason is obvious, says a Cockney Correspondent, as *Huncles* are fond of *Hants*.

Sweep Sleaks.—Old May day was originally celebrated as the Festival of Ladies over a certain age. It was written "Old Maid Day." The custom has been abolished in most English villages.

Scotch Numbers.—True: what's one thing in one place is another somewhere else. What a tourist is told in England that he should see first when going North, is the Forth when he reaches Scotland.

ART-CRITICISM IN GLOBULES.

(For Visitors to the National Portrait Exhibition.)



LET us go to South Kensington. Not COLE'S branch, but SKETCHLEY'S. See the portraits, I mean second batch, from 1688 to 1800.

Worst time of English Politics, and best time of English Art and Literature.

More knaves and fools in stars and garters, more English* poets, essayists, historians, dramatists, worth reading, more English painters worth studying, than in the same number of years in any century, bar none.

Look at *Montrose*, "Bonny Dundee." This is the true portrait.—fierce, scornful, beautiful. "No others are genuine."

Look at WILLIAM'S Dutchmen—big-headed, broad-jawed, keen, close men. Even KNELLER couldn't take the bone and grit out of them.

KNELLER wasn't such a muff, after all. He was the best painter of a bad school. His *Governor Pitt* is a good picture: one understands how CHATHAMS and WILLIAM PITTS came of those strong loins.

KNELLER'S Kit-cats are worth looking at. But the snobs among them are better than the nobs. None is so good as *Jacob Tonson*.

KIT CATT is an ideal of mine host, but it isn't KIT CATT at all, nor KNELLER'S, but another tavern-keeper by another painter. The picture is engraved with the real man's name. I'll tell it you, when MR. W. SMITH tells me, as he has promised to do.

Look at the *Old Pretender*, and you'll understand why the STUARTS were kicked out, and couldn't get back again. It is the face of a peevish, fussy, deplorable old woman. Not a possibility of revolution in that long-drawn, lugubrious mug.

Charlie is a shade better, but only a shade.

Don't look at *Flora Macdonald*, if you don't want a disillusion. High cheek-bones, complexion that calls up ideas of cast wind and sour milk, and a suggestiveness of raw bones and broad Scotch about the *ensemble*.

If you want to know what asses were the Art-Critics of a century ago (till *Punch* came), read what they say about HOGARTH, and then look at his pictures.

I have been on my knees to his little *Miss Rich* an hour a-day since the Gallory opened. Yes, sir,—

> "I have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below!"

She is simply a blue-eyed angel in a mob-cap, and she is as much alive for me now, as she was for HOGARTH a hundred years ago; and in all those hundred years she has not grown an hour older. Bless her pretty turn-up nose, and her clear blue eyes, and her fresh little mouth, breathing roses and violets and the innocence of sweet sixteen.

N.B.—I am aware this is woman-worship, and not art-criticism.

Revenons à nos moutons.

Said muttons are the idiots who have gone on repeating, one after another, that HOGARTH had no sense of beauty, and that HOGARTH couldn't paint.

Look at his *Miss Rich*, for an answer to the one imbecility, and at his *Sarah Malcolm* (opposite), and his *Bishop Hooper* (a few bays before), for the lie direct to the other.

HOGARTH was immeasurably the best portrait-painter between VANDYKE and REYNOLDS, and nobody ever painted a pretty woman with a finer relish.

How about SIR JOSHUA and GAINSBOROUGH?

I hardly know.

SIR JOSHUA never painted anything so wonderful for air and space and gradation, as this *Lord Mendip* of GAINSBOROUGH, or this head of MRS. G. in the lace pinners and black mantilla.

But I am inclined to think SIR JOSHUA has revealed more characters of men, more lovelinesses of children, more graces of women, than any painter who ever painted.

Still GAINSBOROUGH has done some wonders in his art which were beyond SIR JOSHUA.

His *Lord Mendip* looks like flesh and blood standing in air; SIR JOSHUA'S *Lord Mansfield*, beside it, like paint on canvas.

* *Query*, by a devil of Elizabethan proclivities.

And yet LORD MANSFIELD'S is a noble portrait.

But who, now-a-days, will embody for me on canvas a vision of fair women like SIR JOSHUA'S *Lady Lincoln* at the harp, or his *Lady Powis* walking in her park, in white-sprigged mantua, and broad blue beaver, or his *Countess Spencer* in bridal white muslin, and simple straw hat, or his earnest and gracious *Lady Beaumont* in black mantilla, or the sweet smiling girlishness of the *Jessamy Bride*, endeared to us by the memory of GOLDSMITH, as well as her own loveliness and loveableness, or the arch smile and laughing eyes of *Little Comedy?*

By this time I feel transported out of the regions of art-criticism altogether. *Similia similibus!* For a cure, I must fling away my art globules, and treat myself with homœopathic doses of female loveliness. I have only to look at the ladies instead of the pictures. Reader, go thou and don't do likewise!

A NEW CHURCH-ORGAN WANTED.

REVERED PUNCH,

Apropos des bottes, and of sandals, albs and tunicles, it strikes me that our Church is in want of a new Organ. You don't quite seem to see it? Well, then permit me to remind you that "organ" is in these days a synonym for "newspaper," and now I think you will see clearly what this *novum organum* should be. Besides the amiable *Record*, there are several journals extant for reflecting and discussing the doctrines of the Church, but there is not one devoted to description of its dresses. Surely, now that millinery is thought of so much in the church militant—I am tempted to say, millinerytant, and I yield to the temptation,—surely now there is a sore need of a journal like *Le Follet*, to describe the latest fashions in vogue with reverend swells. If, like some weak-minded women, Mother Church has set her heart upon seeing her sons gorgeously and splendidly arrayed, there should clearly be a journal to inform her what the fashions are, and to describe the newest novelties invented by church milliners, for adornment of the parsons, priests and pillars of the Church.

Financially, the *Church Follet* must prove a great success. Among the ladies it would certainly command a ready sale, and old women (of both sexes) would read it with delight. They would be charmed to hear the details, let us say, of Convocation, described as the *Church Follet* picturesquely would report them, stating how one prelate wore a sweet thing in dalmatics, while another came out grandly in a bran new blue silk tunicle, and sported a green velvet cassock of quite a novel cut. Imagine, too, the rapture of young ladies at finding a delightful account in the *Church Follet* of the vestments which were worn by the REVEREND ALB CHASUBLE, on the memorable occasion when he was privately presented with a pair of satin sandals, embroidered by the fingers of the fairest of his flock.

Merely throwing out the notion as one worthy to receive your serious attention (although I fear it is provocative of somewhat comic treatment) believe me yours in all humility, where the Bishops are concerned,

EBENEZER BROADGRIN.

VOLUNTEER CORPS OF INVINCIBLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

MILITARY men are at this moment sitting down to a careful study of the multiplication table. (I am not now at MISS TINKLEKEY'S Establishment for young Ladies, so don't be surprised at my knowing something about public affairs.) To put our Army on a firm footing many sensible schemes have been devised by parties conversant with that particular business, from the simple fact of their being in the line. A reserve force has been suggested.

Our dear country has sufficient Brothers—but why should she not also have—Sisters—in arms? I know many very pretty girls who cannot sing without real emotion that little heart-stirring ballad ending—

> "If an army of Amazons e'er came in my way,
> Like a dashing white sergeant I'd march away."

I feel sure that their patriotic aspirations would meet with approving smiles from our illustrious commander-in-chief. A gallant Irish Major once told me that nothing looks so killing as a lady in laurels. We ought to remember that the eyes of Europe are upon us now we are agitating for electoral rights, and if England expects every man to do his duty, we ought to be prepared to do ours.

Is a recruiting officer not as handsome as a returning officer? (I never saw a returning officer. Does he wear a pink sash, and when he is returning, does he ride or walk?) On a show of hands would not our candidate be greatly encouraged if his charming supporters showed that with respect to needle-guns as well as needles, they were capable of holding their own? Veteran heroes, I believe, look upon a battle as a mere bagatelle, and you won't be startled when I assure you that I am perfectly familiar with the sound of a cannon-ball. Indeed, *entre nous*, I have often made a cannon when Papa couldn't. O! how dearly I should like to fire one.

Ever ever yours,

Poppleton. JENNY RATAPLAN.

HUNTING THE WILD BOAR.



A RESPECTABLE GENTLEMAN, DESIRING A LITTLE EMOTION, DECIDES TO HUNT THE WILD BOAR.



HE FINDS IT ALREADY RATHER EXCITING—AS, INSTEAD OF HUNTING, HE IS HUNTED.



POSITION FULL OF EMOTION



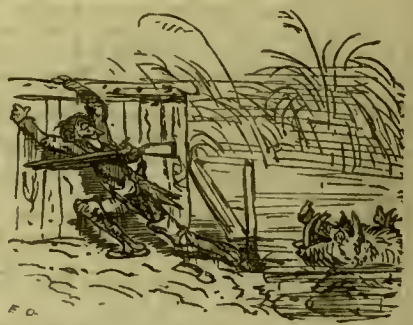
CONTINUES TO BE VERY EXCITING!!



STILL MORE EXCITING!!!



EXTREMELY EXCITING FOR HIS COAT-TAILS.



BUT THE COAT-TAILS NOT BEING EQUAL TO THE EXCITEMENT, GIVE WAY.



THE EXCITING FOUR SOUNDERS, NOT BEING SATISFIED WITH A COUPLE OF COAT-TAILS, BECOME IN A FURIOUS RAGE.



RESULT, AND RETURN OF THE GREAT NIMROD.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 11, 1867.

TRUTH AT THE ACADEMY DINNER.



UDE people attack the Academy Dinner—declare it is a wrong expenditure of the Academy funds, a tribute to flunkeyism, and an occasion for snobbishness, an example of the worst features of public dinnerism, in a case where those features should find no countenance, with the Arts for hosts, and the Eminences and Celebrities for guests.

But the fact is, the thing is misunderstood, owing to a shameful mystification preached by the press. *Reporters are not now admitted.* In order to conceal their humiliation at the exclusion, the morning papers have connived at the publication of a mock report of the speeches at the dinner, founded on the sort of thing that used to be said there; but is now, happily, and thanks to the influences which have brought about both Parliamentary and Academic Reform, out of date.

The fact is, that dry fact and candid experience are now the standing dishes of the Academic dessert; that the toasts of the day are drunk, not in more or less questionable vintages, but in the tonic waters from the well of truth, decanters of which, with "bitter cups" for quaffing it from, are placed on the tables as soon as the cloth is removed, and the Academicians and their guests are left to their own reflections in the Academic mahogany, which is polished, for these occasions, as bright as a mirror, expressly that hosts and visitors may see themselves as they are.

We have been requested by the Council—naturally indignant at the fictitious report in the morning journals, which puts into the mouths of those who proposed and those who responded to the toasts of the day, exactly the same fulsome and unmeaning rigmarole of compliments and congratulations which used to go down in times of less sincerity and straightforwardness—to publish a sample, at least, of what was actually said by some of the speakers at the last dinner.

The PRESIDENT, in proposing the Guests of the Day, remarked, that a good deal used once to be said on these occasions of all that the Art owed to the patronage of the nobility, and the enlightened protection and interest of the Legislature. This was all rot, of course, and they all knew it to be rot. The nobility, if they had ever been the artists' best customers, had long forfeited that character. Indeed, he doubted if they had ever done much in the way of patronising native Art—contemporary Art, at all events. But, so long as the painters had trusted to the Swells—he was a bit of a Swell himself, so he hoped his language would not be considered offensive or unbecoming—they had had a deuced bad time of it—had, in fact, hardly been able to keep body and soul together. He excepted the portrait-painters; they had no doubt owed a great deal to the nobility—or rather the nobility had owed a great deal to them. They had painted their family pictures, and had not always got paid for them as punctually as might be. He understood REYNOLDS had a heavy balance due to him when he died; and he hoped this would be a warning to SIR JOSHUA'S successors in the President's chair—he assumed they would, as a rule, be portrait-painters—always to insist on the rule of half payment before the first sitting.

But, except in the way of having their portraits painted, it was certain that, now-a-days, at all events, it was not the Nobs who were the painters' best patrons. They had to look to the dealers first, and there were no patrons like them, and he was sorry not to see some of them at that table; and then to the rich manufacturers and merchants—the men who made money and spent it, and who considered pictures the correct thing. Whether they knew or cared about 'em much was another question. So that their Lordships and the other Swells invited to this dinner must not suppose they were asked in the character of patrons. And if they didn't do much in the way of buying pictures, he was afraid they did about as little in the way of knowing or caring about 'em. He lived with the class he was describing, and knew all about it. There was hardly one of them could trust himself to an opinion about a picture; and if he did take a shot at that kind of game, ten to one it was a miss. No. The Swells were there because it was creditable to the Academy to have them there; it put the R.A's. on a sort of level, for the moment, with the big-wigs they were allowed to ask, and that was a great thing for a good many of the members who, unlike himself, were not born into that class of society. Besides it kept up the prestige of the Academy out-of-doors, and that had a direct effect on their market. The Snobs bought because they fancied the Nobs understood and admired: so that it was a very short-sighted view to take—and he had known such a view taken within as well as outside the Academy, he was sorry to say,—that the money spent on the dinner was improperly withdrawn from the cause of the Arts. It helped to keep up the credit of the Academy, to give them a tone in society; it afforded them a point of contact with the "upper ten," which in this country always pays in the long run. In point of fact he'd be bound to say there wasn't any £300 spent by the Academy in its schools, or its prizes, or any common-place expenditure of that kind, which brought them in as much money as the £300 spent on that dinner.

LORD DERBY, in returning thanks for Her Majesty's Ministers, observed that he believed it was quite true, as the PRESIDENT had said, that public men in this country didn't know much about Art; but one thing at least he knew about it—it was a confounded nuisance whenever it turned up in Parliament. There were a few fellows—ELCHO and HOPE, and BENTINCK and LAYARD, and GREGORY and DANBY SEYMOUR—who thought they knew something about it, and who always made a row when there was any question about spending

money for frescoes, or new buildings, or the British Museum, or the National Gallery, or anything of that kind. It was impossible to please them; and a First Commissioner of Works was no better than a toad under a harrow, they led him such a life. He should be glad to see the day when Art was tabooed in Parliament altogether, and left to the Cottonocracy, who really seemed to like it, and, who having no ancestors, and no picture galleries collected by their forefathers, were of course obliged to buy pictures for themselves. He knew a good many of them down in Lancashire, and liked them. They were honest, hearty, hard-working fellows, and not at all a bad sort on the whole. He wished them joy of their pictures, and hoped the Academy would always find a good market among them.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose health was drunk with a reminder that the Royal Academy had never come a-begging to the Exchequer, said that was all very true, but he didn't see what right the Royal Academy had to take credit to themselves for that. It was true they had not bled John Bull in that particular pocket which he kept guard over, but they had bled him in another; the pocket in which he kept his shillings for his own amusement. They had drawn his money from that pocket to a pretty tune, and had kept up their schools very badly, and their own pension list very fairly, had given their prizes very uselessly, and paid their travelling students very meagrely, and discharged their annual dinner-bill very liberally out of the money which they raised by exhibiting the works of all the painters in England. If they flattered themselves that it was the pictures of Academicians that drew the money, he begged to say that he had seen a good many pictures by Academicians that day, which he felt sure must keep money out of the rooms; and he would advise them, if they wished to be able to boast honestly that the Academicians made the chief attraction of the Exhibition, to include in their ranks all the men who could paint better pictures than a respectable minority of the present Academicians, both in figures and landscape. In his official position it was his duty to work out arithmetical questions connected with matters of business, and when he was told that the annual produce of the Exhibition was something over £10,000, and when he looked at that receipt, and how it was spent, all he could say was, that the Academicians might be thankful they were not liable to have their accounts overhauled by either the Audit Office or by the House of Commons.

COMPOUND LODGERS.

Dear Punch,

There has been a lot of talk about the Compound Householder, but what is to be done, pray, with the Compound Lodger? Charley Brown and I are chums, and live in the same rooms, and are constantly debating upon this important question. If Lodgers get the franchise, pray which of us will vote? or shall we both of us enjoy that invaluable privilege? We are Compound Lodgers in more senses than one. Ours is a compound occupation of our rooms, and we very often have to compound with our landlord in the matter of our rent. Besides, the question, you must own, is really an important one. There are thousands of lodgers who are compound like ourselves, not to speak of those who

> "Compound for sins they feel inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

Then, supposing that they get the franchise (and now the Tories are in office, there is no knowing what a Radical Reform Bill may be squeezed from them), do you think that Compound Lodgers will be forced, before they vote, to prove that they have paid their rent? That wouldn't suit my cash-book, nor Charley's either, just at present, and you may tell Disraeli that we shall not support him, if our liberty to vote be thus pecuniarily restricted. We agree to pay rent monthly, but we usually don't; and much as we should like to exercise the franchise (that's the proper slang, I fancy), I doubt if we could alter our financial operations so as always to be able to march to the poll with our receipt for last month's rent all ready for inspection.

Begging you to say a word for us, believe me,

Yours expectantly,

Junius Jones.

In and Out at the Home Office.

(A Posy.)

For Walpole tears;
For Hardy cheers!

Thought for Trades' Unions.

The movement now visible in the various Strikes that are going on amongst the working classes may be said to be unhealthy; but this statement must be taken with a qualification. The strikes of the producers have the effect of cod's liver oil. How so? Because they are calculated to check consumption.

WHITEBAIT AND WICKEDNESS.

There exists a Society organised for the purpose of promoting the observance of Sunday after the manner in which Saturday is observed by the Jews. These saintly sages, some time ago, succeeded in getting their pious wisdom in regard to Sunday partially embodied in an Act of Parliament, and under this statute, at Greenwich the other day, according to a police-report published in the newspapers, that unspeakable sinner,

> "Mr. Thomas Quartermaine, proprietor of the Ship Tavern, Greenwich, was summoned by the police for having his premises open on Sunday for the sale of spirituous liquors. The evidence showed that there were several persons dining on Sunday in a portion of the defendant's premises called The Ship Stores."

It would be impossible sufficiently to commend the vigilance of the police in looking after Mr. Quartermaine, catching him out in breaking the Sawbbath—as we venture to say in order to distinguish the Scotch Sabbath from the Jewish—and informing against him for that disobedience to British if not Mosaic legislation. That is to say, if we were quite sure that the policemen who laid the information were disinterestedly actuated by conscientious piety. But, in order to be enabled to praise them without measure and without reserve, we require to be satisfied that they were not paid, or did not expect to be paid, for the service which, in acting as spies and informers, they rendered the Saints who are banded together for the enforcement of Judaic Christianity by temporal punishment. Let us hope they have not been paid, because—

> "The Magistrate was of opinion that these persons came within the definition o travellers, being 'persons going abroad for the purpose of business or pleasure, and who need refreshments.' The summons was dismissed."

And so, if the Sabbatarians have feed the policemen, they have lost their money.

It is grievously to be feared that the decision of the Magistrate at Greenwich will be taken by other Magistrates as a precedent, and thus that travellers, whose hunger and thirst are regardless of the clock, will be enabled to add the enormity of taking refreshment on Sunday, and that at any hour, to the flagitiousness of an excursion on the Sawbbath.

THE LAY OF THE LITTLE WIFE.

"Treat her no better than a dog?"
Ay, so he may, and never yet
Her wish deny, her pleasure clog:
Because a dog may be a pet.

On all things good for him to eat
A favourite dog is always fed.
His master never tries to beat
Unpleasant things into his head.

No better than a dog? Called good
Praised, indulged, fondled! Truth to tell,
Oh, how I wish that Henry would
Just only treat poor me as well!

Cause and Effect.

The Clergy who acknowledge Dr. Cullen for their superior should present a testimonial to the country parsons whose votes expelled Mr. Gladstone from Oxford. The Right Honourable ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer now talks about rectifying, at an early opportunity, the anomaly of the Irish Church Establishment.

Striking Intelligence.

There is a Society called the Church Union. This association is not one of the same kind as the Trades' Unions; nor is it true that the Curates have actually struck as yet, but there will be no wonder if they do strike, unless a very considerable advance in the wages which they are now receiving is made by their employers, the Master Parsons.

too common a thing.

A Member of a Limited Liability Company in a bad way, said he should turn itinerant preacher. He was asked why? He said he had had a call.

the compound householder.

Query.—Can he have survived his late picking to pieces in the House of Commons? If so, what a well compounded compound he must be!

The Right Man at the Italian *Post*-Office.—Rat-tat-zi.



A SKETCH TAKEN IN PARK LANE, MAY 6, 1867.

THE POPE'S WAY WITH THE BRIGANDS.

The Government of his Holiness the Pope is commonly accused of being addicted to the pursuit of tortuous courses. The subjoined extract from a letter, quoted by the Correspondent of the *Times* at Florence, however, shows that the Pontifical Government is quite capable of going very directly to work. A Papal edict has at last been issued against brigandage. It is evidently a straightforward measure; and its effect has been excellent:—

"One brigand has cut off the head of another brigand, and taken it to the authorities, and claimed the reward of 2,500 francs, promised by Government. It is the head of a brigand of Sonnino."

This is one way of dealing with brigands—short and simple. It enables a State to dispense with judge, jury, and Jack Ketch, and may be considered a saving plan; economical, though costing £100 odd a-head. There is something ingenious in inducing the brigands to cut off one another's heads. This process of mutual decapitation is perhaps expected to go on till there is only one brigand left alive—the "Last Man" of the robbers and assassins. The Pope will only have to catch him, and take his head regularly by the official chopper, to be rid of the whole lot. But perhaps the cheapness and cleverness of making the brigands murder each other are more obvious than the morality.

A Spill-Box.—A Cab that upacts.

NO PUNISHMENT FOR PATRIOTS!

Mr. Punch,

Of course the Government does not dream of carrying out the nominal sentence which has been passed on Mr. Burke and Mr. Doran, convicted of the slight misdemeanour by the letter of the law absurdly called high treason. The beautiful speech which Mr. Burke made when he was asked if he had anything to say why the Court should not give him judgment of death, is quite enough to render it impossible to hang a hero capable of the following burst of eloquence:—

"Fully convinced and satisfied of the righteousness of my every act in connection with this the late revolutionary movement in Ireland, I have nothing to recall—nothing that I feel that a blush of shame should mantle my brow, or my conduct or career here as a private, as a citizen; and in America, if you like, as a soldier."

What a mistake, Sir, as well as what a shame and a pity it would be, to cut short a career so brilliant as that which Mr. Burke is naturally designed for! He will live, I trust, to rebel again—only on the boards of one of the minor theatres, where he will talk about "mantling his brow" in a character expressly written for him in an Irish sensation piece by a popular dramatist. Mr. Doran will perhaps perform the part of a ruffian along with his "countryman and fellow patriot." And we will go and applaud them.

But though the execution of Messrs. Burke and Doran is ridiculously out of the question, *Mr. Punch*, it is within the bounds of possibility that a tyrannical Government may be disposed to inflict upon them a brief term of detention, just for the sake of asserting the obsolete doctrine that insurrection is somewhat of a crime. If any so preposterous an idea has been entertained by our rulers, they will have doubtless been compelled to abandon it, and drop it like a hot potato, by the subjoined resolution passed by the Council of the Reform League at their meeting last Wednesday evening, Mr. Beales (M.A.) in the chair:—

"That the Council of the Reform League earnestly calls upon all Englishmen desiring to uphold the honour and preserve the fair fame of their country to aid in saving the lives of the patriotic, if misguided and mistaken, men who are now lying in Dublin under sentence of death."

This resolution, of course, Sir, was passed under a serious impression that the bloodthirstiness, vindictiveness, and ferocity of the Ministers of the Crown might actually impel them, in defiance of public ridicule as well as of popular indignation, to order the execution of the patriots Doran and Burke. It will not have the effect of saving those patriots' lives; which the Government had no intention of taking. But it will, no doubt, oblige the Queen's advisers to dismiss an intention that they may perhaps have had, with a view of marking the illegality of Messieurs Burke and Doran's proceedings, to subject those gentlemen to some show of punishment. Now they will not dare to do anything of the kind. They will surely not presume to treat, in the merest semblance even, as offenders, not to say convicted traitors, the two Fenians, whom, with a sympathy which all true Englishmen will appreciate, the Council of the Reform League calls patriotic. No; for the Earl of Derby and his colleagues will be justly afraid that, if they venture to attempt to vindicate the law against rebellion by any such defiance of the people represented by Mr. Beales and Mr. Bradlaugh, the Reform League will immediately proceed to create alarm and annoyance by a series of monster demonstrations in Hyde Park; which, indeed, after the precedent of Monday last week must be expected to be the course they will always pursue whenever they wish to impose their sovereign will on the Government and the Legislature.

Not doubting that the intercession of the Hyde Park Demonstrationists will materially avail their patriotic brethen the Fenians in trouble, believe me to be, Sir, one who hopes to have the honour one of these days of figuring in your large cut, as he intends to go into the business of a

Tribunus Plebis.

P.S. The worst of it is, I lisp and stutter. So I am going down to Brighton, where I mean to practise public speaking with pebbles in my mouth early on the beach every morning.

Those Loves of Bonnets!

Why is *Mr. Punch* such an enthusiastic admirer of those charming little bonnets which are now in vogue? Must he really tell? Well, if his fair readers insist upon it, his reason is, that those elegant, excellent, reasonable bonnets are so small, that they can be packed up in comparatively moderate space, and thus lessen the difficulty of transporting ladies by land or water, occasioned by the impediment of bandboxes.

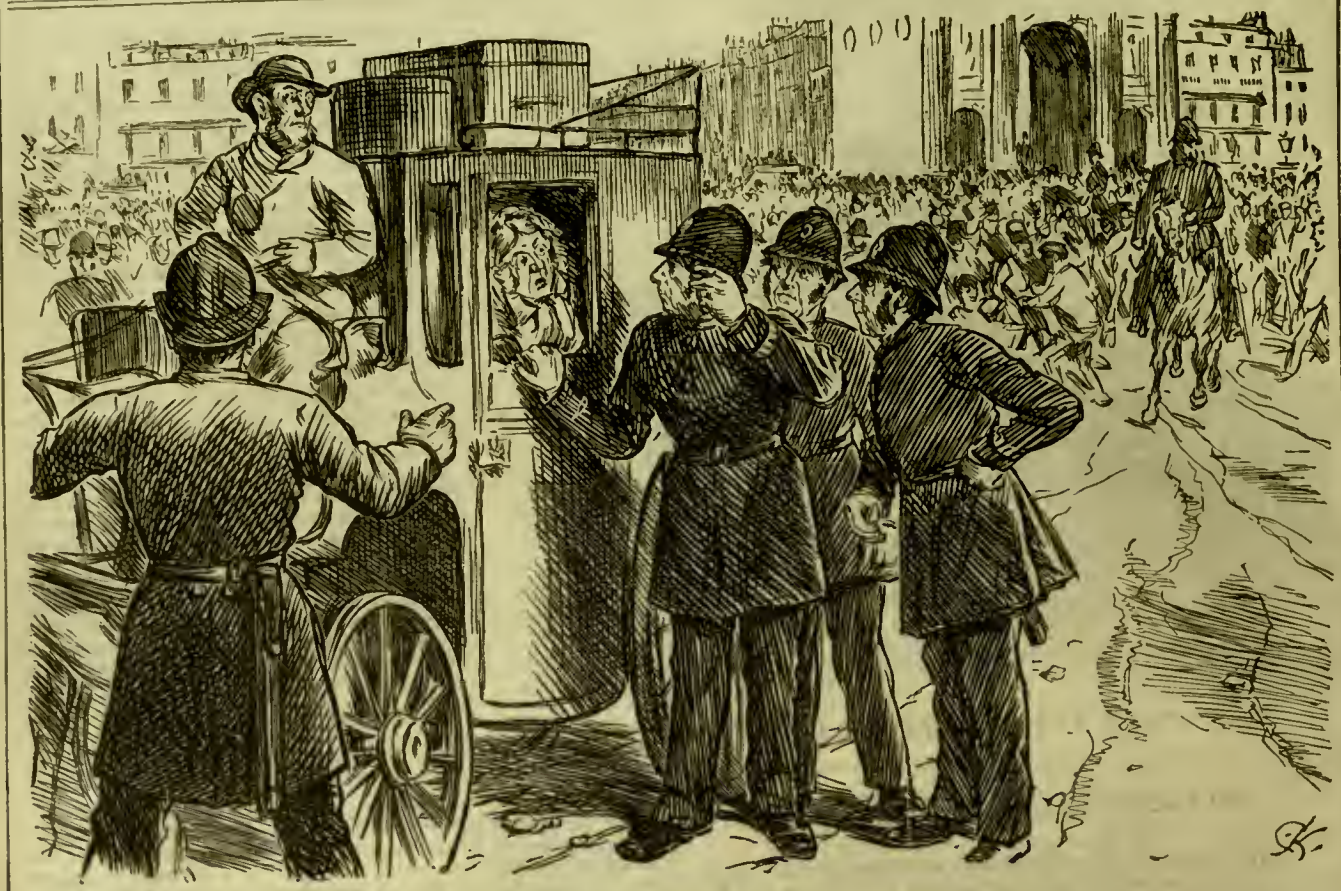
An Epitaph for Walpole.

The best and worst Home Minister
That ever did surprise one:
He never said an unkind thing,
And never did a wise one.

AGRICULTURAL.

A South of England Farmer writes to us to say, that he has an early harvest in view, as he has already got three ricks in his neck, and is doing very well.

A Pat Saying.—Set a Fenian to catch a Fenian.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Constables (in chorus). "HOY! HULLO! STOP! TURN BACK THERE! CAN'T COME THROUGH THE PARK!"
Elderly Female (in a hurry to catch a train). "P'LICEMAN, I'M THE *'OME SECRETARY!!!*"
Sergeant of Police (taken aback). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, MUM! ALL RIGHT—DRIVE ON, CABBY!"
[*Old Lady saves the train.*

CHANT OF SMALL CRITICS.

AIR—"*The Chough and Crow.*"

THE Private Day and Feast are gone,
The public comes to see,
The poor Rejected grunt and groan,
Nor speak with charity.
The shillings flood the porter's den,
The Red Star sheds its ray,*
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Now for the witticisms cheap
That sting with gnat-bite power:
The sentence based on hasty peep,
And visit of an hour:
Bewildered boobies (nine in ten)
Admire our sportive way:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
It is the Opening Day.

Who heeds the painter's saddened brow,
The wolf he keeps from door,
The pale wife's timid trust that, now,
His work shall swell their store?
Let 's scare his hope and chance again,
As boys pelt boys in play:
Uprouse ye then, my men of merry pen,
And slang him as ye may.

* A RED STAR affixed to the frame or picture denotes that the picture is sold."—*Academy Catalogue*, p. 5.

THE LOUDEST THING GOING.—Bugle Trimming.

PEDIGREE ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT is curious how particular some people are about their pedigree: and if, being commoners themselves, they chance to have a lord, or a bishop, in their family, how carefully, when marrying, they advertise the fact. See, here is an example from the *Times* of the 6th ult.:—

"On the 30th April, at St. George's Church, Dublin, by the Very Rev. the DEAN OF ARDAGH, cousin to the bridegroom, CAPTAIN R. MUNRO DICKINSON, 10th Regt., son of the late ROBERT DICKINSON, ESQ., of Kingstown, county Wicklow, to EMILY GEORGIA, second daughter of the late JOHN PARNELL, ESQ., D.L., of Avondale, county Wicklow, granddaughter of Rear-Admiral CHARLES STEWARD, U.S. Navy, great granddaughter of SIR JOHN PARNELL, Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, and of the Hon. HUGH HOWARD, Bushy Park (brother to the EARL OF WICKLOW), and COLONEL W. TODOR, Aide-de-Camp to GENERAL WASHINGTON, and grandniece of SIR RALPH HOWARD, Bart., and of the late VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT."

Now, pray "what imports the nomination" of these eight latter people? When MISS SNOBLEY has the fortune to marry MR. SNOOKS, it surely is sufficient to announce who is her father, without dragging in her grandfathers, great-grandfathers, and great-uncles, to swell out the advertisement, and make many people laugh. MISS SNOBLEY's friends and relatives know quite well who she is, and people who don't know her, she may be sure, don't greatly care. If such a paragraph as the above be taken as a precedent, MISS BUGGINS, when she marries, will think it needful to announce her descent from the DE BOGYNS, who came over with the Conqueror; or MISS BROWN will not be happy, unless it be expressly stated in the *Times* that her brother-in-law's great-uncle was travelling chiropodist to the King of the Cannibal Islands, and once upon a time extracted at a sitting no fewer than five corns from His Majesty's big toe.

From the Marble Arch.

WAS the Reform Meeting on Monday, the 6th, within the pale of the law? Contradictory opinions may be expected about this time from lawyers, but all will agree that it was within the palings of the Park.



"CARRIED, NEM. CON."



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LORDS were petitioned on Church Millinery and British White Herrings on *Monday, May 6th*, and then went away. Commons much amused by MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who wanted to call MR. BRIGHT to account for having said that in Irish belief in Irish wrong there might be some palliation for Fenianism. When Honourable Members had laughed as much as was good for them, the SPEAKER told MR. GRIFFITH that the House was the Temple of free thought and free speech. Very well said, MR. SPEAKER.

Reform Debate resumed. Results shall be told "in little"—in very little, but there were results.

MR. TORRENS moved to admit The Lodger.

MR. DISRAELI consented to be reconciled to his child.

But the amount the Lodger is to pay was left unfixed.

The Bribery Bill was sent to a Select Committee. MR. BERNAL OSBORNE believed that there were not thirty Members in the House who had obtained their seats by fair means. MR. WHALLEY shouted out at this, and was informed by the same authority that he might not have got in by bribery, but by appeal to religious passion.

This was the evening of the Hyde Park meeting. It passed off with perfect quietness, no opposition being offered to it. For a conspectus of the subsequent proceedings of the principal actors in the farce, *vide Mr. Punch's* Cartoon.

Tuesday. At the demand of His Grace the PRIMATE his Lordship the PREMIER assented to the issue of a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole Ritualistic question. Not merely a haul over of the millinery and playthings of the extreme idiots, but an examination of Rubrics. But no trenching on the words of the Prayer Book, or the doctrines of the Church. In short, all matters connected with public worship are to be looked into. The PRIMATE was gratified, as were my Lords of London, Ripon, and Oxford; my Lord of Carlisle was not, and thought that the Bishops could do the work, and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK was for immediate legislation. The BISHOP OF SHAFTESBURY agreed with his brother of York, and was severe upon ritualistic Abominations. This investigation promises a remarkable theological harvest.

Also we read a Second Time a Bill for making more Bishops, to be privately endowed. *Mr. Punch* thinks of endowing a Bishop of St. Bride's, on the understanding that he never preaches a sermon except out of the works of the old divines.

In the Nether House, LORD NAAS said that though the two Fenian traitors, BURKE and DORAN, had been sentenced to be drawn and quartered, there was no probability of the doom being carried out except in the ordinary way. He did not say whether the condemned men would be hanged. Movements are on foot for getting the sentence commuted, but on the other hand a writer in the leading journal reminds us that the Fenians have murdered a doctor, a banker, and several policemen.

SIR JOHN GRAY initiated a debate on the Church of Ireland, and proposed that the House should commit itself to a declaration that the Establishment in question should be abandoned by the State. There was nothing new in the arguments on either side—one spoke of the religion of the majority, the other of vested rights and the Act of Union—but the usual see-saw was varied by an outspoken statement by MR. GLADSTONE. The time he said had not come for a practical plan, but he agreed to a great extent with SIR JOHN GRAY. This indication of a measure which will one day be submitted to the Commons by MR. GLADSTONE, grievously excited the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who stormed at him as a communist, in whose hands no man's property would be safe. After much angry talk the Previous Question was carried by 195 to 183, so the Irish Church survives, as yet. But, *Mr. Punch*, as the family doctor, ventures to hint to the eccentric old lady that she may as well begin to think about making her will.

Wednesday. Scotland had an innings. Now for a nut to crack. Hypothec—what's hypothec? That is what the House debated. Now it won't do to be flippant, and parody the late BISHOP OF LONDON'S definition of a Rural Dean. You need not tell *Punch* that hypothecators perform the act of hypothecation. You know nothing about it. Well, the law of hypothec enables a Scottish landlord to get at his rent by virtue of his right over the produce of the ground, and he may even take this away from purchasers; in fact, there seems no limit to his right over any particular crop. We are not clear that a Scotch landlord cannot cross the Border and arrest an Englishman for eating a Bap made of flour that came of wheat that had grown in Scotch land the rent of which was unpaid. However, whether the law be reasonable or not, those who are interested in retaining it were strong enough to reject by a very large majority, 225 to 96, MR. CARNEGIE'S attempt at reform. But a Bill for amending the same law has been passed by the Lords, and was read a Second Time.

Thursday. Rarely have a Father and Son to perform, simultaneously, so pleasant a duty as that which devolved to-night on LORD DERBY and LORD STANLEY. They apprised the Houses which they respectively adorn, that England had preserved peace between France and Prussia. Further, that England had not committed herself to other engagements than those of the Treaty of 1839. *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in complimenting the Foreign Office, a pleasure the greater for its rarity.

Mr. Punch has the further gratification of recording that LORD DERBY to-night announced that MR. WALPOLE had ceased to be Home Secretary. It does not appear to *Mr. Punch* necessary to dismiss that gentleman with any less kind words than those of *Dogberry* about *Verges*, "A good man, but—a little o'er parted." Their Lordships had a rather smart wrangle over the non-proceedings in the Park, and MR. WALPOLE himself informed the Commons that he had caused notices of trespass to be served on MR. BEALES and fifteen of his chief accomplices, to whose names *Mr. Punch* has no intention of giving even the immortality of flies in amber.

MR. ROEBUCK asked the SPEAKER to command the opening of the windows.

The SPEAKER replied that they were all open.

The House of Commons laughed.

Mr. Punch at present fails to apprehend the joke; but should he discover it before going to press, the result shall be communicated in a supplement.

We resumed the Reform Bill.

MR. HIBBERT moved an amendment affecting the Compound Householder. There are about half a million of these newly detected creatures of the law. The point at issue is the Personal Payment of your Rates. Government consider this a guarantee of your being reasonably respectable. But MR. DISRAELI proposes that a Compound Householder (Confound it, M'm, do listen if we take the pains to explain such a thing with the glass at 80°), that a Compound Householder, which means (You don't even know what it means?—well, an occupier whose rates are paid by his landlord), that a Compound Householder, once more, shall, if he likes, claim to be enfranchised, and to deduct his rates from the rent. (Will not explain this any more.)

Now, notice. MR. MILL condemned the Government plan, and so did MR. GLADSTONE, the former with cold logic, the latter with warm. We fought the battle all the night, and in the morning the Government triumphed by 322 to 256, majority 66.

Friday. Nothing worth the slightest notice.

UNDIPLOMATIC—VERY.

The reflections of an ex-Diplomate of very old standing and very slow-going. Apropos of LORD STANLEY *and the Luxemburg Conference.*

Oh, dear, what can the matter be,
Oh, dear, what shall we do!
Here's diplomacy blurting
Straightforward out what is true.

Here's a Conference meeting,
Doing what has to be done,
Getting the business over,
Ere *we* the work had begun.

Where's all the humming and ha-ing,
Settling of bases and powers,
All the pooh-pooh, and paw-pawing,
We used to dwell on for hours?

Plenipos meet in a jiffey!
Settle their case in a crack!
Draw up their protocol, sign it—
Hurry their messengers back.

Up in the House jumps young STANLEY,
Blurts out things, just as they fall—
Some people *may* think it manly,
'Taint diplomatic at all!

A Lame Expression.

"THIS comes hopping" from the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"The KING OF GREECE is here, as I told you. He went out riding on Saturday, the EMPEROR mounting him."

"Mounting him?" Indeed! Did the King, then, witch the world with a daring act of horsemanship, and go trotting through the city with the EMPEROR a-pick-a-back?

WHAT TO SEE.

FATHERS of families, who have unruly sons, must look with extraordinary interest at Portrait, No. 805, in the National Portrait Exhibition, for it represents a great benefactor to Paterfamilias—the discoverer of "the regulating action of the governor."



CANDOUR.

Crusty Old Bachelor. "WELL, ELLY, HOW DO YOU DO, MY DEAR?"

Elly (faintly). "QUITE WELL, THANK YOU, SIR."

Old Bachelor. "I'M VERY GLAD TO HEAR THAT; BUT WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME HOW I AM, ELLY?"

Elly. "'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!"

A WORSE STRIKE THAN THE TAILORS'.

THE tailors' strike I do not heed,
Let dress grow costly as it will;
For if my clothes have run to seed,
Full many a day they 'll last me still.
But though it takes me years and years
To wear out long enduring suits,
I find that very short careers,
Alas! are run by strongest boots.

Patched garments will exclude the cold,
And hang together winters yet;
Boots can be but a few times soled,
And then they will admit the wet.
For when the soles replacement lack,
The uppers soon want mending too;
Ere long each seam, and cobbled crack,
Will let the dust and water through.

But what if madness should invade
The cordwainer's contented mind;
And there should be, in CRISPIN'S trade,
A strike of journeymen combined?
Come, let me hasten, and invest
In stock of boots my little store;
Though I have two pairs, and the best
Of those may last me some months more.

FINANCIAL CHORUS AT FLORENCE.

IN the Chamber of Deputies at Florence the other day, SIGNOR RATAZZI read a letter from the KING OF ITALY declaring that his Majesty considers it his duty to give the first example of economy at a time of financial distress by resigning annually, out of his civil list, the sum of four million *lire*. We imagine that the SIGNOR delivered this welcome announcement in recitative, and that, on its conclusion, the Deputies in a spirit of harmony, acknowledged VICTOR-EMMANUEL'S concession of the four million of *tire* by singing in unanimous chorus *lira, lira, la!*

Curiosities of the Portrait Exhibition.

IN the last Room there are two very remarkable things, which the visitor may not expect to find in the Collection—a greyhound in distemper (No. 844), and a Stroehling Player (No. 866)!

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE EIGHTH.

LET me direct the visitor's attention to pleasant modes of passing the time in Parry—in French, *poor passay lert Tom ar Parry*. The He-visitor, or She-visitor can amuse themselves for hours in Parisian Riding-schools. Of course, this is merely a proposition, to be worked out by riders. The art of equitation on the bare-backed steed may often prove useful in after-life. A friend who has just dropped in says that "equitation" means "swimming." Well, if it does, *I* mean riding. I have authorities for the word. What says the Poet? I don't know what he says myself, but if you look up a few poets, you'll soon ascertain. It simplifies matters by calling on MR. TENNYSON. Call on MR. TENNYSON for a song—MR. TENNYSON will oblige again. But this is trifling.

It is the part of genius to invent words: let ordinary mortals solve the Sphinx's conundrums. The Tailors have finished striking, and the bill for my last suit has just come in. Send me *darjong:* that is French for "some money." I translate so that there may be no excuse for you on account of your not understanding the language. It is settled that I am to be a Juror on the "Food Group." My duties are, I believe, to eat something of everything, and say what I like. Since exhibitors heard of my appointment to my department as a Juror I have been fêted every day. I hold out no hopes to any one of them, but I breakfast, lunch, and dine with all.

(P.S. to the above. I find that I am appointed as *the* Juror to decide upon the advantages of horse-food over beef and mutton, of cats over hares; and this morning, at breakfast-time, an exhibitor called to insist upon my trying an attractive dish which he had brought with him, hot, under a cover and over a spirit-lamp. I tried it: I doubted. I tried it again: I hesitated. Mossoo said two more mouthfuls would decide me. Could I guess what it was? I could not. Truffles? I asked. No; not exactly truffles. Mushrooms disguised? No; not precisely mushrooms. Fungi, perhaps? He didn't know what I meant by fungi, but in French the name of his new dish was *Fricassée d'Hérisson farci de Scarabée.* This sounded like an Egyptian dish. *Scarabée* was evidently Scarabæus. He explained that the creature was *un Scarabée noir.* Shall I proceed? No; let me draw a curtain over the scene. I *have* eaten flies for currants, unwittingly, in buns, and fed my little nephews with them. Regardless of their bloom, the little victims ate, and their bloom went. But never, never, never, did I consume before half a dishful of fricasséd coleopterous insects! Did you know it was a coleopterous insect? A friend has just told me so. Oh, dear! Coleopterous!! The Clown at Astley's used to say that he knew a man who was afflicted with "Collywobbles in his pandynoodles."

There was a stratum of truth in his jest. Yes, I have partaken of Coleopterous food, and collywobbles in my pandynoodles will for some time be the portion of this distinguished individual. *Macbeth* can sleep no more: *Macbeth*, for this occasion only, by yours truly, PEEPER THE GREAT.

I have written to resign my post. The Commissioners will not accept my resignation, but the Exhibition will *not* be closed in consequence. I appeal to CÆSAR, I mean LUMPYRAW LOUEY. I have appealed. LUMPYRAW was not at home.

The Commissioners say that if I stick to the Food Group I shall receive the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and that my name shall immortalise all the dishes to which I award prizes. This they consider an ad*dish*ional inducement.

I am again unable to leave my room, but there is much to be seen in Parry.

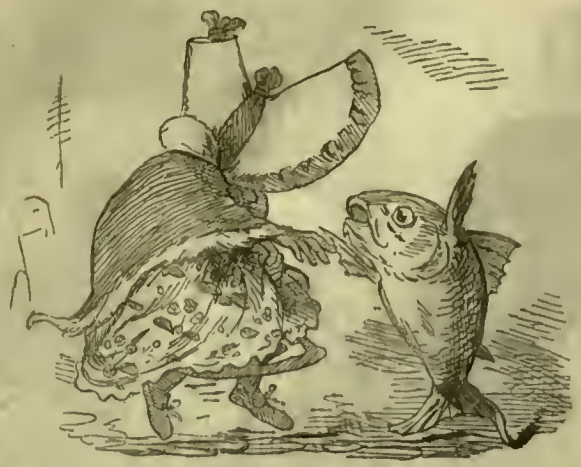
P. THE G.

LITERARY INFORMATION.

"AN admirer of COWPER" is informed that *The Six Cushions* is a sequel to *The Sofa.*

THE RULER OF THE TAILORS.—King Log.

A PRACTICAL "GOAK."



My dear Punch,

I *say*. You are always ready to denounce anybody who doesn't behave decently. What do you say to this? I was stopping in the house of a fellow, who had also been a Fellow—I mean of Trinity, or something, and what sort of a trick do you think he played one day when he gave a swell dinner. Be hanged if he didn't put THIS beside every plate, instead of a decent French *menu*. A Latin carte, by Jove! Well, I know more about long odds than Latin, and I don't mind owning it. But I am on the look-out, and I took down a girl, highly nice and with great expectations (I do the Fellow the justice to say that he, or his Fellowess behaved like a brick in that), and the first thing she did, of course, after looking prettily amused at the Latin, was to ask me to translate it, and tell her what to take. What do you say to that? But stop. Here 's the thing:—

MENSÆ PRIMÆ.

SORBITIONES.

Sorbillum Ostreorum.
Jusculum Vernum.

PISCES.

Segmenta Solearum more Venetiano.
Eperlani Fricti.
Salmo Salar Simplex Munditiis.

INTROITUS CIBORUM.

Thymi agnorum cum Spinacia.
Gallinulæ sicut apud Marengo.

MUTATIO CIBORUM.

Galli spadones secundum Godardum.
Petaso salsus et fumatus ex vino Maderensi.
Ephippium ovinum assum.

MENSÆ ALTERÆ.

ASSA.

Anaticulæ. Columbuli.
Charadrii.

OLERA.

Pisa viridia. Tubera Solani horna.
Anguillæ in gelatino saporato.
Pagurus secundum Tabernæ Curatorem.

SACCHARATA.

Magma panis citratum.
Poma cum Oryza pista.
Flos lactis Bavariensis Spiritu Nucleorum conditus.
Gelatinum vino Frontignanensi conditum.
Caseus Parmensis. Caseus Helveticus.
Fructus, &c. &c. &c.

Now, what do you say to a practical joke like that? I call it infamous. I made a goodish shot or two of the first lot, and the fish came easy, the names being like the civilised names, but when I came to *Thymi*, how was I to know it didn't mean thyme, but sweetbreads, and what fellow ought to be expected to know *Gallinulæ?* I got a joke out of *assum*, because I said the Fellow was an ass, but it didn't tell, and I found my neighbour thought I was not better educated than I ought to be. At last she asked me point blank to translate *Pagurus*, and though I 'd had crab for supper the night before, in town, and am awfully fond of it, it never occurred to me—how should it?—that here was my favourite dish. So I was in a hole, and I showed it, and the girl never spoke to me any more, but all the rest of the dinner to a perfect fool on the other side of her, and I 've come up to town again. I detest practical jokes, except when I play them myself, and I repay this one by sending the painful narrative to you, and I hope you will be down upon such uncalled-for jocularity.

Yours, very truly,

The Raleigh, 1·50 A.M. LIONEL RATTLECASH.

[We don't sympathise with our Correspondent. Every gentleman ought to understand Latin. But we do sympathise with the gentleman who translated *Maître d'hotel* into *Tabernæ Curatorem*, as *his* education must have been neglected, or he would not have supposed that a household official meant a tavern-keeper. This may comfort our Correspondent.—PUNCH.]

DO YOU WANT A NEW DRESS?

To the eye of a philosopher there are few sights more distressing than a lady dressed in what is called the height of the fashion. She is pretty sure to wear what does not suit her in the least, and to make herself more hideous than Nature had intended. Ladies who aspire to be fashionably dressed, but seldom have the sense to wear what is becoming. They buy what they are told by their milliners is proper, and rarely take the trouble to consider if it suits them. Short or tall, young or old, pale or rosy, plain or pretty, slim or stout, ladies in the fashion nearly always dress alike, and wear whatever clothes and colours their *modistes* may select for them.

Thus, to the philosophic eye it is a truly painful sight to see a fashionable dress, for it shows how lovely woman may be abjectly enslaved, and will obey whatever mandates the milliners may issue. Moreover, it suggests the thought that probably the stitches were set by a poor needlewoman sorely overworked, and sitting up all night in a hot unhealthy room, too crowded by her fellows to allow her lungs fair play. To prevent sad thoughts like these, a Company was set on foot a couple of years since for the purpose of providing better workrooms for poor dressmakers than are commonly supplied to them. It is a pleasant thing to know, by a report but lately issued, that this Company has prospered in its charitable work, and that its excellent provisions are adopted now by some of the chief houses in the trade. Bright, clean, airy workrooms, and comfortable bedchambers, are furnished to the girls who are employed at 18, Clifford Street, and thither ladies who may find themselves in want of a new dress (surely, not a rare discovery) will do well to apply. As a writer in the *Times* very sensibly observes—

> "When ladies order their dresses at an ordinary milliner's establishment they do so knowing it is at least possible that the task of making up their pretty silks and gauzes will cost some poor girl several hours of natural rest—several grains of sand of the few which are allotted to mortality. In employing the Clifford Street Company they will at least have the assurance that this sorrow will never lie at their door, and that they are aiding in a measure to make the lives of all young women similarly employed more healthy, and necessarily more happy."

Whenever, then, a husband has to give his wife a dress (and the necessity is not uncommon after, say, the Derby Day, or a dinner down at Greenwich, to which she, somehow, did not go) let him take care to insist that she must get it made in Clifford Street, unless the lady is certain that her own milliner has been equally careful of the health and comfort of her workpeople. To a philosophic eye a dress can never seem a pretty one, if made by a tired sempstress in a pestilential room.

All Play and no Work, &c.

ATHLETIC Sports are good, but they should not be allowed to interfere too much with work. The Undergraduate or the Cadet may reasonably feel proud of being a great pedestrian; but his friends, to whom his education is a serious expense, would perhaps, in the long run, prefer that he should be a walking Dictionary, or at least keep pace with his more studious companions.

ACCIDENT FROM CARELESSNESS.

YOUNG BLOBBS, the timber merchant, has come to grief. His rich aunt, from Trinidad, whose complexion is certainly rather ochreous, was at whist the other night, when BLOBBS, reading the *Star*, came on an advertisement to his own trade. He instinctively read out "YELLOW DEALS." She made a misdeal, and has made a codicil.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—The Wothlytype Portraits appear to be satisfactory. If the worthless type ones were rather less numerous, we should not complain.



IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE TAILORS' STRIKE,

GEORGE AND THE GOVERNOR HAVE THEIR CLOTHES MADE AT HOME.

George. "ARE YOU SURE YOU TOOK MY RIGHT MEASURE, CHARLOTTE?" *Charlotte.* "OH, GEORGE, I'M SURE IT FITS BEAUTIFULLY!!"

LETTER TO THE P.R.A.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

IT is a pleasant thing to write to a gentleman of your intelligence and courtesy.

I could not attend the Academy dinner, having to entertain friends of my own at Greenwich.

But I read the report in the *Sunday Gazette;* a paper, by the way, which writes well on art and theatricals—I don't understand politics.

I perceive that the toasts were—

The QUEEN. [Most proper.]

The PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES, and the rest of the Royal Family. [Most proper also. The PRINCE was your guest, and spoke well—we all love his wife, and long to see her in the Park again. And the entire family is well-liked, and deserves to be.]

The Army, Navy, and Volunteers. [What for? What the juice has an association of artists to do with public recognition of the services of these gallant men?]

The Ministers. [This is right; and moreover you get, occasionally, good speeches, and this year you had two.]

The Guests. [Quite right. DR. LONGLEY made LORD CHELMSFORD reply, and he broke down—a very unaccustomed thing with that graceful orator.]

Your own health, SIR FRANCIS. [I should gladly have joined in this, and I compliment you on your graceful reply.]

The House of Commons. [I see no force in your reasons. Some of them vote against any grants of any kind to you.]

The City of London. [What for? What in the world does the City do for the painters?]

The Royal and other learned Societies. [I have no objection, but one, to this toast.]

This is the last toast the reply to which is reported. But there is another. Down at the end of the list, far below the soldiers, and the sailors, and the members, and the cits, comes

"Literature."

And I read that MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE returned thanks in a felicitous manner. I am sure he did. But I should like to know what he said. And I should like the toast to have been put in a place of honour. Shall I tell you why, SIR FRANCIS?

You very properly toast those to whom the painters are thought to owe something.

Do you owe nothing to Literature, that you bring it in at the tail in this way?

I have looked through your Catalogue for 1867. How many subjects do you think I have noted as directly suggested by the writings of literary men?

The coincidence is curious. This is your NINETY-NINTH Catalogue. The subjects from books are NINETY-NINE.

In arranging the toasts for next year I venture to believe that you will consider this view of the case, and in that confidence I subscribe myself

Yours, ever gratefully,

85, *Fleet Street.* PUNCH.

A Truly Shocking Speech.

IT is not often that any language, however awful, affects the sensibilities of the Stable Mind. A lot of horsey men, however, the other day, were occasioned almost to faint by a remark which was made by an irreverent philosopher. He was talking about his wife's indifference to metaphysics, and he said, "She no more cares whether MILL is right or wrong than I do which horse will win the Derby."

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

AN eminent publican, speaking of a married couple, both of whom were fat, and one subject to some little acerbities of temper, described them as "two stouts, and a stout and bitter."

COMFORT FOR THE BLANCH-HAIRED LADIES.—Whom the gods love dye young.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, May 18, 1867.

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

Being the Nine Hundred and Seventh Chapter of the Koran.

(*Favoured by* MOHAMMED THE PROPHET.)

ENTITLED AL DUFFER. REVEALED IN FLEET STREET.



VERY one among ye, O Faithful, who would win gold and silver by those who come riding swiftly upon the glittering horses, and using the most objectionable language at the Corner, ye will do well to abandon such hopes, and to say unto yourselves, Lo, we have indifferently honest callings, and let us make gold and silver thereby, whereof we shall not be ashamed when we come to inscribe the harvest of the year in the scrolls of BENJAMIN, the son of ISRAELI, yea the scrolls of income. For the gain that is gained over the vertebræ of the evil one is dissipated beneath his abdomen. Howbeit if it must be so, and the Prophet must as heretofore be invoked, listen, and the darker the words of wisdom the brighter the light which is concealed within them, as in a lantern. Place not your flag upon any Mountain, nor in any Dale, for such regions are not propitious unto horsemanship, nor shall the Mohican chieftain be your leader, nor the squalid dweller in the cell, nor the pilgrim with the scallop shell, for they shall all deceive you in the day when the heart shall beat fast and the cry shall be loud. Neither shall ye put your faith in princes, be they of the race of the vagabond, or of the Imperial purple of the seven hills, howbeit that same purple is a colour that will run. Beware, O ye Faithful, of the voice of popular applause, yet scorn it not, for the many are not always wrong. Shall Mohammed the Prophet speak well of the ensign that came against him in the day of the Melee Ric, or of the fabled monster whose death made the lying legend of the English saint and Cappadocian baker? I trow not, yet say not in the trial hour that they are nought, for the victories whereof they are types went against the Crescent, and fortune hath a smile for the evil. Nevertheless he who tameth the lion need not fear the face of man, and strength and speed may come to the rescue. Strong may be the rock, yet build not thereon, bright may be the bird, yet sail not upon his wings, gay may be the moth, yet the candle may be lighted for the singeing. There is a wine that maketh glad, and there is a wine that maketh sorry, and beware of what ye swallow, yet the Martin flieth fast. Who regardeth John of Russia, much less his unlawful child, who regardeth the black and gold that cometh with a carol, though this is not the season for the same? O Faithful, there was in the world a little corporal from the land of the Frank, and he professed the faith of MOHAMMED that he might cozen the dwellers in the East, but he was reckoned up and came to grief, and so shall those who rely on his name. Vain, brethren, is earthly learning, and it were well that few held the pen which many hold to the confusion of their fellows, and in the day when all men scrawl their folly be reverence to him who knoweth not how to write, and affixeth a sign which may be the sign of victory. But if ye will be told, and if ye will be wise, put your trust in him who destroyed that he might defend, for he shall defend you against the destroyer, and destroy the defences of your adversaries. And for a further grace unto you, I, MOHAMMED, do for that day only, and by the particular desire of several persons of distinction, abrogate all rule of the ruddy meat and of the laughing wine, and ye shall eat the flesh of the pig, and drink the sparkling cup, and the smoke of the brown weed of the West and of the spotty cabbage of the East shall ascend into the firmament, and no worse thing shall come unto you than cometh unto the fool, yea, the idiot, who eateth and drinketh more than is good for him. This I have given.

MOHAMMED.

(*Countersigned*) PUNCH.

(*With reservations.*)

INTERESTING TO THE FACULTIES.

(*From our Own Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.*)

You haven't heard from me for a long time; the reason of my silence will be obvious to all who are blessed with affluence and *Chocolat Menier*, in packets, price sixpence, not to mention HORNIMAN'S pure tea, who went up in a balloon the other day in company with an agreeable policeman's rattle of my acquaintance when the stormy winds did blow. But as these matters will form a case for the Law Courts, I will not give my opinion on them now; suffice it to say that there is no substitute for breakfast except marmalade, and MAHOMET is his prophet. From which information you will see at once that we are going to have an annual Theatrical, which will take place every month. In order to tell when the months come round and the moon changes, I have invented a beautiful little machine, formed out of aërated bread and paper knives; this marvellous instrument which is cleaned every morning by an intelligent and gentle butler (a distant relative of the Siamese Twins, whose acquaintance he cut many years ago)—I must just re-read this to see where I was— . . . . Ah, yes . . Well, the instrument is fitted up with lunar caustic and essence of mangoes for exportation to the colonies, as dry goods, and will keep in any climate; all you 've got to do is to tap it in the morning, and go up-stairs to see what sort of weather it is. It obtained the first prize in the Colwell-Hatchney Exhibition. In fact it was the only thing exhibited.

We are building a theatre: it is to be on a grand scale, say one by six; and at least 3000 feet above the level of the upper C in alt for operatic purposes, including the elevation of the Drama.

We are only to have Amateur Performances, and none but Professionals will be allowed to take part in them.

Stars, such as Jupiter, Saturn, and the Tycoon will come on sharing terms. Share after eighteen thunderstorms, and a little one in for luck. The front row of the stalls will be devoted exclusively to children under one year of age. Babies interfering in any way with the performance will be immediately put into the ophecleide by the glass-blower in attendance. The orchestra will be under the superintendence of a Committee of noblemen and gentry, who will conduct the sonatas in their own persons.

A supper of grilled trombones will be given afterwards to the students of Colwell-Hatchney, when we shall be waited upon by ironclads only, who will bring their own armour-plates. The College of Surgeons will be under the table ready for an emergency.

The first piece is SHAKESPEARE. The chief performers will be the Tower Hamlets. After which JUDAS MACBETH, a farce-oratorio in three-quarters of an act and half a tableau. The winner of next year's Derby will then be shown, and the usual collection made in aid of the Diocesan Home-fed Retributive Society's Funds.

The next toast will be buttered and handed round on a toasting-fork. The glee-singers will then fight each other with sticks, rakes, and garden-engines. The winner will be bought for 150 guineas.

We want a heavy man. The heaviest we 've got is eighteen stun. Also a Light Comedian to attend to the gas.

I will write to you again as soon as we have finished. Our stage is to be filled with traps. I am to cut them. Isn't that fun? In every trap I shall have four horses.

Adew!

YOUR OWN ADOLFUSS.

THE RIFLEMEN'S RETURN.

THE Belgians are coming,
Oh, dear! oh, dear!
The Belgians are coming,
Oh, dear! oh, dear!
Says COLONEL LLOYD LINDSAY, M.P., M.P.
We 'll take 'em our Sydenham Palace to see,
To Richmond and Windsor, and give 'em some tea,
In return for their great hospitalitee.
So let 'em be coming, oh, dear, &c.

(*Mr. Punch's Verses.*)

The Belgians are coming,
My dears, my dears!
They 're coming, receive 'em—
With cheers, with cheers!
'Tis very odd, as it seems to me,
That after such great hospitalitee,
And after inviting the kind foreigner,
You should be so astonished when they appear.
The Belgians are coming, my dears, my dears (*bis*)
They 're coming, receive 'em with cheers, with cheers.

The Belgians are coming,
My dears, my dears!
They 're coming, receive 'em—
With cheers, with cheers
But COLONEL LLOYD LINDSAY, I 'm sure will be,
Delighted his Belgian friends to see.
And treat them at all events more handsomelee,
Than our Royalty treats foreign Royaltee.
The Belgians *are* coming, &c.

[*Tempo di Marcia.* COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF PUNCH *reviews a file of His Own Periodical, and expresses himself much pleased. Salvo of cannons. Vivat Regina!*



PLAYING AT POLICEMEN.

GEORGE AND FRED WERE SWORN IN AS SPECIALS THE OTHER DAY, AND THEIR BEAT WAS IN BOLTON STREET, MAY FAIR, WHERE THEIR AUNT LIVED. UNDER THESE CIROUMSTANCES, WAS THERE ANYTHING INCONSISTENT IN THEIR TAKING TEA AND COLD MEAT WITH HER TWO RATHER PRETTY SERVANTS IN THE KITCHEN?—BUT THE OLD LADY, HEARING AN UNUSUAL "RIOTING," AND COMING DOWN AND CATCHING THEM OUT, IF THERE WASN'T A JOLLY ROW ABOUT IT—IT'S A PITY.

MR. PUNCH AT THE EXHIBITION.

I WENT to see the pictures, but no pictures could I see,
For the *casaques* and the *chignons*, and the trains that swept so free:
And the wonderfullest works of art weren't those upon the walls—
But those tiniest of bonnets, and those gorgeousest of shawls.
MISS MUTRIE'S flowers seemed pale beside the milliner's gay blooms,
That, a-top of golden tresses, to *parterres* turned all the rooms.
And what was MILLAIS'S colouring or LEIGHTON'S to the Art
That their hues to all those tresses had managed to impart?
Where has the black hair vanished to, the chesnut, and the brown?
Why has the blonde gone up so that nought else will go down?
Blonde rousse, *Blonde pale*, *Blond cendrée*—still *Blonde* of every tone!
From *jade* tow to fierce carrots, 'twas blonde, and blonde alone!
And I wondered as I gazed on those blonde heads, young and old,
Where could be the bank of elegance that stood this run for gold!
And when the gold was found per head, whence was more gold supplied
To furnish forth these chignons that wanton far and wide?
What are artists upon canvas to the artists who had reared
The varieties of chignon that to those blonde heads adhered?—
The *chignon à la quartern loaf*, the *chignon à la Grecque*,
The *chignon à la bushel*, and the *chignon à la peck*;
The *chignon à la Stilton cheese*, the *chignon à la screw*;—
Chignons that match, chignons that, bold, assert their native hue,
And ask "What has the chignon with its wearer's hair to do?"
Then, at tresses and at chignons when the wonderment was gone,
My gaze turned to the structures perched airily thereon:
Such dainty little roundels of tulle and flowers and lace,
So void of cover for the head or shadow for the face,
So gallantly and gaily with our climate waging war,
So saucily defiant of sore-throat and catarrh:
Perched like nests for little Cupidons upon those tresses fair,
With *brides* of tulle, like vaporous clouds round cheeks and *crépé* hair:
And crystal-beaded, pearl-bedropped lace gorgets cobweb-thin,
Sweeping from rosy ear to ear beneath the rounded chin;
Benoiton chains, and flower agrafes, and beads and bugles bright,
Wherein till now the Caffre belles were wont to take delight!
Till what with hair and chignons, bonnets, *brides*, and beads and flowers,
My dazzled eye felt drunken, and my mind renounced its powers;
And I said, "With all these pictures for my pleasure on the floor,
The pictures hung upon the walls are nothing but a bore!"

ARBITRATION PUDDING.

"COME, I say, I think I'll try a little of that again." Such is the speech often heard to proceed from the mouth which has just given entrance to a quantity of some good thing, particularly a novelty to the palate—say a Nesselrode pudding. Now diplomacy has just done something better than NESSELRODE is known ever to have accomplished; something of which the analogous pudding would surpass even that which bears his name. Its work has cooled the rage of rival nations and neighbours. The plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers at the London Conference have happily settled the Luxemburg Question and—under Heaven—averted a European war. Thus much, then, of success, after all, through Arbitration; wherein, likewise, all partakers may have said, with satisfaction, that they thought, on occasion, they would try some of that same again.

Curious Fact in Ornithology.

AN abnormal condition of the poultry in the neighbourhood of Epsom has been observed during the last week. The very hens have been laying—bets.

EPSOM "SALTS."—Sailors at the Derby.

THE DERBY DAY, 1867.



"Take care of the Veil, Dear, and don't be Home Late!"



"Now, Mother, Pack Him in Somewhere."



Gunnersbury, of the War Office, absent on Sick Leave!



On the Road.



Charming for the Housemaids!



Different Ideas of Starting.



Delightful for the Girls' School



Turfite (hard hit).—"Where's Haffrica, 'Arry? Cos, I'm hoff there!"



Strasbourg Pâté and Humble Pie.



London on the Derby Day.



CONDOLENCE.

Friend. "To be Married in a Month? Well, Old Fellow, you mustn't allow yourself to get Low about it, though I know what it is—doosed depressing Idea!"

WHY, AT LAST, I BELIEVE IN REFORM.

(by a sceptic.)

Till now I believed that Reform
Was a humbug by mere humbugs vaunted,
But now I begin to believe
That Reform must be really wanted.

'Tis not because Bradlaugh and Beales,
Like the three famous Tooley Street tailors,
For "the people of England" came forth
In Hyde Park, as un-railers or railers:

'Tis not because Gladstone maintains
The rights of our own flesh and blood;
Or the *Star* in its leaders proclaims
That whatever Bright says must be good:

'Tis not that my faith I have pinned
To Jupiter Junior's thunder;
On Bob Lowe see the mark of the beast,
Or think John Mill can ne'er make a blunder:

But it is because here is Reform,
After travelling just the same road
All great questions have travelled before,
Disposed of in just the same mode.

Who was it loosed Catholics' bonds?
Who was it swept Corn Laws away?
Those who for free Church or free trade
Bore the burden and heat of the day?

No; *their* hands that had still locked the door,
Were destined the key to apply:
Their voices that still had cried "No,"
Were fated to register "Aye."

So now that Reform is *their* pet
Whose bugbear it used to be known,
That what Radical treason was called,
Conservative wisdom has grown,

To me 'tis the proof of all proofs
That Reform 's grown a fact for John Bull,
That it ranks with the things he wants done
By the long, strong, and all-party pull!

LONGITUDINARIANISM AND LATITUDINARIANISM.

(*From the Revue des Beaux Mondes.*)

The most superficial observer must have been struck by the enormous lengths to which Longitudinarianism is now being carried throughout Europe, and the terrestrial clouds of evil import which generally follow in its train. It had long been seen by men of penetrating vision like Jones and Robinson, that Latitudinarianism, like a monster bubble, must sooner or later collapse.

The Latitudinarians affect to belong to the party of progress, but anyone who is conversant with the history of parties (evening parties in particular) must be aware with what difficulty the Latitudinarians make any progress at all, when encumbered, as they are wont to be, with hoops averaging three yards in circumference.

Longitudinarianism, we think it must be conceded, is identified with retrogression. The French Revolution of 1793 was undoubtedly a turning point in many respects, and the figures produced by the Revolution, as we find on reference to *Le Follet* of the period, were as perfectly cylindrical as any figure to be found in a Noah's Ark ancient or modern (*vide* the Arcade of Lowther, *passim*). The treaties of 1815, while they rectified the frontiers of France and other Continental States, did not materially enlarge the boundaries to which crinoline subsequently carried away its extravagant admirers. * * * In the Wars of the Roses and the feuds of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, we see an imperfect foreshadowing of the struggle for supremacy between the Latitudinarians and the Longitudinarians—the characteristic features of the two factions being respectively represented by a hoop and a stick. * * * If Maria Theresa tolerated the heresies of Latitudinarianism, we feel persuaded that they were never countenanced by her cousin Leopold, nor did they receive the pragmatic sanction of the "Governor,"—if we may be allowed to employ a common and to Maria Theresa's brother, very intelligible colloquialism.

With those who are favourable to measures of retrenchment, Longitudinarianism, maugre its sweeping clauses, is likely to become popular. The destructive tendency of Latitudinarianism is, unhappily, too well known. For evidence of it, we need only refer to a man of letters holding a responsible post under the British Government, and who was recently arrested, close to his pillar-box, by the hoops of a Latitudinarian cinder-wench, and sustained a simple fracture of the fibula. On this subject it is absurd to contend, as some illogical writers do, that the official uniform (Prussian blue, relieved by scarlet) communicates to every surging menial with whom it comes in contact, the livery of seisin.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

Mr. Punch sees that the pigeons are getting it hot and strong from those shooting-stars, the Gun Club. Surely, it must be a dangerous sport, judging, as one of the non-shooters, from the published reports of these great guns. *Mr. Punch* reads:—

"Sixteen gentlemen contended, when Messrs. So-and-So killed three each, *and shot off the ties.*"

The italics are *Mr. Punch's.* Whose ties? What a deadly contest among the sixteen gentlemen, when nothing was left of them but their ties, and these were ultimately shot off! Good news for the haberdashers. Again, after another shooting contest among twenty-one gentlemen, *Mr. Punch* finds the result thus recorded:—

"Four killed. Two missing."

This looks dangerous. The names of the missing gentlemen are given in the sporting papers, and therefore, with this additional publicity, *Mr. P.* sincerely hopes that they will soon be found.

Mr. P. reads that one gentleman brought down one pigeon. Where did he bring it down from? From Town? By cab or rail? *Mr. Punch* brings down his game in much the same way when he visits his country friends in the season. *Mr. P.* further reads that several gentlemen "did not score." Let them at once study thorough-bass, and they 'll soon learn the art of scoring.

Finally, *Mr. Punch* will back himself against any noble sportsman at a pigeon match; provided always the pigeons be in a pie: cold, for breakfast.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LORD DERBY announced, on *Monday, May 13th*, that the Luxemburg treaty had been signed. That locality is to be separated from the German Confederation, the fortress to be as much unfortressed as the KING OF HOLLAND—who had wished to sell his subjects—may desire, and the Duchy is to be under the collective guarantee of all the Powers. Prussia is to walk out with her troops. Limburg is to be entirely under the KING OF HOLLAND. England's guarantee is not more extensive than it previously was. And she has the credit and renown of having prevented a savage and useless war. Well done, old Mother BRITANNIA! You have something to say for yourself yet, old girl, and you can make 'em listen, too, when you are in earnest.

South Kensington proposed to publish in the *Times* a catalogue of all the Art Books in the world, and that journal liberally assented to issue this for £11 a column, instead of £20 which it would get for a similar concession of space to extracts from *Sooner or Later*. But a row has been raised on the subject. To-night its most amusing feature was MR. GLADSTONE'S slily eliciting from LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE a proof that the noble Lord did not know that the Stamp Duty had been removed from advertisements. OXENSTIERN, you're wanted!

MR. DISRAELI announced that MR. WALPOLE'S sensitiveness and amiability had compelled him to leave off being Home Secretary, but that he will still advise the QUEEN. So does *Mr. Punch*, and he particularly advises HER MAJESTY not to listen to any advice from MR. WALPOLE.

The Leader of the House then brought in the Scotch Reform Bill.

(1) Scotland is to have Seven new Members. We observe that one is to be given to Glasgow, which is to be cut in two. Should *Mr. Punch* elect to be elected for either, he means to stand for the half which contains the best lunch-house in the whole world.

(2) Borough suffrage, a £4 rental.

(3) County ditto, a £15 occupation.

(4) Property franchise (£10) not to be changed.

This Bill is another proof of MR. DISRAELI'S cleverness. It is a very Liberal Bill, and so the Scotch Members declared.

In the course of his speech MR. DISRAELI let out at certain demagogues, whom he called obsolete incendiaries and spouters of stale sedition. He regretted that MR. GLADSTONE, an ornament to the House, wherever he might sit, should receive the homage of such persons, and he cited the famous ATTICUS couplet. MR. GLADSTONE could only remonstrate against vague charges.

We then went on the English Reform Bill, and MR. TORRENS had the pleasure of leading MR. DISRAELI'S long lost child, the Lodger, to its parent's arms, and of beholding the affectionate, yet somewhat stately welcome it received. It is to pay £10 a year, however, or cannot be recognised.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, who does not go in for jocularity, was at least as much surprised as pleased at getting a roar for his remark, that the Reform Bill did not provide for Flats. The State does, though, in too many instances, to the inconvenience of J. BULL, ESQ.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY moved the Second Reading of the Ritualistic Millinery Bill. In two thousand English churches he said there were lights upon the altar. We should like to know in how many of these there is a light in the pulpit. Their Lordships laughed a good deal at the Earl's details of the Ritualistic mode of celebrating the Eucharist, and it occurs to us that they laughed at a wrong time. His Lordship said that he had no respect for Convocation, because it represented the Clergy only. The PRIMATE did not think legislation necessary at present. His Grace was for waiting the report of the Commission. The BISHOP OF LONDON was for the Bill, but for the Commission also. The BISHOP OF OXFORD thought that the movement towards novel services of a Roman character was one of great gravity, and that the question lay deeper than one of mere vestments. LORD DERBY was for postponing the further progress of the Bill, and by 61 to 46 this course was adopted. It stands over for two months. After so serious a subject, a little fun was wanted, and it was of course supplied by LORD WESTMEATH, who was called to order for alluding to the BISHOP OF OXFORD by name.

COLONEL BARTELLOT got a Select Committee on the Malt Tax. This seems as good a way of shutting the mouth of that eternal Grumble, the farmer, as any other.

Mr. Punch thanks MR. FAWCETT for introducing a Bill for extending to the little children who serve Old Grumble aforesaid, the same protection as is given by the Factory Act. To explain fully why *Mr. Punch* is grateful, would be to introduce into his columns details which would (for the first time in his life) make one of his paragraphs unfit to be read *virginibus puerisque*. The immoralities of the present system of children's agricultural labour take the subject out of *Mr. Punch's* domain. He can only signify his satisfaction that the evil is seen and grappled with.

The Commons passed the Bill for doing away with the declarations about transubstantiation, and otherwise, at which the Catholics are annoyed. Needless to say that MR. NEWDEGATE and his Man Friday, of Peterborough, protested like Protestants.

Wednesday. MR. THOMAS HUGHES moved the Second Reading of his Bill on Sunday Trading. The case is simply this. Large numbers of tradesmen wish to shut up, but they will not do so unless their neighbours and rivals are forced to shut up also. The Bill would not interfere with public-houses, and the publicans therefore cordially approve a measure calculated to send them new customers. MR. HUGHES is so able, and so earnest for good, that we regret to see his energies devoted to a kind of legislation which appears to us to be needless, and therefore savouring of tyranny. After a debate, in which MR. HENLEY expressed a hope that the measure will be supported on religious grounds, and made much stronger, the Bill was read a Second Time, MR. WALPOLE remarking, with wisdom, that he had little confidence in legislation on this subject.

Thursday. We had a financial debate, and MR. DISRAELI and MR. GLADSTONE complimenting one another, joining in resistance to the abolition of the Fire Insurance duty, and carrying the Second Reading of the Bill for the Abolition of the National Debt by a process which, in 1885, will, if pursued, have reduced eight hundred millions by twenty-five. We then voted £415,000 for soldiers, and reasonable complaint was made that the rules of the Service were not explained by SERGEANT KITE to his recruits, who were not made aware of the stoppages out of pay. A resolution was carried, ordering the Sergeant to be explicit.

The evening ended with a scene to which *Mr. Punch*, having a respect for both gentlemen who acted in it, would have made no reference, but as the Americans will infallibly be down upon the English, in return for occasional British remarks upon sayings and doings in Congress, we may just note that two Metropolitan Members contrived to misunderstand one another in the lobby, and to use words which were handsomely apologised for, MR. DISRAELI remarking that there had been hallucination, and the SPEAKER hoping that nothing of the sort would occur again.

Friday. The Lords were prayed to ask the QUEEN not to let Irish traitors be made into Irish martyrs, *viâ* the gallows.

In the Commons we were informed that the Cattle Plague is on the increase again, especially in the Metropolis.

The rest of the evening was given to the Reform Bill, and a very important step was taken.

We abolished the Compound Householder. Thus:

MR. HODGKINSON moved that no person, other than an occupier, should be rated in any borough. MR. GLADSTONE enforced this proposal in the most earnest manner, declaring he accepted it for the sake of peace. MR. DISRAELI not only accepted it, but did so to the extent of saying that such a course was what he had originally designed, and that it was entirely in conformity with the principle of the Bill. Further, he boldly asserted that Government were not in the least influenced by terrors of agitation, or by arts resorted to by blunderers, who were sullen because rivals could deal with Reform. After these amiabilities, the Committee waxed merry, and MR. OSBORNE saw his chance, and made a capital after-dinner speech, in which he called the Crown lawyers the Two Black Graces, and MR. DISRAELI the greatest Radical in the House. Business and pleasure having been thus combined, the debate was adjourned.

Irremediable Irish Complaint.

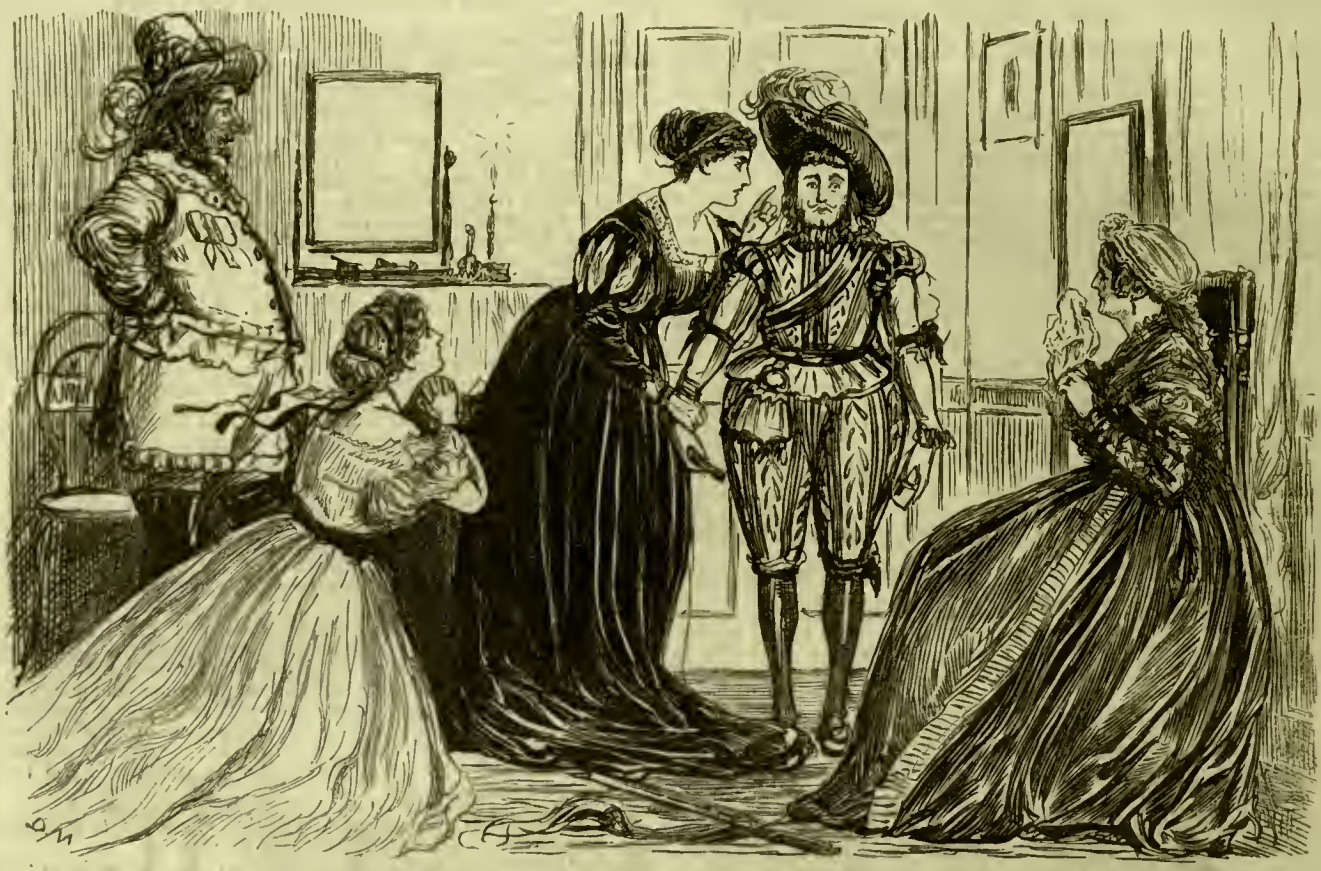
WHY not disestablish and disendow the Protestant Church of Ireland, and put the Roman Catholic in possession of its room and its revenues? Because the priests don't ask for an establishment by which they would be much less well off than they are now; and besides, if the Roman Catholic Church were constituted the Irish State Church, the great bulk of the Irish people would immediately turn Protestants. They would then begin again to complain of being obliged to support the Church of a minority, and the religious difficulty in Ireland, shifted about, would be worse than ever.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

OUR Station Master's Wife now and then wins a pair or two of gloves on the Derby. When asked her size, she does not say, like ordinary people, six and a half, but exactly 6.30.

SPARE HIS FEELINGS.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA has made one stipulation, in the event of his visiting Paris to see the Exhibition. He is not to be lodged in the Luxembourg.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS AT THE TITWILLOWS'.

MR. TITWILLOW, HAVING UNDERTAKEN A COMIC PART, IS ABOUT TO RENDER HIS APPEARANCE MORE EFFECTIVE BY REDDENING THE TIP OF HIS DEAR LITTLE NOSE. HIS WIFE, MOTHER, AND SISTER, IN A PASSIONATE APPEAL TO HIS NOBLER FEELINGS, IMPLORE HIM NOT TO DESECRATE HIS DIGNITY BY SUCH AN ACT. [*His bosom friend cynically contemplates the touching family scene.*

"WAIT TILL THEY 'VE WEIGHED."

(*A Derby Ditty.*)

WHIP and spur and jockeyship,
Wind and blood and bone,
Do your best. Upon the course
To-day your work is shown!
DIZZY winner by a length
Lands the Derby crack,
Spite of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and MILL
Thundering at his back!
"DIZZY wins!" is loud huzzaed—
Punch says, "Wait, till they have weighed!"

True—he 's ridden a gallant race,
Showed us all he knew,
Waited now, now forced the pace,
Till The Field he blew.
He has laid by for the turn,
Watched the nick to wheel,
Lost no inch that could be won,
By whip-cord, hand, and heel,
Yet, though "DIZ wins!" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

For all the toughness of the horse
The 'cuteness of the jock,
Though he 've rode artful as a fox,
And steady as a rock,
Races we 've known, as neatly won,
Lost, when jocks came to scale,
The winner's number sudden changed,
His backers' "head" turned "tail."
Then though "DIZ wins" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

There 's such a thing as riding light
And "foxing scales," they say;
As getting rid of weight, to ride,
Dodging it on, to weigh.
If DIZ meant winning, where 's the weight,
But over he would throw?
So look out when the race is done,
And jocks to scale must go!
So though "DIZ wins!" be huzzaed,
Punch says, "Wait till they have weighed!"

ROME MAKING WAY.

A QUESTION which came the other day before a meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates was whether the celebration of Mass should be permitted in the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields. It was negatived by the narrowest possible majority, 32 to 31. On the affirmative side was urged the argument that Mass is now allowed to be celebrated in the Government and other prisons. As the Protestant party on the Middlesex Bench is in a majority of only one, no doubt the celebration of Mass will very soon be permitted in all the prisons which they preside over. DR. MANNING may be congratulated on the progress which Popery appears to be making among the criminal population.

Note in the Academy.

MR. CALDERON'S study of *Hever Castle*, No. 648 in the books, is styled "Evening." A delicious picture, misnamed; it should have been *Hever*ning. So happy were the days spent in the Halls where first the EIGHTH HENRY met his ANNE BOLEYN, that MR. CALDERON could not but transfer his reminiscences to canvas as he murmured, "*Hever* of thee I 'm fondly dreaming." Gentlemen, No. 648 in the books! MR. CALDERON will oblige again!



THE DERBY, 1867. DIZZY WINS WITH "REFORM BILL."

Mr. Punch. "DON'T BE TOO SURE; WAIT TILL HE'S *WEIGHED*."



HINTS FOR DERBY TALKERS.



ON Saturday last a numerous and well-dressed deputation from all parts of the kingdom, including Derbyshire, waited on *Mr. Punch*, at his official residence in Fleet Street, to assure him of the value his "Hints for Derby Talkers" had been last year to multitudes of persons of all sexes and both ages, and to solicit him to publish a similar series, on the recurrence of the great annual horse-race, May 22, 1867.

Having listened, without yawning, to the arguments and entreaties advanced by the various and varying speakers, *Mr. Punch* replied to the effect that on the whole, and without prejudice, he was not altogether indisposed to debate in his own mind, and back office, the propriety of taking into consideration the advisability of determining, at a period not very distant, whether it would be politic and expedient and consistent with the first principles of political economy, and the law of hypothec to comply with their request, or refer it to a Royal Commission. The deputation expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with this candid and explicit statement, made without any unnecessary verbiage,* and having thanked *Mr. Punch* for the courteous reception he had given them, withdrew to neighbouring taverns to lunch, at the expense of the different Friendly Societies to which they belonged.

Mr. Punch instantly put on all his horse-power, and threw off the following Hints for the use of All on the Downs on Wednesday, the 22nd.

Vauban.—Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. Young men should be prepared to give precise and accurate information as to the meaning of this distinction to EFFIE and ELEANOR. If they like to Maunder on, they may say that this horse is named after a celebrated Sapper and Miner of antiquity, who built the Great Pyramid that erst filled Lincoln's Inn Fields, and enabled HANNIBAL to tunnel the Alps by a judicious use of acid-drops and the best malt vinegar. Vauban (now corrupted into Woburn) Place, Russell Square, is named after him. Died there of a surfeit of pickled walnuts and Devonshire cream, towards the close of the century but one before the beginning of the present epoch.

Does FELICIA ask who is the owner of the favourite? Easily answered. May she think the reply Feliciatous! The DUKE OF BEAUFORT is Master of the Horse, and good luck to him.

The Hermit.—Information about this horse may be obtained on the morning of the race, in an envelope Hermitically sealed, by applying to any member of the various monastic orders in London and the environs. If *The Hermit* passes the Judge's chair first, drink his health, and that of his CHAPL(A)IN in wine of which every well-regulated barouche will have an abundant supply—Hermitage.

Marksman.—Have you drawn him in the Grand International Sweep? Then, should he prove the winner, you will be like his owner—MERRY.

The Palmer.—It would be worth while to make even a longer pilgrimage than from Waterloo to Epsom to see *The Palmer* and *The Hermit* neck and neck. But such serious and ascetic creatures should not be exposed to the contaminations of the Turf.

Julius.—Will the Derby of 1867 be known in racing annals as the Julian Era? May the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE underline the 22nd of May in his Diary as an anniversary to be kept for ever with great rejoicing in the halls of Clumber!

D'Estournel.—Does not sound like a winner. Give a horse a bad name, and scratch him. *Mr. Punch* has long held decided opinions about the nomenclature (EFFIE and ELEANOR, explain this word to CYRIL and FITZ) of racehorses, and is ready to supply any number of apt and suitable names for yearlings and two-year-olds. Terms, 10 per cent. on all winnings.

Grand Cross.—In the event of the MARQUIS of EXETER'S success, MR. TENNYSON has promised to add a new verse to *The Lord of Burleigh*, which you may be sure will not halt.

Van Amburgh.—Will he be the King of the Beasts on Wednesday?

Plaudit.—Look to the telegraph. Is MAJOR ELWON'S number up?

Then *Plaudite omnes*, and when you return to London go and see old TATTERSALL in the National Portrait Exhibition.

* Query "Derbiage."—P. D.

A Welcome Gift.

LOOKING into a well-known shop-window in Oxford Street, just after the last changes in the Government, the thought occurred that the most acceptable present LORD DERBY could have, would be a Stationary Cabinet.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

In my soft Club arm-chair as I dozed—
I had fallen asleep o'er the *Star*—
To my mind's eye a vision unclosed
The ages and æons afar.

Like the roar of a past express-train
Had died out the din of the day:
Forgotten were BRADLAUGH and BEALES,
Reform Leagues had dwindled away:

The Lion of Birmingham long
By the Bucks lamb had peaceful been laid:
Long, on the Calne Cockatrice-den
CHILDE GLADSTONE uninjured had played.

Long gathered and garnered the fruits
Of ripe wisdom from JOHN STUART MILL;
BRIGHT'S trumpet hung mute on the wall,
And the *Telegraph* thunders were still.

Reform's best and worst had been wrought;
Democracy's tide had flowed full:
Agitation itself had caved in,
Having done all it could for JOHN BULL.

On the back of the chair I was set,
Whence the SPEAKER his Commons surveys,
And with bird's-eye view thence overlooked
The Reformed House, its workings and ways.

By my peep of the Future forewarned,
I hold it my duty to be,
What I saw, there to tell, or—more strange—
To tell what I there did *not* see.

I did not see ladies installed,
Save behind the gilt lattice's screen;
All the *persons* there, spite of JOHN MILL,
Wore trousers and not crinoline.

No working-men Members were there:
Save the spouters' no fustian I saw:
No Shop-Solons, hand-labour to crown,
And bring capital under its law.

No more palpable wisdom I found
In Reform's new-quintessence sublimed:
Not cleaner or harder their hands,
Who Democracy's ladder had climbed.

No more mighty thinkers: no more
Wondrous orators: as many bores:
Muddlers, Meddlers, and Millionnaires:
Directors, place-hunters by scores.

In short, 'twas amazing to find,—
One feels loath the result to avow—
How uncommonly like at most points,
Was the new House to that we have now.

POPINJAY ON WAR AND PEACE.

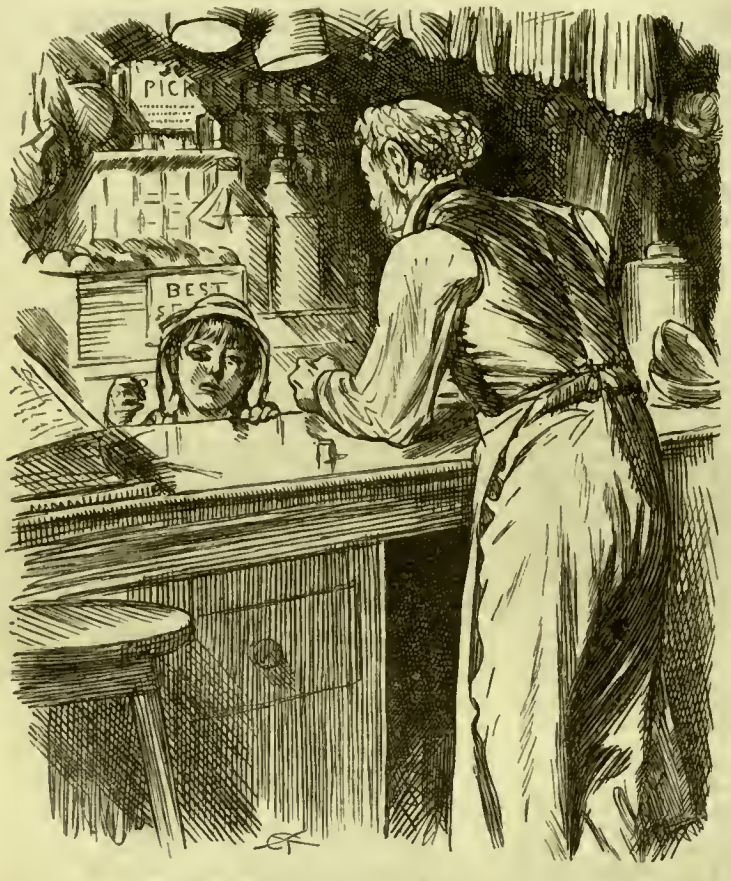
PUNCH,

I VERY much like that notion of letting off great guns without powder (which I read about while travelling here)—you know what I mean—revolving disc, I believe they call it, which hurls a ball as if it were thrown from a sling: no disgusting smoke, no stunning noise—a pretty Arcadian idea—War and Peace united—prodigious slaughter with perfect stillness—killing no bother—the British Lion having been taught to coo.

But I wish they could also do away with the groans of the wounded. Now it strikes me it might be done in this way. You have got a gun which emits neither sound nor smoke. Very nice. Would not a puff-ball, scented with violet powder, answer every necessary purpose? The enemy when struck on nose, chin, or cheek, should be considered *hors de combat*, and should retire on parol, covered with confusion and flour, warranted free from all deleterious substances.

Paris. P.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—MR. GLADSTONE has been able to effect a great saving in his household. He is so constantly "waited on" by Reformers, that he has discharged all his footmen as superfluous luxuries.



THE RULING PASSION.

Little Girl. "WULL YE GIE 'S HA'PENNIES FOR THIS THRIPENNY, FOR MA GRANNY'S FEARED IT'S NO A GUDE ANE?"

HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?

MR. PUNCH,

T' OTHER day I see in a noosepaper an advertisement as tickled my fancy uncommon. 'Twas this here :—

AMANDINE.—A beautiful hand is indispensable to all; it is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity. With the aid of Amandine . . . every hand may be rendered soft, beautiful, and white, every rude impression of hard usage or rough weather removed, and the seal of elegance impressed upon it, let its present condition be ever so unpromising."

Sur, I be a blacksmith. At laste I wus; bred up to't from a boy and hammerun away at the forge and the anvul this twenty year till at last I cum in for prawpurty. And so I've zet up fur a gentulman. Now there's my old gal she've a bin used to washun and scrubbun and havun her hands subjick to hard usage and rough weather all her life. I wonders if so be as how that there Amandine ood remove the "rude impression" of all sitch work and wear and tear off they, and they'd get "the seal of elegance impressed upon" 'um by that means. Their "present condition" I'll own is terrable "unpromising," unlike the 'bove advertersment. But will that Amandine stuff perform what it promises? Cause if "a beautiful hand is the distinguishing mark between refinement and vulgarity," we be dredful vulgar both on us; and that wun't do if we be to mix in the saziety of gentlefolks.

My hands is wuss than my wife's as you med spose. I han't never yet tried nothin wi um moor pureefyun than yaller sope. O coorse there's no expectation of Amandine impressun the sale of elegance on a vist like a shoulder o' mutton, but praps the use on't med git out zum o' the durt that's grammer'd into 'n a preshus dale moor I'm afeard than rightun is, and so conclude,

Your obeegent survunt,

DUNSTAN GHRIMES.

P.S. Patternised by Tinkers. Coalheavers, and Dustmen one ood think. Wonderful effex of Amandine pruved by beeun tried on sevral pares of hands arter 6 months oakum pickun in Bridewell.

THE LAST ADDITION TO "OUR GOOSE CLUB."—Tailors on Strike.

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF.

(*A Romance of Horseflesh.*)

HIGH on a drag perched, HIPPOLYTE looked out o'er Epsom Down,
And swept, with levelled telescope, all London out of Town,
At Derby's famed high festival; and what a feast was there
For HIPPO the hippophagist, the COUNT OF SAINT HILAIRE!

With gushing mouth and glowing eyes, that spoke an eager man,
He saw the steeds walked to and fro before the race began:
"Brave horseflesh, by my troth!" he cried, "with not an ounce of fat.
'Tis well at present—time enow anon to care for that."

He stood with elevated chin, and lifting up his nose
As one that in his bosom wears an overwhelming rose,
His proud lip curled as rose and fell the British Public's roar,
"They love that noble animal, the horse! I love him more!"

They're off! they're off! COUNT HIPPOLYTE's new hat is waved on high,
"*Consommé*," shonted he, "*aux* Hoofs!"—a pun to make and die.
"*Vive le cheval!*" he screamed above the shouts that rent the air:
"*Cheval sauté aux truffes! Cheval à la Financière!*

"*Ho, filet de cheval! Salmis! Rissoles à la Française!*
Ha, fricassée! Ho, vol-au-vent! Saucisses! Mayonnaise!
Horse roast, boiled, fried, with *sauce piquante*, or with tomato sauce,
Horse liver, kidney, sirloin, brisket, aitchbone, round of 'Oss!"

The race is run, the stakes are won, the Winner's posted high,
"How much?" shrieked out COUNT HIPPOLYTE. "How much? your man am I.
The Winner! Ho, the Winner! Is the Winner to be sold?
I'll buy him; yes, I'll buy him, if I give his weight in gold!"

My eye, what luck! The bargain's struck. Ah, what can words avail?
COUNT HIPPOLYTE ten thousand pounds paid down upon the nail,
The Derby's winner bore away, and fattened in a stall,
Then he and others ate him up, hide, mane, and tail, and all!

A SUNDAY REFORM BILL WANTED.

SOME heads are so hard that they require to be hammered at for years before much sense can be knocked into them. For instance, only look at this:—

"The Committee (House of Commons on Public-Houses, 1854) recommended—and it is strange to think how little has been done to carry out the recommendation in thirteen years—that museums and similar places of rational amusement should be open after two on Sundays, as rival attractions to the public-house on the workman's day of rest."

This is quoted from the *Times*, in a report but lately issued by the National Sunday League, a society which is striving, with greater zeal than means, to make Sunday a day of pleasant leisure for the poor: a holiday, or holy day, partly to be spent in healthful recreation, rather than in sitting in a hot unwholesome pot-house, and swilling bad, drugged beer. To this end the Sunday League is sensibly endeavouring to throw open other doors than those of public-houses, which are now well nigh the only places open to the public after Sunday morning church. Either you can go to the parson or the pothouse, such is the alternative allowed by English law. So the Sunday League is trying to obtain an "Open Sesame," for the British Museum and the National Gallery, which is closed to the nation when the nation needs it most. Were the Crystal Palace open as a rival to the gin-palace, there would be less of Sunday drunkenness than is witnessed in our streets. So the League is striving hard to get the Crystal Palace opened on a Sunday, and the shade of poor dear SIR JOSEPH PAXTON smiles on their attempt.

Assuredly our Sunday laws are strangely inconsistent. Hampton Court Palace is open to the people on a Sunday; whereas the infinitely more improving Crystal Palace is close shut. You may go and stare your fill at CHARLES the SECOND'S Beauties, but you are not permitted to see the Holy Family, or any other of the noble pictures in Trafalgar Square. A Sunday Reform Bill is sadly needed by the nation, to reform the stupid customs by which Sunday now is spoilt. Meanwhile, let every one who wishes to see Sunday rightly used, as a day of healthful leisure and not sickening debauch, subscribe what he can spare to the National Sunday League, which at the close of its last year had only six-and-twenty pounds in hand to continue its good work.



DISSECTING ROOM, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

SCIENTIFIC CELEBRITIES TAKING THE CAST OF A WHALE.

A MODEL AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

Dear Mr. Punch,

"On their own merits modest men are dumb," and, as modesty is eminent among your many virtues, you can hardly be expected to mention the performance in which, with much success, your young men recently took part. Yet I think that it deserves some record in your pages, as being an exception to the very general rule that an amateur performance for the aid of any charity demands a vast amount of charity in those who are its critics. I believe that very few of those who kindly paid their guinea for a stall at the Adelphi, on Saturday, the 11th, felt they did not get their guinea's-worth of pleasant entertainment, in addition to the consciousness of pleasant satisfaction that they were aiding by their presence a charitable work. It is a Sister's Penance, often, to see her brothers act, but I own I think that Mademoiselle Giraffier felt far more pride than penance to see how well her clever brother Stanislas could play—the beggar! how I envy him his charmingly sweet voice!—and other sisters, also, who were sitting with the audience, were not bored in the least to see their brothers on the stage. The truth is, *Mr. Punch*, that, unlike most amateurs, your young men took the trouble to be perfect in their parts. Generally it happens in an amateur performance, that—

> To the words, ill-remembered, the gestures ne'er suit,
> And the voice of the prompter there never is mute.

In this respect a lesson might with profit have been learnt from the play at the Adelphi, and I believe there are still extant even actors by profession who, with profit, might have studied it.

Another point wherein the acting differed, with advantage, from most that now is visible, was its being wholly free from staginess and claptrap. The actors used their natural voices when they spoke, and simply with their words used action that was natural. There was no such thing as thinking solely of oneself, no forcing of a small part into undue prominence. Even the "Lambs," poor dumb animals, who merely had to stand at a doorway and be stared at, did their best to do this well, and showed no sign of the ambition, doubtless burning in their bosoms, to stalk up to the footlights, and burst forth in a set speech.

I am no critic, *Mr. Punch*, but simply one who paid my guinea, and felt tempted to proclaim, as I walked out of the theatre, that I'd had as good a guinea's-worth as ever had been given. Only one regret then lingered in my mind, and that arose from these eight lines which I heard in the "Address":—

> "Last, but not least in your dear love, and ours,
> There is a head we'd crown with all our flowers.
> Our kindest thanks to her whose smallest grace
> Is the bewitchment of her fair young face.
> Our own Kate Terry comes, to show how much
> The truest art does with the lightest touch.
> Make much of her while still before your eyes—
> A star may glide away to other skies."

Graceful actresses are not so common on our Stage that we can spare, without regretting deeply, one so delicate, so ladylike, so intelligent, and so refined. In these days of gas and glitter, noisy rant, and nigger breakdowns, a young actress like Kate Terry, who can act a graceful character with naturalness and ease, and can express emotion strongly, without staginess or rant, is invaluable in serving the best interests of her art. As a contrast to the coarseness which burlesques are prone to generate, she charms the better taste and feelings of the public, and arrests the downward course of degradation of the Stage.

But the "gods" must humbly bow to the little god of love; and boxes, pit, and stalls will soon be forced to yield their favourite at call-boy Cupid's call. Happy he to whom "no cards" then may be posted from the "other skies," but who will be invited to welcome the fair star, so soon about to glide thither.

Wishing you still more success in your good work of charity, I beg leave to subscribe myself (besides the enclosed five guineas),

One who Plays.

*** *Mr. Punch* is not more modest than most other great men; and he willingly inserts this letter, because he thinks that it expresses very general opinions; and also because it serves to provide him with a peg, whereon to hang conspicuously a public vote of thanks, from the Committee of the "Bennett Fund," for the frank and ready kindness with which Mr. Benjamin Webster, who is ever ready with his aid in a good work, lent his theatre to those who helped to fill it with Six Hundred Guineas for the Fund.

LEGAL QUESTION.

Must the punishment for Arson be necessarily a *Light* sentence?

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT OF PERSONS.

(*A Lecture delivered at an Institute, by* PROFESSOR BARNOWL.)

IT seems strange, my friends, that the right of women to vote for Members of Parliament is asserted and advocated, principally by MR. MILL. MR. MILL'S speciality is logic: he therefore, of all men, might be expected to discern the reason which unfits the female sex to exercise the elective franchise. And what is that? My friends, in many things women are cleverer than men. They have intuitions which transcend reason. But that same reason is the one thing needful for the free and independent voter. No reason, no vote. Now the fact is, that women, wonderful as many of their endowments are, women in general, are not endowed with reason. Oh, to be sure, there are exceptions! MR. MILL'S experience has doubtless been confined to them. He is a happy man.

Yes, my friends, undoubtedly there are a few women possessed of reasoning powers—a very few. They correspond to men of special genius. The ordinary woman is actuated by instinct—sentimental instinct; but still instinct. It is usual to say of such an one that she has a will of her own. This is true, my friends, in one sense, and false in another. Will means inclination. In this sense women have a very strong will indeed. Will also means volition. Of this the majority of them have almost none at all. Try them; make the experiment upon any one even who is a rather uncommonly sensible woman. Complain to her of any objectionable fashion. She may assent to all that you say; but she will follow the fashion. She will follow it as long as it lasts. Look at crinoline. Women of the lower orders cling to it still, just because they don't know that ladies have left it off. If you exhort a woman to discontinue anything whatever which fashion prescribes, you will generally find you might as well talk to a cat. You will get attended to as much as you would be if you endeavoured to persuade a tortoiac-shell to be a tabby. My friends, there is something in the constitution of the female mind which renders a woman as unable, of her own accord, against the fashion, to alter her dress, as an animal is to change its skin or its spots. See how chignons adhere to the female occiput, in spite of everything! By-and-by they will suddenly and unaccountably drop off. In the mean time, to expostulate about a chignon with its wearer would be as effectual as remonstrating with a buffalo on his hump.

Lovely woman is often declared to be all heart. That is very true. The heart is a muscle of involuntary motion. It pulsates under the influence of a part of the nervous system distinct from that through which the other muscles are moved and controlled. Women, for the most part, appear to be governed by the same influence all over. Thus they are rendered charming creatures—inexpressibly charming, adorable, delightful—most admirably adapted to perform peculiar functions, useful and ornamental, but, oh, my friends, not fit and proper persons to return Members to Parliament!

I will not ask how many original authors, artists, thinkers and creators of any kind are, or have been women, nor why it is that, generally taught music as ladies are, there is not a female MOZART, nor even so much as a fair DONIZETTI. Let us take cookery, my friends. It is one of the common employments of women. Essentially, cookery is a rational art. There is reason, you know, in roasting an egg. Now many women are good executive cooks. But if you want a head-cook you must resort to the stronger sex. There are female mathematicians—they are very few; but, perhaps a female mathematician is less rare than a female *chef*. Who are the cooks that invent the great dishes? Not women, I think. Where is your female UDE? Where is your female SOYER? A lady once stated that she had made some mock turtle out of her own head. She not only made a dish, but a joke. She was one of the exceptions.

Request one of the gentler sex, my friends, to boil you a round of beef, for instance, after the manner prescribed by LIEBIG. With an amiable docility, which cannot be extolled too highly, she will perhaps obey you, but try to make her apprehend the principle of the process! No, don't—if you persist in the endeavour she will probably cry, and the man who would draw a tear down the cheek of Loveliness by useless explanation or argument is no better than a Bluebeard.

I said, my friends, that there are exceptions to the generality of women: I took care to say so. There are some women undeniably endowed with reason. You may never have met with such: I have. I will not enumerate or name them: how few they may be no matter. The fact of their existence is consolatory. It enables us to believe that the germs, at least, of reason exist in the mind of every woman, and that, in the great mass of women that divine faculty is only dormant. Now, there are many girls who are entirely unreasonable, but very fascinating for all that, at least so long as they are young and beautiful, whatever they may become when they turn into matrons.

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind."

You know the rest, my friends. Well; doubtless he expects to meet his squaw in the happy hunting-grounds. So also we, Europeans, may say, Lo, the poor husband, whose well-tutored mind, discerning the germs of reason in the mind of woman, derives thence a confirmation of the hope, cherished in spite of MAHOMET, that under future and happier circumstances:—

"His faithful *wife* shall bear him company."

However, in the meantime, my friends, whilst, in by far the greater number of maids, wives, and widows, the rational faculty, if existing, remains undeveloped, I am afraid I must invite you to express the opinion that women at large are as yet naturally unfitted to exercise political functions. But if that is your opinion, perhaps you likewise think that the want of reason ought to disqualify men also for electoral privileges. It may be feared that if a practical Reform Bill could be based on this principle it would effect a large and liberal contraction of the franchise.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE NINTH.

LATEST news from the Egsposissiong.

They have appointed me as *the* Juror *par rexseltongse* on the Pickle Department, and Assistant Juror to the Piano Commissioners.

Pickles and Pianos! Need I say I am in my element? I have already commenced an essay on little pickles, regular pickles, and, touching pianos, Piccol-omini; if the work increases, I shall soon be in a pretty pickle.

I divide my day thus: first a pickle, then a piano; then taste a pickle while trying a piano. So much for the morning. The afternoon is much the same.

The Prince has arrived—*Mong Prangse!* to use the French tongue—and appears highly delighted with all he sees. I did not read my address to him, as it has been privately intimated to me that he does not wish to be recognised by me in public. I understand MONG PRANGSE'S motive for this. So will you.

I hear it whispered that, in consequence of my services to the Egsposissiong, I am to be ribboned and titled. This comes of Pickles and Pianos. What title should I like? I have considered the subject, and thus conclude. According to your wish, I always pay *my* distinguished visits to the Egsposissiong in the afternoon. Well, Sir, at that time Paris expects me to do my duty: Paris looks for me, and I come. Now, Sir, there is such an honoured title as Count de Morny, *nez par?* (which is French for "*is there not?*") Then why should I not be styled, Count de Afternoony?

LUMPYRAW LOUEY himself will not object.

MONG PRANGSE will not object.

You, I am sure, will place no obstacle in the way.

But do send me *larjong* (that is, money), merely for *largesse* to be thrown to the populace on that occasion.

This is what I sang to LUMPYRAW the other night, after dinner, by way of a gentle hint:—

"Oh, dear, what can the matter be
Louey is not playing fair."

A start from LARMPERRARTREECE (the Empress), who was accompanying me as usual on the gay guitar of her native country (would it be too much to say I allude to Spain?), nearly threw me off my balance (by the way, *do* send me a cheque; I've got one joke that's worth all the money, but never shall it pass these lips until £ *s. d.*——), but I continued my flowing numbers—

"He promised to buy me a bunch of red ribbon,
To put in my button hole, there.
Oh, dear! *Hélas! Cur faire!* &c."

LUMPYRAW rang the bell.

I had touched him. I draw a pocket-handkerchief over the remainder of the scene. For such divinity doth hedge a king, that you're kicked out of the presence before you're well in it. No more of this.

You have complained, I hear, that I do not tell you so much about the Egsposissiong as you had expected. What *did* you expect?

Wait for my next, and then—— But this is to anticipate, P. THE G.

I'll give any of my countrymen a day's amusement in Parry. Go and see the *Ark of Triumph*. Ask the guide to explain all about Noah. Cross the *Pong Nurf*, walk straight on until you are quite tired, then see if you can get a cab (a *voytoor*). This search will occupy you for another hour agreeably. If you forget the name of your hotel, or the *Rew* (that is, street) where you are staying, ask any person to tell you. Say *Mossoo, oo sweej kong jerswee shay mwaw, sivoo play?* (that is, "Where am I when I am at home, if you please?") You will soon get such an experience of Paris as no instruction of mine can give. *Ardewr!*

Come Early.

THE only Racing Prophet whom the ladies should consult is *Mr. Punch*. He asks for no commission; and when his dear clients are successful (there is no "if" in the case) he is amply rewarded by a winning smile.



Swell (who won't be done). "H'YARS MY KYARD IF YOU 'D—AH—LIKE TO SUMMON ME."

Cabby (who has pulled up and heard the dispute). "DON'T YOU TAKE IT, BILL. IT 'S HIS TICKET O' LEAVE!"

PUZZLED.

I 'M sick, O Compound Householder,
Of thee and of thy claims,
Thou Proteus of the Commonwealth,
One shape of many names!
Whether thou art old England's pride,
Or doomed to work her fall,—
The running sore of city life,
Or the best class of all,—

Whether thy rates thou pay'st in rent,
Or part, or all, or none,—
Whether, if not compounded for,
Tenant, or landlord 's done,—
Whether, when thou hast registered,
The franchise thou wilt prize,—
Whether in social scale or price
The man or vote will rise,—

Whether thou 'lt tend to pipe and pot,
Or quite the other way,—
Whether thou 'lt rush to swamp the poll,
Or stay supine away,—
Whether corruption's upas-growth
Checked by thy means will be,
Or bribes and bribers, nothing loath,
Find a new field in thee,—

Whether the Tenements Rating Act
Perforce should be the law,—
Whether 'tis true SIR WILLIAM CLAY
Has made or cured a flaw,—
Whether in GLADSTONE'S reasoning,
Or DIZZY'S to confide,—
To whom pin faith, whose view accept,
And for whose view divide,—

Who 'll tell a helpless true-blue Squire
Who fain would do what 's right,
But gets confused 'twixt Ayes and Noes,
And hears his black called white:
Who sees things topsy-turvy turned,
Finds heads where tails should be,
And feels he 'a aiding, Deuce knows how,
To arm Democracy!

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Spectatum admissi PACEM teneatis, amici."
Horace (a trifle altered).

When at the play, my BROWN or JONES,
Please only talk in under-tones.

HAVING the good fortune, as my friends jocosely term it, of lately marrying a wife somewhat younger than myself, I have frequently the happiness of being dragged out after dinner to a play-house or an opera. As compensation for the trouble which these gaddings out entail on me, I have the benefit of hearing her remarks on the performances, and these amuse me more than what I either see or hear upon the stage, for unluckily I am no novice at a theatre. The other night she whispered that *Pollio*, she thought, would look more like a Roman if he wore a Roman nose, and she added, "But if I were *Norma*, and knew his nose was false, I should revenge my wrongs by pulling it." Again, a minute or two afterwards, she wondered if the Druids really were as ugly as they look upon the stage, and whether, when they sung, they used such uncouth gestures, and made faces so grotesque, as are shown by those who now are hired to represent them.

Artless prattle such as this it is no uncommon thing to hear at a performance, and doubtless there are ears which are not displeased by hearing it. Some play-goers, however, have ears which are not long ones, and prefer them to be filled with the sense that may perchance be talked upon the stage, rather than the nonsense overheard among the audience. It is not pleasant in the middle of a noble scene by SHAKSPEARE to hear the twitter of JOCASTA, or the twaddle of BELINDA, and when a gentleman has paid a guinea for a stall, the chance is he would rather hear the melodies of MEYERBEER than the gabble he could gratis listen to at home.

It is difficult for a woman, I well know, to hold her tongue, and as women form a large proportion of our play-goers, one of course cannot expect that conversation at a theatre will altogether cease when the curtain is uplifted. Still, it ought to be discountenanced as a really selfish practice, and husbands would do well to preach a little sermon on the virtue of silence, except between the acts, whenever they escort their wives and daughters to a theatre.

Some plays there are, however, that an audience might prattle through, from the first scene to the last, without causing any loss to any would-be listener. Such a one may now be seen at a theatre whereof the name will readily occur to those who lately have attended it. Here the plot is as improbable as the dialogue is dull; and the goodness of the scenery only serves to call attention to the badness of the piece. An advertisement proclaims that it pleases people mightily, but I doubt if an advertisement can make it a success. The applause when I was present came chiefly from the gallery, which is not the best paying portion of the house. It is a pity that a company well fitted to act comedy should have to waste their powers on a dreary "comic drama," wherein the only comic incident is a face besmeared with jam.

To me few contrasts are more grateful than to enjoy the entertainment of an evening spent with SHAKSPEARE, after suffering the penance of sitting through a stupid piece. What ample scope he gives for scenery and decoration, yet how little he requires them to make a play attractive! Who feels the need of scenery, that bears the glowing poetry wherein *Enobarbus* paints the voyage of *Cleopatra?* What artist could so vividly depict her pomp and grandeur? The play, as acted now-o'-nights, has great scenic attractions, but they only show that SHAKSPEARE was the greater scene-painter.

Good actresses are scarce now, and should be seen when visible. The lady who performs the part of *Cleopatra* seems fittingly impressed with a due reverence for the poet, and delivers all her speeches with propriety and care. Having aforetime shown great skill in her conception of the character, she now brings her maturity of judgment to improve it, and represents the queen most worthily in all her vanity and petulance, her passion, anguish, and despair.

WILL WADDLE.

From the Shades.

THE Ladies in Paris are wearing a new colour "BISMARCK *en colère*." What is he angry about? Luxemburg? Then instead of this novelty being denominated, as it is, a light brown, ought it not to be called a done brown?

THE COMPOUND PUBLICAN'S CHEMISTRY.



AN interesting but illegal branch of industry was elucidated at Bow Street on Saturday last week. A gentleman named JOUSIFFE pleaded guilty to a summons on the part of the Excise, charging him with having sold to a publican a quantity of treacle or saccharine matter to be used in the adulteration of beer. According to a police report, MR. DWELLY, who attended for the Excise authorities, produced a remarkable circular, issued by the defendant and his brother, who described themselves as :—

"CHARLES and GEORGE JOUSIFFE, importers of Dantzic spruce, cordial compounders, and makers of liquid refined sugar and spirit-colouring."

This instructive announcement contained a specification of articles sold by the BROTHERS JOUSIFFE, with explanatory notes for the information of their respectable customers. The reporter shrewdly remarks that—

"Several of the articles mentioned in the circular seemed to be designed for the adulteration of spirits."

The suspicion thus expressed will not perhaps appear quite groundless, from the statement, that—

"One of the items was 'London Cream,' which was stated to be 'highly appreciated by all who have tried it, being flavoured with the finest juniper berries and other ingredients used by distillers. To 100 gallons of gin, 17 or 22 U.P., add four gallons of London cream. Use no sugar. It will allow of six or seven additional gallons of liquor, and be superior to any gin made in the ordinary way.'"

The word liquor, in the foregoing connection, does by no means signify any intoxicating fluid; but, on the contrary, a quantity of "allaying Thames," or New River, or any other river, or fountain, or well, alike suitable for the purpose of "allaying." Certain gallons of gin being seventeen or twenty-two U.P., the admixture of a stated quantity of London cream will enable them to be augmented in quantity six or seven per cent, while reduced in quality, by the addition of "liquor," to figures very considerably more "U.P." than seventeen or twenty-two, without tasting any the weaker for their dilution.

It may concern rogues to know that—

"In making up gin or cordials the liquor should be boiled and used cold."

Here is a recipe which, unexplained, might seem designed for application to an honest purpose :—

"Concentrated essence of pine.—To fifty gallons of rum add two gallons of essence, or according to the quantity of liquor used."

But interpret it by the annotation on—

"Concentrated essence of pine, No. 2.—This is the same as No. 1, but contains an artificial heat, which allows an extra quantity of liquor."

That is to say, a quantity of "liquor," exceeding the measure with which a knave is enabled to elude detection in watering his rum by No. 1. Consumers of cheap spirits would do well to note the two prescriptions ensuing :—

"Cheap Rum.—To five gallons of proof rum add one gallon of liquor and one quart of concentrated essence of pine, No. 2.

"Cheap Gin.—To ten gallons of twenty-two U.P. gin, instead of sugar use two quarts of the cream and three gallons of liquor."

From the preceding disclosures it will appear that MYNHEER VAN DUNK would have been very much out in his reckoning as to the aqueous and spiritnous ingredients of his grog if he had been accustomed to deal with the customers of MR. JOUSIFFE. This gentleman, indeed, in apology for his peculiar line of business, made an assertion which, if true, would show that at no British public-house could VAN DUNK now possibly drink spirits and water in the proportion of the former to the latter which he bargained for :—

"The defendant said all publicans used similar ingredients, and always would do so; and if persons in his trade did not take it round to them, they would buy it at the grocers."

Ah, well, let us hope that there is a considerable fallacy in the "sad, very sad, fact," stated by PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, that "in the United Kingdom as much as £89,000,000 a-year is expended in ardent spirits, £58,000,000 of which is consumed by the working-classes." The working-classes, at least, do not consume nearly so much ardent spirits as the Professor thinks. Only, to be sure, weak gin and rum are no doubt rendered intoxicating to the degree of madness by "artificial heat" and "London Cream." Thanks to the assistance afforded to the British publican in diluting his spirits, by gentlemen in the line of MR. JOUSIFFE. As this was MR. JOUSIFFE'S first conviction for doing business therein, he was let off with the mitigated fine of £125. Any gentleman engaged in the same reputable avocation may be induced to relinquish it for a less hazardous one by the information that the full penalty of its exercise is £500.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION.

MR. PUNCH,

I WISH to draw the attention of the Managers to one or two serious deficiencies in the Second Collection they are now showing. They have two portraits of ADDISON, but not one of SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY! GOLDSMITH, and *Jessamy Bride*, and *Little Comedy*, are all to be seen, but not a single member of the *Primrose* family can I find either in the Catalogue or on the walls. There is a fine portrait of *Mr. Yorick*—a STERNE reality; but, after the most careful examination, I have failed to discover any representation of *Mrs. Wadman*. If DEFOE could not be got, surely *Mr. Crusoe* ought to have had a conspicuous place in this assemblage of British Worthies. I could name other remarkable omissions—the celebrated traveller, *Mr. Gulliver*, *Mr. Gray* (not THOMAS, who is there, but *Robin*), *Adams*, the Divine, *Mrs. Malaprop*, &c.—but I will not trespass further on your valuable space, having, as I think, quoted instances enough to prove that, great as the Collection is—one of its distinctions being two hundred and more portraits by HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, and GAINSBOROUGH—it is *not* a complete representation of the long and fertile period which has DUTCH WILLIAM at one end, and FARMER GEORGE at the other.

Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA GAINSBOROUGH REYNOLDS.

Rather hard lines to hang poor DR. DODD (No. 821) over again!

RITUALIST AGGRESSION.

THE announcement that MR. WALPOLE has been placed, as responsible Minister, on the Select Committee nominated to report on the question of repealing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, has given lively satisfaction in Ritualist and Roman Catholic circles. No doubt is entertained that the right honourable gentleman will prove as competent to maintain the Royal supremacy, as he was to defend the Royal Parks. There is every reason to believe that as soon as the Ecclesiastical Titles Act is repealed, and the Pope's jurisdiction in the Queen's dominions is affirmed by Act of Parliament, the Ritualist party will excommunicate the rest of the parsons, declare themselves the true Church of England, and map out the country into a number of new dioceses of their own, under the primacy of the BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

Lines on the Lodger Franchise.

ENFRANCHISED are Lodgers.
Be quiet, then, ODGERS,
And you noisy codgers,
BEALES, BRADLAUGH, and BRIGHT.
Give up agitation;
Cease intimidation;
To make demonstration,
Roughs no more incite.

Academy Note.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S picture, of *The Queen receiving Despatches attended by her Gillie*, the *Saturday Review* complains is of too black and mournful a hue. The mention of the Gillie should have reminded the Reviewer that the picture cannot be all black, as part of it is entirely given up to BROWN.

MOTTO FOR MR. CHAPLIN'S DARK HORSE.

"TURN, Gentle *Hermit* of the *veil*."

THE USE OF SARUM.—The BISHOP OF SALISBURY is of opinion, that the unity of Christendom can be brought about by the use of Roman cement.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 20. LORD LYVEDEN complained that the statue of GEORGE CANNING was shoved away from its original site into a court in the rear of George Street. LORD DERBY said it could not be helped, and that the statue would be seen very well in the new place. Statue is derived from the Latin *statua, statura*, from *statuere*, and that from *statum*, past participle of *stare*, to stand. But if, as would appear from sundry recent cases, a statue is to mean a thing that does not stand, but walks about, we had better find another noun for the article.

MR. HARDY, the new Home Secretary, *vice* the hydraulic MR. WALPOLE, stated that as he wished people's minds to cool on the Park question, he should not until after Whitsuntide press the Bill against meetings. If he surpasses CANUTE, and repels the popular surge, we shall re-christen him as HARDYCANUTE.

LORD NAAS thought that the Irish Reform Bill should be postponed until after the Whitsun holidays. N.B. The Commons are always reckoning by their holidays. We wonder whether they carry notched sticks in their pockets, and cut away a notch for every day they have to sit.

MR. DISRAELI, amid cheers, formally assented to MR. HODGKINSON'S proposal for killing the Compound Householder, and promised that if technicalities did not prevent, the enactment should be inserted into the Reform Bill itself.

Two very remarkable speeches were delivered to-night.

One was by MR. LOWE. He made an elaborated protest against the present course of legislation, charged the Commons with blindly passing enactments the action of which no one had tried to explain, and likened the Reform Bill to the car of Juggernaut, crushing everybody. Ignorance and poverty were to be admitted to power, and though the Mass had no politics yet, it would learn a policy, which would be that of Socialism. It would demand the abolition of the taxes affecting itself, and the throwing taxation on the rich. It would assuredly abolish all but direct taxation. It would revolt against the National Debt, would have laws for increasing wages and limiting work-hours, and would thus compel recurrence to Protection. Those who hoped to bribe the lower class into voting rightly would get into a sea of corruption, and yet would not accomplish their object. The standard of Parliament would be lowered, when Members came as delegates of the poorest and most ignorant, and had also paid for their seats. He depicted other disasters, and ended with a fervid appeal to the Gentlemen of England not to fling away all their advantages and honours, without the shadow of an equivalent. The Liberals were going to ruin both their party and their country.

MR. HENLEY said that the situation had been brought on by successive declarations from the Throne that there ought to be extension of franchise, and that it was more conservative to settle the question than to let the Pot Boil Over.

After some speaking, of no particular mark

Clause 3 of the Reform Bill was carried, with cheers.

Ladies, your attention to your Champion.

The second remarkable speech of the evening was made by MR. MILL, who moved that instead of Man the word Person be introduced into clause 4.

And now, Ladies, *Mr. Punch* does you the justice of believing that you would like to know what arguments your Friend advanced. You may be sure that all that could be said was said in the best manner by MR. MILL, and that such of you as wish to fight the battle may have all the weapons, elegantly polished, at hand, *Mr. Punch*—your devoted slave—lays them before you in the most convenient form. MR. MILL urged that at present

Neither birth, merit, exertion, intellect, fortune, nor even accident can enable any woman to have her voice counted in matters which concern her and hers as nearly as any person in the kingdom.

It is not just to make distinctions between the QUEEN'S subjects, except for a positive reason.

Are women who manage property, or business, or teach more than most male electors know, unfit for the function of voting?

Would they be revolutionary?

Taxation and Representation should go together. Women pay taxes?

The real difficulty felt is not a practical one, it is only a feeling of Strangeness.

That is a thing which wears off. What are the objections?

1. Politics are not women's business.
2. You don't desire the suffrage.
3. You are sufficiently represented by your influence over male relatives.
4. You have power enough already.

The answers are—

1. Nor are they man's, unless he is a professional politician. He has business of his own, which he does not neglect, for the sake of voting, more than a woman would.
2. But many do, and others would but for fear of being ill thought of. We are not to suppose that leading questions put to ladies elicit their real sentiments. None are so well schooled as women in making a virtue of necessity.
3. Does man apply this argument to rich men and others with influence.
4. You have great power, but it is under the worst conditions, for it is indirect, and therefore irresponsible. And he would have you work by a manly exchange of opinions, and not by cajolery.

There is a feeling which men have, but are ashamed to express—this: *A woman has no right to care about anything but how she may be the most useful and devoted servant of some man.*

MR. MILL professed such indignation at this idea that he would not argue about it.

In the old days woman and man lived apart—that is, the wife was a plaything or an upper servant. His friends were men. This is changed. The two sexes pass their lives together. The women of the family are the man's habitual society. The wife is his chief associate, most confidential friend, most trusted counsellor.

Then, should a man wish that such a companion should be studiously kept inferior to himself, and taught ignorance or indifference about the subjects among which his highest duties are cast?

The time has come when, if women are not raised to the level of men, men will be pulled down to theirs.

As to women being sufficiently protected, he would like a return of the number of women annually beaten or kicked, or trodden to death by their male protectors—of the cases when the dastardly criminal did not get off altogether—of the cases in which such brutes received lighter sentences than are awarded for trifling thefts.

Old educational endowments were for boys and girls alike. The girls have been shut out, as at Christ's Hospital, where there are 1100 boys and 26 girls.

The Doctors shut out the ladies.

The Painters do the same, excluding them from the associateship of the Academy, because they were distinguishing themselves too much.

A husband can tear away every shilling of his wife's and spend it in debauchery, and even then, if she struggles and saves, he can pounce on her earnings, unless she is judicially separated.

Your Champion, Ladies, wound up with an earnest assurance that when the time should come, as come it would, for acceding to his motion, we should never repent of the concession.

And *Punch* is sure that whether you want votes or not, you will say that the cheers MR. MILL gained were well earned.

MR. E. K. KARSLAKE thought MR. MILL confounded the distinction between man and woman.

MR. DENMAN supported him, but thought the Bill already conferred the suffrage.

MR. FAWCETT (a newly married man too) earnestly supported the motion, and said that the time for chaff on the subject had gone by.

MR. LAING talked nonsense about the ideal of woman, said that *Juliet, Ophelia* and *Desdemona* had nothing to do with votes—the poets understood woman better than MR. MILL.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER, like a gallant Knight, supported your cause.

LORD GALWAY said the motion placed admirers of the fair sex in an awkward position.

MR. ONSLOW said that two young ladies had told him they would vote for the man who gave them the best pair of diamond ear-rings.

MR. MILL was pleased, as well he might be, at the fearful debility of his opponents, and took the division, which was,

For the Ladies . .	73	
Against. . . .	196	
Majority	123	for keeping you out, dears.

This speech of MR. MILL'S was the event of the week, and the rest shall be tied up very tight indeed.

Tuesday. The *Alabama* quarrel is to be arbitrated. MR. MILL means to give London Municipal Reform.

Wednesday. The Derby was won by MR. CHAPLIN'S *Hermit*. The day was a detestable one.

Thursday. Habeas Corpus in Ireland to be again suspended. We had a jolly row between MR. MAGUIRE, MR. ROEBUCK, and MR. BRIGHT. Again we got on Reform, and into a singular muddle about the County Franchise.

Friday. Compound Householder not quite dead, and MR. DISRAELI accused of attempting to retract—another storm in the offing. An Indian Debate about Mysore, which is an eyesore to the old Anglo-Indians.

Saturday. The Lords sat to pass the Irish Suspension Bill, as such things are always left to the very last moment.

"NEW AMERICA."

WHAT MR. HEPWORTH DIXON has made of his book about the Mormons is a *More-money* Book.

A CERTAIN "PERSON" TO MR. MILL.

DEAR MR. MILL,

IN the name of my sex, I feel bound to thank you for your argument in support of your motion for the admission of women to the franchise, though the proposal itself was not quite to my taste, either in the manner or the matter of it. If we *are* to be let within the pale of the constituencies, I would rather we came in under our own style and title as "women," than be hustled thro' your wicket under the epicœne disguise of "persons." You must boldly and unequivocally hoist the crinoline as your banner, or we refuse to enlist with you. There 'a good precedent for it. MAHOMET, you know, marched to his first conquests under his wife KADIJA'S petticoat. How can we be expected to acknowledge a flag, which, like MISS MARY WALKER'S costume, is a cross between the masculine and feminine garb; an anomalous and unbecoming combination of farthingale and unmentionables? Such a garment might fit the Compound Householder, if he were compounded of male and female; but no woman who respects herself would ever put it on. It 's all very well for MISS MARY WALKER, and other weak-minded women, whose lives are spent in poaching on the poor and petty male manor, to the neglect of their own far richer and wider domain. I repeat "weak-minded." No, Sir, it is not a misprint for "strong-minded." The really "strong-minded" woman is the woman who is woman all over; who knows and trusts the irresistible strength of her womanhood, and shows it by tyrannising over her born-slave and palpable inferior, man.



A REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.

Let MISS MARY WALKER, and those who think as she does, and can make up their minds to dress as she does, clamour for the franchise, and be content to be smuggled within its pale as "persons," or as parcels—as men's equals, or even as men's inferiors. I certainly will not accept for my sex any franchise that does not recognise my inborn superiority. I may stoop to take a vote, when the men offer it me on their knees; but when it is tossed to me under an equivocal *aliàs*, and I am expected to stoop for it, I drop you a respectful curtsey and say, "No thank you, MR. MILL."

But I am not at all sure that I would accept the franchise on any terms. I prefer exercising my political rights of sovereignty by proxy. Like the QUEEN, whose sceptre is a symbol of the supremacy of our sex, I would rather rule through my Ministers—I mean, through the men. As it is, I use them to register my edicts, and to carry out my will, as far as I choose to honour them with the duty. I should like to ask you, where is the man who dares set up a will of his own, against some one woman? Dare *you*, Sir? Have *you* no lady, before whom you tremble, under whose foot you are happy to lay your neck, at whose bidding you are ready to say black is white, by whose will you are content to play the chameleon; and turn "blue" or "yellow" as she bids you? If you can lay your hand on your heart, and say "None," I should pity you, did I believe you. But I shouldn't believe you.

No, Sir. Why should we wish to exercise power through the franchise, when we are already omnipotent over those who have the franchise? We don't see that men are much the happier, or the better, or the wiser, for their politics. I look upon men's politics very much as men look on women's needle- or fancy-work. It keeps idle hands out of mischief, and, very often, beguiles the time, when one is too tired to walk and too lazy to read or think. Both work and politics may sometimes be useful. But it is not the useful part of politics that men like best, any more than it is the shirt-making, or button-sewing that women are most inclined to employ their needle upon.

In the case of the married women, you admit that female influence is paramount as it is, and do not even propose—stupid as men can be—to give us the franchise, which we already exercise through our husbands. But the single women have, in fact, just as little need of the franchise as the married ones. Their position is merely transitional. They are on their way to be married; in other words, on the road to the market, to buy a slave of their own. Till they acquire their private human chattel, they have better occupation than politics. They are qualifying for the government of husbands; practising those arts and training those powers on bachelors, which will have to be put in serious operation on the men they marry—just as the Spanish bull-fighters practise banderillo-throwing, and picadoring on the *novios*, or yearling bulls, before they adventure on the full-grown brutes of the arena, or as the little boys in South America learn to lasso the wild horses, and grown



THE LADIES' ADVOCATE.

MRS. BULL. "LOR, MR. MILL! WHAT A LOVELY SPEECH YOU *DID* MAKE. I DO DECLARE I HADN'T THE SLIGHTEST NOTION WE WERE SUCH MISERABLE CREATURES. NO ONE CAN SAY IT WAS *YOUR* FAULT THAT THE CASE BROKE DOWN."



cattle, by first lassoing all the stray puppies and calves about the *rancho*.

In one word, Sir, till we are married, we are learning to rule our husbands. After we are married, we have our husbands to rule. We have as little time as inclination or taste for what you call "politics," and regard them as the natural occupation of the inferior or slavish sex, whom we have admitted to the suffrage, as I see it is now proposed to admit the Negroes in the Southern States.

I believe you mean kindly to our sex, and think that you are paying us a compliment when you propose to give us votes. You are a poor creature, for all your logic. Why should we stoop to any labour which we can employ men to do for us? When will your logic open your eyes to the fact that, like the Constitutional Sovereign, "*La femme règne et ne gouverne pas.*"

Yours kindly, though contemptuously,

JUDY.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DERBY DOG.



THE Dog that always, just previous to the Derby, runs down the course like mad, amid the whoops of the British public—what is he? The superficial thinker may reply, a common mongrel; but that will not be the conclusion so lightly adopted by the reflective spiritualist. When was this periodical phenomenon of a dog ever caught, ever owned? Is there not something suggestively mysterious in the constancy and regularity of the animal's appearance and career? The mind which, free from the trammels of scepticism, considers the well-authenticated legend of him,—

"That spoke the spectre-hound in Man,"

will know what to think of the never-failing apparition of the Derby Dog at Epsom. Perhaps the *Spiritual Magazine* will notice this dog. Has anybody ever endeavoured to ascertain if he answers to the name of Bogy?

St. Stephen's and the Dragon.

WE see by DEBRETT that MR. BRIGHT's crest is "a dragon's head, gules, vomiting flames of fire." This crest seems quite appropriate to so fiery a speaker. Having our LEMPRIÈRE at our elbow, the dragon's head reminds us that, like Cadmus, MR. BRIGHT must have sowed some dragon's teeth, for military men are always rising to oppose him.

TO ALL "PERSONS" WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

SEVERAL enthusiastic Mammas, in commemoration of MR. MILL's recent speech on Female Suffrage, have christened their infant daughters AMELIA, EMILY, or MILICENT; because any one of these can be familiarly abbreviated into "MILLY."

"Pious Uses" on the Turf.

WHO, after this year's Derby, will dare say that racing is a sinful amusement? Think of £160,000 carried off from a *Rake* by a *Hermit* for the benefit of a CHAPLIN!

ON DIT.

A NEW PAPER will shortly make its appearance, and most likely its disappearance. It is to be the organ of the Hotels and Chop-houses, and will be called *The Fresh Eggs-ham-iner*.

Snakes v. Rabbits.

Simple answer to Humane Objectors. (*By the Laughing Hyæna.*)

THE Snake eats the Rabbit,
'Cos it 's his habit.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

BINNS, our wine merchant, left home for the Derby in high spirits; but losing, became like the day, gloomy. His friends said of him, that he went off sparkling, and came back still.

CLARKSON STANFIELD.

BORN: 1793. DIED: MAY 18TH, 1867.

THOUGH Art with' us know not such honour's meed
As from the Senate and the Sovereign flows
Freely for statesman's work, or soldier's deed,
To cheer a great life's evening of repose;
Although untitled name and unstarred breast
Be his, whose sceptre is the muse's palm,
Who twines the olive and the laurel crest
About his forehead, consecrate and calm;

He ranks as noble in Fame's Book of Gold;
On brow, not breast, Renown's great star he wears;
The rolls that his undying titles hold,
Outlive the rolls of Paladins and Peers.
Fair-blazoned on that golden page is writ
His name, whose loss makes many sad to-day:
O'er that cold brow the deathless star is lit
Which burns above great artists passed away.

England, the Sea-Queen, with a heavy hand
Lays a green wreath on her sea-painter's bier,
Where CLARKSON STANFIELD's plain name shows more grand,
For absence of all titles written near.
What title could make that great name more great?
What honour, e'en from honour's fount, could flow
To him, who with the immortals holds his state,
Whose laurels, as he sleeps, will grow and grow?

He lived a life of happy honoured toil,
Toil in the art he loved, and lived for still:
Not his, like some, a life his labour's foil,—
His work and conduct owned the self-same will;
Pure, simple, faithful, spent in service true
Of God, and of the talent God had given;
And never earthly life seemed, through and through,
More ripened, here, to bear its fruit in Heaven.

Say not, the pictures that he gave the stage—
Pictures, born in a day to live a night—
Ephemera of Art, that knew not age,
But died almost ere we could say, "how bright!"
Say not such pictures were a waste of power,
Their value lost, their beauty flung away:
Who knows what seeds they sowed in their brief hour
Of love and knowledge for an after day.

How many eyes in art's deep lore unlearn'd,
Through the great theatre, first learnt to see
In his fair scenes, the beauty they had spurned,
The grace of God's world and man's masonry.
How much refinement *his* refinement spread,
How much invention quickened at *his* fire;
How much new sense from *his* fine sense was bred,
What spirits used *his* wings first to aspire?

Till when he left the theatre, behold,
That was an art which he had found a trade:
For rough-daubed blots great pictures were unrolled,
Untutored taste was taught, and tutored fed.
And then to more enduring work he turned:
Painted the strength of storm, the hush of calm,
Italian suns upon his canvas burned,
Cool Northern skies shed their grey peace like balm,

White-winged feluccas, on Calabrian seas,
Dipped to the blue, like sea-birds at their play,
Or a dismasted hull, before the breeze,
Surged the Abandoned, on her helmless way:
Or to our charm'd eyes Venice raised her face
Of smiles and sunshine from the still lagune,
Or Alpine needles reared their snow-clad grace,
In the thin air, under the crescent moon:

Or some great battle's glory at his hand
Took form and life: Trafalgar saw again
Upon the bloody deck our NELSON stand,
Or heard the mourning for him drown the main.
So lived he, to record the grace of earth,
The awe of sea, our ships, our fights, our fame;
Simple, serene,—high life, from lowly birth,—
He lived for Art, and leaves a deathless name!

WHAT THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF WAS THIS YEAR.—Watered.



A VICTIM.

VERY WELL IN THE COUNTRY TO RIDE WITH AN ELDER SISTER; BUT NOT SO LIVELY IN TOWN, IF SHE HAS A LARGE ACQUAINTANCE!

PUNCH'S DERBY PROPHECY.

MY DEAR PUBLIC,

NEVER again, my dear Public, never again. What saith the proverb? If my friend deceives me once, it is his fault. If he does it twice, it is mine. Never again, my pensive Public. The fact was this. I got a little cosmopolitan and sentimental. I had been reflecting that our QUEEN is the greatest Mahommedan Sovereign in the world. I heard that the SULTAN was coming here. I had bought some very good Turkish Towels. One way and another, I was moved to offer the post of honour this year, to my friend MAHOMMED, and let him do the prophecy, as he had always boasted that such things were in his line. I knew he was an Impostor, but yet I thought he might behave decently for once. Of course, he prophesied a lie. He predicted that *Vauban* would win. He remembered a clever saying in my friend LORD LYTTON'S delightful *Devereux*. VAUBAN, you know, the great engineer, knocked down tall fortifications of the old style, and substituted low ones. His motto was, "I destroy, but I defend." This my old humbugging friend gave me as a guide. *Vauban* was beaten. All I can say is, this sort of thing shall never occur again. I have predicted for years, and have never erred—how can I err? Henceforth I will be my own Prophet. I wish I had been so this year, for your sakes. I added "with reservations" to what Mahommed said, and you will be glad to hear that I myself put all my money on *Hermit*, who won. If any of you who lost by following the advice of my false prophet will come to Westminster Abbey on Sunday morning next, at eleven o'clock, and remain till one, you shall hear something to your advantage. In the meantime believe me, yours, pityingly,

PUNCH.

Notes on Reform Phrases.

I SUPPOSE it is only a question of the *menu* ordered, whether or no a diner at Richmond's "Star and Garter" entitles the diner to be considered as one "having a stake in the country."

"Women," observed MR. MILL, "do not get up monster meetings." To hint at the possibility of the fair ones doing such a thing is ungallant to the Honourable Member. The only instance on record of a lovely woman having anything to do with a monster meeting is to be found in the tale of "Beauty and the Beast." MR. WHALLEY would suggest that this is an allegory, the explanation of which is, a Lady going over to Rome.

A PIG IN A POKE.

WHEN up in London, t'other day,
BILL PURKIS says to me;
Says, "Loramassy, here 's a play
As I should like to zee."
"What is it all about?" says I.
"Looks like some sart o' fun
About a Pig," was his reply:
"'Tis named *Pyg-ma-li-on*."

Thereat we husted, me and BILL,
Out laughun in a roar,
And couldn't stop ourselves, until
The sides on us was sore.
Says I, "In pigs I takes delight."
Says BILL, "So I do too."
"Let 's goo and zee that Pig to-night."
"Well, come, then, s'pose we do."

We went, and zee'd 'um dance and jig,
And heard 'um zing and squale,
But not a word about the Pig,
Nor yet about his tail.
"Pygmalion! Yah!" cries BILL. "A fine
Pig that un sims to be;
He 'll make much pork, will that are swine,"
Says I, "Fat bacon, he."

Tall Talk by a Bishop.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, in his late Charge, has asserted high pretensions. It does not appear to have ever occurred to his Lordship that the great majority of the whole number of Bishops in Christendom consider him a heretic. Had he not better square his accounts with them before talking quite so much as he does about ecclesiastical authority?

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE TENTH.



N proceeding to further details, allow me to correct a wrong impression which has got abroad, chiefly at home, about these papers of mine. I do not, as I did not, intend to give my co-nationalists long looks at this great city of Parry, but merely Peeps: peeps at the Egsposissiong, peeps at the Rews—Rew delar Pay, Rew der Rivuley, and all the other Rews—"*Lays otre Rews*," as our lively neighbours say. Not to be personal (or shall I write it purse-onal?), you, my very dear (or shall I say cheap?) Sir, have not agreed to remunerate me for more than "Peeps." But this is *yewn arffair ongteairmong ongler noo a lur post*: the post is, by the way, a long time bringing that little matter, *darjong* (that is, money), concerning which I hinted pleasantly in my last.

Having explained myself openly, *rayonong ar no moolong*.

We have had a grand *bal* here. I went. A general, or an *ay dew kong der* Lumpyraw, made some difficulty about my entering *ler grong sarlong*. I addressed him thus: "*Mong Brarve daycorray*" (he was covered with orders: *arpropo*, do send me that P.O. order of yours)—"*Mong Brarve, jay lonnurr aytrr arnveelay par* Lumpyraw *swaw mayme, pairmettay mwaw der voo passay*."

"*Nong, Mossoo!*" says he, in execrable French.

"*Nong!*" I exclaimed, pointing to the piece of red ribbon in my button-hole, to which, as a Juror in the Pickle Department, I consider myself *arntittulay* (that is, entitled), "*Cur dearbel*——"

"Come you just hook it, will yer?" he interrupted, in remarkably plain English, which there was no mistaking. I saw there was an error somewhere on somebody's part, and to avoid any disturbance which might have had some political signification, I quietly, and under protest, retired.

A Correspondent of a contemporary informed me that there were sixty detectives present, chiefly English, and this accounts for *his* not having given any but a most correct account of the Ball. I have stopped at home expecting an apology. None has come, and so, as I said before, there must be an error somewhere.

Mong Prangse de Wales *ar partey*. He enjoyed himself very much, *kong il ettay raystong ar Parry*, and of course Peeper's hints were of great assistance to his R.H. The "Peeps" are to be translated into Russian for the Czar: at present they are merely caviare to the untravelled; perhaps that's why the Czar is so anxious to devour them. I am meditating the composition of a musical address to him, with a jovial hip-hip-hooray chorus, thus—

"Hoo-Czar! Hoo-Czar! Hoo-Czar!!!"

Do you think he'd like it? Would you, if you were he? Say so if you would, and I'll do it. I believe he pays *handsomely* for anything of the sort. (Ahem! But no matter.) Do not believe any report as to my being engaged to a princess, or one of Messrs. Spiers and Pond's demwausels who minister to our wants at the refreshment bars. *Snay par vray* (it is not true).

Esker jer vay der mer rarnjay? Nong, nong, emphatically *nong*, if I knows it; *see jer le say, mong ongfong, pars ongkor*.

The report may have arisen from a little difficulty about a sandwich and bitter-beer bill, which, I have assured Jane, on *your* behalf, shall be settled.

Ayyea peteay poor set jern feel lar, a mongvoyay darjong toot sweet. I am not joking, *parroll donnerr, arvec mong mang sewer mong kur*; that is, on my word of honour, with my hand on my heart, *voyay voo?*

The French ladies are taking to Lay Sandwiches (*Les Sandwiches*) mightily, and to the bottled Bass.

Notable things in the Egsposissiong. I am there every day from two till four. Happy to play the *chicherony* (not a musical instrument, but an Italian word derived from Cicero, who was always showing some one up) to any of my countrymen. Do not let them pass me by with, "My countryman, and yet I know him not!"—*Shakespeare*. (Comes in well, doesn't it? I'll throw in no end of quotations—spice the article well—if you 'll only send me *darjong*. N.B.—Don't print *this* in the article.)

There are some beautiful pianos in the Egsposissiong. Being a Juror, I am a judge of this sort of thing. There 's one exhibited here with a handle, like an organ—music made easy—for anyone without any knowledge of music has only to turn the handle and the piano *plays itself*. [Wouldn't the proverb "Fingers were made before forks," meaning tuning-forks, come in well here? I can spice my article with lots of appropriate proverbs, if you 'll make it worth my while. *Darjong*.]

There 's a place where they give biscuits away every day at one. I 'm there to see that no one abuses such kindness. The Gardens are in nothing like order yet: they say that the grass hasn't been properly laid down and put into form, because Lumpyraw (meaning always Louey) is afraid of plots.

At twelve o'clock everyday I walk round to the Tweellyrees and cheer Larmperrartreece, giving one little one in for *Sir petty garsong, ler* Prangse Armperryarl. They like it. This is the thing *der reegur* for every loyal Aytrarnjay (foreigner) to do.

Of course, you know, you are a foreigner here. Odd, but true. *Droll, may say vray*.

Pickles and Pianos having engaged my attention (of course you 've heard my *bong mo* about *pianos* being my *forte—kumprenny voo?*), I am now appointed sub-assistant Juror to the Pictures.

I was told to go and inspect particularly *Friday before the Judges*, by a French artist. I couldn't find it; but, as in duty bound, I criticised what it ought to have been from a *Robinson Crusoe* point of view (*Crusoe* and *Friday*, you know), and, after all my trouble, it turned out that the subject was *Phryne before her Judges*. Such a picture, Sir! If Mr. Algernon Swinburne would just step over to Paris, and write a little poem on the subject, I 've no doubt that Mademoiselle Tayraysar would sing it at the Alcazar Hall, and Lumpyraw and a few friends make her a handsome present of twenty thousand francs for singing it to them *arpray deenay*.

Talking of deenay, let all our compatriots dine at the deenay der Parry, Passarge Geoffroy. Only four franks, including *urn bootail der vang ordinnair*, or a *demmy boolail de sooperryur* (meaning a superior sort of *ordinnair*, less quantity, better quality), and about five courses, ending with *day glass*, when hot.

The only nuisauce is you *must* pay, *il foe cur voo payay* as you go in. So do send me *darjong* (literally *silver*), or to-day will be the last for some time that will witness my joyous face in the Passage of Geoffrey, at the door of the Deenay der Parry.

Yours,

Peeper the Great.

P.S. A lot about Parry and *degsposissiong in my next*. If—*Remember!*

PP.S.—Oblige me by correcting an absurd rumour that has got about to the effect that at Lord Cowley's Ball I ate a cold fowl and a half, an entire lobster-salad, and drank a bottle of Champagne. It was the Duke of Ed-nb-rgh who did it. But I am free to own that I asked the waiter for the above refreshment under the ingenious pretence that it was "for a lady." The following extract translated from the *Cologne Gazette* is therefore incorrect, except as to the cotillon, *vwoylar*—

"He did not dance in the cotillon. Apparently he did not eat enough at supper, for directly the dance began he went to the supper-room and made a hearty meal of half a roast fowl and some sherry."

This Correspondent (who, I imagine, must have been one of those Decorated Detectives) adds, "that a certain distinguished young personage always blushes when any Parisian Beauty of the Court regards him with undisguised admiration." I know I am peculiarly modest (all truly great men are), and *do* attract considerable attention, but I deprecate such a notice as this.

P. the G.

"May Good Digestion Wait."

A Commission has been lately issuing a report on the advantage to arise from the obtaining of a Digest of the English Law. Of the advantage to the nation there can be but little doubt; but, seeing what hard nuts to crack the English law contains, only ostriches, we fancy, would be able to digest it.

Ritualism Rampant.

Harum scarum, Bishop Sarum,
Horum corum, divo.
Cope, stole, chasuble, alb, dalmatic and hatband,
High cockalorum genitivo.

Colney Hatch.

The Proper Godfather for the Hall of Arts and Sciences.—Mr. Coles Child.



IRISH ARCHITECTURE.

Angler (in Ireland). "HULLO, PAT, WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Pat. "SHURE, I'M RAISIN' ME ROOF A BIT, YER HONOUR-R!"!"

HINTS TO HISTRIONICS.

IF our actresses take leaves out of the Music Hall books in the matter of familiar Christian names (to which fashion *Mr. Punch* objected in a recent number) why should not our Managers adopt the elegant Music Hall nomenclature in their ordinary bills? The comic singers style themselves thus, "The Jolly NASH," "The Eccentric So-and-So," and after this manner might the theatrical programmes be drawn out. This evening, for instance, will be presented the laughable farce, written by the mirth-moving MARTIN TUPPER, entitled,

CATCHING A WINKLE.

Benjamin Boodle	By the Side-splitting PHELPS.
Nicholas Noodle	By the Fantastic CHIPPENDALE.
Charles Fenham	By the Star-comique STUART. (*By kind permission of managerial* BEN WEBSTER).
Captain Mountjoy	By the Champion Comic ARTHUR STIRLING.
Julius Dolager	By Le Petit PAUL BEDFORD.
Mrs. Mountjoy	By "The Funniest Woman Out," MRS POYNTER.
Emma	By the distinguished Shakspearian Soloist and Swaness of Avon, Miss "AVON"-IA JONES.

After which a Petit Comedy-drame-burl-farce-panto-tragedy by the dashing MERRY-ANDREW HALLIDAY, *entitled,*

THE GREAT PITY.

Private Box	By the Irresistible HORACE WIGAN.
Corporal Cox	By the "Talking Arm," WALTER LACY.
Paddy O'Rafferty	By the Funny KEAN.
The Great Pitt	By the Juvenile ADDISON.
The Duchess of Mountserrat	By the Tear-compelling MARIE WILTON.

Of course every professional should be at full liberty to adopt a descriptive prænomen for himself, and stick to it. Dramatic authors should do the same, and in a very short time the novelists, whose name is legion, will have to coin titles for themselves, which will be placarded in glaring colours on the posting boards of the Metropolis. And when the thing is thoroughly over-done then will come the re-action, and it will not be the loudest trumpet that obtains the largest audiences.

FLORAL AND CHORAL.

THE other morning *Mr. Punch*, as he chipped his second egg, saw his youngest daughter smiling at this notice in the *Guardian*:—

WANTED, a Situation as HEAD GARDENER. Has great interest in flowers. Lately taken bass part in surpliced choir. Single. Steady. Good reference. Address, &c.

Well, what is there to laugh at, Miss? was *Mr. Punch's* stern remark. There is nothing very ludicrous in the fact that a gardener is able to sing bass. O, you are tickled by the surplice, are you? A gardener in a surplice! Well, pray, and why not, Miss? "A saint in serge is twice a saint in lawn;" and a bass voice in a surplice may to some ears sound far finer than if its possessor merely wore a fustian jacket. Besides, the surplice shows the gardener is a man of High Church views, and not a dangerous dissenter; and this may serve to recommend him very strongly to some people. There are persons in the world who would hardly eat asparagus, if they knew that it was cut by a go-to-meeting gardener.

Ritualistic Duologue.

SAYS Sarum to Oxon,
I *shall* put these togs on.
Says Oxon to Sarum,
I *should* like to wear 'em.

CHANGE OF NAME.

AT St. George's Church (in what Parish we will not tell) in consequence of the Sermons being so long and tedious, the parishioners propose getting the name changed to St. *Jawge's* Church.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, June 1, 1867.



THE WET DERBY.

BOB BRABAZON DOES NOT THINK IT SUCH A *VERY* BAD DAY!

CHARITABLE WASTE-PAPER.

A HINT has been thrown out in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that people, who are plethorised with magazines and newspapers, would do a kind act if they saved them for our hospitals and workhouses. This is a good idea, and *Mr. Punch* is pleased to echo it. Tons of what is called light literature might be rescued from the fire-grate, or the lumber-room, or butterman, to lighten many a heavy hour spent on the sick bed of a hospital, or in the prison termed a poor-house.

Many people would be charitable, if it cost no pains or money; and charity like the above would at once be cheap and easy. Five minutes would suffice to make a parcel once a month, and sixpence would suffice to pay its carriage to a hospital. Your penny newspapers will serve your cook to light her fires with, and the rest of your light literature should be kept out of her clutches. Of course, no one dreams of ever burning *Punch;* but many keep it, like their other jewels, safely under lock and key; and, excepting in shop-windows, poor folk rarely can inspect it. What a treasure would *Punch* be in a hospital, or workhouse, or the sick-room of a cottage! What dull and dreary hours would it serve to entertain there, and with what trifling cost or trouble might it be distributed! Let people who buy *Punch* think of this when they have read it, and bestow it on the poor. Then, regardless of the threepence, they can go and buy another copy for themselves, if they wish, sensibly, to file it.

An Imaginary Offence.

ON the question about hanging the condemned Fenian traitors, the *Times* very justly says:—

"There is no disguising the fact, that a great change has come over the moral convictions of mankind since disloyalty was denounced by divines and jurists as the worst type of human wickedness."

Yes. People used to hold with the declaration that rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. So they do still; only their belief as to witchcraft is, that there is no such sin.

GROSS NEGLECT.

THE education of the children of Teetotal parents must necessarily be imperfect, for at the very outset, in learning the alphabet, they are not allowed to use the liquids.

THE COMPOUND HOUSEHOLDER.

A Song of St. Stephen's, by a Scald, after BURNS.

IT was DIZZY and HENLEY and HODGKINSON,
The high, low, and high-dry,
And they have sworn an oath the Com-
Pound Householder should die.

HODGKINSON his amendment moved,
"Agreed, *nem. con.*," was said;
And the House has sworn an oath the Com-
Pound Householder was dead.

But when the clauses were brought in,
That should have wrought his fall,
The C. H. he got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

For CHILDERS to his rescue came
With an amendment strong—
And DIZZY deemed what CHILDERS willed
GLADSTONE would not think wrong.

Clause one was HODGKINSON's own child:
By it C. H. was slain.
But three and four's provisoes brought
C. H. to life again.

The House that this persistent bore
Had hoped was off the stage,
Seeing him thus resuscitate,
Flew at him in a rage.

Old HENLEY vowed that he the last
Of C. H. meant to see:
BASS swore C. H.'s bier, to him,
No bitter bier would be.

And AYRTON from behind his back
Belaboured him full sore:
And HIBBERT turned him inside out,
And bowled him o'er and o'er.

BRIGHT filled with language bad and black
A long speech to the brim—
Heaved in the Compound Householder—
There let him sink or swim!

NEATE set him up to knock him down;
Each quondam friend turned foe;
From Opposition to Treasury Bench
They tossed him to and fro.

They voted him the biggest bore
That ever yet was known:
But HENLEY used him worst than all,
He called him "Old Nick's Own."

They ripped off what poor rags of good
Had on his back been found:
And the more that they pitched into him,
Their joy did more abound.

Time was this poor C. H. was deemed
A blessing not a bane:
Was HARDY's barrier, DIZZY's sieve
The Borough scum to strain:

But now he is a child of woe,
An outcast waif and stray:
When HODGKINSON said to him "Go,"
Not one voice bade him stay.

Dundreary spoke his doom—"a thing
No fellow can understand."
So exit Compound Householder,
With cuffs from either hand.

Supper for a Snake.

THE Managers of the Zoological Gardens are accused of exhibiting a spectacle of cruelty in letting the Python swallow rabbits alive. They might feed the reptile in public without offence if they were to give it a Welsh rabbit.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.—Prussia.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE ELEVENTH.



I HAVE adjudicated upon the pianos, and have decided upon MESSRS. BROADWOOD & SONS as the Prizemen. You should have heard me trying my celebrated tune on one finger, by which I tested the merits of the different instruments. LUMPYRAW LOUEY, who was present, for a very short time, said "*Ill ay plew cur jer pwee supportay;*" in English, "It is more than I can bear." I observed tears in the eyes of several Commissioners, not to mention the Crowned Heads who had been attracted to the spot by the sweet sounds, which could be heard in almost any part of Legsposissiong.

I am sorry for COLLARD, but if BROADWOOD receives the garter and collar, then he 'll be garter'd and *collar'd*. This is my latest *mo*. Say it at dinner anywhere, and see how it goes. Talking of that (*ong frarnsay, arppropo*) I am thinking of letting out jokes for the season. *Bong mows* of the *premmyair clas*, ten shillings each per night; *jerdesprees*, nine shillings for one turn at a dinner-table; *jerdymows*, or puns, six and eightpence an evening, from ten till twelve, a reduction made on taking a quantity. A legal question arises here in my judicial mind. Could I prosecute a person for "taking" a joke? No, I think not,—only for keeping it and using it.

Receive the assurance of my highest consideration for *larjong*, which you sent me by circular note. My tailor is also pleased, so is my haberdasher (such a Dasher as he is too! this is a *jerdymo*) whose grey shirtings might otherwise have been brought down with sorrow to the grave.

My last new tie is the admiration of all Parry. Whenever I write specially about Parry you may put it in a separate Parry-graph. (This is a sort of *jerdyspree-aveck-jerdymo*.)

In consequence of my admirable reports on Pickles, which have been preserved (*bong mo*) in the archives of this great Beehive (*jerdymo*, this) of an Egsposissiong, the Commissioners appointed me Special Grand Juror on Platinum Boilers. I accepted the office because I had recently formed an acquaintance with a very nice young gentleman from Manchester, who, I had reason to believe, was the very man to be thoroughly up in the question of Platinum Boilers. So I asked him to dinner, and he came, as he said, with pleasure. At what point in the banquet the Platinum subject came up I don't know, but I fancy from my headache, and generally nervous state this morning, that our conversation must have been carried on with great energy. Several glasses, I find, have been broken, and the *kongseairgsh*, who lives in the *kongseairgsharee* down-stairs, received several complaints about the noise *o catryaim*, my rooms, from the lodgers *o dersyaim, troyscaim, a o sankyaim*. (*Sankyaim* is spelt in French *cinquième*, and means fifth floor.)

I do not recollect what he said about Platinum Boilers. I leave off for to-day. To the Egsposissiong.

Next day.—My Manchester friend is a humbug. He *did* say he knew all about Platinum Boilers, and so I prepared my note-book and catechised him thus. (I append the examination in full, and give his name privately to *you*, so that you may be warned against applying to him for information.)

Q. What is a Platinum Boiler?
A. A machine for boiling Platinum.
Q. What is Platinum?
A. Platinum is—but you won't understand if I do tell you.
Q. Yes, I will; what *is* Platinum?
A. Well, it 's a sort of a new thingummy, you know, which will in time supersede the higher class of medals (*query* metals), and to describe it scientifically—— [*Here he described it scientifically.*
Q. Oh, indeed, thank you, much obliged. Now, what is a Boiler?
A. A Boiler? oh, a fire is a boiler: a kettle is a machine for boiling, a saucepan is the same—boiled fowls, you know.
Q. Precisely: and a Platinum Boiler is?——
A. A boiler made of Platinum.
Q. Then you do not boil Platinum in a Platinum Boiler?
A. *I* don't—*you* may, if you like.
Q. You do not appear to me to know much about Platinum Boilers?
A. As much as *you* do.
Q. I admit that I know nothing about them.
A. No more do I.
Q. But I heard you were brought up in Manchester?
A. So I was.
Q. Where?
A. Police Court, and fined five shillings.

Moral.—Never lean on a broken reed when you want to know anything about Platinum Boilers.

I have, however, furnished the Commissioners of that department with my decision on the subject. I find that to award prizes a thorough (if any) knowledge of your subject is *not* required. Silence, a frown, a shrug, compression of lips, a short "um," "ah," "oh," with perpetually jotting down hieroglyphical memoranda in a pocket-book (to which you can always safely refer anybody) will accomplish all that 's necessary. But, above everything, silence and a pocket-book. (Do not put the above secret before the public, and oblige PEEPER THE GREAT.)

LER PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL has been unwell. I am glad to say he is all right again. On his arrival from San Klu I called, of course, upon the dear little chap.

"*Mong* PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL," says I, on one knee, and the toe of my right leg pointing gracefully outwards; "*Kommong voo portay voo, par sir tom?* (*i.e.* "How are you by this time?")

"*Tray, beeang,*" he replied. "*Ay, voo?*"

"*Mwaw?*" I responded, "*kusee, kusee,*" which ought to mean, "But, so-so." Somehow I don't think it does.

"*Jer sweesongsharntay dervoo vwaw,*" he returned, and so ended the reception as far as the public is concerned. But to my promenade.

Lobsairvartwaw, or the Observatory of Paris, is well worth a visit at midday. Insist upon their showing you the moon and principal stars. Produce your order; and if you meet with any further opposition, threaten that you will tell LUMPYRAW.

Go to the *Hotel days Arnvarleed*, that is, *Hôtel des Invalides*.

I forgot, in recounting the best hotels in Parry, to mention *Lotel days Arnvarleed;* that is, *L'Hôtel des Invalides;* much patronised by valetudinarians and convalescents. I get my information second-hand from a friend who knows Parry well, as I have neither dined, nor stayed there myself. The charges here are very moderate, and there is but one objection; namely, that as an invalid you are subject to a sort of quarantine. I mean that all recognised invalids (no shams) in Parry are obliged to dress in cocked-hats and a kind of naval uniform with a sword attached. It is a remnant of an old custom. The old custom was, in ancient Parry, to kill an invalid whenever you met one. But in order that he shouldn't be allowed to go out of the world without some fun for his money, every invalid was provided with a sword, which, however, in many cases he was not strong enough to draw. So they still keep to costume, like our blue-coat boys do. It is the only hotel in Europe, or anywhere else, where the visitors are obliged to wear a peculiar dress.

I do not know what the rule is as regards ladies. I will ascertain.

An English visitor will do well to attend the Law Courts in the *Pallayd Juiceteece*. A complicated case well argued by leading counsel before an able *Jooge* (that is, Judge), is an admirable method of passing a couple of hours, of acquiring a knowledge of the niceties of French jurisprudence, and the idioms of the French language. All the *Arvokars* (Barristers) wear caps, gowns, bands, and no wigs, and have in general the appearance of very busy men who are going to wash when they get home.

I am going to give a *Bal Marskay* in my room. Don't reprehend me for extravagance. I have only issued invitations to three or four people who won't know one another in masks. I shall hire an organ. Among my guests I shall probably observe L—D COW—EY, LUMPYR-W, LARMPERRARTRE-CE, and ABDUL AZZIZN'T, the SULT-N. I am to be photographed in the dress of LOUEY CARTHORSE, *ler Grong Mon-nark*.

There is a guide to Paris coming out at the end of this month by sixty writers, prefaced by VICTOR HUGO. They have gone to press without any contribution from me, although of course they waited until the last moment. I couldn't consent, as I have my own little work (in addition to our own *Paris for the English*), *arntilulay Parry Poorl Poshe*, or Pocket Paris, in a hundred-and-twenty diamond volumes. Spectacles (ten-horse power) and case sold with each volume. Orders will be received immediately here by me only. No money returned. The Canoe Club, led by *Rob Roy Macgregor oh!* meet on the Sane in June. I called at the Tweellyrees to offer a few lessons to LUMPYRAW in paddling his own canoe (he *has* got one), but *Itl neltay par shayllwee;* that is, "He wasn't at home." An English actor is coming here to play in English the eccentric *Dundreary*. The English here won't patronise it because it *is* English, and they prefer to do in Parry as Parry does; the Americans won't for the same reason; the Parishioners won't because they depreciate all English acting, and wouldn't understand *Lord Dundreary's* amusing inanities. CHARLES MATHEWS's

Lomblarsay was in French, *sellay urn otter shows;* that is, that was another matter altogether.

I am now going to dine at the Kaffy Onglay, and then to ace *Lar Grong Dewshese du Jayrolstine*, at which MONG PRANGSE DER WALS, when here, laughed consumedly, while the D-KE OF ED-NB-RGH looked out the *doobil ongtongs* for him in a pocket dictionary at the back of the box. I told 'em I'd tell, and so I have.

Yours,

PEEPER THE GREAT.

A PEABODY ON THE TURF.



HE man who is endowed with a big bump of benevolence is often apt to keep his hat on, and not let it be visible. Benevolence and modesty go often hand in hand, and publicity is shunned by persons of true charity. In some cases, however, the generous are apt to advertise their generosity, and delight to give publicity to their gifts to fellow-men. Such an instance has been lately brought before our notice by a Circular received from a "Turf Commission Agency," headed with a crest to show its great respectability, and commencing with engaging freedom of address—

"DEAR SIR, I beg to inform you that in the year 1863 I discovered a principle of Backing Horses by which winning to any amount is *reduced to a certainty*, and during the years '64, '65, and '66, have practically carried it out with the most incredible success. Statistics clearly prove that there are every week (and have been ever since the establishment of Racing) *several Horses on which you may stake £1000 with the positive certainty of landing every bet.*

"Amounts won by the System, starting with £100 capital:—

In 1864	£30,600
In 1865	28,400
In 1866	29,000 "

Such a system must be precious as the stone of the philosopher, turning everything it touches by magic into gold. One might fear that its discoverer would keep it to himself, seeing how selfish in its avarice is the common heart of man. But see what nobly generous creatures get their living by the turf! The best of men among us can hardly ever guess by what pure motives of benevolence our betters are inspired:—

"I shall be happy to arrange a personal interview, and fully prove to you the System; my terms being £100 on imparting it, and a written agreement for £900 out of the first £9000 you clear. For less I cannot divulge it entirely, but give the benefit of it to *a select few patrons*, with the following result, viz.:—

For every £10 invested £60 per week will be returned.

"	20	"	160	"	"
"	30	"	330	"	"
"	50	"	700	"	"

And so on, deducting 10 per cent. as commission. *These amounts are guaranteed weekly.*"

Ten per cent. is but a flea-bite in the matter of deduction, when fortunes so colossal may so rapidly be won. Ninety-nine men in a hundred would have kept their system dark, and have pocketed their winnings, and have become as rich as Crœsus in half-a-dozen years. Instead of which, this noble benefactor of his species kindly gives himself the trouble to send circulars about, in order that mere strangers may enjoy the lion's share of the millions he must win.

Millions, do we say? Nay, rather billions, or quatrillions. Like a share in a brewery, the system yields to its inventor the "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." For, see what says the circular—

"All calculation is baffled when an attempt is made to arrive at the point where the profits of this infallible System really terminate."

A point, we read in *Euclid*, is that which hath no magnitude, and, without much calculation we may come to the conclusion that this is just the size of the "profits of the system" to fools who put their faith in the "guarantee" of rogues.

THE LADIES' FAVOURITE SCENT.—Mill-fleurs.

LIQUEFACTION WITHOUT CALORIC?

THERE exists no record of any supernatural occurrence which, having been investigated, was publicly attested by competent observers. Such attestation, however, is possible, if the following statement is true:—

"The miracle of St. Januarius took place on the 4th of May. The liquefaction of the blood was witnessed by thousands of the faithful; but a large black globe was seen in the centre of the vase—a sign, it has always been observed, of great calamities, and the people were much depressed in consequence."

This is no contribution to the *Marvellous Magazine*, nor is it any hoax that has appeared in the *Record;* it is an extract from a letter in the *Tablet* written by our friend the correspondent of that journal at Rome. Now, then, here we have a phenomenon, periodically occurring, called a miracle. Nothing would be more easy than to demonstrate it to be miraculous, if it is, by a decisive experiment. When next the 4th of May, or whichever is the nearest the melting day of St. Januarius, comes round, let the vessel which contains what is said to be his blood be surrounded with ice, or otherwise kept all day at a temperature of 32°. Let it be watched, for any length of time that may be agreed on by a committee of chemists. If, under those circumstances, its contents melt, the supernatural liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius will be established to the satisfaction of the world.

But twelve months nearly is a long time to wait; and in the meanwhile another experiment might be performed, which would be hardly less conclusive. Put the receptacle, enclosing the substance called the blood of St. Januarius, into a warm bath, and raise the temperature thereof to 212°. If that substance, having ever melted under ordinary circumstances, does not melt under these, there will be reason to infer that its former liquefaction was a miracle. But this inference will require confirmation. See whether that same substance will melt again. Put the vase which it is preserved in, carefully marked, into a strong safe, to be kept, by a custodian appointed by the committee of investigation, under lock and key, until any day that the priests who assert its liquefaction may name. Thereon, if it can be got to melt—by any other means than a heat higher than that of boiling water—then also will be demonstrated that *quod erat demonstrandum.*

The appearance of the large black globe which was seen by the faithful in the centre of the vase has not as yet been followed by any particularly great calamities. Perhaps it won't be.

"SCOTS WHA HAE."

FROM the *Times' Court Circular:*—

"BALMORAL, MAY 26.—Yesterday, being the anniversary of her Royal Highness PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S birth, when her Royal Highness completed her 21st year, the Crathie choir sung some pieces of music under the Princess's window at seven o'clock in the morning."

Delicate attention! Seven o'clock in the morning, and the poor Princess perhaps just enjoying her second snooze, or, it may be, not out of her first refreshing slumber. We have received from our own M'JENKINS, our Northern Court Newsman, a copy of the Special Programme which waked her Royal Highness from her slumbers.

THE CRATHIE CHORISTERS AND SCOTTISH SERENADERS.

PART I.

Overture to MR. M'DOUGAL'S *unpublished Opera,* "Cockaleekie," *arranged for sixteen bagpipes, and shouting*	*Local talent.*
"*Sleep, Lady, Sleep.*" (*Solo on one bagpipe*).	M'PHERSON.
The Warriors' Yell of Victory. (*Septette for Soprani unaccompanied*)	*Sung by* SANDIE M'CRACHAN *and a few friends.*
"*The Drones.*" *A Symphony in B for first and second bagpipe*	M'MENDELSSOHN.
A Medley, composed of the bass and second parts to various Scotch airs, for pipes, fiddle and voices	*Local talent.*

PART II.

"*Farewell.*" *A nocturne on a single pipe*	M'CLEOD.
A Lullaby. For sixteen bagpipes	M'TAVISH.
"*The Contest of Sounds.*" *By eleven of the Crathie Choir, (with one fiddle) v. Twenty-two of the Scottish Serenaders (with the Balmoral piper).*	

We are glad to hear that the Princess was not expected to rise and return thanks. The Crathie Choir are of opinion that they have now earned the title of the Celebrated *Christy*an Minstrels.

Whichever you Please.

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs herself "TILLY SLOWBOY," writes to ask whether the pictures she sees in the National Portrait Exhibition labelled as painted by TILLY KETTLE, are the works of a male or female artist.

THE HORSE SHOW.—The Park.



UNCLE TOM THE BACHELOR.

Fond Papa. "*Do* LOOK, EMILY! HOW *THOROUGHLY* DEAR TOM IS ENJOYING HIMSELF WITH THOSE KIDS!"

Doting Mamma. "YES, *ISN'T* HE! DEAR LITTLE THINGS! YOU SEE HE HAS ALL THE PLEASURE OF THEM, AND NONE OF THE TROUBLE AND BOTHER!"

TWO DIFFERENT STORIES.

THE *Tablet*, formerly frantic, now sober though ultramontane, Roman Catholic Journal, is happy in the services of a capital correspondent at Rome. This gentleman has the pen of a ready writer, and he expresses himself with a peculiar volubility of diction, such that, as one reads his flourishing paragraphs, one can fancy that one hears them rattled off in a brogue. He parades a reverence for the POPE so enthusiastic and boundless as to suggest the suspicion that he is, in fact, a Protestant, who, having accepted a post on a Romanist paper, in endeavouring to discharge the office he has undertaken with all his energy, overdoes it. In a letter, dated the 15th ult., he informs us that:—

"A magnificent present of 50,000 f. for breech-loaders has just been made to the Pontifical Government by a French nobleman, and the subscription for that object is going on most favourably in Belgium, where the authorised agent for the Pontifical Government, MR. MULLINS, is actively employed in the trials of the different breech-loading systems, and being recognised as one of the first and most experienced judges of arms of precision on either Continent, the selection can scarcely be in better hands. The movement will shortly be inaugurated in England, and it is to be hoped that the English Catholic body will not be slack in coming forward in a cause which will double the effective of the present force."

There are, as you know, divers breech-loading rifles, besides the Prussian needle-gun; for example there is the Chassepot, and then there is another rifle, the name of which, on due consideration of the foregoing statement, "must give us pause." There is the Converted Enfield. Is that the rifle which will be adopted by the Papal Government? Will the Protestant Enfield rifle become a convert to Popery, and be termed the Perverted Enfield? Surely not. The POPE will have a weapon of his own, an arm of infallible precision, of course. What will his Holiness call his breech-loader? As it will have been made out of Peter's pence, perhaps he will be pleased to give it the name of the Fisherman.

A little further down in his letter, the rollicking Papist (if not Protestant) who penned the intelligence above quoted, thus remarks:—

"One Zouave is worth a hundred addresses or speeches in praise of the POPE—one Catholic gentleman's sword dedicated to his defence outweighs a dozen protestations which end in talk, and it lies with the Catholic youth of England to vindicate our body from the reproach of indifference under which it so justly rests."

All this seems rather to betray an opinion that one Zouave is of more use to the POPE than any number of prayers, and that anybody's sword dedicated to the defence of his Holiness outweighs all the protestations of a Catholic gentleman. But now for a quotation from a letter just issued to authorise a collection in aid of the "Confraternity of Peter's Pence," by CARDINAL CULLEN. Thus writes his Eminence:—

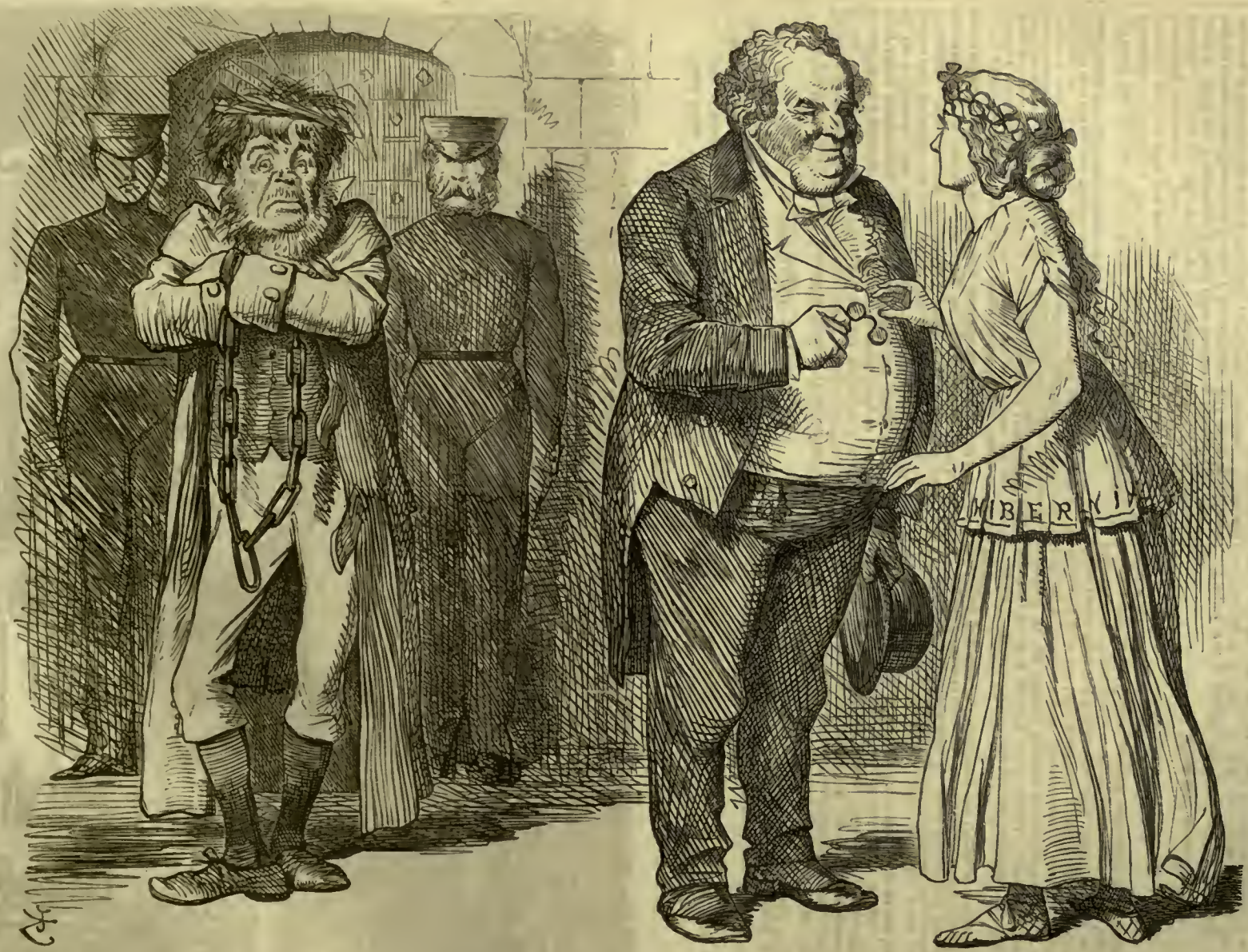
"See what holy thoughts now occupy the mind of his Holiness, whilst the powers of the earth are devoting all their thoughts to the invention of needle-guns, rifled cannon, and the most powerful means of destroying human life, he is preparing to commemorate in the most solemn manner the martyrdom of Saints Peter and Paul, and proposing to his children the virtues of holy men and women for an example."

Is he? Which of the two are we to believe in—the edifying picture pointed to as a pattern by CARDINAL CULLEN, or the matter of fact asserted by the *Tablet's* Roman correspondent? Or can we reconcile the one with the other by the supposition that the POPE, his mind being occupied with the lofty thoughts which CARDINAL CULLEN ascribes to him, really does not know what MR. MULLINS, like an agent of one of the powers of the earth, is about in his name? If this is so, surely the sooner the Holy Father resigns his temporal business to somebody who will mind it, the better.

"Why did you Die?"

THERE was a paper—*Dies fuit*—called *The Day*, and a very well written paper it was. It was the organ of Adullam. *Mr. Punch* is sorry to hear that the next time writers are asked to write for the CAVE, they will probably remember the meaning of those four letters when they make a Latin word.

REMARKABLE GOOSEBERRY.—In several parts of the country it is said that the late cold weather has played old gooseberry with the plums.



THE MAD-DOCTOR.

DR. BULL. "CUT HIS HEAD OFF? OF COURSE NOT, MY DEAR. WE SHALL JUST CROP HIM, AND SHAVE HIM, AND TAKE GOOD CARE THAT HE DOES NO MORE MISCHIEF."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Now we are reforming, like fun, except that the likeness will perhaps escape recognition by sundry persons in certain boroughs hereinafter mentioned. *Monday, May* 27. We settled the County Franchise. In the Bill, as it originally stood (of course every gentleman and Person goes through it line by line every morning, with the report of the debate, and marks the alterations in red ink, and the suggestions in blue) this was £20. It is reduced to £12.

The Compound Householder is dead. All the nonsense that was talked about MR. DISRAELI's alleged breach of compact was knocked to bits by his own speech to-night, and MR. MILL, in the handsomest manner, declared that he had never brought such a charge, and that anybody who had was refuted by what MR. DISRAELI said. He had simply recommended a plan which had been proposed by MR. CHILDERS (Liberal) when in office, and which MR. GLADSTONE had approved. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER made some good sport over this, before giving it up, and is unkindly accused of trying to "govern by comedy." This is churlish. *Mr. Punch* affirms that some of the best business in the world has been done, and will be done, in a jovial way.

But the real fun was the continuation of the struggle on the Government proposal that the occupation of land without a house should give a vote. This is held to afford facilities for making faggot voters; and though a bundle of well-tied faggots is an emblem of strength (*vide* ÆSOP) it is a sort of strength which Reformers do not wish to see in the hands of landlords at elections. On the first fight, at the end of last week (*Mr. Punch* had so much to say about MR. MILL and his Persons that he omitted to detail the battles of the kites and crows) MR. DISRAELI was beaten by 3. Then we divided on SIR EDWARD COLEBROOKE's Amendment, and the whip had been freely used, the House got confused between the questions, the Members were noisy and would not sit down, the very Chairman lost his head and never told strangers to withdraw, and finally there was another majority of 3 against the Amendment. Such a row occurred that it was impossible to go on. But on this Monday we went at it again, and first the Government got a majority of 1. This gave the Liberals hope, and they made another struggle; but again the instrument with which the Nemean games were sometimes won came into play, and MR. DISRAELI conquered by 10. This battle, or rather these four battles, will not be forgotten. Some of the new Members did not know how to follow their leaders, and came to grief, and poor MR. SERJEANT GASELEE (Liberal) will recollect with gratitude how he, intending to vote against the Liberals, got among them, and would have been dragged to their lobby, but for a terrific charge, executed by that vast Conservative, MR. WARD HUNT, the giant of the House, and by COLONEL TAYLOR, who is no chicken; and how these men of valour clove their way through the Liberal ranks, and set the raging Serjeant free to scamper, as he did. Who says that politics are not good fun?

For the sake of lucidity, *Mr. Punch* pursues the Reform narrative, postponing underplots. Next day we met under the new Disraelian arrangement which compels Parliament to recognise the dinner-hour of civilisation—we sit at 2, rise at 7, and meet again at 9, "invigorated," as MR. DISRAELI puts it—the word may be socially useful, and being elastic will indicate any amount of effort for preventing the destruction of tissue. To-day we finished off all the Enfranchising clauses. A smart interchange of epithets between MR. BRIGHT, MR. DISRAELI, and MR. GLADSTONE took place, the offensive Anglo-Roman word "consistency" being shockingly bandied about ("bandied," from the French *bander*, to bend—hence a club bent at the end for hitting a ball—hence transitive "bandy," to beat to and fro,—also see "bandy-legs," only they are not pretty to see) and then what do you think? With MR. DISRAELI's free assent, we

Wiped out all the Fancy Franchises, Educational; Money in Savings' Bank; Money in Funds; £1 taxation—*exit* MR. BRIGHT's Ratcatcher.

MR. DISRAELI said that having let in the Lodger, we had provided for most of these people.

Then we proceeded, on Thursday, to Clause 8.

This is the beginning of Re-Distribution, but it rather took the form of Re-tribution, for, at a blow, we

Slew Great Yarmouth, Lancaster, Totness, and Reigate.

Blotted them out for their crimes, for their shameless bribery and corruption. The House of Commons will know them no more.

There was some struggle to obtain a reprieve for these electoral Fenians who rebel against honesty and decency. MR. BRIGHT, having first proposed to send up the Franchise part of the Bill to the Lords, that they might be going on with it, while we fight out the rest (this was very unfavourably received), pleaded against the capital punishment, as became a Friend. He was for disfranchising only those who had been proved guilty, and he mildly termed the proposed annihilation Atrocious. But MR. GLADSTONE (whose detestation of the impure is one of his noblest characteristics) was for stern justice. He quoted figures, and showed that the guilty in Totness were 38 per cent., the same in Reigate (whereof MR. CUBITT gave a horrible character, and *Punch* is sorry the place is so wicked, it looks so pleasant), in Yarmouth 32 per cent., and in Lancaster 64 per cent. There was also proposal to disfranchise for a period only, until the present evil generation should be past taking bribes, but the House of Commons had an accession of virtue, and moreover remembered MR. BRIGHT's charges of universal corruption. MR. DISRAELI added bitterness to the Bribed's cup of sorrow by actually introducing a Recital into the Bill, stating expressly that it was for proved crimes that the boroughs died, and this was carried by 325 to 49. COLONEL WILSON PATTEN, Member for North Lancashire, made a gallant effort to save its capital, and as a beaver does not, bit off half his tail to keep the rest; that is, offered to sacrifice one Member, but was beaten by 159 to 87, and, amid tremendous cheers, the Parliamentary axe fell. "So perish all QUEEN VICTORIA's enemies!" said the stern voice of *Mr. Punch*, and the EARL OF KENT would have answered "Amen," only he is on his way to Australia.

At the last morning sitting, which was on Friday, the Government were beaten, if they consider it a beating to be compelled to alter their Bill. It proposed to take away one Member from any borough which has two Members, and a population under 7000. MR. LAING moved, and by a large majority carried an amendment, that this deprivation should extend to all boroughs with fewer than 10,000 persons. He also put forth a scheme for re-distribution, whereof it will be less profitable to speak now than when somebody understands it. MR. SERJEANT GASELEE (we fear we have been rather blind to this gentleman's eminent qualities, but hope to repair our omissions) made more sport for the Committee by an extraordinary wail to the effect that MR. LAING had stolen some plan of his. MR. GLADSTONE advised Government to be bold. MR. LAING was victor by 306 to 179.

So much for Reform. Now let us fry our other fish. (*Apropos* of fish, what capital weather for Greenwich dinners, Persons—poke up your Protectors.)

Monday. Ministers signified that they had thought BURKE, the Fenian traitor, ought to be hanged, in order to deter others; but as public opinion was opposed to the execution, he was reprieved. So the mischievous rascal has been shaved, cropped, and sent to penal servitude for life, or something like it, and it is to be hoped that the hint may be taken by his accomplices. The unutterable horrors of a rebellion have been spared us, no thanks to blunderers and cowards, but the guilt of the traitors is the same, unless we regard them, as *Mr. Punch* is disposed to do, as less fit subjects for the hangman than the Mad Doctor.

Wednesday. After a pleasing row between two Irish Colonels about a Count Out the night before, and after MR. NEWDEGATE's awful announcement that the House had been cleared in order to leave the appointment of the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the hands of the Papists, (the row was renewed, more fiercely, next night, and we had to adjourn,) we read, by 200 to 156, MR. FAWCETT's Bill for the benefit of people with a large share of intellect and very little honesty. That description is MR. HENLEY's. The Bill is to relieve Fellows of the University from the necessity of declaring their belief in any particular religious principle. MR. GLADSTONE made a powerful speech against the Bill, insisting that parents who entrust their children to the Almæ Matres have a right to know the exact religion of those revered ladies. Of course the Bill, if it gets through the Commons, will not pass the House where wait the Lords Spiritual.

Thursday. MR. MILL—what ho there! Oyster-shells! We must ostracise ARISTIDES if we are perpetually obliged to speak of his broad bold thought and lucid logic—delivered an admirable speech advocating a plan for the Representation of Minorities. This will bear fruit in due season. At present it commands the admiration of the thoughtful only. Some of the Conservatives behaved most coarsely during the speech, and were sternly and properly chidden by the Conservative LORD CRANBORNE, who rebuked them for not listening to anything that might come from MR. MILL. Nor was the impertinence all Conservative. The ludicrous GASELEE actually sneered at MR. MILL for introducing the talk of a debating society. Portsmouth should try to improve her representation by looking out for a Gorilla.

Friday. After Reform, a well-spoken debate on the Irish Colleges, and a capital fight between MESSRS. LOWE and GLADSTONE, foemen eminently worthy of each other's steel. But it was really too hot for attack and defence of Roman Catholics and their priests.

Good and Bad Spirits.

A NEW Brandy is advertised at railway stations in white letters on a dark ground in the form of a vine-leaf. Let us hope this is an improvement on existing brandies. Very many of them would be too truly indicated by a title inscribed on the picture of a potato.

CHECK-MATE FOR THEIR VALIANCIES.

THE Military Snips have struck. We are happy to say that Field Marshal the D. of C. is equal to the occasion. He is going to turn the whole Army into Highland Regiments.

SPORT. (?)



Upper Class. "WINGED HIM, MY LORD!"



Lower Class. "THE'S ANOTHER, 'ARRY!"

POOR PIGEONS AND GULLS!

Do you, *Mr. Punch*, admire true sport? Then, Sir, acquaint yourself with the acts of the Gun Club. Are they not written in the *Field* newspaper? In that journal, Sir, for instance, you will read how the members of the Society above-named met on certain days last week at Shepherd's Bush, to contend in shooting pigeons. You will have the pleasure of learning how they shot off various matches; *ex uno disce omnes*. That one, Sir, was "a sweepstakes for Peers, Members of Parliament, officers in the Army and Navy on full pay," and other gentlemen, members of the principal London Clubs, which were all named. You will see how Lord This "riddled" one bird, that Sir Whatshisname That "feathered" another, and Captain So-and-So, and Mr. Somebody, and Mr. Somebody Else, winged or crippled their respective birds, which, severally fluttered, or "twisted" out of bounds, or flew away with a broken leg. All this, *Mr. Punch*, is pure sport. There is no ignoble use in it. The pigeons, as you know, are caught in order to be shot, and of course, if wanted to be eaten, might be killed at once. But then the noble and gentle aportsmen of the Gun Club would not have the fun of knocking them over, and "riddling," and "feathering" them, and breaking their legs and wings. Tame pigeon-shooting, you must see, is a purer sport than even battue-shooting of the two, for the semi-domesticated hares, partridges, and pheasants are killed not merely for the pleasure of killing them, but are also slaughtered on purpose for the table, by the nobility and gentry, and princes of the blood who shoot them.

The noble sport of pigeon-shooting, Sir, is, however, excelled in point of purity by the sport of gull-shooting, equally noble, except that instead of being specially patronised by Peers, Members of Parliament, officers in the Army and Navy on full pay, and other gentlemen of high social position, it is chiefly cultivated by a class of sportsmen called, in a figure of speech, gents, as though for the reason that they do not belong to the gentry.

Gull-shooting, *Mr. Punch*, is practised with immense success at various places all along the coast, chiefly by gents brought down by excursion trains. At Flamborough, for example, and at the back of the Isle of Wight, prodigious numbers of gulls and other sea-birds are destroyed by these sporting gents at all seasons of the year, when the weather allows them to massacre the birds in comfort. Seated in boats, smoking cigars, the luxurious gents shoot the gulls at their ease, just as they fish, when they sit angling for roach and gudgeon at Teddington Lock.

"Me and 'ARRY"—allow we to quote a characteristic account of the sport of gull-shooting from the mouth of one of its votaries—"Me and 'ARRY and a lot more come down by the early train, and took a boat, and went a gull-shootin' out on the 'briny.' Oh, my eye, such fun! 'ARRY, 'e's a crack shot, and didn't we knock 'em over! What was they? Gulls, sea-gulls, all that sort of birds, I don't know one sort from another, but I know we brought 'em down no end. 'Ow many did we bag? Oh, we didn't bag any, they ain't no good, 'tis only the lark of shooting of 'em. Sometimes we don't even atop the boat to pick 'em up—leaves 'em to float out to sea. Alive, with their wings and legs broke, and their torn bodies, to be nibbled to death by fishes? Oh! they soon gets drownded, to put 'em out of their pain. That ain't worth powder and shot. Don't we never do nothin' with them at all? Oh, yes! When we've got time, we piles 'em up in 'eaps—makes what the boatmen calls ''aycocks on the water' with 'em—'eaps as 'igh as 'aycocks. Me and 'ARRY made a jolly big 'aycock that day. No; we didn't think about its being breedin' time. We didn't know, and didn't care. 'Ow about their orfspring up in the cliffs? Died, I suppose, in their 'oles. Of cold and hunger? In course; should think that very probable. Ain't the sea-birds pretty natural objects? I dare say. Don't shootin' 'em destroy the beauty of the coast? Well, yer see I got no hi for the picturesqueeze—I ain't a poetical sort of cove. Cruelty to hanimals?—you 're another. Do yer mean to tell me killin' gulls is agin the lawr? Sea-gull shootin 's jolly good fun; you can sit still and enjoy your weed all the while; we two smoked our short pipes—me and 'ARRY."

The peculiarity, you see, Sir, of gull-shooting is, that it kills more than two birds, as it were, with one atone—the parent birds and also their young. Herein it differs from all other shooting; especially rook-shooting, in which the young birds only are shot; and then they make good pies: whereas the gulls that are killed by 'ARRY and his companions become food only for fishes. It has been suggested that the massacre

of the innocent gulls is owing to the demand for their feathers to decorate girls' pork-pie hats. The fact that such a demand exists, constitutes rather an objection to their excessive slaughter, which the gallant 'ARRY perhaps would recognise, if you put it to him in his own way, saying, "'ARRY, if you and your pals shoot all the gulls, there will be no plumes for the 'ats of the gals."

Community in sport, you know, Sir, levels social distinctions. The Gun Club should throw itself open to the gull-shooters, 'ARRY and all. But it shouldn't stop there. The Peers and Members of Parliament who belong to it will do well to place themselves, in time, on a level with the "'cads," as they are called, who rejoice in cock-fighting and dog-fighting. They should instantly legalise those sports. Otherwise the lower orders, as soon as they are represented in Parliament, will put the higher on an equality with themselves by constituting pigeon-shooting unlawful on the score of cruelty. In the meanwhile the pigeon-shooters might unite with the gull-shooters in a new and comprehensive club, established to practise the shooting of redbreasts, under the title of the Cock Robin Club.

Yours ever, POPJOY.

MR. M'EVOY'S LITTLE GAME.

MR. PUNCH,

YOU will have been disgusted to see the attempt that certain parties have been making in the House of Commons to interfere with the quiet nomination of the Select Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. You were doubtless in hopes that the Committee would be appointed in huggermugger, and that we should hear nothing more about the matter, until the British public woke up one morning and found the ARCHBISHOP of WESTMINSTER as lawful a prelate as the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY.

At present the British public sleeps. May it sleep on till the POPE enjoys his own again; and may the Ecclesiastical Titles Act be repealed in the meanwhile! JOHN BULL dreams that the temporal power of his Holiness is all but extinct; doesn't think of the historical ups and downs of the Papacy. The reinstatement of the Sovereign Pontiff would make him open his eyes. If we could only get that confounded Act abolished now, he would open them too late to be able to recover the gone goose of his "Protestant Constitution."

When we have got rid of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, *Mr. Punch*, which do you think will be the better thing to do; to turn the Protestant Bishops out of the House of Lords, or let in the Roman Catholic? We must do either the one thing or the other, or else we shall offer a gross insult to the religion of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. For the same reason we must repeal the Act of Settlement; which cannot but grievously hurt their feelings by being calculated to deter the Heir Apparent from going over to Rome.

A leading member of the opposition to the noiseless appointment of ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S Committee is COLONEL KNOX. What better could be expected from a man with such a name? I will call myself,

SPES.

P.S. "Hope told a flattering tale."

A NICE LOOK OUT FOR FOX-HUNTERS.

READERS who are fond of fox-hunting will doubtless find some interest in the following advertisement:—

TO FARMERS.—The Advertiser has an invention by means of which he can guarantee any land from being hunted over. The invention can be used *either with or without danger to life of sportsmen.* Terms, £1 2*s.* and £1 4*s.* the season. Foxes killed by contract. Address, &c.

Either with or without danger to life of sportsmen! How extremely nice and kind! The buyers pay their money, and may take their choice. But are they quite sure it is legal to make use of an invention which may endanger life? Some farmers hate fox-hunters, just as dogs hate cats, and would hardly scruple to put their lives in danger. Still, it would be awkward to be accused of murder; and, if farmers put the necks of fox-hunters in danger, they may possibly imperil the safety of their own.

Doing the Old 'Un.

WE are glad to hear that MR. CHAPLIN, the owner of *Hermit*, has given £12,000 of his winnings to the fund for restoring Lincoln Cathedral. Considering who the Old Gentleman is, who in the proverb is said to "look over Lincoln," this is a highly appropriate gift. He will henceforth look over the Cathedral with more satisfaction than ever. We would suggest that another £12,000 of MR. C.'s Derby winnings might advantageously be given towards the foundation of a "Chaplaincy" for the Jockey Club, with a "box" at Tattersall's attached.

THE *BILL* OF THE SESSION.—WILLIAM GLADSTONE.

BROAD AND HIGH.

(*An Episcopal Duet.*)

NATAL. SARUM.

"LET us, Right Reverend Brother,
Our differences amother;
And, both decried on every side,
Embrace, and hug each other."

"Oh yes! though our opinions
As apples are to 'inions.'
The distance whole of Pole from Pole
Divides as near dominions."

"As Pole from Pole asunder?
Nay, Brother, there you blunder.
Both Poles you know alike are low
The point of freezing under."

"We differ, then, say, Frater,
As Pole doth from Equator.
Of hot and cold extremes we hold;
What contradiction's greater?"

"To differ we 'll agree then;
Contrasted we shall be, then.
Folks will in you a Papist view,
And say that I 'm a heathen."

"O scope for speculation!
O room for disputation!
How happy we to differ free:
Hooray for toleration!"

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

WOMEN are not to have votes at Parliamentary Elections. For the present they are only to place at the top of the poll their own bonnets and chignons. The unmarried are not to be allowed to give even a single vote, and handsome candidates must cease to think of buxom widows as certain plumpers. Perhaps we should have been more gallant, but for the dreadful thought that once allow women to vote, and they would soon claim to have a voice in the House, and become M.P.'s, and then there would be an end even to the little business that we now transact. But it will come to this: someday you will be shocked by reading that "the honourable and beautiful Member for Maryborough then got on her legs to move that better accommodation should be provided in the Gentlemen's gallery." One consideration may possibly prevent the admission of the Ladies to the House as Members—their utter uselessness in divisions, for, naturally, they would always be pairing. On the other hand, they might prove an acceptable addition to the number of Members eligible to serve on Committees, for no woman would ever think of claiming to be excused on account of her age.

One can hardly fancy a Woman in Opposition!

AN OLD AND UGLY M.P.

TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETY.

THE National Temperance League, which may also be called the Rational Temperance League, because, unlike the United Kingdom Alliance, it seeks to make people restrict their beverages to water and slops by moral suasion, and not by interference with liberty, the other evening held its annual *conversazione* in Willis's Rooms. The Coldstream Band was in attendance on this occasion, to which its name seems appropriate. It is said to have performed an admirable selection of music. This perhaps included the *Water-Music* of HANDEL. When the performers had done playing, they possibly did not go away and have any beer. The Chair, at this Temperance meeting, was occupied by MR. SAMUEL BOWLEY, who enlarged upon the advantages of not pushing about the bowl.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

WHY is a Lord in Waiting at Court unsuited, by his professional duty, for joining in a quadrille set of eight?

Because he 's always dancing *a-len-dance*.

SOPHISTRY!—If 'punishment is Capital, why should you change it? Let well alone.



A RECOLLECTION OF THE DERBY DAY, 1867.

Coalheaver. "ANY O' THESE 'ERE NICE ORNIMINTS FOR YER FIRE-STOVES, MUM?"

ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

IN order to satisfy the country as to the qualifications of the Members composing the Committee, we publish the following simple Catechism of Ecclesiastical Titles:—

What is a Cardinal Deacon?
One of the Cardinal Virtues.
What is a Bishop *in partibus?*
It means in evening dress.
What is a Legate *à latere?*
A clergyman in gaiters.
What is the difference between a Protonotary Apostolic and Preconised Ceremonies?
Depends upon the subject of the quarrel.
How do you "collate" a clergyman?
Put him in a wine-cooler, and keep him under the sideboard till wanted. Then stir and eat slowly with salad. Anthropophagian Islanders' receipt.
Give the nature of a Perpetual Curate?
One who is always giving sermons an hour and a half long.
What is an Acolyte?
One of the Lights allowed by law in church.
What is a Reredos?
The man who walks before the Bishop in a procession, and is generally chosen on account of his being first cousin to the Verger.
Who is an Antependium?
A minor order in the Church of Rome.
What are his duties?
To look after the Pendium.
What is an Ostiarius?
It is an old ecclesiastical title derived from the Greek word for "a bone," and signifies one who plays the bones in Church.

That'll do for them to go on with. Apply for any further information at our office.

A TICKET OF LEAVE.—A P.P.C. Card.

THE CRUELTY OF COCK ROBIN.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,

A PROVERB, unfortunately too true, informs us that the early bird picks up the worm. Bearing this in mind, let me invoke the aid of your powerful pen to denounce the conduct of parents who allow nursemaids to take their children out for a walk in the morning before breakfast at an hour when they are accustomed continually to behold the spectacle of cruelty exhibited by the robin redbreast in swallowing the earthworm alive. I appeal to you, Sir, in the name of

SENSIBILITY.

A HANDSOME OFFER.

MR. CHARLES BUXTON's contemplated entertainment to the Belgian Volunteers having been unavoidably given up, owing to that gallant and much-respected gentleman's illness, MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE has kindly offered to entertain as many of our gallant Belgian visitors as will come to the Haymarket during their visit; and, with this view, is open to an offer from the Entertainment Committee. The *pièce de resistance* will be *A Wild Goose*, sent over from the United States, as the canvas-back and other wild fowl often are, packed in ice, by the Cunard boats.

Addendum.

THE Court Newsman requests us to insert the following line, omitted by mistake in his gratifying mention that MR. EDWARD JOHN EYRE, late Governor of Jamaica, was at the PRINCE OF WALES's levee last week.

MR. EYRE.—On his return from saving the Island of Jamaica to the Heir Apparent.

FROM HORSEMONGER LANE.

"THE MESSRS. TATTERSALL have begun their great yearling Sales for the season." The obvious remark, on seeing a horse enter the auction yard, would be "Tit for Tat."

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FREE EXHIBITIONS.



DESIRING to render this vast Metropolis more attractive to visitors from distant parts, and divert attention from its Statues, Fountains, and National Galleries, some public-spirited persons have formed themselves into a Company (limited at present, but with power to add to their number). A few days since, the Directors, accompanied by a band of music and a corps of Militia, proceeded to carry out their plans by hustling and robbing every defenceless and infirm woman and man that came in their way. Several foreigners who witnessed the operations of the Company were much struck by the freedom of the Exhibition, and many were severely injured.

During these proceedings, one or two pensive policemen might have been observed in some sequestered district, calmly solving that interesting mathematical problem, "How many Areas are there in a given Square, and what are their solid contents, edible and otherwise?" The Force, we believe, are instructed to "move on" all petty conjurors and jugglers, but on no account to interfere with the Company (limited) who practise that bolder system of legerdemain by which watches are made to fly from their owners' pockets, while hats are manipulated in a fashion not anticipated by the authorities at head-quarters.

A PARADISE IN HYDE PARK.

ARISE, my walking-stick, and let us go,
This Saturday's bright morn, to Rotten Row,
To see the sumptuous throng their clothes parade,
Viewing each other and the cavalcade.
What art of Milliner or Tailor decks
Each personable form of either sex!
What various draperies the sight amuse
With fresh and gay diversity of hues!
With what a quiet interchange of talk
Those graceful persons sit, or stand, or walk!
And, all engrossed with the surrounding scene,
Exhibit countenances how serene!
What humbug 'tis to say, as some pretend,
That happiness does not on wealth depend!
Look on their faces, placid with repose,
And then compare these lineaments with those,
So rueful, which the struggling classes wear,
Blurred, seamed, distorted, dulled with anxious care.
Money, as handsome as yon Swell you see,
Has all the difference made 'tween him and me.
They who on outward things are so intent
Must feel secure of dividends or rent,
With ample independence must be blest,
To show such evidence of minds at rest.
A sphere of bliss those happy ones exhale,
As roses shed their fragrance on the gale;
And, while with them I breathe a common air,
Some sense of their beatitude I share.
Sweet, to rejoice in others' joy alone,
When that is all that we can make our own!

NEW VIEW. (CONTRIBUTED BY ATTICUS.)

THE Upper Ten Thousand in the Metropolis.—Attic Lodgers.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN IN 1867.—Going to Paris to see the Exhibition.

AN ORACLE ADVERTISED.

HERE, extracted from a column of advertisements in the *Times*, is a list of some writings, of which the announcement cannot but excite great curiosity:—

MARTIN F. TUPPER'S THIRD SERIES OF PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

HIS OPINIONS ABOUT CREEDS AND STARS AND GHOSTS.

HIS ARGUMENTS FOR THE FUTURE OF ANIMALS.

HIS STRICTURES ON SOME MODERN CRITICS.

HIS NATIONAL PSALMS AND HYMNS, &c.

What are the opinions of MR. TUPPER, the theologian, on the subject of creeds? What does MR. TUPPER, the astronomer, think of the stars? What has the psychologist MR. TUPPER to tell us concerning disembodied spirits?

By what arguments does MARTIN F. TUPPER, the metaphysician, maintain the Future of Animals? Does he hold the theory of metempsychosis? And if so, has he any notion that his own mind once actuated the brain of any animal, and then of what animal?

Is it possible that the modern critics who have incurred the strictures of TUPPER, the tremendous satirist, survive them?

Where will DR. WATTS be, where will be the author of the *Christian Year*, now that the accomplised MARTIN F. TUPPER has come forth as a Psalmist? Is TUPPER a DAVID as well as a SOLOMON?

"Hic stupor est mundi qui scibile discutit omne."

Mind how you translate *stupor*.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE.

IF Convocation gives a grand Fancy Dress Ball this year, the only dance in which the Bishops may legally take part is *La Pastorale*.

VERY RUDE.

"SHE's no chicken," said a coarse man, speaking of a certain lady. "And what's more, she's a goose."

FIREWORKS AND FEASTING.

THE other evening *Mr. Punch* gave a banquet to himself, that he might see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. The evening being wet, the fireworks were postponed, and the only explosions heard were those of *Mr. Punch's* laughter at the jokes which he was pleased to make for his own private entertainment. A chief cause of his hilarity was the pleasant thought that, as the fireworks were put off, he would have to go and dine again, in order to inspect them. His joy in this reflection increased with each of the eleven *plats* preceding the *blanchaille*, which, though served with a French name, was about the best whitebait that *Mr. Punch* has ever tasted. Probably the Palace fountains are supplied straight from the Thames, and thus whitebait is pumped up daily to the big tanks on the towers. This may account, also, for the freshness of the salmon, which kindly let itself be caught that *Mr. Punch* might have the happiness of eating it.

As the Laureate might have sung, if he had only thought of it—

"Many an evening hath *Punch* dined at the 'Trafalgar' and the 'Ship,'
And with cool champagne and claret hath refreshed his thirsty lip:"

but while the flavour of his Crystal Dinner sweetly lingers in his memory, *Mr. Punch* is pleased to testify that one gets whitebait as good at Sydenham as at Greenwich, and that the claret and champagne, if anything, are better. Moreover, at the former place the landscape is a lovely one for placid contemplation between the many courses; and any one who dines there when the fireworks are let off, and the gardens are illuminated, will find no reason to complain of not having a light dinner.

Herepath the Haughty.

DR. HEREPATH (of Bristol) gives a certificate touching certain wine. As befits his eminence, he assumes the Royal. "The QUEEN has been pleased to grant," &c., says the *Court Circular*. "I am pleased to say that all your wines are," &c., says DR. HEREPATH. We rather like this. When Anybody is Somebody, he should comport himself as Such.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

TRECALPE, our Bookseller, who has recently got married, says of his wife, that he feels that her life is bound up in his.



"ALMA MATER."

YOUNG PUNCHEONBY "CUTS" THE ARMY, AND GOES TO OXFORD TO READ FOR "THE CHURCH."

Tutor. "YOU ARE PREPARED TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES——"
Puncheonby (with alacrity). "AH 'TH PLEASH 'AH,—AH—HOW MU-CH—."

COMING EVENTS.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM very sorry for you. From my heart I pity you. Since MR. MILL proposed "The Ladies!" you must have had a sad time of it, and gone through many jokes and much suffering. But of the mildest type compared with the attack that now threatens you. The SULTAN is coming to London, perhaps to Buckingham Palace. Your only chance of escape is at once to issue a proclamation—WALPOLE has nothing to do now, he will draw it up for you—warning various classes of persons off from certain familiar and insulting pleasantries. I will make some rough notes for the document: WALPOLE in his leisure hours can work them into shape, and add the proper quantity of Whereases.

Correct people are not to write to you and say, that they hope there will be no harum-scarum doings in Buckingham Palace. Lovers of a good glass of wine are not to write to you and say, that they are delighted at the prospect of having the Sublime Port(e) here. Upholsterers are not to write to you and say, that they feel an undying interest in the upholding of the Ottoman Empire, and rejoice to hear of several magnificent entertainments being on the *tapis* (Turkey). Grocers are not to make up small parcels of jokes filled with Sultanas, and headed "In the name of the prophet—figs!" London tradesmen generally are not to write to you and say, that great disappointment will be felt if the Mussulmen do not come well provided with the sinews of war. Young men, otherwise harmless, are not to venture the insane remark, that the SULTAN'S officers were remarkable for their scymitary; and MR. BEALES is solemnly warned against writing to offer any Honorary Presidency to ABDUL AZIZ, on pain of a punishment peculiarly Turkish—getting the sack.

All jocular allusions to the sick man, bowstrings, divans, houris, Pachas, Padishaws, the Valley of Sweet Waters, Turkey at Midsummer instead of Christmas, a regular Turk, Turkish baths, Turkish towels, Lalla Rookh, and a Hatti-Humayoum to be peremptorily forbidden—the penalty for disobedience to orders, perusal, without missing a word, of M. F. T.'s P. P. (Third Series).

THE VEILED PROPHET.

Should the SHAH come also—but I dare not dwell on this additional calamity. I will draw a veil over it.

A DRINKING SONG FOR SUMMER.

AIR—"*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

Now midsummer is drawing nigh,
And time it is to think
What, when a man is hot and dry,
Is best for him to drink.
All minds on one point must agree,
That, whatso'er the bowl,
A cool potation it should be,
To slake a thirsty soul.

Some people to a sober glass,
Would have us all adhere;
I will not say that he 's an ass,
Who sticks to ginger-beer.
Nor do I hold that any man
His manhood doth degrade,
Who, when he might quaff cooper, can,
Instead, sip lemonade.

Some not unwisely recommend
A kind of half-and-half;
Their ale with ginger-beer they blend,
And call it Shandy-gaff.
This compound hath, for many men,
A merit of its own;
That they can drink as much again
Thereof, as ale alone.

In bitter beer 'tis not a few
That now-o'-days rejoice;
No better since most brewers brew,
And so you have no choice.
The British Public now admires
Malt liquor thin and pale;
Not cleaving, like their thirsty sires,
To good old English ale.

Beer others reckon fit alone
For cad, or rustic swain,
And do a predilection own,
Themselves, for iced champagne:
Which he who drinketh, if he drink
The right thing, doeth well;
Though judges may still better think
The savour of Moselle.

Champagne, Moselle, or Claret-cup
The critic will applaud,
Or, having none of those to sup,
The Cup of Cider laud.
Let Borage, aromatic plant,
Impart its cordial juice,
If you can get it; if you can't
Of cucumber make use.

But if you would your draught enjoy,
You will, if you are wise,
Sufficient of your time employ
In work, or exercise.
Then you will drink when you are dry,
According to the rule,
Which he that made, if you will try,
You 'll find was not a fool.

TIN! TIN! TIN!

FOR the honour of England, Gentlemen, for the honour of England! The Belgians behaved Awfully well to our Volunteers. Shall we repay them with less worthy hospitality? Echo answers that she will see us Blowed first, and then she won't. Come, send in your subscriptions to No. 8, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square, where "The Belgian Reception Committee" sit in the chairs of the English Langue of the order of S. John of Jerusalem. S. Martin reminds us of the good things the Belgians made us Swallow, Trafalgar reminds us that "England expects every man to do his duty," and Jerusalem reminds us that folks who can subscribe and don't, may go to Jericho.

THE *RITE* OF SALISBURY.—Judging by the Bishop's Bridport charge,—*WRONG*.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Angela Lovell (with the best intentions in the world). "I CANNOT BEAR YOUR HANDSOME MEN, MR. PEPPERCORNE. THEY SEEM TO THINK IT IS NEVER WORTH THEIR WHILE TO MAKE THEMSELVES AGREEABLE. NOW, PLAIN PEOPLE GENERALLY——"

Mr. Riley Peppercorne. "O, *HANG* IT!—THERE, I BEG YOUR PARDON—BUT THIS IS THE THIRD TIME A LADY HAS MADE THAT VERY REMARK TO ME THIS VERY EVENING! WHY NOT LET A FELLOW THINK THAT YOU THINK HE'S GOOD-LOOKING AND AGREEABLE, TOO?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONLY because the Peers have neither said nor done anything demanding *Mr. Punch's* attention, has that gentleman made scant references to his Lords during the present Session. When the Reform Bill reaches them, no doubt they will succeed in attracting his notice. He may state that on *Monday, June* 3, there was talk in the Senate about the Knightsbridge barracks, which, by common consent and to common discontent, are the greatest nuisances to all Londoners with eyes, and all Knightsbridgers with housemaids. Of course the Army Lords declared the hideous place to be perfection, and the soldiers to be more like missionaries than military. But a police case, the other day, in which the gallant fellows were shown to be the meanest sponges upon foolish servant-girls, may balance the latter part of their Lordships' testimony.

The Bill for making New Private Bishops went through Committee. There is a clause enacting that their incomes shall equal those of the public bishops. LORD LYTTLETON saw no reason for this, but a majority saw one, we suppose. The BISHOP OF OXFORD said that the laity were not convinced that money subscribed for endowing new sees would be well spent. *Mr. Punch* is certainly in the state of non-conviction indicated by the excellent prelate, who followed his remarks by carrying a clause enabling the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to help the endowments. Yes, my Lord, but please to stipulate that these Commissioners shall exercise a supervision of the expenditure. LORD ELLENBOROUGH was then very severe upon a scheme for creating assistant bishops, whom he most rudely described as mere moveable Dummies, and they were obliterated.

In the Commons, in answer to a question whether Naval Cadets on board the *Britannia* training-ship were flogged, MR. CORRY explained that the young gentlemen, being regarded as at school, were birched, in the presence of all the other cadets and of two officers, and a solemn report of the operation (including, we presume, a statement of how the birchee liked it), is forwarded to the Lords of the Admiralty. Parents troubled with lads who have a taste for the sea may like to know all this. *Mr. Punch* does not like.

LORD STANLEY was without information as to whether the gallant MAXIMILIAN had been murdered by JUAREZ.

More quarrel about the Committee on the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. MR. DISRAELI was sure that the combatants were too much men of the world to desire an unnecessary wrangle, and he advised them to have a little friendly conversation in the lobby.

LORD STANLEY has telegraphed to our Consul at Bucharest to remonstrate with the authorities against their ill-treatment of the Jews. The French EMPEROR has sent a similar message, and has added that he is ashamed to have to send it. We are told that the persecution is to cease.

We then went at Reform, for the last time before the holidays.

SERJEANT GASELEE moved that any borough with fewer than 5,000 inhabitants should cease to return a Member. He went through a set of cases, stated that Tewkesbury was in Dorsetshire, said that as Thetford was near Bury he had an excuse for burying it, and after a variety of similar remarks, which were received with incessant laughter, was happy to say he had finished his disgraceful task (*loud laughter*), disagreeable task he meant (*more laughter*). A sneer at MR. MILL, as a philosopher amused with toys, such as cumulative voting, and an assurance to MR. DISRAELI that he was the Apostle of Liberty, and one sensible observation, namely, that professional agitation, however advantageous to those who lived by it, was a curse and bane to the country, were the other ornaments of the Serjeant's exhibition.

His motion was supported by cleverer men, including MR. CARDWELL and MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. SMOLLETT pleaded for enfranchisement of the upper and middle classes, who were not directly represented at all. He also wished the Members of the House to be reduced, and that we could get rid of the Talking Potatoes. There were 150 Members who thought they could instruct the Government on every subject in the world.

MR. SERJEANT GASELEE tried to make another speech, but was repressed by loud advice to shut up, so he did.

MR. DISRAELI congratulated the Committee on having no party feeling. In consequence of the vote of the previous Friday (when MR. LAING'S Amendment, taking away a Member from boroughs with fewer than 10,000, was carried) he had now 45 seats to give away. The wishes of the House were in accordance with the policy first enunciated by Ministers.

The Committee rejected the Gaseleian Amendment by 269 to 217.

Nearly everybody then went out of the place, making such a noise that it must have been difficult for the Gallery to hear what MR. HAYTER was saying. He was however moving for enlarging boroughs by taking in the agricultural districts around, that a fusion of Shop and Spade might occur, and the equipoise of parties be preserved. This came to nothing, clause 9 was passed, and

MR. DISRAELI arranged that a new scheme of Distribution should be prepared.

So we laid aside Reform until after Whitsuntide.

Tuesday. Question touching another portion of the frame of a naval cadet. Two of his comrades had scored on his nose the Queen's "broad arrow," cut in with a knife. For this brutality they were dismissed the Service. But as it appeared that they did not rub gunpowder into the slits, their humanity was recognised, and they were reinstated, with an awful wigging. *Mr. Punch* is not habitually hard upon boyish escapades, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is not being too fastidious to draw it at disfigurement for life.

Debate on the Government Bankruptcy Bill. The lawyers, of course, fought on each side, but let us hear the Philosopher. MR. MILL thinks that we have passed from the old savage system of treating debtors barbarously to one which lets them escape with too much impunity. He intends to move clauses for punishing debtors who have shown "culpable temerity" in dealing with their creditors' property. This information may be interesting to sundry.

Thanks, LORD ENFIELD. A select Committee on the practice of summoning juries, not forgetting the gross bribery and favouritism of the summoning-officers. This is grappling with a real grievance. We hope the Judges will behave properly in this matter, but they have a habit of showing small sympathy with gentlemen who suffer by a vicious system, of which the bench is just as well aware as the fellows who practise it.

LORD ELCHO'S Bill for softening the law of Master and Servant was read a Second Time. MR. FAWCETT thought that it very fairly represented the evidence taken before the Committee.

Wednesday. MR. EWART moved the Second Reading of a Bill which will have interest for most people. He wishes to restore the old state of things at the Universities. He proposes to enable anybody to affiliate himself to any college or hall (with the consent of the Head), without being obliged to reside therein. The object is, avowedly, to give college education to poorer men than can at present obtain it. MR. HOPE opposed the Bill, and wished that the House would abstain from "teasing" the Gentle Mothers. MR. GLADSTONE supported it in a powerful speech, affirming that those ladies were by no means doing their work, and educating the professions. It was carried by 164 to 150, and sent to a Select Committee. People who love "the falsehood of Extremes" will be prompt to foresee the bestowal of college honours on farmers and shopkeepers, and will say that they shall expect to receive a tailor's bill made out by TIMOTHY SNITCH, B.A., and that all the rest of the Manhood Suffragians will be M.A., besides MR. BEALES. But this will be bosh, like a good many things that will be said on the other side. We think MR. GLADSTONE'S lead may be safely followed in such a matter.

Mr. Punch refers to a debate on a Bill enabling the Public Works authorities to lend money towards the erection of Priests' Houses in Ireland, because our friend MR. WHALLEY was enabled to state his views on the Catholic religion, and they are so very clear. Though tolerated here, the Roman Catholic religion, said MR. WHALLEY, is the greatest curse which can be inflicted on a country. Now our Catholic friends know all about it.

Thursday. No Fenian is to be hanged. We have not yet heard this construed into an Irish grievance, but fully expect to be told that it is an insult, as implying that a mere Irish traitor is not worth hanging.

A real Irish grievance, however, was raised to-day. It is a rule in the Guards not to enlist Irishmen and Catholics. The rule is subject to a great deal of infraction, but it ought not to exist.

Friday. We had, on the Army Estimates, the case of the old Merchant Seamen who had to pay sixpence a month to Greenwich Hospital, and who consider that they get no returns for the "Greenwich Sixpence." The Admiralty would not admit that the merchantmen had any case. We voted away a load of money, and then took a spell at the Bankruptcy Bill. On the preceding day the CZAR, a visitor to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON, was shot at by a Pole, and missed. Three Counts-Out were tried to-night, and MR. DISRAELI alluded to them as "unsuccessful attempts at assassination of the House."

VICTORIA PARK IN PERIL.

MR. PUNCH,

You know what your friend the author of *Paradise Lost* says about the architect of Pandemonium, that "men called him Mulciber," and "fabled" how, having fallen from the celestial regions, he "dropt from the zenith like a falling star;" but—

> "Thus they relate,
> Erring; for he with his rebellious rout
> Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
> To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
> By all his engines, but was headlong sent
> With his industrious crew to build in"——

—the opposite place, to be named only by clergymen. Now, Sir, I should like to have the foregoing quotation (complete) posted up on every surface of green field in England, bearing flowers, but disfigured with a notice-board offering it "to be let or sold" as "eligible building ground." Perhaps it would suggest a hint, which might possibly awaken the conscience of the speculating builders and their industrious crews, who are fast improving all the beauty of this earth off its face. We might as well improve all the pictures off the walls of the National Gallery.

Just now, Sir, it is especially desirable that the lines above quoted, or some other caution or warning to the same purpose, should be planted at convenient intervals around Victoria Park. That only open space which the East Londoners can enjoy is in course of being surrounded by a thick belt of cottages and villas, which will, when finished, completely shut out the Park from public view. "Fancy," says a circular of the Victoria Park Preservation Society, "that portion of St. James's Park, abutting on Piccadilly, being covered with houses. This is what is being done at Victoria Park." A dead set seems to have been made against this place by the building and money-grubbing demon. Last year the fiend attempted to smother it with enormous gasworks; but was happily foiled. Now he is trying to hem it in with bricks and mortar and stucco, so as to exclude the fresh air, and to offend the eye. He is perpetrating the same abominations there as those with which he is defacing Hampstead Heath, Epping Forest, and every other beautiful and healthy spot about London.

Mr. Punch, all this is very sad to think of. Years ago, COBBETT used to call this capital the "*Wen.*" What would he call it now? A "*Fungus hæmatodes,*" one would think, or some other form of, not simple, but, malignant tumour. Where will the Londoner be able hereafter to go for a really constitutional walk? I mean by that a walk which will refresh his soul as well as his body; the latter with pure air, the former with verdure, and foliage, and sweet flowers. Every such walk will cost him about half-a-crown to get to it by railway; if he is able: for railways induce bricks and mortar along their whole course, wheresoever there is any paradise to be spoiled. London, Sir, will become a city of the Philistines, into whose hands its environs, with all their scenery, are falling. I repeat, London will become a city of the Philistines, and the proper name for it will be Gath.

I am quite aware that it is very sentimental to care for the preservation of landscapes. So it is to care about money. Sentiment is feeling, and low feeling is as sentimental as high feeling—in a low way. When a Philistine calls you sentimental for preferring spiritual and moral good to material utility, he gives you an epithet which you might retort. He sneers like a fool, and he also sneers like a pig. A pig, preferring barley-meal to every other consideration, would utter exactly the same sneer, if he could. No doubt he would call any objection to his rooting in a bed of tulips "sentimental."

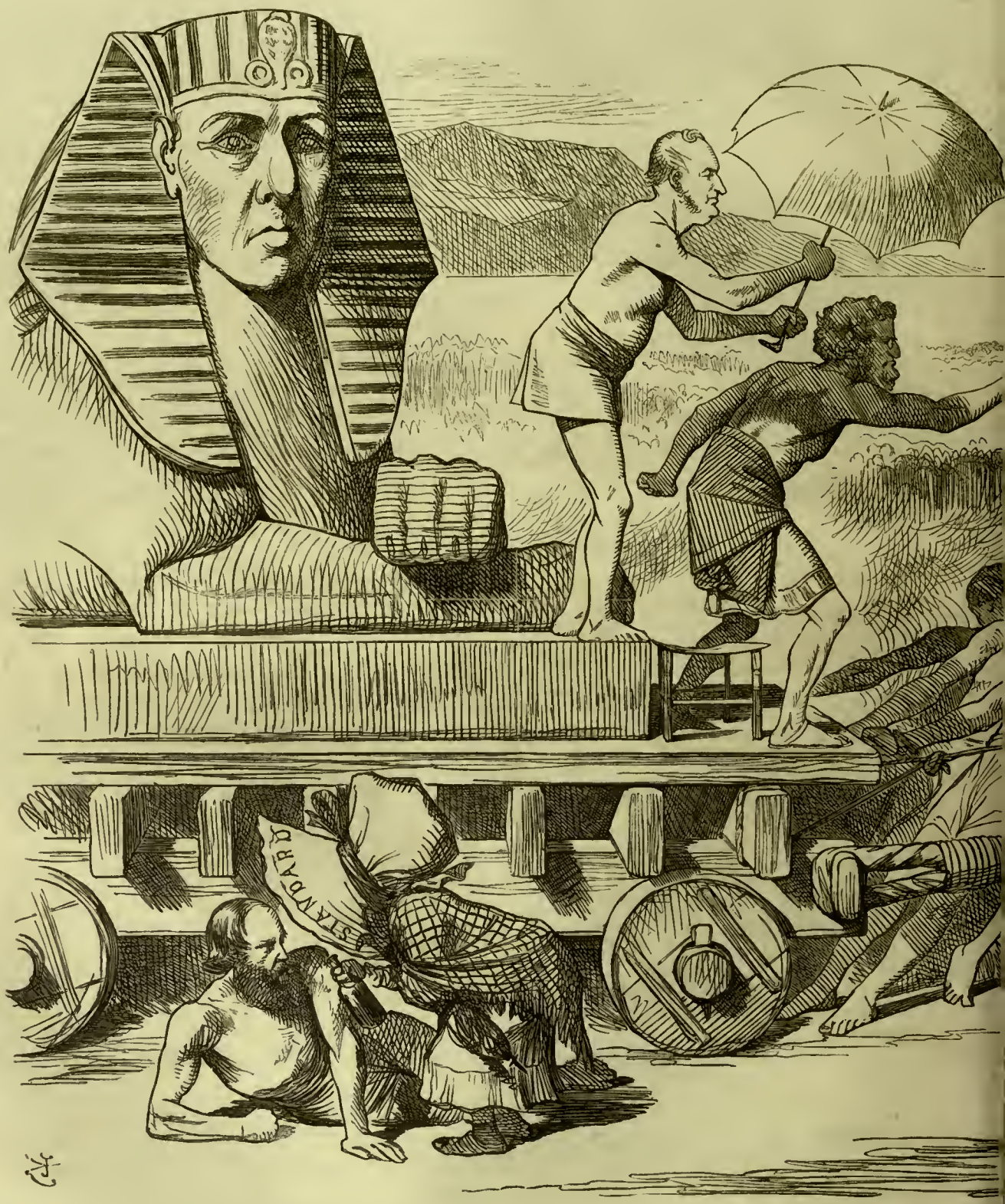
Material utility is something, *Mr. Punch*, but immaterial utility is something too. What has made the English character but, for one thing, English scenery? What sort of creatures will Englishmen be when they are born only fit to consume the fruits of the earth, and incapable of enjoying its flowers? Even in a material and physical way, you might show the Philistine, if you would go into a calculation with him, that he was considerably indebted to the sentimentalists and poets, MESSRS. SHAKSPEARE, MILTON & Co.

Does increase of numbers necessitate the incrustation of this island with buildings? If so I should envy France her stationary population. But there is a point at which the excess of our swarm must needs emigrate. Determine it by limiting the enclosure of open spaces. Or else posterity will all be turned to apes, with foreheads villanous low, or else to a sort of human pigs, having oblique eyes like Chinamen. You will live to see the day of that degeneration, along with the Wandering Jew. For me, I hope that, before it comes, I may be gathered to my fathers in the happy hunting-grounds, and out of the eligible building-grounds.

In the meantime Victoria Park to the rescue! The brutes who are building round it can only be bought off. Could a part of the PEABODY Donation be applied to its redemption? Could a grant from the Consolidated Fund? Cannot a Conservative Government even manage to conserve Victoria Park? Excuse the prolixity and passion of

Yours truly, SILENUS.





D'ISRAEL-I IN TRIUMPH;



R, THE MODERN SPHYNX.

(*Suggested by* MR. POYNTER'S *admirable Picture of "Israel in Egypt."*



PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE TWELFTH.



ECENTLY the Sane, following the example of the Hotel prices, has been very high. I have perpetrated an admirable *jerdymo* about the river Sane and the forthcoming English Canoe gathering.

I said, quite off-hand and without the slightest preparation, "*Mens Sana in corpore sano.*"

Not bad: but of course this sort of thing comes quite easily to me, and is the natural result of the action of a classical education upon a subtle appreciation of the humorous.

They've cut through the key (*quai*), and thrown a steel bridge over it. This I defined as "*steeling* a march." How my *kongveeves* (French for fellows dining with me) roared with laughter.

The Commissioners, who are never tired of employing me, have asked me to make an Appendix on Turret Ships. I refused politely, but firmly; but to show that I was perfectly willing to oblige, I've undertaken to award the prizes on the Marine and Pneumatic Models for Collisions at Sea.

I've always had a fancy for pontoons. I recollect a man who used a work a pontoon with his legs up and down the Highgate road. Capital exercise. A friend who has just dropped in suggests that "Rantoon" is what I mean. I immediately was down on him with a *jerdymo*. I said "I knew it was some *toon* or other, as I always had an ear for music." He roared.

I publish it because I *have* heard some people give these things out as their own.

PRANGSE NARPOLAYONG'S yacht is on the Sane. The PRANGSE said to—well, call him a friend of mine, of course not to myself, though some correspondents would not be so modest—well, he said to a friend of mine, "*Mong sharer mee*," says he, "*Commong aymay voo sir vaysso lar.*"

"*Truy jollee*," I replied. "*Voos ayt urn marrang tootar coo.*" I bowed low at the same time, and *ill ettay ongsharntay aveck mong espree.*

"*Mossoo, pairmayttay voo ker noo noo promnong o boo der Bulvar*," as DOCTOR JOHNSON would have said if he'd been a lively neighbour.

Observe, *raggarrday dong*, that card in that window: "*Appartmong merblay*," that is, "Furnished Lodgings."

If you are stopping any time in Paris take one. (We will go to the Egsposissiong presently, but I've one or two things to say most important to the visitors to Parry). In a French House there are a lot of Flats. You can make one of the party if you pay more than you ought to.

On entering the House where you are going to take *Arpartmong* say to the *Kongseairsh*, "*Oo ay Lotaysse?*" that is, where's the Landlady? If you can't understand his answer, and however well you may speak French yourself, yet it is sometimes impossible to catch what a native is talking about, smile and reply, "*Wee, sairtaynmong wee*," when he will perhaps repeat his observations, and you may have an opportunity of catching a familiar word here and there, and be able to grasp the general sense of his answer. The Landlady or Lote (Landlord) comes to you. You will bow politely, and commence, as is always the rule in Parry, "*Mardarm, jer sweesongsharntay der voa vvaw.*"

To which, if she have any manners, she will return, "*Mwaw o see.*"

"*Pweej logayreecee?*" "Can I have a lodging here?"

She will probably answer, "*Wee.*"

They *do* answer "*Wee*" when they mean yes, for which you will be prepared.

Say you, "*Mongtray mwaw eun charmbor*," and she will comply with your request.

You see your room, and inquire "*Cumbeang?*" Now comes the difficulty; if you are not a first-rate arithmetician—well up in decimal coinage and French—*songteems*, that is, *centimes*. Don't be frightened by the sound; have it put down on paper.

"*Voolly voo aykreer set som soor oon peeayse der pappyay?*"

Then you'll see how the price stands.

So much for lodgings will suffice; it is all that is necessary: after this you've only to say "*Nong*" if you'd rather not; and "*Wee*" if you'd rather.

On entering a kaffy always salute the lady at the bar, or sitting behind a sort of tea-urn full of dinner tickets. The salute need not be loud, so choose your opportunity. Remember a kiss in time saves nine.

That reminds me that I must just see the wine in ice; a very charming little *parrty karray*. Living *is* expensive in Parry. I am reserving myself for a full account of my day with the ZAR, the SULTAN, the GRAND SLAMM, the *Shar*, and some of those other fellows, who I know, as well as you do, will feel it their duty to call upon your representative here.

Ardeur! ay praysong!

Receive the assurances of my consideration, the most distinguished,

Yours, PETER THE G.

P.S. I have just been summoned away from my desk to meet WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. I need hardly contradict the reports about my having scribbled opprobrious epithets on his statue in Legsposissiong, and then run away. I did nothing of the kind. I was standing by the statue and did *not* run away: I wish I had. However, the affair was soon settled with some timely *arjong*. WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA has taken a great fancy to my style of bowing: I am going to give him lessons.

LUMPYRAW wishes that the CZAR hadn't been so good-natured as to visit Parry. The Parishioners have behaved very badly. LUMPYRAW, however, with great delicacy, avoided even the slightest allusion to the sore point, and when they were driving out in their barouche and pair, ordered the carriage Pole to be removed before the CZAR got in. Very kind: *nez par?*

When they went to the Opera their Majesties were attended (appropriately) by the *Song* guards. (*Ong Frangsay, Cent gardes.*)

PP.S. *Ardeur.*

THE TRIUMPH OF THE SPHYNX.

DRAG him into his place, with sound of brass
Blent with reluctant captives' groans and howls,
Where birds, beasts, creeping things for God-heads pass—
Apes, crocodiles, cats, monkeys, hawks and owls.

Drag him, ye victims of Caucasian craft,
Prize of the brain that is his bow and spear:
Proud, in *his* honour, to be beasts of draught,
Obey the whip, in wonder, awe and fear.

Let those who will not draw, nor fear the lash,
Drop out of place, and fall, or faint or fail:
Not many the defiant and the rash
To stand against that iron scourge's hail.

Drag him, all colours, races, ranks of men—
True blue, and blue and buff, and drab and red—
The Mystery defying mortal ken,
Propounder of a riddle never read—

The riddle of his own faiths, meanings, ends:
Dark riddle always, ne'er so dark as now:
Enigma baffling foes, and baulking friends,
With deep dark eyes, locked lips, and stony brow,

Portentous Sphynx, that sitting calm and still
Watchest with anaky, unimpassioned gaze,
Stir of more restless mind, more eager will,
By taunts unfretted, and unflushed by praise!

He waited for his time, his time is come:
He knew his place kept for him in the shrine,
Nor recked what hideous shapes, foul things, and dumb,
Shared it, so crawling crowds hailed all divine.

Drag him into his seat, with loud acclaim
Of sounding brass, keen whips, and shouting herds,
O'er broken pledges, reasons brought to shame,
Ruins of parties, spume of eaten words.

But though he move towards his place of power,
Where many knees are bent; and heads are bowed,
'Tis thanks to backs before the lash that cower,
Blind priests that shout and scourge a blinder crowd.

Exposure at Rome.

BY accounts from Rome we learn that drought, lately prevalent, has been felt so much in the towns and environs of the papal city that prayers have been put up for rain, and miraculous images exposed in their shrines. It would be satisfactory to know that the miraculous images had been thoroughly exposed.



WHIT-MONDAY—AS IT OUGHT NOT TO BE.

INVISIBLE MUSICIANS.

WHAT will the FARADAYS and BREWSTERS say, and what do you say, *Mr. Punch*, to the mysterious notes and fragments of airs thus described by an ear-witness as occurring in the Musical Instruments Department of the Paris Universal Exhibition?—

"Some of the most eccentric acoustic incidents occur in that section of the Exhibition where pianofortes, brass and wood instruments, and tambourines are collected together in solemn silence. Now and then you are startled by the sound of a horn; you look round in vain to ascertain where the windy notes come from. Sometimes the jingle of a tambourine salutes your ear, and more frequently a pianoforte wakes into life, and you get a snatch of some of VERDI'S melodies. If it were not an age of science and matter-of-fact, we might come to the conclusion that these various instruments, weary of neglect and silence, began to play themselves spasmodically."

Of course we shall be told by the FARADAYS and BREWSTERS that the apparently spontaneous performance of the instruments is sufficiently accounted for by being referred to the touch or the breath of some unseen attendant or passer-by. But mark the declaration which immediately follows the foregoing statement:—

"I visited an organ which was going through an elaborate sonata, and I can positively assert that after the most diligent searching I could not find the player."

If the Special Correspondent of the *Post*, whose is the testimony above quoted, had resorted to the alphabet, and asked if the spirit that was playing the sonata would be kind enough to give its name, the answer returned by the usual method of communication would as likely as not have been, "BEETHOVEN." *Mutatis mutandis*, are not these musical "manifestations" exactly the same as those which attended the DAVENPORTS? The difference is merely that, whereas the spirit performing on the organ at Paris was evidently that of some great composer, the guitar and tambourine at the *séances* of the BROTHERS DAVENPORT were as clearly played by the spirits of minstrels who have gone where all good niggers go.

The only difficulty that anybody but a deplorable sceptic can have in ascribing these musical phenomena to spiritual agency is the absence of any medium who could get anything by them. The DAVENPORTS, according to the *Spiritual Magazine*, are now in Russia, making no end of roubles, about the ring of which, at any rate, there is no mistake.

"They have been threatened with a loss of their permit,* on the ground that they are 'turning people's heads with the idea of supernaturalism.'" If they go on in this way, though they have not as yet, I believe, exhibited the prodigy of "levitation," I should not wonder if they are soon taken up.

I hope your appetite for the marvellous is as good as that of

Yours truly,
VORAX.

* If they lose that, I suppose their spirits will be regarded as contraband.

DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, inviting HER MAJESTY to resume her personal sway over society, says,—

"During the first twenty years of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign, the salons of London did not reek with tobacco smoke, neither did the noble, the pure, and the young stagger under red wigs, glare with rouge and pearl-powder, or leer with painted eyes."

No. Neither do the noble and the pure stagger, glare, or leer, now. But if the ignoble, the impure, and some of the young do these things, and can be deterred from them by royal displeasure, manifested in the dignified way in which the First Lady would mark it, we should rejoice to know that the QUEEN intended to come forward and do an unwelcome duty. No worthier homage can be offered to the dead than a painful sacrifice for the sake of the living. The Crown has direct power over the court-class, and as for the idiots who parody their patrons, the parody, as we firmly believe, would be pursued, even if great folks took to virtue and going to church. Which considerations, with the deepest respect, *Mr. Punch* submits to the notice of his Royal Mistress.

Creating a Horselaugh.

"MR. CHAPLIN ain't a goin to dewote twelve thousand pound of *'Ermit's* winnins to restorin' Lincoln Cathedral," said a stable boy to a groom. "If he bestowed it anyhow, in course what he won by a 'oss he 'd give to a 'ospital."



BAROMETRICAL.

Draper. "LIGHT SUMMER DRESS? YES, M'M. SOLD A GREAT MANY THE LAST FEW DAYS, M'M, THE WEATHER HAVIN' RISEN FROM A FRENCH MERINO TO A GRENADINE!"

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Nocte pluit totâ, redeunt spectacula—many." *Juvenal.*

"'Tis wisdom, when the evening's wet,
Amusement at the play to get." *A Midsummer Night's Thought.*

IN lieu of any lucubration of my own this week, I shall let my readers see some letters that have reached me:—

DEAR SPEC,—You are quite right to complain of talkers at the theatre, and your censure may with justice be extended to the opera. Some folks think it fine to be heard chattering away, without waiting for the *entr'actes*, when talking is permissible. They seem to fancy it is fashionable to be a nuisance to their neighbours, or else they aim to have it thought they know the music so by heart that it is not worth while to listen to it. MRS. SNOBLEY, for example, whose husband only gives her a stall once in a season, assumes the *blasé* air of a regular *habitué*, and prates as though the opera were being played in the next parish. In the middle of "*La ci darem*" you hear her tell her *confidente* how much she paid for her new bonnet, and she will even sound the praise of her new treasure of a cook while MARIO is sweetly warbling "*Il mio tesoro.*"

Now, I deny that MRS. SNOBLEY, because she happens to have paid a guinea for her seat, has a right to worry others who have also paid their guineas. MRS. SNOBLEY talks most pleasantly—at least so her friends think—but I don't want to hear her voice when I am listening to PATTI'S. People who like small talk may hear it any evening without paying a guinea for it. When I go to listen to the warbling of a nightingale, I don't want to be disturbed by the gabble of a jackdaw.

So I remain yours to command, SAMUEL SAVAGE.

P.S. I have noticed that the jackdaws have long trailing peacocks' tails, which I shall stamp on without mercy, as I walk out of the opera.

PP.S. The jackdaws, at any rate, should not disturb the stalls. Special boxes should be kept for them, and called the chatter-boxes.

DEAR SPEC,—Have you heard *Don Carlos* yet? If not, buy some seats, and give me one to go with you. I went on the first night, but it will bear a second hearing, and a sixth, I rather fancy. There are some nice airs for the barrel-organs, and in the chorusses especially, the music's really stunning; but with cotton in one's ears, one can always relish VERDI. LUCCA is delicious, in looks, and voice, and acting; and for stage effect the Second Act beats anything and everything produced here since *Le Prophète*. The *auto da fé* is quite a new thing on the stage, and the scene is very life-like, even to the frizzling—I mean to say, the fiddling. So get some stalls, and let me come and go with you, and I'll tell you when to clap, for you know nothing about music.

Yours, serenely, CHARLEY COOL.

THE NEW NOVELS.

"FAR above Rubies"
Is far above boobies.
"Sowing the Wind"
Is a book you should bind.
"Called to Account"
Shows a brain that will mount.
"The Tallants of Barton"
Is writ by a smart 'un.
The tale called "Black Sheep"
Will deprive you of sleep.
"Seventy Five, Brook Street"
Were good if he'd look straight.
CHARLES KNIGHT'S "Begg'd at Court"
Has one fault—it's too short.
MRS. CRAIK'S book, "Two Marriages,"
No critic disparages,
And as for the Hon. MRS. NORTON'S "Old Sir Douglas"
there may be a slight superfluousness of syllable in this line but we don't care about that for out of our resolve to say that the tale is masterly no arbitrary rule of metre shall juggle us.

"THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."



THEY do, do they? What things? The rewards of Art, of course. Witness the award of Medals of Honour at the Paris Exhibition: of which four fell to Frenchmen, two to Germans, one to a Belgian, one to an Italian, and — not one to an Englishman! But in what sense do they manage these things better in France? It depends upon what one understands by "better." Our readers shall decide whether they consider French management *better* or *worse* than English, after hearing what the French management was in this case.

The awarding jury consisted of twelve Frenchmen and fourteen foreigners. The four French painters who obtained Medals of Honour were all members of the jury who awarded them. The twelve French jurors voted, *always*, as one man. The fourteen foreign jurors had no effective power to combine, being isolated, strangers to each other, hopeless individually, and in a minority collectively, as soon as the phalanx of the twelve Frenchmen had secured two votes out of their fourteen. This was not difficult. When the Frenchmen whispered to the despairing and solitary foreigner, "Your man has no chance except by our help. Vote for our man this time, we will vote for yours at the critical moment."

It is not to be wondered at if two out of the fourteen succumbed, and threw in their votes with France. Still the result remains. The award is before the world. According to it THEODORE ROUSSEAU is the first of living landscape-painters. Every great school of Europe receives the recognition of a Medal of Honour, France's recognition being four times as ample as that of any of the others, and the English school is left out in the cold, undecorated.

The best consolation, under the circumstances, and considering all that went on round the jurors' table, is to remember LORD CASTLEREAGH at the Congress of Vienna. While all the foreign plenipotentiaries blazed with stars, ribands, and orders, his coat alone showed no decoration. When TALLEYRAND's attention was drawn to the contrast, "*Ma foi!*" he said, "*c'est bien distingué.*" Considering that the award of the Paris medals was regulated by intrigue, dexterous combination, and diplomatic management, and that the English juror, whatever else he might have showed himself, showed himself above this sort of dirty work, we say that the English school at Paris, standing undecorated amidst the medalled schools of France, Germany, Belgium and Italy, is—like LORD CASTLEREAGH at Vienna—"*bien distingué.*" Only we question the propriety of the name of "*Medailles d'Honneur*," as applied to decorations so awarded.

"DORA" AT THE ADELPHI.

To transfer a sweet and simple poem from the printer's boards to the manager's, from the study to the stage, without vulgarising it, is no small feat. Such a feat MR. READE has performed in his play of *Dora* at the Adelphi. And for actors to embody a poet's creations, while filling up a playwright's outlines, is an achievement for them only second, if second, to the dramatist's. That feat the actors in *Dora* have, on the whole, accomplished. The Poet Laureate himself might sit in judgment on MISS KATE TERRY's embodiment of his heroine—face, figure, dress, voice, action, and expression—and bring in a verdict of "justifiable impersonation." The actress assumes for this part a rustic bearing and manner quite unlike her usual stage self, and never loses the pretty feminine timidity of a soft nature, hardly able to uphold, yet upholding, the weight of a noble purpose, till it lifts itself at last, in the strength of that purpose, to heroic self-sacrifice. No prettier picture of country maidenhood can be conceived than *Dora*, in the First Act, sticking the Christmas holly about the farm-house kitchen, now exultingly, in the delight of happy hopeful love, now heavily, with mournful look and steps weighed down by the sad sense of affection not returned. And when her womanly tenderness conquers her womanly fear, and she adjures the hard Farmer to forgive his son, MISS TERRY rises so naturally to the height of the adjuration, that we feel it to be possible even for that fearful, shrinking *Dora* to speak so solemnly and so bravely. We cannot recall on the stage a more quietly pathetic scene than that of the Second Act, where *Dora* sings the song of "*The Brook*," set to music worthy of the words, in the dying ears of *William Allan*, as he suns himself at his cottage-door.

The struggle of a heroic purpose and a fearful spirit was never more touchingly or tenderly portrayed than when, in the last Act, *Dora* tells the Farmer it is *William's* child she has set within his arms; and then turns, humbly, to ask *Mary* for a home.

It is rare to see a play in which one can conscientiously praise *all* the actors. They all deserve praise in *Dora*. MR. NEVILLE had so well comprehended the character of *Farmer Allan*, that one is able to understand the love of *Dora* for the tremendous old man, hard as the nether millstone, and hot as fire. Among the many parts MR. NEVILLE has played well, he has never played a more difficult one better or more artistically than this of the fierce old Farmer.

If MR. BILLINGTON had been as good in the last Act, when he (*Luke Bloomfield*) bursts angrily away from *Dora*, as he was when pressing his hopeless suit on her in the first, we should have had nothing but praise for *him*. But he marred a performance otherwise excellent by a mis-timed melodramatic exit, which it is to be hoped he has corrected before this.

MR. ASHLEY, always an intelligent actor, in the very difficult and unthankful part of *William Allan*, showed himself a real artist. It was no easy matter to make that death-scene impressive to an Adelphi audience. But MR. ASHLEY did it, and was pathetic, where the slightest drop into whine, or the least transgression into rant, would have made him ridiculous. Credit for the touching and solemn effect of that dying scene may be divided between the acting of MR. ASHLEY and MISS HUGHES, and MISS TERRY's singing of that exquisite Brook-song, in which she showed how a mere thread of singing voice, by the aid of clear enunciation and right expression, could move a whole audience to tears. And MISS HUGHES made of *Mary Morrison* a picture worthy to hang by the side of MISS TERRY's *Dora*, and, above all, spoke the lines introduced in the Third Act from TENNYSON's poem, to the music of the Brook-song, with a calm musical sweetness that kept play and poem in harmony to the last. MISS HUGHES's "*Harvest-Song*"—in the music of which the joy of harvest-tide blends with the memory of the loved and lost, till the mingled currents of emotion are swallowed up in the full tide of a mother's love and hope, over her child—should be noted as a right use of excellent music in an appropriate situation, of which our dramatists cannot often, but might oftener, avail themselves.

But we notice *Dora* less for the sake of giving deserved praise to the actors, or the composer of the music, or the author, than that we may express our thankfulness to MR. READE for writing, and to MR. WEBSTER for producing, a real English *Idyll*, sweet, simple, natural, and breathing of the country. The dialogue throughout is a model of stage-English, close, vigorous, and rhythmical, without a wasted word, or a blemish of rant or slip-slop. There are a few passages of sacred allusion, which may offend some rigid tastes. But they are introduced so earnestly, and in such good faith, that they can hardly, we should suppose, sound irreverent to any, and certainly sounded reverential and impressive to us.

It is the best proof how the rare and peculiar qualities of the play took hold of the audience, that on the first night it triumphed over scenic hitches and a refractory setting sun, which, had the impression of the piece on the house been weak or doubtful, would have been fatal to it, for they occurred at the very climax of the action. They caused a laugh, but they never endangered the piece. Believing that the influence of such plays as *Dora*, so interpreted, is about the wholesomest that the theatre can exercise, we earnestly recommend the performance to our readers, and say to our dramatists, managers, and actors, *en masse*, "Grow great by this example" (hating, of course, the hitches).

A Day in a Cave.

Mr. Punch never touches on private affairs. But when a political Party, strong enough to stop a Reform Bill, sets up a newspaper to support its own principles, and then lets the newspaper collapse, and does not pay the workers, the "situation" becomes one for public comment. The only good plea that we have yet heard is that the original Cave of Adullam was composed of "every one that was in debt," and that it would therefore be out of keeping to pay. But a rule of taste should not dominate the golden rule.

SHAKSPEARIAN THOUGHT.—"When the brains are out, the Woman will dye."



RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

Farmer (giving the Culprit a Box o' the Ear). "HOW DARE YOU BEAT THOSE GOSLIN'S, YOU YOUNG RASCAL? I SAW YOU!"

Boy. "BOO, OO, OO, WHAT FURR'D THEY GORS-CHICKS FEYTHER BOITE OI THEN FURR?!"

IMPROVEMENTS ON SMITH'S SUNDAY LIQUOR BILL.

MR. PUNCH,

PRAY, Sir, use your irresistible influence to make Honourable Gentlemen attend in the House of Commons on Wednesday, the 26th instant, for the purpose of moving an Amendment to MR. J. A. SMITH'S Sunday Liquor Bill.

This much-called-for measure, which will constitute so precious a boon to thirsty travellers, is framed so as "to prohibit drinking on the premises of the licensed victualler during the whole of Sunday, excepting where meat, confectionery, or other victuals are sold." Thus, you see, Sir, this Bill recognises as legal the sale of confectionery!

Beer, Sir, we know, is a very bad thing for everybody, even in moderation, especially on Sundays. But confectionery is equally bad. Pastry and sweetmeats are extremely unwholesome, and judicious parents never allow their children to eat any. The principle of a Bill designed to prevent naughty people from buying beer on Sundays, is one which, consistently applied, would also prevent them from buying tarts and buns, and goodygoodies.

So, therefore, *Mr. Punch*, please to instruct your representatives to move the omission of the word "confectionery" in the clause above quoted; for confectionery is very pernicious on any day, but, as aforesaid, especially on Sundays, like beer.

Allow me to suggest another hint for the improvement of the endeavour at paternal legislation proposed by MR. J. A. SMITH. The Sunday Liquor Bill of the sapient and Sabbatarian Member for Chichester, I think, imposes penalties only on the wicked licensed victuallers who shall be guilty of selling liquor on Sundays. It provides no punishment for their naughty customers. Cause your parliamentary party, Sir, to supply that omission by an additional clause, providing for the due chastisement of those last-named offenders. The chastisement proper for the correction of those transgressors is obvious. To perfect a Bill designed to treat grown-up persons like children, make your delegates insist on the insertion, in the one which MR. J. A. SMITH has devised in the spirit of a pedagogue for that purpose, of a clause subjecting every man convicted of having bought liquor on a Sunday to the discipline of the rod as administered to youth. To wean adult Englishmen from indulgence in exhilarating beverages, and teach them to observe Sunday like pupils at a Sunday-school, there is nothing like the application of

TICKLETOBY.

P. S. As MR. SMITH'S Sunday Liquor Bill stands, apparently, it will allow any publican to sell beer on Sundays if he also sells lollipops.

A PÆAN FOR DIZZY.

AIR—"*Bow, Wow, Wow.*"

OH, DIZZY is a clever chap,
There ne'er was known a cleverer;
Of Gordian knots and party-ties
The dashingest disseverer.
All BRIGHT'S best cards and GLADSTONE'S
He 's baulked by over-trumping,
Ta'en the wind out of BEALES'S sails,
And shut up BRADLAUGH'S stumping.
Bow, wow, wow,
Fol de riddy, iddy, iddy,
Bow, wow, wow!

For True Blue Tories he 's made fact
Of CASTLEREAGH'S famed figure—
In turning their own backs upon
Themselves employed their vigour.
Has hoisted the "residuum"
A-top of England's Dukery;
Has made his party eat their words,
And swear they like his cookery.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Has turned poor Toryism's head
Where its hind-quarters used to be:
And desperate young Destructives
Old Obstructives has induced to be:
At the pikes on St. Stephen's road
Has doubled M.P. 's borough-fares,
And treated England's ancient ways
As THWAITES treats London thoroughfares,
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

He once accused SIR ROBERT PEEL
('Twas thought a good and gay thing)
Of stealing the Whigs' clothes away,
The while their Lords were bathing:
But bettering the example, he
Now turns worse theft to glory—
The Radicals' old clothes he steals,
And swears that they are Tory!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There 's many a man has turned his coat,
And then made bold to wear it,
Not as if callous against scorn
But as if paid to bear it:
But he 's the first who, with the blush
Of fellow turncoats burning,
Takes credit for himself and them
Their coats for never turning!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

DANGEROUS DRESSES.

THE poet says that, whereas the other animals behold the earth looking downwards, man had given to him a sublime aspect, and was ordered to view heaven, and lift an erect countenance towards the stars. He should mind how he obeys this command at an evening party. Otherwise he will cause every lady that he goes near to tear her train. In descending out of a theatre, he had better not raise his eyes heavenwards; but, on the contrary, direct them carefully below. If he does not, he will most likely be tripped up, and tumble down the steps. It will be dangerous, as long as the present fashion of long dresses lasts, to venture on going to the play or the opera to hear BEETHOVEN, or MOZART, or SHAKSPEARE. A performance which induces an elevated state of mind, apt to be accompanied, unconsciously, by a gaze in a corresponding direction, subjects any respectable man who may go and hear it to the risk of breaking his neck. Perhaps, as women have taken to dresses of the nature of tails, men, for their part, might as well take to going on all-fours.

THE GREAT NEW ORGAN-GUN.



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,—As yours is the most scientific journal of the age, I send you a rough sketch of a big gun I have invented, showing it as it will, doubtless, some fine day be seen in action. I should probably have exposed it at the Paris Exposition, among the other articles of war with which that temple of peace is appropriately crowded, but unluckily the thought of the invention did not jump into my head until Monday morning last; and it sprang there, oddly enough, just after I had read the account of a new cannon, which was shown to the French EMPEROR a day or two ago, constructed on a principle identical with that which I had cleverly invented. Like the weapon which the EMPEROR inspected, and commended, my gun projects its shot by centrifugal force merely—*vice* gunpowder exploded. By extremely simple mechanism, consisting of about five hundred springs and wires and cogwheels, the impulse first created by the turning of a crank is multiplied ten-millionfold, and becomes a motive power equal to the bursting of half-a-ton of gunpowder. This suffices, amply, to project a dozen musket-balls, or a pound or so of grapeshot, with such velocity that their impingement upon the human frame will certainly prove fatal, not to say injurious. As the gun, with all its mechanism, will only weigh twelve tons, it will be admirably fitted for the use of light artillery; and, being placed on a small donkey-engine, it may be moved about too rapidly for cavalry, or horse-marines, to take, or overtake, it.

One great advantage of my cannon is, that it will go off without making any smoke, and so the soldiers in command of it can see what they are shooting at. Moreover, it will not be like those mortal engines whose rude throats do counterfeit Jove's thingummy. (I write too much in a hurry to remember a quotation.) Excepting a slight whirring sound, not much louder than the rush of an express train through a tunnel, my gun may be discharged without making any noise; and so the man who lets it off need not put cotton in his ears, which will cause a wondrous saving in the cost of our artillery.

The chief benefit, however, which my cannon will confer upon the civilised community is that it will afford employment for the organ-grinders. As they are thoroughly well practised in the turning of a handle, they will be just the very men to work the crank of my new cannon. This notion must secure the success of my invention, for certainly the nation will approve of any plan to free it from the organ-fiends, and Parliament will cheerfully vote enough supplies to enlist them for the service. It would be easy to attach a barrel-organ to each gun, making it in point of fact a gun-barrel-organ. The same handle might be made to work the organ and the gun, so that tunes and shot together might be played upon the enemy. "*Down Among the Dead Men*" would be a fitting air to go with a discharge: or, when the gun poured forth a volley of balls as thick as hail, the organ might appropriately pour forth the "*Hailstone Chorus.*" Besides, the music of the organs would produce a highly terrifying effect upon an enemy. Imagine fifty organ-guns all playing different tunes! What foe would dare to face them, or to venture within earshot?

Firmly trusting in your influence to get my organ-gun adopted, I beg leave to subscribe myself.

Yours truly,

COLLEY CRIBBER.

P.S. If anybody says that I have borrowed the idea, and am not the original inventor of my gun, I hereby challenge him to play me, for a thousand puns a side, on any organ he may name, not excluding even the organ of credulity.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE has declined to serve upon the Commission to inquire into Ritualistic Practices.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD has also addressed the following remonstrance on the same subject to MR. DISRAELI:—

My dear and eloquent boy, how are you, my bricksywickwicksy? Sorry this child is under the painful necessity of putting the kybosh upon the appearance of his elegant corporation at your festive hoard. Can't be done, dear boy. Business is business, dear boy, as the old woman observed, and when this interesting individual is not occupied in the conscientious discharge of his professional duties, then he prefers doing the salubrious in the marine breezes. Farewell, my inflated juvenile, remember me to the dear boys on the Commission.

Witness this dear child's hand and seal, PAUL B.

P.S. Would the dear and eloquent boy give us his assistance in the hanky-panky business at the Royal Dramatic College Fête this year?

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THREE-CORNERED CONSTITUENCIES.—East Anglia.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT, or rather the Commons, resumed work on Thursday, June 13th, when MR. DISRAELI again addressed himself to the work of Reform.

Previous votes had given him Forty-Five English seats to allot. So we came to hear how he proposed to distribute them, and whether it would be necessary to get up a Forty-Five Rebellion against the Government of the House of Brunswick.

He had thought it best to reconsider the whole of his earlier propositions on this subject, and he requested the Committee to forget them. It has been necessary to forget a good many things during these Reform debates, so that no difficult feat of anti-mnemonics was demanded. In fact, so non-egotistical are the faithful Commons that they sometimes forget themselves. The former plan being duly forgotten, MR. DISRAELI proposed this new one—

1. London is to have four additional Members. The Tower Hamlets are to be split, and the new Members are to sit for a region to be called Hackney.

Members laughed, and MR. DISRAELI said that the name was not unclassical, which he proved by a quotation. He had better have told the Committee where Hackney is. It is between Islington, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, or some of those barbarous regions, and was once a fashionable quarter. Hackney School for young ladies is repeatedly alluded to by the comic playwrights of the old days—WYCHERLEY, and SHADWELL, among others—it was the thing for rich citizen girls to have been educated at Hackney. On second thoughts, *Mr. Punch* does not see what these facts have to do with the Reform Bill, but he will let his reading appear, for all that.

2. A new borough called Chelsea to return two Members.

This is right enough, and we hope that if he will accept the representation MR. THOMAS CARLYLE will be the first Member chosen, not that he can desire to come among the Shams and Wind-bags and emit undesirable Talk, but that Chelsea may enjoy the historic honour of having sent the great Philosopher to the House. CARLYLE for CHELSEA. Let that be instantly placarded on every wall, inscribed on every hoarding, and let him otherwise know nothing about it until MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MILL lead him to the SPEAKER to be sworn.

3. He will give a Member to each of these constituencies, whom we will enumerate in Rabelaisian fashion:

The darlings of Darlington.
The fishers in Hartlepool.
The meddling beggars of Middlesborough.
The sons of burnt fathers of Burnley.
The Trojans of S. Helen's.
The barnfowls of Barnsley.
The Does of Dewsbury.
The stale wits of Staleybridge.
The cockfighters of Wedgbury.
The shrimpers of Gravesend.
The stockfish of Stockton.
The looters of Luton.

4. An additional Member unto

The small fry of Salford.
The meticulous of Merthyr Tydvil.

5. Two Members for the University of London, and this he thinks might be united with the University of Durham.

We see no reason, except one akin to *Fluellen's*. London is on the Thames and Durham is on the Wear, and there is dead cats in both.

6. Having disposed of 20 seats there are 25 more to be given away, and these are to be devoted to THE COUNTIES. In this fashion. Let us split

West Kent—and give two new Members.
North Lancashire, the same.
South Lancashire, one only.
East Surrey, two.

Then let us take

Moist Lincolnshire,
Sparry Derbyshire,
Creamy Devonshire,
Clownish Somersetshire,
Hard-riding West Riding,
Grinning Cheshire,
Pancake Norfolk,
Pottering Staffordshire,
Calfish Essex,

split each in three, and give each part two Members. Thus are the 45 seats given away. The counties to be dealt with contain, said MR. DISRAELI, something like Four Millions of people, exclusive of borough voters, and represent all the great industries, Agricultural, Manufacturing, Mineral. He declared that the selection had been made on higher grounds than any considerations of party, and he should be sorry if time were wasted in refuting charges of a minute character.

The Boundary Commissioners must now, he added, be empowered to go to work, and he promised clauses for that purpose. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER sat down amid cheers.

MR. LAING approved of most of the scheme, but contended that there should be a grant of additional representation to six of our largest cities. But what about the seven new Members for Scotland?

MR. AYRTON preferred MR. DISRAELI'S plan to MR. LAING'S.

A SIR M. W. RIDLEY, Member for North Northumberland, was pleased with what had been said about Durham University. *Punch* is not. The project is an absurd one. We think the University should have Members, and we really do not see that tea-and-shrimps want representation. Transfer the seats from snobbish Gravesend to scholastic Durham.

COLONEL SYKES warned MR. DISRAELI that Scotland was going to cry. Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn! but first be sure that you have anything to apprehend.

MR. CARDWELL reserved debate, but was sorry there were to be only forty-five new Members.

MR. NEWDEGATE very sensibly demanded the reprinting of the whole Bill as amended. There is some absurd hitch about this printing, though the printer's bill is enormous. In America we should have a new edition every twenty minutes.

SIR F. GOLDSMID made a cynical remark touching the alleged merits of Durham, and seemed to imply that its union with London would be somewhat the reverse of an honour to the latter—a sort of unequal marriage.

MR. CANDLISH suddenly interpolated a demand that MR. DISRAELI would tell him what a Dwelling-House meant.

MR. DISRAELI could not. It was a question for Common Law. England was not over-represented. He should not help Scotland at the expense of England, though this was done in 1832. Ireland was probably not prepared to make any sacrifice. If the House thought that Caledonia ought to have more Members, the representation ought to be increased.

COLONEL SYKES said that before the Union Scotland had 67 Members, now she had but 53. This, *Mr. Punch* observes, is a capital illustration of the saying that there is nothing so deceptive as figures except facts. When we wedded Scotland, we took her to our heart in earnest, and every English Member is a Member for Scotland. In the old time she was a distant and barbarous region about which we knew nothing, except that when the Scots were not murdering one another they were coming over the border to murder us. Now the invasion is the other way, and we are all Scots. It would be a delicate compliment if the Scotch Members would say that they had perfect confidence in English good feeling, and begged that the House might not be crowded on their account. A bride-cake to a bawbee cookie they just do nothing of the kind. Reform was postponed until Monday.

Then came a thundering debate on Great Ordnance. MR. H. BAILLIE declared that the Armstrong gun was chosen for jobbing reasons, and that it is a failure. He denounced field-guns, ship-guns, and the Snider. Of course he was answered, but who can tell where the truth lies? There is a grand naval review coming off. Man a couple of ships with garotters, and make them fire ball, with a promise of free passage to Siberia to the crew that sinks their enemy.

We voted a couple of millions or so for Naval Estimates.

Friday. A Compulsory Vaccination Bill made progress in Committee. It may startle sundry to be told, as the House was told by LORD ROBERT MONTAGU (a Lord, *Mrs. Grundy*, mind, and no mere hireling of a newspaper scribbler!) that the deaths by small-pox, in England, have increased from 4,000 to between 6 and 7,000 a year. Therefore it is fit that we be peremptory with fools who neglect the semi-miraculous preventive. By the way, some Quacks rail against it, and offer their trash as a substitute. Could not a clause be introduced for whipping them?

Debate whether the House should allow to remain on its records a petition presented some weeks ago by MR. BRIGHT in favour of mercy to the Fenians. It was a foolishly-written affair, and its reference to the severities practised by the British forces in India and Jamaica excited the wrath of MAJOR ANSON, who moved its being expunged. MR. MILL approved the sentiments of the petition, though not all its expressions, and MR. DISRAELI said that no aspersions could injure our gallant Army, and that he held by the rule that liberty of petition should be indulged even to licence. Herein *Mr. Punch* cordially concurs—let no Englishman, let his nonsense be as flagrant as it may, say that he is gagged. The House went away, leaving a handful—54, who, by 43 to 11, decided that the petition might remain.

We finished by hearing LORD STANLEY expound and defend what he had done *in re* Luxemburg. On the whole, it is clear that his conduct was highly expedient, for it averted immediate war, at no very great risk.



UNWELCOME ATTENTIONS.

[*One of the historical pictures rejected by the Royal Academy, and purchased by Mr. P.*

CHANGE FOR SOVEREIGNS AT PARIS.

IT must be a change to be frowned at instead of fawned on; to hear cries of "*Vive la Pologne!*" instead of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"; to feel that you move among cold-drawn dislikes, voices of condemnation, or silence more significant even than hisses, instead of venal *vivas*, hired "huzzahs," and kotowing crowds of courtiers.

We may thank the populace of Paris for treating some of its crowned visitors to this sort of "Change for a Sovereign." An English crowd, whatever its class, is too apt to behave as though it thought it even more a duty of loyalty to cheer the QUEEN'S royal visitors than to cheer the QUEEN herself. It would seem that on the occasion of such visits JOHN BULL suffered under a determination either of loyalty or snobbishness to the head and hands, manifesting itself in alternate cold fits of patient gaping expectation till the strange Sovereigns show, and hot fits of frantic applause the moment they appear.

We prefer to JOHN BULL'S flunkeyish mobbing, lick-spittling, Jenkinsing, and beshouting of exotic Royalties, even JOHNNY CRAPAUD'S cold silence, or open disapproval of monarchs to whom he bears a grudge. The Parisians, evidently, do not consider that the guests of their Emperor must necessarily be the guests of their nation. In this country, we are so apt, happily, to identify Queen and people, that we consider all VICTORIA'S royal guests—there have not, by the way, been many of them lately—as the guests of JOHN BULL *in propriâ personâ;* and it is on the strength of this hospitable feeling, let us hope, that we so run after them, so bombard them with civic freedoms, and banquets, and reviews, and street ovations, in the shape of a constant crowd—by no means of tag-rag and bobtail either—at their heels, a constant detective force of reporters waylaying their movements, and a constant fire of huzzahs deafening their ears, that we forfeit all opportunity of dropping them any hint of what we may think as a people about such little games as the dismemberment of Denmark, or the persecutions of Poland, or any other episode of their reigns which English Liberalism is not disposed to view through Prussian or Russian spectacles.

Couldn't we take a leaf out of the French book, so far at least, as to introduce a little discrimination into our treatment of foreign Sovereigns? We need not treacherously shoot at them, but neither need we shout after them so pertinaciously. If we refrain from flinging stones at any of them there can be no occasion to pelt them all with such whole-hog adulation. Suppose we considered such visitors as appealing to a British jury, or "putting themselves upon the country," and our demeanour to them as the verdict of the grand inquest of the nation?

A little *intermezzo* of solemn silence might be quite as wholesome sometimes and quite as impressive as whole reams of F. O. despatches, or whole tons of newspaper leaders.

BEALES AT BLACKHEATH.

Recitativo.

MAN of the People, Preacher to the Nations,
BEALES at Blackheath the multitude addressed,
And, raving at the Anti Demonstrations
In Parks Bill, which the Roughs and he detest,
His rabblement in pompous vein bespoke,
As though he did all England's might invoke.

Aria.

"I call upon you," thus he brayed,
For BEALES, M.A., was not at all afraid
Of being written down an Ass,
"Not to allow this Bill to pass!"

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE Hall of Merchant Taylors' was well chosen as the scene of MR. DISRAELI'S latest proof that the Tories are your only true Radicals, after all. Turning coats is tailor's work, and turning coats for the profits of office ought to be just the work that Merchant Taylors can appreciate.



"THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG."

HOME SECRETARY. "MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, WHAT *ARE* WE TO DO WITH OUR STREET ROBBERS AND RUFFIANS?"

MR. PUNCH. "MY DEAR MR. HARDY, THERE'S BUT ONE REMEDY—'THE HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT.'"

THE BENEFIT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



O replume the wing that it has lost, the Crystal Palace, in stage phrase, is going to "take a benefit;" and this has set us thinking of the benefit of the Crystal Palace.

In teaching people to improve their taste for the fine arts, by letting them see statues and specimens of architecture, which otherwise they never would see; in teaching people how to like good music, by letting them for a shilling hear symphonies which elsewhere would cost them a guinea; in teaching people to prefer a Crystal palace to a gin palace, and to take their pleasures pleasantly, and to enjoy a holiday soberly, yet not sadly; in all this the Crystal Palace has conferred a great benefit upon society, and society should show that it is mindful of the fact, by flocking to the Benefit of the Crystal Palace.

Besides the satisfaction of doing a good deed, society will get a good Concert for its money. TITIENS, PATTI, and SIMS REEVES, and many other charming singers, are all going to sing *gratis* for the benefit of the Palace; and the fact that they are doing so will perhaps make them sing better than when their voices have been paid for. Then there will be heard a chorus such as is not elsewhere audible, for no other orchestra in Europe can hold so many voices. "From grave to gay," from &c. to &c. (you know the old quotation) the music is selected to please every kind of taste, and only a rhinoceros could fail to be delighted by it.

"A thing of beauty is"—another old quotation; and hereabouts in ugly London there are so few things of beauty, that we cannot well afford to lose the lasting joy of one of them. But our lasting joy in looking at the beauties of the Crystal Palace will become a lasting sorrow if the prettiest part be not rebuilt. "As you were" must be the word to the lions with mild faces and neatly curled-up tails, which used to stand as sentinels before the big red giants. The rainbow hues of the Alhambra again must dazzle and delight us; the oiled and curled Assyrian bulls must be restored to their old places, and the beauties of the Byzantine Court must all be reproduced. Of course people who have palms and ferns will send them to surround the fountains as of yore, and somebody perhaps will go to California, and bring over the bark of another monster tree, for our nursery-maids and nursery gardeners with all their eyes to stare at. That people like the Palace, is proved by the plain fact that above two million visitors went there in the last year, and they were more than all our national shows attracted to their doors. For the credit of the nation, the Palace ought to be restored. It is about the best sight we can show our foreign friends, and perhaps the only one of all our public buildings of which we need not feel ashamed.

So walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and take your guinea tickets for next Wednesday afternoon. Who would not give a guinea to see the Crystal wing restored? But if you cannot spare a guinea, there are tickets for a crown if you apply beforehand; and, while longer purses realise the hopes of golden fruit expected from the Concert, you may help to crown the benefit with silvery success.

OLD SKY-AND NEW SKY.

IN a letter from Paris we are informed that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has conferred the Grand Cordon of St. Alexander Newsky on GENERALS FLEURY and LEBŒUF, BARON HAUSSMANN, and BARON DE BOURGOING. This intelligence suggests a question which may be thus expressed in a couplet:—

What is the difference from the old sky, which we all know is the blue sky,
In the colour of the Cordon of St. Alexander Newsky?

If there is none, then we must conclude that St. Alexander Newsky's Cordon would be an appropriate decoration for the winner of the Derby—the Blue Riband of the Turf.

Busy Bs.

OF all nations the Belgians may fairly claim to be the most hard-working, for even in the midst of their pleasures their industry is unremitting, judging by the amount of Brussels "application" that there was at the Ball at the Hôtel de Ville.

BILL

FOR THE BETTER REGULATION OF THE PARKS IN THE METROPOLIS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with an early copy of this Bill, to be introduced into the House of Commons, after the young gentlemen have returned from their Whitsuntide holidays.

Whereas doubts have arisen as to the right of the People to assemble in the Parks, "in their thousands," or other numerical combination, for the purpose of holding Political Meetings, and supplying the Daily Papers with many columns of Speeches in small type; and **Whereas** it is expedient to remove such doubts, and to make the way of present and future Home Secretaries plain and easy, to the prevention of empty and irritating proclamations, and the avoidance of indecision, irresolution, vacillation, and ultimate resignation of official emoluments and dignities,

Be it therefore enacted, that from and after the passing of this Act, it shall be lawful and desirable for any League, Union, or other Body or Society of Men or "Persons," to meet or to incite others to meet, with or without the presence and assistance of that class of London Society commonly called Roughs, in the Parks, to discuss, support, or amend, any Measures that may be laid before the Parliament to be holden at Westminster or St. James's Hall, any Act, Statute, Home Secretary, Chief Commissioner of Police, or Park Palings, to the contrary notwithstanding.

2. The Park Gates shall be open day and night for ever.

3. No carriages, horsemen, pedestrians, or perambulators, with or without nursemaids, and privates or non-commissioned officers in the Household Brigade, shall be allowed to enter the Park Gates, on any pretext whatever, while any such meeting as aforesaid is being held, except on the presentation of a pass (coloured visible green) signed by the Chairman, certifying that the holder is about to attend as Speaker, Hearer, or Penny-a-liner. An exception to be made in favour of HER MAJESTY on her way six times in the course of the year to and from the Great Western Railway Station, situated at Paddington; and also of the Rangers of the Parks, on their making a written application to EDMOND BEALES, ESQ. (prepaid, with stamped envelope enclosed) within twenty-four hours after the passing of this Act.

4. The ordinary traffic of the Metropolis shall be entirely suspended, to enable processions with flags, banners, Marshals, mounted Farriers, caps of liberty, and Marseillaise Hymns to pass through the principal streets and thoroughfares in perfect ease and comfort.

5. Under the provisions of this Act refreshment tickets may be supplied to all who produce a Voucher (coloured red, white, and blue) signed by the President of any permanent or provisional Council or Committee.

6. The Police to have strict orders to allow everybody to climb trees, break off branches, trample on beds, pull up shrubs, and pluck and destroy as many flowers as they please.

7. Any person benighted in the Park to be supplied, on application at the Police Barracks, with a feather or flower-bed at his option, and nightcap; and parties of four or more, on leaving a nominal deposit, will be furnished with wax candles and a pack of club cards.

The words, "The Park," or "The Parks," in this Act to be construed as comprising all out-door places of recreation and enjoyment, maintained out of the Public Revenues, lying within the Post-office Radius, or accessible from London by a short Railway Journey, including Kew Gardens, Hampton Court, and Whetstone Park, but not parks of artillery. In the case of the Conservatories at Kew Gardens, tickets, entitling the holder to as many exotics as he can conveniently carry, may be obtained from MR. FLOWERS, the Bow Street Magistrate. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN to have power to issue orders for bunches of grapes from the Great Vine at Hampton Court. No fees to Gardeners, or other over-paid and under-worked officials.

This Act to take effect immediately after it has received BEALES'S assent, and not to be repealed without his permission.

This Act not to extend to or protect LORD JOHN MANNERS'S Hyde Park Railings, should they prove particularly ugly.

A Professional View of Things.

KERRMYNE the painter's "incumbrance" recently presented him with two daughters exactly alike. The young people are not called, as in ordinary cases, Twins, but *Replicas*.

THE TWO MEN OF THE TIME.

DEEPER which is he,
BIZZY or DIZZY?

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR EPISCOPACY.—When the Franchise Bill comes before the House of Lords, it is understood that LORD LYTTELTON will propose a clause providing for Suffragan Bishops.



RURAL STUDIES.—YEOMANRY GOING TO DRILL.

Nurserymaid. "LOR', MARIA! DON'T THEY LOOK NOBLE?"

THE REMEDY FOR ROUGHS.

LET us not yield too readily to the promptings of indignation. We should beware how we indulge the feelings, for instance, with which some of us may have been inspired by the street-robberies lately perpetrated by gangs of Roughs in London. This caution is especially incumbent on us if we ourselves, personally, happen to have been hustled, and bonneted, and deprived of our watches and purses.

In various police reports it was stated, one day last week, that a poor fellow, named RICHARD STEWART was brought up for final examination at Bow Street, charged with stealing a watch from the person of MR. COLERIDGE, barrister, in the Strand, during the temporary crowding of that thoroughfare, in consequence of the passage of the City Militia on their march to Hyde Park on the occasion of the late review. The case was not decided summarily. Fifteen previous convictions were proved against poor STEWART, and he was committed for trial.

Oh say not that the delinquent fellow-creature who has experienced fifteen previous convictions, and probably as many terms of residence in the House of Correction, must be an incorrigible thief! Adopt the more amiable supposition that he is an unfortunate kleptomaniac. MR. STEWART, doubtless, belongs to the too generally execrated class of human beings above named. He may be safely conjectured to be what is invidiously called a Rough. The proper treatment for him, let us be persuaded, is that which would have the effect of making him gentle; the discipline of kindness: bread-and-jam, spoon-meat, and milk-and-water.

The suggestion against which we ought to strive, as one arising from too strong a mixture of anger and disgust at the idea of being liable to be mobbed and robbed in the streets of London and the open day, is, that a fellow who, having been fifteen times convicted, and undergone fifteen sentences of imprisonment and hard labour, commits a sixteenth robbery, is only to be restrained from robbing again, and continuing to rob, as soon as he gets out of gaol, by having the inexpediency of so doing impressed upon him by an adequate number of sufficiently slashing stripes of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

THE BOROUGH OF THE PLAGUE.

(*A Historical Fragment.*)

FROM time immemorial this doomed Borough at the mouth of the Yare (corrupted into Yah! common ejaculation of audacious and contemptuous Youth) had enjoyed, so to speak, a reputation for very bad health. An ancient and fish-like odour pervaded its innumerable alleys, where nets perpetually hung as if to invite those golden fish whereof at frequent intervals, they made such a profitable haul. Statesmen, with speculation in their eyes, and the sinews of war in their plethoric purses, scented it afar off as vulture scenteth carrion.

Sitting Members sat, as it were, in a dead-vote market, with corruption around them in every human shape and form, and inhaling an atmosphere pregnant with the seeds of moral and parliamentary dissolution. At length the morbid emanations from Scot and Lot became so obnoxious to the olfactory senses of the country around, that Ministers of all denominations began to denounce the *corpus vile*, and to urge that something might be done to abate this dreadful pest.

Late at night a Bill came forth to which were attached several Riders. Like the car of Juggernaut it proceeded slowly, crushing all obstacles in its way; then by a sudden extension of its most terrible clause, the Franchise, which had so long poisoned the circumambient air, and threatened to undermine the Constitution, was safely gripped and conveyed, without any funereal ceremony to that Mausoleum of departed virtue, the Tomb of Schedule A.

A Hint to the Committee.

BY the new Re-distribution Bill, Luton is to have a Member. The value of this proposed addition to the House is very doubtful; for to represent Luton properly, its M.P. must be a Man of Straw!

HACKNEY *v.* HOBBY.

THE House sniggered when it heard of the Government intention to give two Members to Hackney. Why should there not be representatives for Hackney, when Hobbies are so fully represented?

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE THIRTEENTH.

I HAVE made my greatest *jerdymo* up to the present time. It is now ready for use. It is this. "Why——"

I regret that I must begin with "Why," as, at first sight, such a commencement detracts from the originality of the *rayboose*, as a conundrum is called by our lively neighbours.

"Why is the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA like the Fine Arts collectively?"

"Because——"

The answer cannot avoid beginning with this hackneyed form. I apologise, and proceed.

"Because he is the *Beau Czar*." ["*Beaux Arts*," *pronongsay ong Frarnsay*, "Bo zar." *Vwoyay-voo?*]

Terms for the above:—

For first utterance at a private party	£2 0 0
For every repetition	1 0 0
For introduction into speeches	3 0 0
For general use in conversation for the next six months	50 0 0

Several good things going to be said next week. Send early: only applications containing stamps will be attended to. The most stamps, most attention. Subscribers will receive my Joke List for every month regularly.

Terms of Subscription per Month:—

3 English Jokes (for one person)	£2 2 0
5 do. do.	3 3 0
(*Old Conundrums half price.*)	
2 Jokes in French	10 10 0
Jokes in French or English made for a combination of two or more persons, and requiring some little arrangement	15 15 0
1 Gorman Joke (*scarce*)	20 0 0
1 Scotch Joke (*fine old crusted*)	11 11 0
10 Irish do. (*round in the mouth*)	7 0 0

Also by the year, witticisms commencing—

"As the poet says," &c.; "As the fellow in the play says," &c.; "As old What'shisname has it," &c.; "Like the old story, which of course, you know"—(*Here follows the old story*); "That reminds one of SHERIDAN'S reply to DICK FANSHAWE," &c. (*At dinner-parties and places where they tell stories, here followeth the anecdote.*)

Cum multis aliis—which reminds me that I *can* throw in a Latin or Greek one occasionally, by way of a bonus to subscribers; as I've already observed, and it cannot be too often impressed upon all my readers,—A reduction made on taking a quantity.

To which I add,—Schools treated with, half-price. A Special Class for upper nursemaids. Also,

N.B. Parties attended.

When I say Parties attended, mind, I come as an honoured guest (and only where there's dinner and a substantial supper) with a whole bag-full of jokes. I am of very moderate habits as regards eating and drinking. No one will lose by me. Ten pounds a-night isn't much. The French appreciate me; my foreign *jerdymows* and *jerdysprees* are now attracting the attention of all the Crowned Heads of Europe.

The SULTAN and the SHAH,
The EMPEROR and CZAR,
Who have come from afar,
They all are here, ha! ha!
Ha! ha! for here they are!
To join in a cigar
Will come *Il Ray Papa*,
Which means the POPE, hoorah!
Perhaps MONG PRANGSE'S Ma,
Great QUEEN VICTORIAR;
So on, *etceterar*.

That's pretty, isn't it? You should hear my music to it. You now want some news about Legsposissiong, you say. Thanks for kind inquiries, Legsposissiong is getting on as well as can be expected. All well at home, meaning LUMPYRAW, LARMPERRYTREECE, *ay Ler* PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL. Hope you're the same.

Legsposissiong (as you say you "*must* and *will* have some information about it, or refuse any more *arjong*") is situated in the *Sharmd'Mar*, with the *Sane* close at hand. It measures 1640 yards, beginning from which end you like. If you doubt me, try it: tape will do the business. There is always something going on there, because the *Pallay* is traversed by a number of passages, and there are other passages all running round the building. Now what do you want to know? There are lots of things to be seen in Legsposissiong:—

1. *Shay dervres* of Art; 2, Foods; 3, Instruments for Bettering the Morals of the People—Live Stock; 4, Patent Gases; 5. Designs for International Copyrights on Painted Windows; 6, Water Cures; 7, Casts of Dramatic Pieces; 8, Apples; 9, Machines for Impairing the Usefulness of Mankind; 10, Bee-tamers; 11, Rings for Noses; 12, Specimens of Fresh Air for use in Diving Bells; 13, Chemical Department, comprising—

(*a*) Magnesia, extracted from the magnesium wire; (*b*) Turkey Rhubarb for Poultry; (*c*) Sea-air Lozenges; (*d*) Aërated Ginger on Anti-combustion Principles; (*e*) Volatile Essence of Indiarubber.

But I need not continue. Produce any correspondent who'll tell you half as much as I do at the same price. There is a capital cook now at the *Tweetlyrees*. His *kotlayttes o Rwaw der Proose* are delicious! At dinner we sit thus: LUMPYRAW, head of the table. *Deenay ar lar Roose*, out of compliment to the CZAR. LARMPERRYTREECE, *vizar vee* to LUMPYRAW. *Ler petty* PRANGSE comes in at dessert. I peel him a grape.

On LUMPYRAW'S right sits the EMPEROR OF ROOSHER,
On LUMPYRAW'S left sits BILLY, KING O' PROOSHER;
And next the KING O' PROOSHER, and opposite a pie,
Like *Ariel*, where the bee sucks there lurk I.

LUMPYRAW exclaimed, on hearing the above "*armpromptew*," "*Mays yer!*" (an Anglicism he has caught from me. *Mes yeux!*) "*Kil ay clayvaremen!*" (Another Anglicism, for which, perhaps, yours truly is responsible. I translate literally, "How he is clever man.")

I blushed, and retired; I shall not dine there again.

Yours, *monger mee*,
P. THE G.

P.S. I deferred my *bal marskay* in consequence of BARON HAUSMANN'S little party on the same night.

"*Voolly-voo darnsay shay mwar Sir Swawr?*" said the BARON to me.

"*May mongongfong*," I began.

"*Il fo ker voo vennay*," was his peremptory interruption. "LUMPYRAW and that lot are coming," he added.

"*Jer swee vo trome*" (I'm your man), I replied, heartily, which settled the difficulty.

The numerous parties that BARON HAUSMANN has been giving lately has given rise to the following *jerdymow* on my part.

"He ought to be re-christened," I observed to ALECK and WILLIAM, while disporting ourselves at Fongtannblow.

"What should he be re-christened?" inquired WILLIAM, who is rather dull after lunch.

"Why," I returned, with a playful smile twitching the corners of my mouth, "He should be called BARON *OPEN-HOUSEMAN*."

ALECK roared, LUMPYRAW split, and *mong petty* PRANGSE ARMPERRYARL turned head over heels with delight. In two minutes more WILLIAM saw it. We all shrieked.

"*Taysay-voo*," said LUMPYRAW; and we rose to remark that it was a very fine day (as it was) to LARMPERRARTREECE.

Talking of WILLIAM, he likes me. A small attention did it. Everybody was shouting "*Veev Lumpyraw! Veev Ler Tsar!*" and so forth. I stepped to the front of the crowd, and as the Sovereigns passed whispered in WILLIAM'S right ear, "*Veev Ler Rwaw! Veev Lar Proos!*" He turned and bowed to me distinctly.

The *twoylletts* of the *demwawssells* was *sharrrmong, soopairrb!* All the *twoylletts* were brilliant. Mine (in spite of the recent strike, which was *Ler vray Deearlul ongtrer lay tayeur*), was very striking. Hair *ar lar* off the forehead, *arvec der* little curls, one on each side. Collar *ong ko. Cravat nwawr*, with large ends *nayglejay* atyle. Waistcoat a trifle *daycoltay*. Imagine the rest—*coodayeel* splendid!

Ardeur, mong Raydarklur, Ardeur!

SCIENTIFIC COURTSHIP.

(PROFESSOR *sings*.)

COME, dear girl, and roam with me
The garden of Zoology.
Those teeth of thine, and these of mine,
Include four sometimes named canine.
These fangs of ours us creatures prove
Allied to the carnivora, Love.
But, while we leg-of-mutton eat,
So likewise do we trimmings, Sweet.
And all varieties of food—
In short, eat everything that 's good.
Thus I 'm omnivorous, so are you—
So are the piggywiggies too.

Great Flight of Locusts.

WE read of a great number of locusts seen about Rome. They are of the variety known to naturalists as *L. clericalis*, and may be known by their long black, grey, or brown envelopes, and the little bare patch on the tops of their heads. They are awfully greedy, and generally feed on the fat of the land where they settle.



A DILEMMA.

Cabby. "ERE 'S A GO, P'LICEMAN! WHAT AM I TO DO?—I VOS ORDERED TO TAKE THESE 'ERE GENTS AS 'A BEEN A DININ' YOU SEE, TO THEIR 'SPECTABLE 'OMES, VUN VOS FOR 'ANOVER SQUARE, ANOTHER FOR THE HALBANY, AND THE TOTHERS ELSEVERES—— VELL, THEY VOS ALL CAREFULLY SORTED VEN I STARTED, AN' NOW THEY 'VE BEEN AN' GONE AN' MIXED THE'RSELVES UP, AN' I DON'T KNOW VICH IS VICH!!"

VICTOR HUGO ON ENGLAND.

MR. PUNCH has never yielded to any one in admiration of M. VICTOR HUGO, though the former has deemed it right to protest against certain intolerance, certain extreme views of the latter. But upon the present occasion *Mr. Punch* has only to offer M. HUGO unqualified thanks for the generous largeness of thought, the noble flow of eloquence, with which, undisturbed by passing events, he has paid homage to England, honoured in being his host. *Mr. Punch* is not in the habit of making long quotations, but in this exceptional case he must permit himself the gratification of transferring to his pages a beautiful passage from M. HUGO's Remarks on the Exposition of Paris:

"But let the kings stalk, the courtiers crawl, and the mob stare, while the nephew of NAPOLEON cajoles to Paris those whom the uncle commanded thither. The first NAPOLEON haughtily waved them to his capital with a glittering sword, the third NAPOLEON lures them to his metropolis with a glittering glass-house. The end is worthy of the means. The victor smiles from on high upon the bird-catcher. Let it pass (*faites circuler*). The glass of the gasometer is not more fragile than the name inscribed on it. The field of Mars will ere long cease to be desecrated by the toy-shop of Mercury. Let me look away from the scene of shams, servility, and silver lace, and let me cast my eyes on the sea. Over that sea in calm majesty lies the proud island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence. Yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength, more justly of thy god-like repose. Stretched on the rock, but not like Prometheus, and with no evil bird to rend his side, rests the Genius of England. He waits his hour, but he counts not the hours between. He knows it is rolling up through the mystic gloom of the ages, and that its chariot is guided by the iron hand of Destiny. Dare I murmur that the mists (*brouillards*) will not clear for me, that I shall not hear the wheels of the chariot of the Hour of England. It will come—it is coming—it is come (*çà y est*). The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry (*un cri rauque*) of love and adoration, and throws itself upon the bounteous bosom of England. Thenceforth there are no nations, no peoples; but one and indivisible will be the world, and the world will be one England. Her virtue and her patience have triumphed; the lamp of her faith, kindled at the Apostolic altars, burns for a beacon to mankind; her example has regenerated the erring (*renouvelé le hareng*), her mildness has rebuked the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the good. She is henceforth Humanity, and London, her type and her temple, shall be the Mecca and the Jerusalem of a renewed universe. Hail, noble London, volcano of the ever-living fire of truth, abyss of the light of civilisation, Niagara of the waters of healing! I crown thee with the flowers of a happier Elysium; I strew before thee the asphodel and the amaranth of a celestial Flora. It shall be thine to undo the work of Babel (*faire dégringoler*), and with a pardoned sigh the son of France recognises in thy tongue and SHAKSPEARE's the one language of the Ages. England, London, lovely mother and lovelier daughter, I prostrate myself (*je m'aplatis*) by the sea that kisses your feet, and with lips dewed with the holy spray (*sacrée écume de mer*), I murmur, ESTOTE PERPETUÆ!"

Query.

ONE question I would fain propound,
While REDESDALE's bill advances slowly;
What need to consecrate the ground?
The Sexton always makes it holey.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"A VETERAN Playgoer" has been misled by the similarity of sound. Keighley, the town, *not* KEELEY, his old favourite, is to have a voice in the House of Commons.

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GARDENING FOR JUNE.

CROQUET BEGINS TO CROP UP—CURATES REQUIRE TRAINING.

ROMAN CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION AT BIRMINGHAM.

A MR. MURPHY, described as the "agent of the London Protestant Electoral Union," has been for some time going about lecturing against Popery. He is accustomed to abuse the POPE and the popish priests in langnage so ridiculously violent, that, if the Roman Catholics took no notice of him, Protestants would laugh at him. But, wherever he goes, his appearance as a lecturer seems to be the signal for a riot on the part of his theological adversaries. They mobbed him at Wolverhampton, at Wednesbury, and other towns thereabout; and now, lastly, by way of confuting him, they have been mobbing him at Birmingham, and creating a riot. The following is an extract from a report of one of MR. MURPHY'S discourses, delivered at the place last named:—

"Popery was the same to-day as it was in days gone by. (*Hear, hear!*) If she had the power (said MR. MURPHY) what wouldn't she do to you? What would she do to me? Why, she would roast me, as she did RIDLEY, CRANMER, and LATIMER."

To refute these assertions the Roman Catholic multitude assembled themselves around the "Tabernacle" in which MURPHY was holding forth, and threw stones. Then they attacked the adjacent house occupied by the father of the secretary to the local Protestant Association, damaged some of the furniture, and broke all the windows. This was their way of demonstrating that Popery would not roast Protestants if Popery could. Conclusive—wasn't it? They might as well have contented themselves with returning railing for railing, and, when they were reviled, have simply reviled again, without throwing stones as well as casting reproaches. Their faith would have been sufficiently vindicated if they had given the object of their resentment names for names. They might very justly have called MURPHY a talking potato. By making fun of him, and roasting him in that manner, they would have shown that he was mistaken in saying that Popery would, if she could, roast him as she did RIDLEY, CRANMER, and LATIMER. Thus might they have held MURPHY up to derision, in the comical figure, as it were, of a roasted MURPHY, or 'tater all hot.

COMPOUND RATING.—Being blown up by one's Wife, and her Sister chiming in!

WHO WOULD BE A KING?

SPEAKING of a state dinner given by the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to the Ambassadors, &c., at the Palace of Buda, the *Times* says, "It was a *jour maigre*, and besides his Majesty the King was bound by custom to fast the day before his being anointed and crowned." Pardon the antiquity of the joke, and permit the remark, that his Majesty must have thoroughly realised what the Diet of Hung'ry is. If the day before the Coronation was a *jour maigre*, the day of the Coronation appears to have been a *jour Magyar*.

Labouring Lords.

SIX-AND-A-HALF columns of Peers' Debates in Friday's *Times!* Wonders will never cease. Their Lordships are evidently "putting on a spurt," thanks to the poking up they have had lately. But mere talk is not the thing wanted from you, my Lords. It is more work. No doubt *that* will come. The Working-man is so decidedly in the ascendant just now, that we need not be surprised one of these days to encounter him in force, even in the House of Lords!

OVER THE SEA.

"THE introduction of Salmon ova to the rivers of Australia has proved successful." Following the usual style, the newspaper should have added, that they received a perfect ovation.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

A COMPANION volume to *A Winter with the Swallows in Algeria* will be published this season, under the title of *A Summer with the Sparrows in Belgravia*.

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD.—ERNEST HART'S best testimonial—The Metropolitan Sick-Poor Act.

THE MAN FOR HACKNEY.—HORSMAN.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FOURTEENTH.

Ler Sooltarn aytarrevay! Veev ler Sooltarn! The SULTAN has arrived. I didn't see him myself, but gather from my informant that his ostentation (or rather, by way of a *jerdymo*, his oss-tentation, because this joke is about *osses*, as you 'll hear, *vvoyay-voo?*) is beyond imagination. Four Princes of his own Eastern blood dragged him in a gorgeous vehicle from the Station. Yes, Sir, in this nineteenth century, this Profound Potentate rode, I hear, in a carriage drawn by *four splendid Beys!* Such is Oriental magnificence, while *I* have to be contented with *urn Vvoytoor arvek urn sh'val.*

Oh, money, money!! Thou corrupting agent, thou destroyer, thou edificator, thou, &c. (but this style is not included in *larjong* you send me. Two hundred francs more, and up goes the style. *Excelsior!*) The Working-Men from England are all here. What does England do without 'em?

Arpropo of that, I gave our old friend BULL—not JOHN, but NINEVEH BULL, who superintends the Working-Men here—a *jerdymo*, which, in order that he may not be tempted to use it as his own, I give to the world. This was it: I defined the English bricklayer here for his holiday as "The hod-man out." We (LUMPYRAW, &c., after dinner) screamed at this.

I have passed a pleasant afternoon in adjudicating on Musical Instruments. My decision as to Pianos and Pickles was so correct, that all the Commissioners implored me to decide the rival claims of the Instrument-Makers. *Jay larkseptay arvek playseer.*

In the room where I was to sit as Prime Juror, there was a perfect *fool* of instruments. *Fool* is what our lively neighbours call a *crowd.* Not very far out, from what I hear of your crowds just now in town, *mong ongfong.* I gave the contending Instrument-Makers such an afternoon of it!—hoisted them with their own ophecleides. I 'll give you a specimen. "*Vvoylar,*" says I, pointing to a fat brazen instrument about twenty feet high, with safety-valves all over it, "*Juay sir keskersay lar.*"

The maker told me its name. I could not catch it.

"*Narmport,*" I returned, "*Juay, juay! oo see voo ner vully par juay jer donnyray ler pree oz otrr.*"

Frightened at the threat, and struck by my complete mastery over his native tongue, he jumped on a stool, and blowing into the top with his mouth, watched me nervously with his left eye, the other being on the music-paper.

"*Juay set flatchyolay!*" I suddenly cried, pointing to another instrument, when its owner least expected the command.

In a second the Exhibitor was on his knees before me, playing.

"*Taysay voo!*" I exclaimed to Number One, who was still blowing away over "*Partong poor lar Sirree-er.*"

Poor creature! he nearly fainted. He thought he had lost the prize, and had hardly any wind left to support the blow.

"*Assay!*" I said to the *flatchyolay* player, and turning sharply on a stout man *daycoray* as to his button-hole, I bade him discourse on a sort of a tom-tom with strings, over which he was fondly bending. He was apologetic:

"*Mossoo, jer lay formay,*" he said, "*may jer ner pwee par les juay.*"

"*Crrrrrr,*" I scrunched between my teeth, angrily. "*Vartong!*"

And on he went as well as he could. He calls it *le dulcimer double.* He couldn't play it a bit.

"*Sonnay sir trombone lar,*" said I, to a tall exhibitor. He understood English. "Not a tune: give me a few good notes." He was impudent about it. I kept him blowing there for half-an-hour straight off with a *sairjong der veal,* with a drawn sword at his elbow.

I only let him go when he begged my pardon, and explained that he 'd got a wife and family waiting for him to come home to tea.

However, there they were for the afternoon, all a-blowing, all a-growing as hot as possible, while I called first on this man, then on that, then on the other, requiring a note here, a beat there, a chord somewhere else, hitting one on the head, stopping another with my foot, and so forth, as an Imperial Commissioner should do, until the medical man, who was obliged to be called in, said that unless I gave some one the prize at once, they 'd all have to be conveyed to a *Mazong der Santay.*

Then, Sir, these exhibitors dared to offer me paltry bribes. From two francs downwards, I mean. I told them I would take thirty, to show I was above their petty offers. I need only say that the meeting terminated amicably, and that there was a prize given.

Voolly voomongvoyay der larjong tootd'sweet: voo navvaysongvoyay kekshows say der s'mang. [I shall translate this into very plain English *in another journal,* if you don't comply. But you will, *mong ongfong,* won't you—*nez par?*]

Prices of provisions are exorbitant. Even the lawyers are charging extra for provisions in a will. (This is a specimen *jerdyspree. Dee frarnksurn er,* that is, ten francs an hour, see my former list. "*Raygarday dong,*" as the uneducated Englishmen said when he looked at a church bell. That 's another *jerdyspree*: second quality. *Weet frarnksurn er.*)

Chickens are all very high.

All the pies are raised.

I have good French jokes *der sankar weet frarnk.*

International joke: rough specimen as follows:—What is the place in Paris for ready money?

Tour der Nail. If worked up, this *jerdymo* would go immensely. It has the makings of a first-class witticism about it. *Ardeurar praysong.*

P. THE G.

P.S. An Exhibitor of Instruments to whom I did not award a prize, turns out to be a *Raydarktur* of a *petty Jewernarl* in some *daypartmong* of the *Sane* or the *Lwawr.* He considers that in an article published by me some time ago, I insulted him. He has called me out. He has waived his right to choose weapons. The choice is with me. I 'm hanged if I know what to do. I must fight, for the honour of Old England; and I will, too, but at this moment I regret to say I am confined to my room with a severe bronchitis. His friend has called on me. He says he will wait till I am well. He shall.

PP.S. I re-open this two days afterwards to say that I have decided. We are to fight on horseback—on two horses' backs, of course. The *Raydarktur,* I hear, can't ride, so the duel is put off, to give him time to take a lesson. This is noble on my part. I insist upon encountering him the morning after his riding-lesson. Full particulars soon.

VIVIAN GREY. (YOUNG AND OLD.)

(BY AN ANCIENT TRUE BLUE.)

AIR—"*Auld Robin Gray.*"

OLD JOHN BULL loved me well: and when "Church and State!" I cried,
And "King and Constitution!" he shouted at my side:
Till on Test and Corporation Acts I found myself at sea,
And then with other things than Trade there came a making free.

Emancipation passed: Reform: Corn-Laws were swept away;
The angrier I felt the less my wrath I could display:
I wanted PEEL pitched into, but no one for that could see,
When young VIVIAN GREY came a-courting of me.

LORD GEORGE was great at figures, but a yarn he couldn't spin:
While VIVIAN GREY had wealth of words and power of pitching in:
He made PEEL's life a burden, DERBY's right hand grew to be,
Then said, "Don't you think, old True Blue, you 'd best take up with *me?*"

My heart it said "Nay:" I hoped the clock-hands would go back:
But they didn't; things grew worse and worse; the old ways began to crack:
The old True Blue coach ceased running: I was left to cry "woe 's me,
"To have seen the things that I have seen—to see the things I see!"

With a man who 's done one's dirty work one feels ashamed to break;
I knew what dirt young VIVIAN GREY had eaten for my sake.
So I gave him my hand, though *his* my heart could never be,
And *Old* VIVIAN GREY was a leader for me!

His lead I had followed some ten years, less or more,
When I found, one fine morning, a Reform Bill at my door!
I said, "You 've come to the wrong shop: BEALES and BRIGHT 's the firm, not me;"
But it said, "I 'm sent by VIVIAN GREY—made law by you to be."

Oh, long and low I swore, though little I did say:
For better and for worse I am tied to VIVIAN GREY:
I wish I was out, but *out* he doesn't want to be;
And I must do *his* dirty work, as he did mine for me.

King Mob to Britain's throne-room I have invited in;
I've to eat my words and pledges, and don't know where to begin:
But I must do my best a Household Suffrager to be,
For old VIVIAN GREY has so settled it for me!

From the Lobby.

IT is not surprising that the proposal to give the Universities of London and Durham a joint Member, should have found numerous supporters—indeed, the strange thing would have been if the Durham party had not mustered strong.

OWE DEAR!

IF the old system of imprisonment for debt were restored, we 'd better have the Fleet back again, and anchor it off *Debt*-ford.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

QUESTION in the Lords, on *Monday*, June 17th, whether the County Courts should retain the power of imprisonment for debt. Contended that while this is being abolished in the case of the wealthier classes, it should not be continued in regard to the poor. Answered, first, that the poor are not imprisoned for debt, but for contumacy in not paying up instalments; secondly, that it is better to lock a man up than to take away his wife's furniture; and, thirdly, that without such power, there would be no real remedy, and therefore that no credit would be given to the poor. LORD CAIRNS thought it would be a very good thing if there were no credit. The power is to be continued.

There is to be no Irish Reform Bill this Session. The circumstances of the times, said MR. DISRAELI, are extremely unpropitious. Foreign agency is acting upon Irish morbid sentiment, and it is not a season to deal with the distribution of electoral rights.

There is to be no Theatrical Reform Bill this Session. Perhaps MR. HARDY will parody MR. DISRAELI, and say that the theatrical circumstances of the times are extremely unpropitious. Foreign dramas are acting, and illustrating morbid sentiment, and the vulgarities of the Music Halls extinguish the taste for intellectual Representation.

To-day there was menace, met by menace. MR. LAING had a motion, and MR. DISRAELI intimated that if it were carried Government would reconsider their position in regard to Reform. You shall learn the result.

MR. LAING moved, as an Amendment to the Government scheme of Redistribution, that an additional Member should be given to each of Six large towns, *videlicet*:—

Grimy Bristol.
Riotous Birmingham.
Stuck-up Liverpool.
Smoky Leeds.
Muddy Manchester.
Savage Sheffield.

A good debate ensued. MR. BRIGHT and MR. GLADSTONE warmly supported the Amendment. LORD CRANBORNE said that a man was proscribed if he dared to say that any portion of the Working Class was tainted with the vices of the middle and upper classes, but still he must urge that we were enfranchising many who would be corrupt. On division, the menace was found to have told. MR. LAING was defeated by 247 to 239—Government majority, 8.

We then threw Chelsea, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Fulham into one, christened the new borough Chelsea, and gave it two Members. *Mr. Punch* proposes two resident gentlemen as the first representatives, MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, of Chelsea, and MR. PERCIVAL LEIGH, of Hammersmith.

Quarrel between MR. H. BAILLIE and MR. CRAWFORD. The latter denied the existence of corrupt long-shore men, and exposed himself to the jolly mercilessness of a sketch, in MR. LOCKE'S best manner, of the real character of those nuisances.

MR. DISRAELI gave Merthyr-Tydvil its new Member, and MR. CHEETHAM, Liberal, the present Member, made a very polite speech of thanks, and Hackney was created.

After a long struggle for the report of progress, MR. HOPE declaring that the House was demoralised, we got to Clause 15, which, as it originally stood, simply gave a Member to the University of London. For some reason, MR. DISRAELI proposed to link London with Durham, and give two Members.

This proposition *Mr. Punch* had condemned, and therefore it is needless for him to say that, after a great deal of wrangling (which he pardons) the House recognised its duty, and rejected the plan. The match between the dashing and accomplished London gentleman and the north country parson's little maid-servant, DOLLY DURHAM, with her prayer-book wrapped up in her folded pocket-handkerchief, would have been too ridiculous. MR. DISRAELI made no real fight, and on

Tuesday, after a strong speech from MR. LOWE against Durham, a becoming compliment to the DEAN OF DURHAM by MR. BRIGHT, and an apt Latin quotation by MR. OSBORNE, the Committee gave Government a majority of 1 for the word "universities," and then defeated it on the words "and Durham" by a majority of 8, so in dealing with educational establishments we have enacted bad grammar.

Abandoning the Reform Bill for the time, we applied ourselves to MR. FAWCETT'S motion for throwing open the government of Trinity College, Dublin, to the Catholics. This college, he said, was the richest in the world—it had £92,000 a year, and estates in seventeen Irish counties—but its benefits were appropriated to a religious minority. Debate adjourned.

Wednesday. LORD AMBERLEY moved the Second Reading of a Bill permitting the delivery of Sunday Lectures to hear which money might be paid at the doors. He went boldly into the question, and declared that there was no Sabbath. There never had been any but the Seventh Day, though there was a theory that, at some time and in some manner, both unknown, the obligations of the Jewish Sabbath had been transferred to the first day of the week. LORD AMBERLEY does not yet understand the House of Commons, or the nation. All in good time.

MR. KINNAIRD opposed, and said that if such lectures as LORD AMBERLEY meant, which were either theatrical performances or musical entertainments by singers in evening dress (evening dress is very dreadful) were to be allowed, regular theatrical performances could not be justly prohibited. MR. MILL thought that such lectures would keep people from the public-house, and asked which was nearest to religion, science or sensuality. MR. HENLEY was for keeping Sunday strictly as a day of rest. One concession to money-making would lead to another.

MR. BRIGHT spoke like a religious man and a gentleman. He unhesitatingly avowed his conviction of the inestimable value of the Day of Rest, quoted GEORGE HERBERT'S exquisite poem on Sunday (the poet and the poem appear to have been unknown to sundry and divers), but urged that the class that has but one day for recreation and instruction ought to have its condition closely examined, when the question was stirred. He did not approve of the Bill as it stood, but wished it sent to a Committee. The subject was a very difficult one. He believed that the stability and character of the country as well as the advancement of our race depended very much on the mode in which the Day of Rest appointed for mankind might be observed and used among men. He concluded amid unanimous and well-deserved cheers.

The Bill was rejected without a division. *Mr. Punch* is not often fortunate enough entirely to coincide with MR. BRIGHT, and has therefore the more pleasure in saying that MR. BRIGHT'S was the only speech, in this interesting debate, which *Mr. Punch* would have been content to deliver, *verbatim et literatim*, had he wished to express his sentiments.

Thursday. A very good spar in the Lords, on the Ritual Commission. LORD SHAFTESBURY thought that the BISHOP OF OXFORD ought not to have been on it, any more than himself, the Bishop, he said, being a decided favourer of the extreme Ritualists. LORD DERBY charged LORD SHAFTESBURY with wishing for a one-sided report, condemnatory of Ritualism. LORD SHAFTESBURY was indignant at being charged with such baseness, which he disavowed. The BISHOP OF OXFORD denied that he was a man of extreme opinions, and said that he was in the middle of the Church, and stood by RICHARD HOOKER, and moreover had repressed Ritualism in his diocese. The PRIMATE thought the Commission a fair one. He is Chairman.

LORD RUSSELL discussed Luxemburg, and handsomely applauded LORD STANLEY. The paternal Earl was naturally gratified, and said so. The conversation passing to Crete, LORD DERBY said that the Cretans were as great liars now as two thousand years ago, and he did not believe the accounts of Turkish atrocities. England had refused to join in the "identic" note to the SULTAN.

In the Commons, after MR. BRIGHT'S unqualified denunciation of the uncomfortable place itself (MR. D. GRIFFITH and SIR H. EDWARDS had a row about seat-keeping), we addressed ourselves to Reform, and beat the Government by 272 to 234, majority 38, on the proposal to let Votes be taken by Voting-Papers. The debate was long, but really *Mr. Punch* cannot analyse what was said for and against such a scheme. It might have been described as an Act authorising Election Agents to issue Bribery Scrip.

MR. WHALLEY backs a foul-mouthed Irish hireling called MURPHY, whose gross insults to Catholicism aroused the lower Papists of Birmingham to riot, in which roughs and thieves joined, the town was thrown into terror, families have been ruined, and brutal violence has been perpetrated. MURPHY ought to be whipped at the cart's-tail, and WHALLEY expelled the House of Commons.

Friday. On the Episcopate Bill, the BISHOP OF OXFORD, successfully opposing a clause of LORD GREY'S for denying territorial titles to the new prelates, said that from the beginning of Christianity a Bishop had always had a territorial title, and that you might as well attempt to make a husband without giving him a wife, as create a Bishop without such a title, which was "the gem of his mitre." Some juvenile Lords, fresh from JUVENAL, probably thought, if they did not say, that a Suffragan *non Sufferre queat majoris pondera gemmæ.*

Considerable strife in the Commons touching the Boundaries Commissioners. MR. BRIGHT objects that none are Radicals, but all Territorials. Those proposed are LORD EVERSLEY (late Speaker), LORD PENRHYN, SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, MR. WALTER (*Times*), MR. BRAMSTON, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY (Recorder), and MR. BOUVERIE. MR. BRIGHT was asked whether he wanted to insert Reform League-men, or Fenian petitioners, or BEALES? Some further progress was made with the Clauses, but as MR. MILL says, we are a precious good way off the end.

BIT FROM BIRMINGHAM.—Worse than the Potato Disease: the "MURPHY" pest.

"COOK'S" EXCURSIONIST.—Her policeman on a trip.



A DOOSID AWKWARD QUESTION.

Proud Father (with the eye-glass). "NOW, FRANK, YOUR HONEST OPINION, PLEASE. WHICH DO YOU CONSIDER DEAR BABY TAKES AFTER—HER MOTHER, OR ME?"

THE MODERN MEZENTIUS.

"The Committee then divided on the motion that after the word 'London' the words 'and Durham' be inserted. Ayes, 226; Noes, 234—Majority, 8."

MEZENTIUS, we read, was a tyrant of Thrace,
A classical Czar, of Caucasian race,
Who in awkward default of Siberia and knout,
To find fitting tortures was much put about,
For correction of pestilent Thracian offenders
Who dared plot and practise as Government-menders.
In the way of tormenting he tried every tack,
His invention and pris'ners put, both, to the rack,
Exhausted all methods of broiling and roasting,
Of flaying alive, mincing small, and slow toasting,
But his subjects still plotted and kept him in stew,
Despite his elaborate torture-*menu;*
Till at last the idea came into his head
Of tying together the living and dead.
"Like to like," quoth the tyrant, "what Lib'ral has not
By nature the closest attachment to ROT?
So they can't think it hard, I should say, side by side,
To rot e'en more foul than their own to be tied.
Decay is contagious: death soon will quench life,
And my Lib'rals will cease to breed scandal and strife."
Thus the leaders of Thrace's advanced Opposition
Were soon in a high state of decomposition,
While MEZENTIUS at critics his challenge would fling,
To prove him an *un*constitutional king;
"Here Freedom's palladium no criminals lack,
Since on *Habeas Corpus* they, each, can fall back."
No rival since then mild MEZENTIUS has found,
Till DIZZY, a graft from the neighbouring ground,*
Revived his invention, and tied in the tether
Of a clause with live London dead Durham together!

* The Caucasus is not far from Thrace.

Was 't in hopes that the life-blood which glows in the one
To quicken the other's dead channels might run,
Or in trust that the Liberal life of young London
By the death-frost of Durham would slowly be undone?
Who can tell the designs of that dark talking head?
Enough that he coupled the living and dead,
And that England regarded the union with wonder,
Till the House the unnatural tie cut asunder,
And left—while the corpse from the live body rolled—
The modern MEZENTIUS muttering, "Sold!"

BEASTS AT THE ZOO.

Now that everybody who is anybody goes on Sundays to the Zoo, we think that somebody should do something to keep away the nobodies. The nobodies wait at the gates until a Fellow lets them in, weakly crediting their story that they have lost their ticket, or have a friend inside. In this way scamps and pickpockets get entrance to the gardens, and other beasts are seen there than those which are caged up. With a view to their exclusion, there is a notice at the gates, begging Fellows not to take in persons whom they do not know. So any Fellow who does this is clearly a bad fellow, and his name should be forthwith reported by the gate-keeper, and the Council of the Society should say what shall be his fate.

A Suggestion for the Stock Exchange.

CONSIDERING how unsafe are almost all investments, when every day is bringing a new revelation of the way in which directors waste the money of their shareholders, we think our public securities would be far more rightly called our public insecurities.

A THOUGHT AT GREENWICH.—"The Finnish Diet was formally closed on the 31st May"—and the Whitebait Season commenced, anything but formally, about the same time.



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PUNCH



VOL LIII

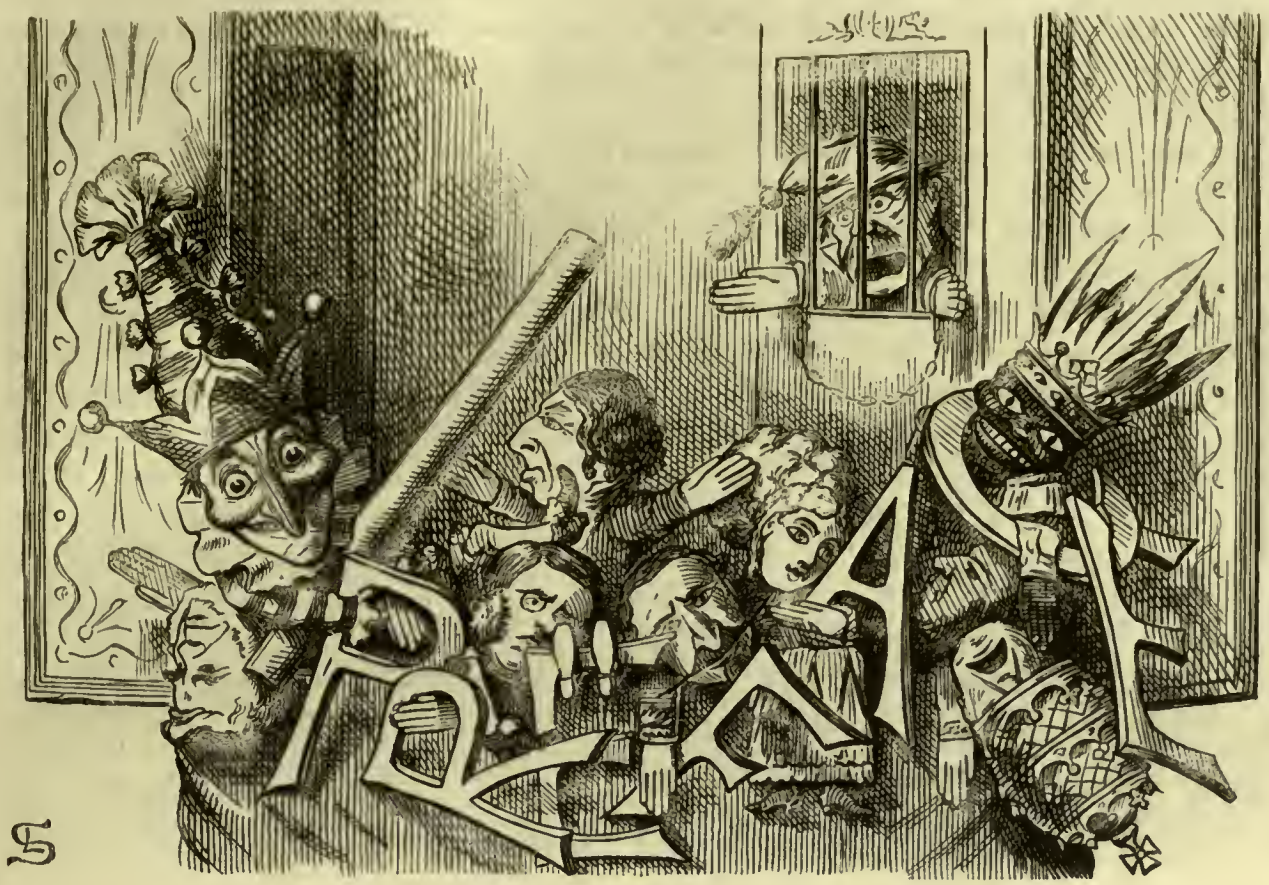
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"I AM not a temperance man myself, and I do not approve of enforcing abstinence on others," said Mr. Gladstone, last week.

"Very right too," said Mr. Punch.

There is no doubt that he was sincere. In fact, he must have been keeping Christmas with some energy, for out of the Stable in which his Night Mares are stalled, there was led forth to him, odorously caparisoned, a racer which the wild night-rider rode in fiery fashion.

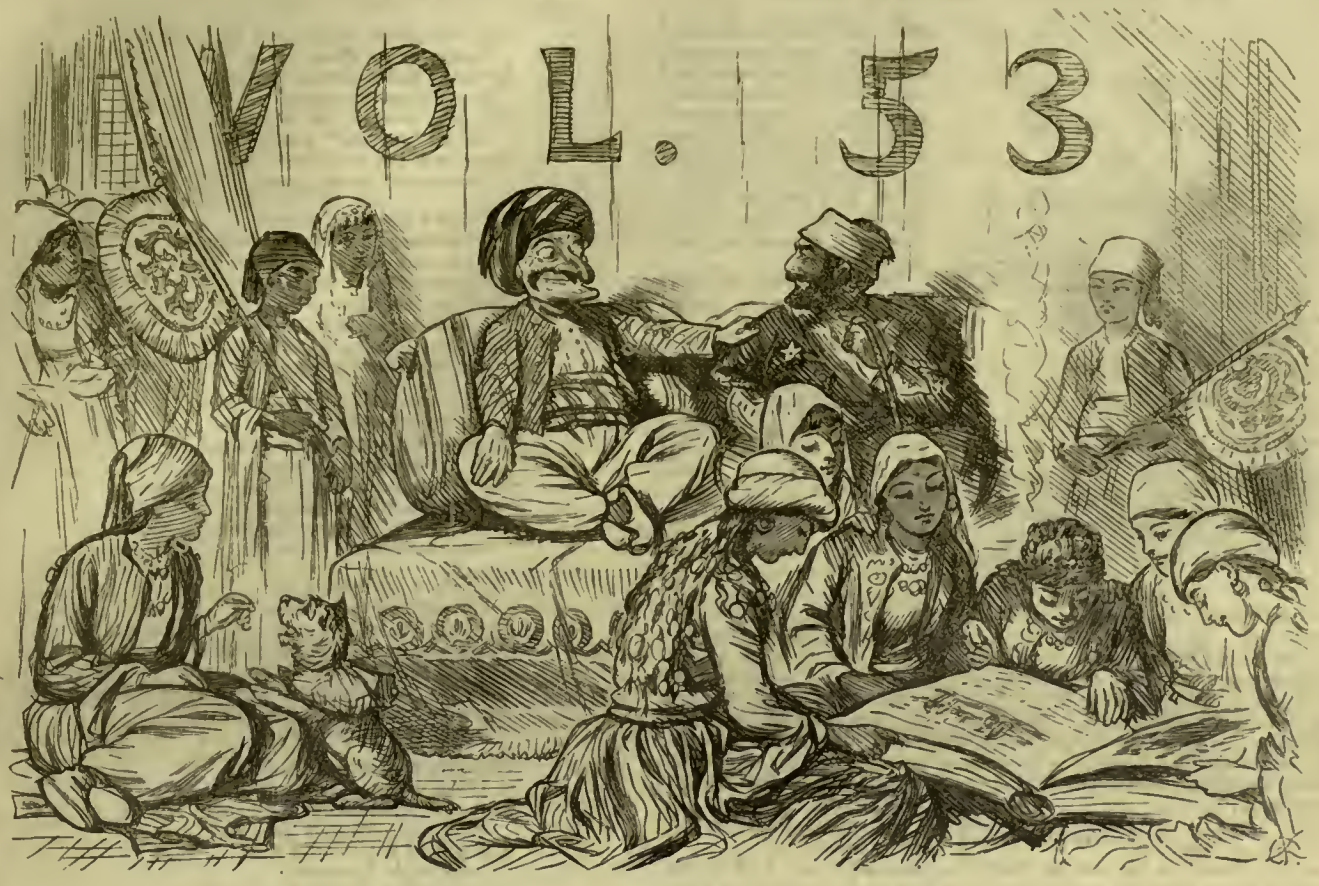
Vesuvius, said Mr. Punch, peeping over the edge of the crater, shut up. What are you erupting for? Tell Enceladus to lie still. Enceladus be hanged, roared up Empedocles, he's under Etna, you ill-educated Bob Lowe, and I'll throw my brazen slippers at you. He's a humbug, mused Mr. Punch, he's under Etna, too, and the mountain threw out his slippers—that's how he was found out—I'll pitch something down on him, thy gold chest, Tony, 'tis a heavy one, Tony, Tony, Antony, Antony's fire, Antony is preaching to the fishes out of Hooker. Anthony Trollope is gone up to the top of St. Paul's. This noble youth will *not* get his death by a fall From the top of an exceeding high cathedrawl, drawl, drawl, Dundreary, galloping dreary dun, dun's the mouse, but the thing I stand on is the credit of the House, and the new Reform Bill's a Leap in the Dark, worst Bill ever drawn, says Mr. Gladstone. How are you, William the Speaker, not William the Silent, eh? Together let us range the fields, and so you don't know whether a University has a Nose, here we are in Cambridge, let's pull Brazen-nose, only that's in Oxford, let's go to the Fitzwilliam Museum and ask Lord Milton for a copy of his delightful travels, and then call on John Milton, and tell him to come to Willis and Sotheron and see Shakspeare in a passion with a pilgrim. No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of Love, Mr. Gladstone, but it is not Mr. Gladstone,

it's Mr. Buckstone, but the moral's the same, and are you going to rebuild the Opera House, Mr. Buckstone? I remember Sir Lumley Skeffington well, he painted his face, but he was not Mr. Lumley, nor a quarter such a good fellow, his health, and don't shake the bottle like that, you'll spill the rum over my Highland legs, and my heart's in the Highlands, Ernest Hart, how are you? I thought it was Buckstone, let us go and have skilly in a workhouse, flare up and join the Union, you're a good man, Ernest, and reform for the poor was a good Whim to come in your Poll, my Wimpole Street friend, let us have drink, Gladstone says we may drink till we're Dizzy, and how do you do, Mr. D? Let's go and sit for our photographs, and be taken together, you and me, as the Seven Cardinal Points, and live in the Temple of the Winds and be happy—tax the photographs, my Ben, and the Income-Tax may come off, Ben, do you see that, Mr. Webster, give us a box to see young Harry with his beaver Up at the Cattle Show, fat man in stalls looks like a stalled ox, but all's fair at Christmas when the floods are black at Yule, as the late Aytoun says, and very glad you are to be knighted, Mr. Theodore Martin, and how do you do, and how's Martin Luther, let us go to the Crystal Palace and hear Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony, also to hear the gifted Miss Goddard whom with admiration all the critical squad heard. Davison, I will have another cigar, and I will sit up till five in the morning and talk about Haydn and his Dictionary of Dates, and his Creation, and I will sing On Mighty Pens, mine's the mightiest of all the pens, Davison, William Penn, get out, and thank Hepworth Dixon for rehabilitating you, my quashed Quaker, Merrily danced the Quaker's wife, and merrily danced ——.

"Nearly out of bed, that time," said Mr. Punch. "It's not easy to dance in your sleep. I must have been taking a little too much to the health of my

Fifty-Third Volume.





OUR OPENING ARTICLE.

AGAIN we are called upon, by a voice inaudible to others, to cast our eyes around the world.

With the aid of a Penny Almanack, containing the list of reigning sovereigns, we will endeavour to perform this ocular feat.

First upon that list is Great Britain, ruled by QUEEN VICTORIA, with PUNCH for her Viceroy. We need say no more. Nought shall make us rue while England to her *Punch* doth prove but true.

Russia is to be congratulated because her Emperor, who has endeavoured to balance his wrongs to the Poles by his boons to the Serfs, has escaped a madman's bullet. The Emperor did not choose to come and see us. The loss is his. We hope that he is making a tremendous pet of PRINCESS DAGMAR.

Austria has not been fortunate. But if FRANCIS-JOSEPH has the sense to make Hungary his strength, he may be happy yet. He was fortunate in having our WILLIAM RUSSELL to describe the Coronation splendours, and if Kings have gratitude, will send the said W. R. a golden pen stuck with diamonds, which article would be of no use, but might be turned into a breast-pin.

France has her Exposition, and it is worth seeing, especially as it is graced by the famous figure of *Mr. Punch*, which so enchanted the PRINCESS OF WALES on her day of entry into London. The EMPEROR NAPOLEON has done well in getting up this great show, but the Parisians cheat awfully. We hear that all MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND'S pretty waitresses have married French Marshals, and that a new supply is wanted. The EMPEROR has done well in permitting VICTOR HUGO'S plays to be again performed.

Spain, under ISABELLA THE SECOND, is the home of tyranny and bigotry. Also, there is no soap to be got in the hotels.

Prussia, and her WILLIAM THE FIRST—who may therefore be called WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—have had tremendous strokes of luck. It is now for them to show that the luck has been deserved. We saved Prussia from war with NAPOLEON, whom she would have found another kind of enemy than Austria. Let Prussia be grateful, or at least civil to Englishmen.

Turkey we are about to compliment in the person of the SULTAN, to whom the India Board is to give a *fête*. HER MAJESTY is also to take the Padishah to see a naval fight. Let us hope that he will not be sick—we think he will.

Italy must really learn self-command and Parliamentary government, or she will go to the bad. KING VICTOR is a bold dragoon with his long sword saddle bridle whack, but Italy wants statesmen rather than soldiers. While speaking of this peninsula, we may mention Rome, for the sake of hoping that PIUS THE NINTH is quite well, and pitying him in the state of awful boredom in which he must be just now, with his palace swarming with bishops, clean and dirty.

Denmark, and KING CHRISTIAN THE NINTH, are our good friends, for their own sakes, and for the sake of the Princess who, we trust, is really cured of her long affliction, in which we have all sympathised with her. *Mr. Punch* intends to give a tremendous shout, the first time he meets H.R.H. in the Park, and then to rush home and pour as tremendous a libation in her honour.

We perceive in the Penny Almanack on which we base our leading article, (and it would be well if all our contemporaries were as well informed,) that there are a lot of other places, such as Sweden, Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, and the Netherlands. We have no hostility to any of them, in fact we wish them all well, but as nobody ever hears of them, it is difficult to frame compliments which shall meet each individual case. If they would get up wars or revolutions, we should have something to say, and there is some thoughtlessness in the selfish tranquillity that leaves us without material for remark.

Lastly, because we are not sure that we don't like him best of the whole lot, there is our friend and cousin JONATHAN of the States. He is reconstructing, and we wish all success to his experiments. PRESIDENT JOHNSON is gone on a Masonic tour, and we drink the health of the Worshipful Master. HORACE GREELY has shown pluck in bailing JEFFERSON DAVIS—it is a sign that the veteran of the North sees that all bother is over, whereat we rejoice. That Atlantic Telegraph, which brings New York news every day as fresh as eggs, is a necessary of life. How did we get on before it was laid?

The World may now proceed in its accustomed way, subject to the laws of gravitation and the dominion of

PUNCH.

DR. MANNING'S WHOLE HOG.



PLAINLY our friends the Roman Catholics are not much better off for unanimity than ourselves. There is now pending a controversy amongst their theologians about no less a matter than the infallibility of the POPE; which is a cardinal point, though one whereon the Cardinals themselves are not all agreed.

The disputants on one side of this question maintain that the POPE is infallible whensoever he lays down the law. Those on the other argue that he is infallible only when he lays down the law under certain conditions, which they do not exactly explain. Both parties unite only in holding that the POPE has whatever infallibility he claims. He is infallible when he says he is. There was a certain very great teller of stories—not to say story-teller—accustomed especially to relate marvellous anecdotes. He would sometimes preface a narrative by saying, "Now, mind, what I am now going to tell you is really true." Whenever he made that declaration, he expected to be believed; and what he stated was generally the fact. So, when the POPE premises any edict with the notice, "Now, mind you, I am speaking infallibly this time," then, at any rate, it seems, we are to understand that his Holiness is to be believed. But this is not satisfactory. It is not every Papal Bull that is preceded by an attestation equivalent to the assurance:—

> "Upon my word 'tis true!
> And what 'll you lay it 's a lie?"

So that, if such a warrant be needful to vouch a Bull infallible, the Bull of many a Roman Pontiff may have been no better than an Irish Bull.

This doubt about infallibility is awkward. It is "nuts" to the Protestant, and tends to keep Ritualists where they are—playing at Popery without the POPE. No wonder, then, at the rumour embodied by a contemporary in the following announcement:—

"NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC DOGMA.—At a Meeting of the Eastern Churches, held on Monday, the Very Reverend Arch-priest POPOFF, Chaplain to the Roman Embassy, in London, stated that he had been informed, on very high authority, that it is the intention of the Roman Catholic authorities forthwith to promulgate another new dogma—namely, the personal infallibility of the POPE, and that it was further intended to enforce the adoption of the Romish liturgy everywhere."

The present assemblage of bishops in Rome will afford a convenient opportunity for the declaration of this new dogma. It is, however, needless if the POPE has already whatever infallibility he claims. He has simply to say, "I claim infallibility for what I am about to state, and hereby declare myself and my successors personally infallible." All that the bishops can do is to ratify the declaration of his Holiness by a formal assent, which might be expressed in two words, *Ita est*, or, at greater length, in the form of a chorus, such as:—

> "For he 's an infallible Doctor,
> For he 's an infallible Doctor,
> For he 's an infallible Doctor,
> And so say all of us!"

"*Sic dicimus omnes nos*" would, of course, be the actual phrase. Well, then, however, there will be at last an end to the question which has always puzzled mankind at large—"What, as a distinctly existent object, is your Infallible Church?" The edifice will at last have been crowned, and the POPE will be in a position to say "*L'Eglise c'est moi!*" He will have gone the Entire Animal. DR. CUMMING would use another word.

In the meantime there is a doubt, even among the Papal clergy, whether or no the POPE's "*obiter dicta*" are infallible. Protestants will universally admit that they are quite as infallible as anything that he ever says. Suppose the POPE were to observe, "This is a good glass of wine." They would be at all events ready to believe that he made no mistake in that remark, particularly if they knew he had delivered it, *ex cathedrâ*, at table.

THE RIGHT SHRUBS IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—The Rotten Rowdodendrons.

FASHIONABLE CHANGE OF HAIR.

ALL you, above whose heads have rolled
Some years of observation,
In female fashions must behold
A wondrous alteration.
Red hair, in scorn, our bygone age
Called "carrots," and did sneeze on;
But now it has become the rage,
And carrots are in season.

To brew a diabolic drench
When hags of old thought proper,
"Three ounces of a red-haired wench"
They threw into their copper.
For then, indeed, red hair was thought
A fault as rank as treason;
But now it is adored and sought;
For carrots are in season.

A dark peruke then graced the head
Of rufous damsel, shaven,
Or else she turned her tresses red,
By dyeing them, to raven.
But raven now has had its day,
And womankind agrees on
Transmuting hair the other way;
Since carrots are in season.

To Nature is a maiden fair
For sable locks beholden?
She bleaches first, then stains, her hair,
And makes the black all golden.
And can that artificial hue
Be put, mankind to please, on?
Apparently with no such view:
But carrots are in season.

Of native gold beneath a thatch
Dwell many charming creatures
But counterfeit no art can match
With heterogeneous features.
The way of Woman is a way
Inscrutable by reason:
And therefore all that we can say
Is, "Carrots are in season."

Ye girls who pretty carrots boast,
(Well may you who possess them!)
Of your fine carrots make the most,
And mind you nicely dress them,
Regardless of the wretched pun
Which geese may make, with ease, on
Hair soup and Crécy both in one,
Now carrots are in season.

HATS *v.* HEADS.

"MR. D. GRIFFITH called attention to the present system by which Members secured seats for the evening in the House. By Standing Order 85 any Member present in the House at prayers was entitled to secure a place by affixing his name to a seat, and by Standing Order 86, which was made on the 6th of April, 1835, no Member's name might be affixed to any seat in the House before the hour of prayer. Notwithstanding the latter order a practice had sprung up by which Members attempted to secure places by leaving their cards upon the seats, trusting that the courtesy of other Members would prevent their being occupied. That arrangement having been declared irregular, by the highest authority in that House, it was suggested that a place might be secured by the hat of a Member being left on the seat before the hour of prayer, and that modification of the previous arrangement was approved by the House, as it was presumed that when a Member left his hat on a seat he was engaged in the performance of duties within the precincts of the House. To this arrangement the large majority of Honourable Members conformed themselves, but one Honourable Gentleman who sat near him had been in the habit of directly contravening the decision of the Right Honourable Gentleman in the chair by leaving his card in place of his hat upon the seat to which he claimed to have an almost prescriptive right."

QUITE right, DARBY-GRIFFITH! Hats are evidently the proper representatives of representatives, for they suggest heads. As far as the majority of Members are concerned, it might even be contended that the hats are just as good as the heads; nay, if anything, better. Hats have a right to be empty, whereas heads are prescriptively and *primâ facie* considered to have something in them, which often leads to disappointment. Besides, Hats can't talk, never want a nap, and take up less room than their wearers. The more Honourable Members represented by their hats the better.

WHAT MR. WHALLEY HAD BEST DO WITH HIS HOT MURPHY.—Drop him, or burn his fingers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

RUSSELL, EARL, came to the front on *Monday*, June 24, to obtain an inquiry into the property and revenues of the Irish Church, with a view to their being more productively and equitably applied. He reminded us of TOM MOORE'S story about the painter, who was limning LORD JOHN a good many years ago, being recommended to throw into the face more hostility to the Irish Church establishment. After exposing the weakness of that Church, and dwelling on it as a grievance which, if "sentimental," was all the more to be taken into account, he suggested a variety of modes in which to treat it, the one he recommended being the division of the revenues between the three principal sects.

LORD CAIRNS did his best for the Church, as if she were a client, and LORD KIMBERLEY described the great lawyer's speech as one of a No-Surrender stamp. The BISHOP OF DOWN got up and proposed to take all the revenues and re-distribute them over the Irish Church in an equitable manner, also reducing the staff. The DUKE OF ARGYLL declared that the State had a right to do what it liked with the tithes.

LORD DERBY met the motion by saying that it was not large enough, and he assented to the BISHOP OF OSSORY'S amendment, which got rid of the hostile part of LORD RUSSELL'S proposal, and by 90 to 38 an address for a Commission of Inquiry, only, was carried. That is one step towards Reform, and *Mr. Punch* congratulates the Peers in having done a goodish evening's work. He recommends Mother O'Church to look out.

COLONEL WILSON PATTEN joins the Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. CHANCELLOR PATTEN will be no clog on the Government.

After the two daily and invariable formalities in the Commons, prayers, and a shout of ironical laughter at MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, we resumed Reform.

There are to be five Boundary Commissioners instead of seven, and these are to be LORD EVERSLEY, SIR FRANCIS CROSSLEY, SIR JOHN DUCKWORTH, MR. WALTER, and MR. RUSSELL GURNEY. SIR FRANCIS is put on in compliance with MR. BRIGHT'S wish for a Radical Member. MR. BRIGHT expressed his satisfaction.

The Committee refused to abolish the Freeman, rejected an amendment intended to prevent Colourable qualifications, declined to enfranchise Copyholders (contributors who hold back "copy" to the inconvenience of editors), dismissed the claim of Leaseholders, and assented to the exclusion of University men from the elections for Oxford or Cambridge boroughs. This last proposition was opposed by PROFESSOR FAWCETT, SIR R. PALMER, and MR. SELWYN, and there is to be another fight over it. Why so many educated persons holding residences should be shut out, it is difficult to say.

Tuesday. We got to the 43rd and last clause in the Bill, but then several clauses stand over, and there are the Schedules to dissect. The united wisdom of the Committee was applied to invent a meaning for the word Dwelling-house. MR. DISRAELI said that for two months people had been raining definitions upon him. For the present we agreed that it should mean "any part of a house occupied as a separate dwelling, and separately rated." Even that is not clear. Is the "part," or the "house" to be occupied?

On the discussion of the Boundary names, MR. DARBY GRIFFITH enunciated his remarkable discovery, "that few men would venture to say in the House what they said in the Clubs." We think with him, and that many of the anecdotes told at club windows would not adorn a debate on Religious or Educational Establishments.

LORD HOTHAM, adverting to the discomfort of the House, complained that Members spoke in a conversational manner, and therefore could not be heard. The late SIR ROBERT PEEL could always, he said, be heard, because he spoke up, and to the House itself, and not to one person. There is to be a Committee on the arrangements of the place, and *Mr. Punch* suggests that an Elocution Committee should sit, with power to ask any Member why he does not open his mouth and sound his vowels.

The Libel Bill—for saving newspapers harmless for publishing reports—went through Committee. MR. SANDFORD talked unwisely about Press tyranny. MR. LYSTER O'BEIRNE truthfully denied that such a thing existed. Somebody called out that MR. O'BEIRNE was connected with the Press. That gentleman denied it, adding that he wished he had that honour. He looks at things from a right point of view.

The railway folks obstinately opposed the Bill for making them provide communication between passengers and guards, but it was forced through Committee, MR. CAVE warning them of their folly, which might lead to much more stringent legislation hereafter. How *Punch* would like to read that some railway director had had his head moderately well punched by a couple of cardsharpers, who should also take away his watch. There would be communication on that line in a month. We have almost a mind to send a couple of our most athletic young men to do the job in the interest of the public.

Wednesday. SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN described his Irish Land Bill, the main object of which was to discourage tenancies from year to year, and substitute leasehold tenancies. If there is no written contract, a twenty-one years' lease is to be presumed. We imagine a House of landowners will think twice before they assent to so stringent a measure. Debate adjourned.

Thursday. Discussion by the Lords on the present clumsy system of transporting and supplying troops. A Committee has proposed large changes, and the "authorities" evidently do not like them. But when LORD STRATHNAIRN (SIR HUGH ROSE) gets up, and declares that he has been personally harassed in the field by the bungling system, and that in war time it puts the Army in great danger, it is time that public opinion should back up the reformers against the Horse Guards. We cannot afford to have another edition of the Crimean disasters.

Another angry wrangle over the Committee on the Roman Catholic Titles. MR. NEWDEGATE showed displeasure with MR. DISRAELI, and MR. BOUVERIE actually lectured the SPEAKER. Late at night, after two more fights, the Committee was appointed.

CAPTAIN JERVIS, who had the difficulty with SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD in India, was sentenced to be dismissed the Service, but was also recommended to mercy. So we are to pay him the money value of his commission. His relatives consider him hardly treated. So are those who have to pay.

We got over some Reform details about bribery, polling-places, and the like, and an effort was made by PROFESSOR FAWCETT to throw the legitimate expense of elections upon the county rate. A series of weak objections were made to this reasonable proposal. Why should a man be fined for trying to serve his country? Why should the country be deprived of the services of all men who have not much money? But the plan, supported by MILL and GLADSTONE, was rejected by a great majority of 248 to 142.

We then went at the Swearing Clauses, and agreed to some oaths, refusing by 178 to 173 to have declarations instead.

Quacks, we passed the Vaccination Bill, but did not introduce a clause for whipping you. It will come in a Reformed Parliament, though, unless you hold your tongues very distinctly.

Friday. The VICEROY OF EGYPT is coming here. His friendship is most valuable to England, Egypt being the highway to India. He has always shown all courtesy and hospitality to Englishmen. We gave him no invitation, though he was in Paris, and he had arranged to be the guest of a gentleman at Blackheath. To-night the Government announced, as if they had worked themselves up to miraculous generosity, that they had decided on lodging this Prince in a public-house, and would pay his bill!

The MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND—we interpolate a compliment to this nobleman, who gives daily proof that he feels a sense of the duty the rich owe to the wretched—did not succeed in getting a Committee to inquire into a case of alleged piracy of an engineer's designs. The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH said that 137 other persons might prefer similar complaints, which was, of course, a reason for not listening to one grievance.

On Reform, the Parliamentary Lion was once more roused, and roared tremendously.

We have given the Borough Suffrage to all who are rated, and pay the rates. But as some people don't pay rates, unless asked (and not always then), it was thought, in the earlier debates, that payment should be demanded, and the Government undertook to bring in a clause making such demand compulsory. It was introduced to-day by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But the House has changed a good many of its ideas, and though the clause was brought in, as agreed, it was soon felt that the Government meant to take no pains to have it carried. MR. HARDY disapproved it, and would have voted against it, but that it had been prepared by his learned friend. Ministers voted for it, but it was rejected by a majority of 2 in a House of 412. Then did the Opposition, especially MR. GLADSTONE, blaze out like fire, and declare that Government had not kept faith, and that it was open to the Committee to re-consider the whole Bill. The answer was, that the original idea had not been the Government's, and now it was not the idea of the House. In the course of the debate MR. ROEBUCK observed that he did not wish to see the country handed over to ignorance and vice, which would rule if the Rabble came in, and we were going to let in the Rabble. This does not seem the point. *Mr. Punch* permits himself to be somewhat indifferent to the political opinions of anybody who will not take the trouble to know when rates are due, and to pay them. A debate on the postponement of the Irish Reform Bill closed the week. MR. DISRAELI made things pleasant, and was jocular about Irish deputations, which he said he liked to receive.

NARROW ACCOMMODATION.

Is it hospitable when you ask a stout friend to come and see you, to tell him that you will give him a spare bed?

A LAWN "PARTY."—A Bishop.



FEARFUL ORDEAL FOR JONES.

STUDY OF AN ITALIAN SIGNORA, SINGING "*ROBERTO, TU CHE ADORO.*" SHE IS RAPT IN DRAMATIC INSPIRATION, AND AS SHE SINGS SHE UNCONSCIOUSLY FIXES HER ARDENT GAZE ON THE BASHFUL JONES, WHO HAPPENS TO BE STANDING NEAR. JONES'S AGONY IS SIMPLY INCONCEIVABLE.

BRITANNIA'S BABY-HOUSE.

AIR—"*There was an Old Woman.*"

THERE was an old woman who lived in a stew,
She had so many Members she didn't know what to do:
So her House she pulled down, built a new one instead,
At a cost that made BULL's hair rise up on his head.

'Twas the floridest, flashiest plan she could get,
All gurgoyle and crocket, and finial and fret:
With stone Kings and Queens stuck about it in swarms,
Stone angels, stone dragons, and stone coats-of-arms:

Stone lions in crowns, sitting up on one end;
Stone unicorns rampant, in stone panels penn'd:
And windows, for fear too much light should get through,
Dark with monsters heraldic, in green red and blue.

In short, decoration was piled to a pitch,
That, like Melton pork-pies, many tastes found too rich.
But lest its profusion should turn JOHN BULL's brain,
'Twas the same thing repeated again and again.

There were forests of pinnacles, piercing the air;
And mazes of lobbies, to goodness knows where:
And by way of direction to wand'rers at need,
Labels writ in black-letter that no one could read.

And a house for the SPEAKER, where room there was not
For swinging his cat, if a cat he had got:
And a tea-room and dining-room gorgeous to see,
But most inconvenient for dinner or tea.

Committee-rooms, stifling when windows were shut,
And by Father Thames poisoned, when wide they were put:
And a new ventilation for bringing in pure
The air that had travelled for miles through a sewer.

With pride DAME BRITANNIA her new House surveyed
(Though she raised some ado ere the bills were all paid);
But she found, when her Members she came to instal,
That their new Gothic quarters would not hold them all.

Their tale was six hundred and fifty and eight,
And four hundred at most could find sitting-room strait:
And when the four hundred were packed, 'twas averred
That the louder the speeches, the less they were heard.

She did all that she could in her Members' behoof,
She coved in the cornice and lowered the roof,
But acoustic improvement no change would afford:
Sounding bores there were plenty, but no sounding-board!

Then this ill-used Old Woman, she tore her back hair,
And exclaimed, "I'm a practical female, I swear!
But a House I've had built, planned for seats and for ear,
Where the sitters can't sit, and the listn'ers can't hear.

"Something close on three millions I've spent first and last:
On Thames waters, my bread,—yea my ginger-bread,—cast:
I've got as fine pie-crust as money could bring,
But when the pie's opened my black-birds can't sing!

"Was ever old woman in such a sad stew!
All these Members to do for, and no room to do!
I've paid BARRY's bills, but I wish that, instead,
I'd cut off his per-centage, and punched his thick head!"

What are the Jamaica Committee About?

THE following horrifying notice may be seen in a respectable shop window hardly more than a stone's throw from one of our largest Metropolitan Churches—"Blacks dyed twice a week." !!!

"THE NEW CABINET PORTRAIT."—DISRAELI the Reformer.



THE ROAD TO SHEFFIELD.

PUNCH AT. "NOW, THEN, STOP THAT, I SAY! WE'LL HAVE NO INTIMIDATION HERE."



ENCOURAGEMENT OF CAUTION.



IN a speech delivered at a meeting of the Court of Aldermen, COLONEL ALDERMAN WILSON vindicated his abstention from interference with the Roughs who were committing the outrages attendant on the late march-out of the City Militia. His apology lay in the argument, "that if in the course of the proceedings any life were lost, he (ALDERMAN WILSON) would be held responsible;" and he said:—

"Thus if, availing himself of the body he held in his command, he had detached men as suggested, and a mischance had ensued, he (ALDERMAN WILSON) might have been put on his trial at the Old Bailey on a charge of manslaughter, if not of murder."

To be sure. Now we are beginning to see what we owe to the Jamaica Committee. They failed, to be sure, in their attempt to get GOVERNOR EYRE hanged; but, by their prosecution of that gentleman, they have succeeded in inculcating a lesson on COLONEL ALDERMAN WILSON. Other persons in authority, besides the gallant Colonel and worthy Alderman, will now think twice before they venture to arrest outrageous Roughs, or to endeavour to save society by any interference involving the risk of killing robbers or rioters. See the happy result of enforcing responsibility. Authorities decline it. For so doing, the people who suffer by their prudence may hiss them, but they themselves applaud themselves at home as often as they think how wise they were not to have incurred at least the expense and anxiety of having to defend themselves against an indictment, and, possibly, even a conviction and penal consequences. We cannot expect to enjoy both the advantage of promptitude in the suppression of outrage, and the gratification of punishing, in cold blood, excesses of duty performed under excitement by our preservers. No, not we; any more than we can have our cake and eat it too. We ought to be very much obliged to the Jamaica Committee.

COURT DRESS REFORM.

MR. PUNCH,

THERE is in the *Morning Post* a suggestion for the reformation of Court Dress, which is excellent as far as it goes. The *Post* recommends the discontinuance of that grotesque garb in which men not otherwise officially bedizened are obliged to figure at Royal levees and balls. So far so good. But instead of this trim, which makes a man look like an embroidered Quaker, your fashionable contemporary recommends "that gentlemen should be permitted to attend Her Majesty's levees in the same dress as they would a royal dinner when they are not entitled to uniform; that is to say in shorts and silks, or tights." Sir, I object to this proposal. Why shorts or tights? I am bandy-legged and pot-bellied, and both tights and shorts are calculated to render those personal peculiarities of mine as conspicuous as possible, and expose them to derision, which in looser clothing they would escape, passing comparatively unnoticed. Although I do not care a straw how much people laugh at me behind my back, I sometimes feel my habitual serenity disturbed by the consciousness of being an object of present ridicule. Let me be allowed to go to Court, then, if ever I am obliged by accepting an appointment to some lucrative office under the Crown, in a decent evening-dress, including trousers sufficiently capacious to shroud, with a suitable amplitude of drapery, the abdominal and crural curves of yours truly,

INFORMIS.

P.S. I am content with my carcase. Your Adonis has a figure to lose: I have not.

Dr. Peabody.

AT the Oxford Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, with an appropriateness perhaps unique, MR. PEABODY received an honorary degree. In his special case the distinguishing initials, D.C.L., are always to be interpreted as signifying Donor, City of London.

"CASH ADVANCES."—Courting a Rich Widow.

THE MICE IN THE CABINET.

NOT long since, so the atory goes,
A pleasant argument arose,
Between a young and aged mouse
Who boarded at a country-house,
Relating to a Cabinet
In which those Wranglers often met.

"My son," 'twas thus the Senior spoke,
"Be sure, 'tis good old English oak.
How firm it stands! What force could break it?
An earthquake scarce could move or shake it."

"You're wrong, dear Dad, 'tis modern deal,
A fact which varnish can't conceal.
'Tis highly polished, I admit,"
(The young Mouse said with gestures fit.)
"But touch it lightly, or you may
Depend there 'll be a split some day.

"A mouse convinced against his will,"—
Mus père replied, "Look at the Bill,
And that will show, *sans* other aid,
Of what materials 'tis made!"

With earnest eyes the Bill they scan
(A Bill due to a Working-man).
And then Mouse *fils*, who loves his joke,
Cries, "Dad, this firm don't deal in oak.
And if you look at it again
The Cabinet has got a grain
As rough as any common trap,
Which holds of toasted cheese a scrap.
But traps are not set there for naught,
Let 's watch and see who 'll first be caught.

MORAL.

Trust not alone external show,
But cautious learn what lies below.
For Cabinets, those polished things,
Contain sometimes peculiar springs,
Which, though obscure to vulgar sight,
Mice can discern, both brown and white.

REGULATION WHISKERS WANTED.

IF we were writing a burlesque, which happily we are not, we should find occasion somehow to introduce these couplets, having reference to a circular just issued to the Fleet:—

Our Admiralty Lords, the truth to state,
Are little in great things, and in little great.
They let the dockyards run most wasteful rigs,
And go the whole hog with their "SEELY'S pigs."
Then to mere whiskers they devote much care,
And seem indeed particular to a hair.

The circular we refer to complains of a "custom"—

"Which appears to be somewhat prevalent in the fleet of officers wearing whiskers of such inordinate size and length as to resemble beards, which latter are forbidden by the Printed Instructions. The regulations of the Naval Service require that any such irregular habit should be prevented, and that officers should be permitted only to wear the same length of whiskers as the Seamen and Marines under their divisional superintendence."

We wish "My Lords" were as particular in examining the cost of cutting down a three-decker as they are in their instructions about cutting down a whisker. But how are they to know that their directions are complied with? Is the captain every morning to go round the cabins of his officers, armed with a foot-rule, and to measure all their whiskers as soon as they have shaved? Then, is he to report if there be any "inordinate" in size? And, if so, how is he to know the exact length which this adjective is intended to define? An officer who has a fancy for giving himself hairs may permit his crew to wear their whiskers nearly a foot long, if he be allowed to "wear the same length" as his men. In matters of such moment as the trimming of a whisker, "My Lords" will doubtless recognise the full necessity of the carefullest inspection; although they may not see the need of it in paltry matters of account, where some few millions may be yearly wasted by the want of it.

As hair is valuable just now for manufacture into chignons, the loppings of the naval whiskers might be profitably sold, and "My Lords" thus get the credit of a practice of economy far more than is their wont. Perhaps in order that the officers may know to a hair how much hirsuteness is permitted them, pattern whiskers should be kept with the pattern naval uniforms displayed by certain of our Admirals. So that officers may shave themselves according to the pattern, and precisely trim their whiskers to the regulation length.



CROQUÉ'D.

Mamma (severely). "WHY ARE YOU NOT PLAYING WITH THE OTHERS, BLANCHE?"
Blanche (innocently). "DON'T KNOW HOW, MAMMA. MAJOR MALLET IS TEACHING ME."

THE COLLEGE OF DISEASE.

HAVE you too large a family of children? Would you like to be relieved of some of them? Should you care nothing how that was done, so long as you got rid of them? Would it satisfy you to have them provided for with a shovel? In that case would you particularly at all object to their dying of small-pox? No? Then take the advice which is tendered you gratis by certain persons who, at the foot of a circular headed, "The Compulsory Vaccination Bill," describe themselves as "THE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH FOR THE SOCIETY OF HYGEISTS." Take their advice as to Vaccination, but disbelieve their statements. Do not, for a moment, imagine the slightest truth to be contained in their assertions that there is any doubt, among those competent to form an opinion, about the efficacy of Vaccination; that "since Vaccination became compulsory in 1853, there has been more Small-pox than ever;" that "Vaccination is similar in principle to the bite of a snake or a mad dog;" that vaccine lymph is "all poisonous matter;" that "in France upwards of seventy children had been infected and died of" a horrible disease "from Vaccination." Because, if you thought these declarations true, of course you would go instantly and have your children vaccinated, in the hope that vaccination would kill them. Thus you would expect to get eased of them by simply obeying the law—and you would be disappointed.

No, don't obey the law which requires you to have your children vaccinated. Let not any of them be subjected to vaccination. Then, most probably, all of them will catch the small-pox, and very likely some of them will die; but suppose they don't, that will be no fault of yours, especially if, by way of pretending to doctor them, you give them the medicines recommended by the British College of Health. And this you had better do all the rather, for fear they should escape with the loss of their eyes, or with faces pitted all over with holes like a cribbage-board, in which case you would perhaps never be able to get your daughters taken off your hands. But you may reasonably hope that the small-pox will do that, if, instead of having had them vaccinated, you have let them take their chance, and if you duly physic them into the bargain with the pills which are advertised as an universal medicine by the anonymous quacks whose signatures are appended to the above-quoted lies.

DANCE THE GAROTTCHA!

STEALING a watch, a
Purse and a ring,
Dance the garottcha—
Dance while I sing.
Dance to the triangles, dance naughty man—
Dance the garottcha as well as you can.

Ninefold and knotted
Stings the sharp thong?
Robbed and garotted,
Victims had wrong.
Think what they felt as you wriggle and roar,
Dance the garottcha—be naughty no more.

SHARP PRACTICE AT STOCKBRIDGE.

THAT the contiguity of the Hampshire Downs has rendered the Stockbridge people very downy is what appears to be indicated by the following note from the pen of "ARGUS:"—

"Before I quit the Stockbridge Meeting, I must protest against the iniquity of the high charges that are made for the accommodation of visitors in the neighbourhood. Even clergymen of the Established Church, who inveigh against the Turf and its concomitant evils from their pulpits, are nothing loth to participate in the profits to be derived from the races; so that we may expect little mercy from the laymen of the district."

Does "ARGUS" mean to say that there are parsons about Stockbridge who not only take people in as innkeepers do, but also take them in as much as they are generally taken in at hotels? Is it possible that there are any reverend gentlemen who can be such publicans and sinners? If so, their conduct is very irregular, although they may be described as regular clergy of the Order of St. Boniface.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE FIFTEENTH.

I HAVE written to my friend MUMPSON—TOMMY MUMPSON, young TOMMY, not old TOMMY, you know—to come over and be my second. Until TOMMY turns up, the Fatal Affray is postponed *sine die*. However, I shall set my house in order. I haven't got a house, and my landlord has just given me notice to quit, as he has, he says, an English family coming who will pay him during Legsposissiong time three times as much as I do. You see what inconvenience arises from an insufficiency of *larjong*. Direct to me Post Restaurant, I mean *Post Restong, Parry*. I'm here to-day and there to-morrow, but where "there" is I haven't the smallest idea. I shall try and sleep under one of SPIERS AND POND'S refreshment counters. They won't charge for a refreshing sleep.

Legsposissiong is now really crowded, and the *Bwawderbulloine* is filled every afternoon with *ekyparges*, brilliant and dashing. The lounge about *Lay Karskards* is deliciously cool and refreshing, but the gritty gravel makes the promenade back to Parry very tiring. My next I shall devote entirely to Legsposissiong, as should the prospective field of carnage eventuate in my disappearance from this gay and festive scene, I shall, at all events, as I press my handkerchief to the wound and fall back in the arms of my Second and the Medical Man, be able to say, "*Mong Raydarktur*, bless him; tell him I—(*gasp*)—die—(*gasp—gasp*)—happy. (*Eyes of the Medical Man suffused with tears. Then turning towards my Second, I murmur*) Second drawer—(*breathing with difficulty*)—blue coat—(*gasps*)—hole in the pocket—copy for next two wecks—in the lining. (*They implore me not to trouble myself about such matters: my antagonist stands gloomily regarding his work. I raise myself on my left arm and point with my right to myself*). See!" I say to him, "Behold your sanguinary work!" (*Polite to the last, you'll observe*). "May the curse"——"Oh, no! no! no! no!" cry my Second, *his* Second, and the Medical Man, all kneeling. The organ of *Notrer Darm* is heard in the distance. "Ah!" I exclaim, as a sweet, faint, light illumines my pale visage, "Ah! I—(*gasp again*)—for—(*gasp*)—give! Kiss me, TOMMY! (*to my Second*) I have done my duty. *Veev* LUMPYRAW!" and, with a faint cheer, I expire. [If this comes off, you'll have the earliest intelligence, in fact, you'd better print this on the chance. Head it "Fatal Termination of Our Own Special Correspondent's Duel: Reported by Himself."]

You will then take a return ticket to Parry and wreath garlands about my simple tomb in the *Pair lar Shays*. Do you know how to weave garlands? Get it up. How well you would look, *mong Raydarktur*, weaving garlands. [I shouldn't think it was a paying occupation: you might speculate in it—can't lose much.]

However, it's not all U.P. with me yet awhile. I tell you what you might do, and do nobly, anticipate my probable funeral expenses, and send considerable *larjong*. That would be like your generous, open nature.

The International Theatre, the Commissioners inform me will come to unmitigated grief unless I arrange a programme. "Will you do it?" they asked.

I replied, with proverbial philosophy, "*Ill ner fay reang poor reang;*" which simply means, either *ong Arnglay oo ong Frarngsay*, that I don't work without pay.

All work and no pay makes JACK go without a *shimmee*.

When they didn't come down handsomely after my hard work as juror among the instruments, I said, curtly, "*Ill nay par deu bwaw dong ong fay lay flewt*," which is French proverbial philosophy for "He isn't the sort of chap to dance to any one's piping." *Ker ler dearbel*—how the doose these French words ever came to mean that, I don't know. But such is the fact; and oh my, ain't I just getting idiomatic! Beautiful! Idiomatic has no connection with Rheumatics, you understand, nor with idiots; though there is a *soupsong* of both words in it.

I *have* consented to draw up a programme for *Ler Tayartrr Arnternarseonarl*. *Othello* in four languages, and the orchestra filled with interpreters. *Oovreerses* (female boxkeepers) with dictionaries and books of the play. Each *oovrers* will be a French mistress—I mean, will be a French master—capable of giving lessons between the Acts.

"French before Act 2," "French before Act 4," and so forth.

If MR. SOTHERN, who *is* coming to Parry, will undertake *Othello*, and poor dear old LEMAITRE would do *Mercutio*, with MONS. RAVEL for *Leonato*, and MDLLE. SCHNEIDER for *Desdemona*, I think, with the aid of an Italian or two, and throw in a German with a Swedenhorgian, we should have a bill of fare not to be surpassed. Send this advertisement to the *Era* for me:—

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE, PARIS.

WANTED, a few good ITALIANS for General Utility. Also, a First-Class DOUBLE DUTCHMAN to sing between the pieces. Three HEAVY GERMANS wanted to open immediately.

Also, a BOMBARDON PLAYER, who can read, write, and understand French, but won't be rude when asked "*Parly voo Frarngsay?*" Also, a LADY DANCER, and FIRST SINGING CARPENTER (both Russians, or as nearly as possible). Funny Couples treated with liberally in all languages. No Redskins need apply. Turks at a distance will please accept this intimation.

They say something about MR. TOOLE coming here to play *Esee ong parl frarngsay*. If I was MR. TOOLE, I'd like to have a holiday in Parry, and just do nothing at all. Let him come to me. I'll dine with him every day, and show him all over Parry. It'll cost him less than going with another fellow, and pay better than melting himself to a jelly in July. When the servant-of-all-work had a holiday, didn't she enjoy herself by going and helping a fellow-servant? I think that's the story. But whether it is or not, send me *larjong*, and I shall be able to defy my landlord.

Arpropo of landlords, my fellow-countrymen should be furnished with a better dialogue-book than the one I've just come across. My fellow-countryman is supposed to ask,

"*Kumbeang daymarndayvoo poor setappart'mong?*" ("How much do you demand for this here apartment, eh?")

Well, Sir, there is no answer. The Landlord is dumfoundered. The visitor, my fellow-countryman, takes advantage of his being staggered, to put down his bag, seat himself (I suppose) and quietly observe, "*Jee raystaray o mwoyng pondong trrwaw mwaw.*" ("I shall stop here just three months.")

Then, exclaims the Landlord, in a burst of gratitude, "*Voo laysorray ar song frarnk par mwaw.*" ("You shall have them for one hundred francs a month.")

My fellow-countryman, coolly undoing his dressing-case, shrugs his shoulders, and returns, "*Say tro share*" ("too dear").

"*Ay beeang!*" cries the Landlord, utterly staggered, "*voosorray lay sharmber poor karrant frarnk see rayslay plew longtom.*"

There's a drop from a hundred to forty francs, on condition of his stopping *plew longtom!*

My fellow-countryman is supposed in the dialogue to be a bit of a roysterer come to see *Lar Vee Parreesyen*, for he says, first, "*Jer voodray dormeereesee set nwee.*" ("I'd like to sleep here to-night.")

You'd imagine the Landlord replying, "Dear me! you don't say so." But not a bit of it. The Landlord, in this romantic dialogue, has no answer ready. He is silent. (What a Landlord! How angry I should be with him!) My countryman immediately inquires, "*Poovay-voo mer donnay eun clay?*" "Can you give me a latch-key?")

There's a sly dog for you! And the last words of the despairing Landlord are, "*Voo poovayzongtray kong voo voodray.*" ("You can come in when you like.")

Can anything be more grovelling, more spiritless, than this final speech of the unhappy Landlord? What a lodger he's got for *trwaw mwaw ay pertaytrr plew longtom!*

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD should add to his Third Edition of *Paris for the English* a set of first-rate sensible dialogues. And everyone should be obliged by law to learn them thoroughly, so that when one puts a question out of the conversation-book the correct answer may be at once given. Or what is the use of a guide?

I am now going to run out to cheer LUMPYRAW as he drives down the *Bwaw;* and then I am hard at work at the Catalogue of Legsposissiong. Perhaps next letter may be my last. Treasure, as the words of a doomed man, the oracular utterances of yours—*Ardeevar!*

P. THE G.

P.S. In my last I said, on the information of a friend, that the SULTAN had arrived. He hadn't; but has. Everybody is asking when will the LORD MAYOR come? and will he visit Parry in state, or *in cog.?* It was for NARPOLYONG THE THIRD to bring together two Eastern Potentates like the SULTAN and the LORD MAYOR in this gay Metropolis.

PP.S. *Paulopostscript.* I told you that my Landlord is going to turn me out, and that, as to lodgings, like Little Bo-peep's sheep, I didn't know where to find 'em. Well, I've hit upon the idea. The Commissioners want me to become a Juror on the Furniture Department, where are beds, chairs, sofas, washing-stands, "etceterar, etceterar, etceterar," as the now popular Parisian song has it, and all the appliances and means of a comfortable establishment to boot.

Vwoyay voo Mongermee? I have stipulated to try one bed a night, sleeping in it from any time I like until a similar limit in the morning. They are to give me a latch-key to Legsposissiong, so that I can go to rest at my own hour; and visitors will not be admitted to this portion of the building until I am up, and have completed my *twoylay*. There will be an extra charge to pass through while I am reading the papers in my morning wrapper, which I shall do when trying the chairs and sofas. I can easily lodge in Legsposissiong at this rate for a month. My name's EASY. Difficulties merely arise in order that I may o'erleap them. *Vwoylar too!*

The Medals are distributed to-day (Monday). MR. PHILIP CALDERON, R.A., is in Parry, about to be *daycoray*. Everyone to appear in uniform. Mine is that of the Manchester Marine (Militia), recently organised. Our dress is real Manchester velvet, grey shirtings, and cocked-hats. Those who can afford them have horses; and those who have horses are our gallant horseyfers. With which *jerdymo* (at the service of my country) I conclude.

"THE MODEL READY RECKONER."—The man with his last Shilling.



OBLIGING.

Excursionist (to himself). "ULLO! 'ERE'S ONE O' THEM ARTISTS. 'DESSAY 'E'LL WANT A GENTEEL FIGGER FOR 'IS FOREGROUND. I'LL *STAND FOR 'IM!!!*"

THE MODEL TRADES' UNIONIST.

Of all the good things ever said, I specially admire
The saying that the labourer is worthy of his hire.
The just reward of labour I'm determined to make mine;
And if I can't do that alone, with others I'll combine.

The tyranny of capital is more than I will stand,
And with my fellow-labourers together I shall band,
In case employers screw us down below what's just and right;
We'll strike, if we can do no more, till they our toil requite.

We'll strike, and to make others strike we'll do our best, of course.
Our beat, but not our worst, my mates—refrain from brutal force.
No blowing up with gunpowder! No knocking on the head!
No shooting! Do no murder—let man's blood be never shed.

No rattening of persons that offend against our rules!
Because it is a crime and sin to steal your neighbour's tools.
No persecuting them that choose to work for what they can!
Take no man's liberty away, or else you rob the man.

Your neighbour's house, his ox, his ass; your neighbour's goods and gains,
Belong to him less closely than his hands do, and his brains.
His use of them is most his own of all things that are his;
And he who robs a man thereof's the biggest thief that is.

Intimidation's not the way fair dealing to compel.
It is the way to Sheffield—if that's where you'd like to dwell.
Co-operation—that's our plan all difference to avoid;
Let every man employer be, and every man employed.

Then shall we know what wages we've the means ourselves to pay,
Not causing those high prices that consumers drive away,
To buy in foreign markets cheaper things and better made;
And we, with our Trades' Unions, shall not ruin British Trade.

CAUTION TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CERTAINLY *Mr. Punch* may call himself a man of letters, for by almost every post he receives about a peck of them. Greatness has its penalties, besides its pride and pleasures; and the penalty of *Mr. Punch's* greatness is an avalanche of correspondence that overwhelms him every day. He had need be a Briareus, born with fifty pairs of hands, to open all the envelopes which are hourly laid before him; and, were he hundred-eyed like Argus, he could barely read, ere bed-time, a tithe of their contents.

Yet, despite his many warnings that his waste-basket stands ever yawning at his side, and that he never will return the nonsense he receives, *Mr. Punch* is often plagued by irritable persons, who seem to think he is responsible for the safety of whatever may be sent him by the post. *Mr. Punch* repeats his caution, that the less his "constant readers" write to him the wiser he will think them; and, as to any hints or suggestions they may proffer, he has neither time to look at them, nor disposition so to do. How much his butterman is bettered by the idiotic twaddle which is sold him by the pound from *Mr. Punch's* waste-basket is more than need be guessed. ALL THAT *Mr. Punch* WILL ADD IS, THAT NO ARTICLE OR DRAWING SENT TO HIM, UNSOLICITED, WILL BE RETURNED; THAT HE CANNOT GIVE THEM HOUSE-ROOM UNTIL THEY ARE CALLED FOR; AND THAT NO LAW EXISTS IN ENGLAND WHICH RENDERS HIM ACCOUNTABLE FOR WHAT MAY BE THEIR FATE. If *Mrs. Punch* were to receive by post a handsome set of diamonds (friends at a distance, if they like, may accept this intimation), she would not be compellable by law to give them house-room, although it is not unlikely that she might submit to do so. Nor is *Mr. Punch* obliged to retain in his safe keeping whatever gems of wit may be dropped into his letter-box, with a view that they may sparkle in the setting of his type.

THE SHORTEST THEATRICAL CRITICISM ON RECORD.—In MR. READE'S new play now performing at the Adelphi everybody acts well, and MISS TERRY is a-*Dora*-ble.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 6, 1867.

OUR ARTIST IN PARIS.—PART I.



7 o'Clock, A.M. Going to Take the Boat.



En Route.



Landing at Boulogne, June 10th, 1867.



Our Artist Marketing at Boulogne.



Admiration of the Natives.



"Aurez-vous la Bounty de Cuire ces Petites Poissons pour Moy?"



En Route for Paris.



Amiens.—Twenty Minutes to Dine (Great Rush!)



Arrival at Paris (10 P.M.)

Whittles v. Wittols.

Chaucer records the fame of "Sheffield Whittles,"
And the town then was known for its sharp blades;
But now its *hands* are the true "Sheffield Wittols,"
Who trust to rattening's and murder's aids.

Creed and Colour.

There is Ultramarine, and there's Ultramontane,
What's the difference between them you bid me explain.
Well, a kind of deep blue is your Ultramarine,
And your Ultramontane is most vividly green.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SOMEBODY who can write English should be requested to afford the Volunteers information as to their duty in case of riots. The authorities have succeeded in preparing a circular which nobody can understand, and which everybody interprets differently. The matter was discussed in the Lords on *Monday*, July 1. It is clear that the Volunteers, as such, have nothing to do with riots, and that every subject of the QUEEN is bound to aid the civil power in suppressing them; and an able-bodied fellow is neither more nor less liable to do his duty to society because he wears a uniform.

Touching the cruelties perpetrated by calf-butchers, MR. HARDY, questioned, replied that he was unable to do anything; but he stated the law, which is that any person torturing an animal may be punished. If every Materfamilias would prohibit white veal, an atrocious system would be stopped, and when *Punch* assures those whom he never deceives (except in the way of professions of devotion) that the system is too horrid for him to describe it, he is sure that they will give the necessary orders. N.B. Do not believe the butcher's denial, you know how he lies and cheats in the matter of prices.

We resumed Reform, and here is the abstract and brief chronicle of the week.

Proposal by COLONEL DYOTT to disfranchise freeholders in a borough, that is, to take away their county votes, and make them vote for the borough. Rejected.

Proposal by MR. CANDLISH to deprive all hired canvassers, and other hired agents, of votes. Accepted.

Proposal by MR. HORSFALL (whose name reminds us that the poor horses fall very much this hot weather, and that there ought to be humaner means for getting them up than are employed by cruel cabmen) that an additional Member should be given to Manchester, to Birmingham, and to Liverpool. Accepted by MR. DISRAELI, who also threw in Leeds, but proposed to take away the new Member that had been promised to Salford. Note. MR. ADDERLEY, Minister, opposed MR. HORSFALL'S plan, and later, MR. DISRAELI, Minister, agreed to it, giving more than was asked. The word Minister, saith HOBBES, in his *Leviathan*, signifieth one who voluntarily doeth the business of another man. Question—is it MR. ADDERLEY, or is it MR. DISRAELI, who voluntarily doeth the business of the other man, even JOHN BULL?

Complaint by MR. ROEBUCK, that though he had done so much in the way of helping the Government, Sheffield was not to have a new Member.' He moved for one. MR. LAING adverted to the Sheffield Union atrocities as reasons why no favour should at present be shown to that disgraced place. But MR. GLADSTONE thought that the more the artisans are brought into direct contact with representation, the less likely they are to form illegal associations. Sheffield's claim rejected by 258 to 122.

Proposal by MR. BERKELEY to give Bristol a new Member. (By the way it will have one, for that Bristol diamond, SIR MORTON PETO, is gazetted a bankrupt.) Rejected by 235 to 136.

Demand by MR. BRIGHT where the four new Members are to come from? He said that MR. DISRAELI was only shuffling the cards. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gently remonstrated against this expression, but declined to say more then. MR. GLADSTONE promised to fight for Salford. Whereat MR. AYRTON protested against Lancashire and its exorbitancy.

Proposal by MR. NEATE that members of corporations should vote in respect of corporation property. MR. DISRAELI objected. Corporations could do no personal act. He alluded to a celebrated saying about a corporation, which had neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damnified. Rejected.

Proposal by MR. DISRAELI that when the Committee should have received his statement that the four seats were to be got by not enfranchising St. Helen's, Keighley, Luton, and Barnsley, the amendments of Members should be passed over, and we should go to the schedules. Rather approved.

Proposal by MR. HIBBERT to make it illegal for a candidate to pay a voter's travelling expenses in Boroughs. Carried.

Proposal to forbid election committees from sitting in Public Houses. After a long fight, the Tories opposing the prohibition, Rejected.

Thus much for Reform, which may be rather said to meander (word from Mæander, a river which, saith FULLER in his *Worthies*, is so tortuous and winding that it runneth eighty miles in eighteen by land—also see *Pliny*, if you like—anyhow we are not going to transcribe the passage) than to progress. (What do you mean about the word being so used? Look into *King John*:—

> "Let me wipe off this honourable dewe
> That silverly doth Progresse on thy cheek,"

You must have cheek to object to *Punch's* English.) Moreover, the House is growing languid, though sometimes petulant, and does its work in a perfunctory (from *perfungi*, to do anything that it may be done and finished, and that we may rid ourselves of it, "Let not our mourning be perfunctory and fashionable," says good BISHOP HALL, whose friends began to wear it for him Sept. 1656) manner.

The Bill for making the Railway people furnish Means of Communication with Guards, was read a Third Time, and when we say that the ungeographical GASELEE opposed it, we need hardly say that the majority was about 8 to 1.

Tuesday. Much indignation about the way Government proposed to receive the VICEROY OF EGYPT. LORD STANLEY dilated upon the vessel, and the special train, and the guard of honour, and the sentries, and the equerry, but he could not get rid of the Public House. Later in the week, LORD DUDLEY obligingly offered his own mansion, which was accepted, Government thereby showing how utterly wrong they had been before. Now the Press has roused public opinion on this subject, and has very likely saved to England a good friend, who was going to be affronted. Yet no journalist will be complimented by the Ministry. On the contrary, they are, very likely, using the worst language about meddling scribblers.

A debate on Martial Law, originated by MR. O'REILLY, who, having been an LL.D. at Rome, and a Major in the POPE'S service, may be considered a martial lawyer. He cited L. C. J. COCKBURN'S late charge on the subject, and moved a resolution to the effect that no such thing as martial law was lawful. Some good sense was talked, especially, of course, by MR. MILL; but MR. HEADLAM talked better sense, and showed that what bore the obnoxious name was simply something for which every sensible citizen must see the necessity, on emergency. He was not for making people afraid to do their duty. The House took this view, and the motion was withdrawn.

Another attempt to relieve the attorneys from the payment of certificate duty failed on division. *Mr. Punch* has repeatedly said that among the attorneys are hundreds of the best fellows in the world, but there are also many of the lowest dogs unkicked, whose numbers would be increased if the cost of being admitted and of practising were made lighter.

Wednesday. Ladies about to marry, by banns (the Ritualists are making this genteel), may like to know that a Bill is in progress for doing away with the doubt when the bachelor and spinster proclamation is to interrupt religious service. "After the second lessou" is to be declared the lawful, as it is the usual, time. There were High Church protests against meddling with the Rubric, but MR. HENLEY, a shrewd old Tory, said that if doubts were not cleared up, people would be driven to the Registrar's office. Just so, and driven there in smart carriages, too.

Then Protestantism, represented by MR. NEWDEGATE (and MURPHY'S friend WHALLEY), had a little victory, and by 119 to 75 defeated a Bill for enabling limited landowners to grant sites for churches, and schools, and glebes for priests, to Roman Catholics. *Mr. Punch* is a stauncher Protestant than any other Englishman, but the refusing his fellow-citizens facilities for teaching and worship is not his way of asserting the principle of religious freedom.

Thursday. Official news was received that the unfortunate ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN had been murdered by JUAREZ. Great indignation is felt. The Sovereigns of England and France postponed splendid reviews which had been in contemplation, and the Americans in Paris would not hold the Independence festival. The crime is regarded as a savage and cowardly one, and it has been committed in defiance of the appeals of civilised Governments. We call it a crime, because the act was needless and inhuman. That the bandit JUAREZ and the rest of the scoundrels around him may extirpate one another, and that Mexico may be seized by the United States, are the twin wishes of the rest of the world.

Hint for Husbands.

"WHY do you look so glum and cross, WILLIAM, whenever I have got you to go out with me to any party, or theatre?" asked ISABELLA. "My love," said WILLIAM, "there would be no merit in my going, were I not making an awful sacrifice of my own feelings. Permit me the pleasure of showing that I go only to please you, dearest." ISABELLA was silenced, but not convinced.

WHITE-HEADED BOB.

There once was a fistic performer
Of fame in the early P.R.,
Than whom none c'er won plaudits warmer
In gladiatorial war.
He was specially valued for bottom,
And holding his own against odds,
And his foes, once in Chanc'ry he got 'em,
Soon measured their length on the sods.

From the "Robert," his full-length cognomen,
And the lily-white thatch on his nob,
His friends of the fancy, and foemen,
Entitled him "White-headed Bob."
If of mauleys you wanted the strongest,
The best sparring skill to be had,
Pluck, and wind alike safe to last longest,
Then White-headed Bob was the lad.

Though that brilliant boxer have vanished
As all that is brilliant will:
Though from Bull's sports and pastimes we 've banished
The muscular joys of *the Mill*.
We've our fights still, at odds or at evens,
And revived our old Champion we know,
In the White-headed Bob of St. Stephens,
That out-and-out fighter Bob Lowe!

They may talk of Westminster's old glories,
When all Europe round made a ring,
Of Pitt, Fox, and Burke tell their stories,
Chatham's reach, Barré's stop, Windham's swing.
But for neat sparring, straight shoulder-hitting,
Quick counter, sharp rally, clean throw,
Against all of old standing or sitting,
At long odds I'll stand on Bob Lowe.

Who 's forgotten his mills with Bill Gladstone,
The heaviest weight in the field?
When Bob cheeked him, Bill chaffed the lad's tone,
And no backers he had when he peeled.
But he found his own stakes, his own second,
In his own colours came to the scratch,
And in more rounds than Bill would like reckoned
Showed himself, at the least, Billy's match.

And when Bill was walloped by Benjy,
The artful Caucasian chicken,
And Bill couldn't get his revenge (he,
We know, never *could* take a lickin'),
Up came Bob smiling, game as a pebble,
And knocked Benjy all round the ring,
Till his seconds looked black as "de debbil,"
And the sponge up were ready to fling.

In these days of crossings and dodgings,
When you never know who 's on the square,
When coves change their sides, like their lodgings,
And there 's all styles of fighting but fair.
'Tis a comfort to see honest gripping,
Hits straight from the shoulder that go,
No squaring the fight, or down-slipping—
"Win or lose, let 's fight fair," says Bob Lowe.

Cads and costers may bully and bluster,
And call him bad names round the ring,
A fig for the dirty-faced cluster!
His rule 's to let snobs have their swing.
But John Bull prefers things on the square,
Pluck and bottom he never will ban,
And when all 's done, he 'll reckon Bob fair,
As an out-and-out, game fighting-man.

And if 'Varsity graduates of London,
Are looking about them to find,
How to get both their brain-work and fun done,
By a tongue that can utter their mind.
They may look a long time e'er they 'll hit
On one who such muscle can show,
One for truth's sturdy champion so fit,
As much-abused, honest Bob Lowe!

A Fancy for a Photograph.—Our friend "Argus" informs us that Mr. Tattersall has had a new pulpit designed for him by Owen Jones. Fancy Mr. Spurgeon in Mr. Tattersall's pulpit.

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Certatim ingenti celebrant nova gaudia plausu."
Gradus ad Parnassum.

"Time was, men loudly did applaud new plays:
'Tis not genteel to do so nowadays."

The remark that English people take their pleasure sadly, may with great truth be applied to their demeanour at a theatre. Perhaps it is thought vulgar to appear to be amused, and etiquette requires them to preserve a solemn aspect. Many a man now looks as though he dared not laugh in public, lest he might derange his shirt-front; and a girl of proper breeding is considered to lose caste if she so much as ventures to give vent to a giggle. Propriety demands a pair of white kid gloves and a look of solemn suffering while sitting through a play, and any thought of being pleased by it seems utterly prohibited. In fact, except at Christmas time, when it is deemed the proper thing to take the children to a pantomime, the stalls and boxes rarely show a sign of satisfaction, and all the laughter and applause proceeds from either pit or gallery.

Now this is a great pity, and in some degree accounts for the absence of refinement for which our stage is noticeable. The stimulus of clapping encourages an actor, and he often finds it difficult to act his best without it. So, if the stall-goers sit like statues, and the box-folk are unmoved, he is tempted to act coarsely in order to obtain the approbation of the "gods," which he knows will put new life in him. He thus becomes *deorum cultor, non parcus nec infrequens*, and chiefly cultivates the talents which are pleasing to the deities.

For myself, not being, luckily, a fashionable man, I take pleasure at a theatre in not doing what is fashionable. I laugh as loudly as I choose, when I see anything that tickles me, and applaud with all my might whatever merits my approval. Sometimes I even make a point of putting on my thickest boots when I go to see a play which I think likely to amuse me; and I make a most prodigious stamping if it does so. An actor need not fear that his good points will not be recognised if I am in the theatre, and, unlike the Paris *claque*, I make "no charge for stamping."

They who have the sense and courage to follow my example, should be warned to wear stout shoes when they go to see *The Liar*. The play is neat, and smart, and telling, and is capitally played, and deserves to be applauded. The humour is perhaps too playful for the pit, and too gentle for the gallery: there are no sensation scenes with murder to slow music, and no comic ones with ghosts or breakages of crockery. So the deities amd pittites are sparing of applause, and the clapping is heard chiefly, and should be heard more audibly, among the better seated portion of the audience. Old playgoers will doubtless flock to an old play, and need no spur to urge them thither; but the younger should be counselled not to miss this chance of seeing a piece which needs no scenery to render it attractive. It will teach them to have taste for something better than burlesque, and will show them how good acting, when employed on a good play, is far better worth seeing than when wasted on a bad one.

It is not usual, I know, to wear thick boots at the opera; but I regretted very much that, obeying my young wife, I had put on a thin pair, when I went the other night to hear the new young Swedish singer. I have seldom been more charmed than I was by her fresh voice, fair face, and her agreeable demeanour. She sings in a pure style, with intelligence and taste, and she can hold a long soft note with none of the affected trembling of the voice which of late has been so fashionable. Her tones are clear and full, high but never shrill; and she has no need of French polish to conceal those cracks and blemishes which Verdi makes in thin weak voices. Moreover, what is better, she sings like a girl with brains (and with plenty of them, too, as her broad brow amply testifies); and not like a mere song-machine, made to make sweet noises, but with no notion what they signify. Her acting may be somewhat tame, but it is natural and not stagy. Her demeanour, like her voice, is delicate and ladylike. She is very young at present, and must not be crudely criticised; but she seems by nature gifted for the operatic stage, and having ardour and ambition to shine lastingly upon it. Because she happens to be Swedish, 'people' think of their old favourite, and make absurd comparisons between a finished artist in the climax of her fame and a clever *débutante* who is wishful to be famous. The parallel, though premature, may in one point be permitted, for these Swedes have both the gift of singing not to the ears only, but simply to the heart; and though Christine Nillson may not be a second Jenny Lind, she is even now among the very first of *prime donne*.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

One of Claridge's old customers, who had often bled freely for the good of the establishment, on paying his last bill, remarked, "Well, they may complain of our quartering the Pasha of Egypt here; but I say it was always 'a House of Call for Sovereigns.'"



GENTEEL POVERTY DINING IN STATE.

A PROFESSOR BRANDED IN THE TONGUE.

"He was glad to see that great meeting pledge itself to such excellent sentiments; but he might be allowed to say that, when that meeting was over, he thought nearly enough would have been said about this matter. There was no good to be attained by using exaggerated language, even about the Sheffield outrages. He did not say any exaggerated language had been used at the meeting. Murder was a great crime, but they must not forget that the murder by trade unionists was no better and no worse than any other murder. (*Loud cheers.*) . . . A man could not go on protesting his innocence of a crime, or excusing himself from blame or complicity in a matter, without destroying his own self-respect; and now that the unions had once for all protested against these outrages enough had been done. He was no apologist for murder. During the last twelve months he had subscribed his money, and supported efforts which had been made to bring a great murderer to justice. (*Cheers.*) This was a murderer whose hands were red with the blood of more than four hundred men, *and this man committed his crimes in the interests of employers, as* BROADHEAD *committed his in the interest of the workmen of Sheffield.* The *wealthy* classes of this country were called upon to express their opinion of the crimes committed by the rich few in Jamaica, just as these *poor men* in London had been called upon to express their opinion of the crimes committed by *poor men* in Sheffield; and what opinion *did these rich men* express? Did they meet as this meeting had met in Exeter Hall to say they abhorred these crimes? (*Loud cries of 'Question.'*) No. They offered him banquets; and that murderer was at large in England because magistrates of his own class refused to send his crimes to be tried by a jury. (*Question.*) As matters stood, the law set on thieves to steal trade union property, just as BROADHEAD set on men to ratten, and there was this difference only between the two crimes, that the law encouraged the one and punished the other. (*Cheers.*) Then look at the law respecting so-called 'intimidation.' No one disputed that when a man struck another or caused a breach of the peace punishment should follow; *but the law was such that the magistrate at Marlborough Street had legally committed more outrages than ever* BROADHEAD *committed.* (*Hear.*) . . . The middle classes, by raising a 'great dust' about the Sheffield outrages, were turning the workmen's attention from obtaining justice. He advised them to send to Parliament men to represent them, and urged them to draw up the laws they desired to see passed, in order that every candidate for their suffrages should be tested and pledged. If these laws for the unionists were passed, he said no more would be heard of these wrong-doings, *for it was only a sense of wrong the unionists endured which made them outstep the limits of legality.* (*Cheers*)"—*From* PROFESSOR BEESLEY'S *Speech at the Exeter Hall Trades' Unions Meeting, Tuesday, July 2.*

PROFESSOR BEESLEY should apply to HER MAJESTY for leave to insert a "T" between the "S" and the "L" of his name. The name of the man will then describe the character of his speech at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday sennight, from which we extract the passages in our heading. One might have excused such language in an ignorant or excited working-man. But this solitary apologist for murder and violence,—for however he disclaimed this title, he has fairly earned it by such a speech,—writes after his name Professor of Ancient and Modern History, University College, London, and is a teacher of the lessons of those histories to the ingenuous youth who attend his classes in Gower Street.

We congratulate the Council of University College on the possession of such an instructor, and leave to them practical comment on his speech. There is not an honest working-man in London, we believe, weak enough to be taken in by such shallow sophistry, or callous enough not to be shocked by such cold-blooded comment on the atrocities which have disgraced Sheffield in the eyes of England. But if the speech be harmless by reason of its cynicism, its bad logic, and its extravagance, it is not, for that reason, less disgraceful to the man who spoke it. The historian who can pronounce the acts of GOVERNOR EYRE in Jamaica more criminal than those of BROADHEAD in Sheffield; the moralist who asserts that the sympathy of those who uphold GOVERNOR EYRE arises from their setting a class feeling for one of their own order above their horror of murder; the legist who perverts the fact that the law does not give compulsory power of enforcing trades' union regulations into the statement that the law sets thieves to steal trade union property just as BROADHEAD set on men to "ratten," and gravely asserts that the Marlborough Street police-magistrate, administering the law as it stands, has legally committed more outrages than ever BROADHEAD committed, is certainly eminently qualified to teach young ideas how to "shoot," to say nothing of the probable upshot of his instructions in promoting intimidation, rattening, and blowing up.

We only know one thing in connection with this revolting subject calculated to inspire as much disgust as the Sheffield revelations, and that is PROFESSOR BEESLEY'S way of talking about them.

The Council of Guido.

A LETTER from Rome, with reference to the POPE'S late Allocution, says:—

"The convocation of a council is alluded to, but without specifying when. It is generally understood that the period will be fixed for November of next year."

Perhaps the Fifth.



GOVERNMENT HOSPITALITY.

JOHN THOMAS (L—D D-R-Y). "EGYPT! O—AR—YES! SORRY WE COULDN'T ACCOMMODATE YOU IN THE PALACE, BUT—AR—WE 'D ORDERED A BED FOR YOU AT A DELIGHTFUL PUBLIC-HOUSE—AR—CLARIDGE'S, IN FACT; BUT THEY 'LL TAKE YOU IN AT DUDLEY HOUSE."

A DRAMATIC MEDLEY FOR THE DRAMATIC FÊTE.



EVERYBODY's going. *The Great City* will be a desert. Anybody mad enough to remain in town will feel like a *Fish out of Water*. *True to the Corps* dramatique, we shall go on Saturday with all our friends and *Neighbours*, and on Monday *Sarah's Young Man* has promised to escort *Our Domestics*. Not to be there would be to lose *Caste*, to be outlawed by *Society*. *Our American Cousin*, who has just arrived from *The Antipodes, en route* to *The French Exhibition*, finds that *The Best Way* to Dover is *viâ* Sydenham, and *La Famille Benoîton* have come over in the very nick of time. *Jack Wilding* is sure to be in the crowd, and *John Jones*, and those inseparables *Box and Cox*, and *Mrs. Roseleaf* with her party, and *That Rascal Jack*, who will come up to us and say, *Lend Me Five Shillings*—JACK has been *A Wild Goose* ever since he was old enough to taste *His First Champagne*. And WOODCOCK—you know WOODCOCK? *Woodcock's Little Game* on Saturday next will be to have a pressing business engagement in the neighbourhood of Anerley, obliging him to leave the office early in the day. And then the darlings, dressed in diaphanous robes and bonnets "beautifully less"—*Dora* and *Marta* (perhaps PATTI too) and that *Black-eyed Susan* with *William* in close attendance; and there is a rumour that *Meg's Diversion* will be taken at the Crystal Palace as well as in Soho on the 13th inst.

J'invite le Colonel (says MR. WEBSTER), and *all* officers of the Army, Navy, Marines, Submarines, Volunteers, Militia, Yeomanry, and any other arm, or branch, or whatever it is of the Public Service that gets toasted and TOOLED at public dinners, including, of course, the entire strength of *Ours;* and let this be *The Duke's Motto*, and the Marquis's motto, and the Earl's motto, and everybody's motto, not forgetting Sultans and Viceroys, Turks, Belgians and Egyptians—

Come early or come late,
But come to the Dramatic Fête.

A word or two of advice to male visitors. Bring plenty of money: the ladies in the Stalls like auriferous people, noteworthy persons; if necessary, sell out stock for the occasion. Spend it all before you leave: there may be pickpockets in the crowd at the Station. You wish to be thought respectable in your walk in life, and to pay your way? then don't object to small disbursements every step you take in the Palace. When the pocket is empty and the purse vacant, then begin paying compliments, but not before. Do not let the announcement of a Drama-tick Fête mislead you into thinking that credit is given: you will get credit for nothing, except for generosity, if, as you will be, you are a modest imitator of the liberality of a Sultan or a Czar. Remember that the motto of the Managers of this great annual "Function" is *Sans Changer*, and that it bears two interpretations—no alteration in us except that we are perhaps better than ever, and—No Change. And lastly, but not leastly, if by *The Force of Destiny* you should fall in love (a very probable result) with some one in that Vision "of Fair Women" who beatifies your button-hole with a rose, and is, if possible, more charming off the stage than on, and she should fall in love (a very improbable result) with you, be prepared to encounter the undying envy of all who have not met with the same happy Dramatic Fate.

"IF THE CAP FITS, WEAR IT."

AN old madrigal informs us that "more geese than swans do live, more fools than wise;" and we presume it must be on the faith of this opinion that such advertisements are issued as this which was inserted in the *Ipswich Journal* of the 22nd ult.:—

AN ELDERLY BACHELOR OF FORTUNE wishing to amuse himself by testing the credulity of the Public, and to benefit and assist others, will send a suitable Present of genuine worth, according to the circumstances of applicant, on receipt of nineteen stamps, demanded merely as a token of confidence; stamps will be returned with the presents carriage paid.—Address, &c.

The "credulity of the public" has frequently been tested by advertisements requesting a remittance of stamps. Traps like these are all so old that we really have no pity for the geese who may be caught by them. A "suitable present" for the persons who put faith in such advertisements would, we fancy, be a fool's-cap.

ANODYNES IN THE WORKHOUSE.

OWING to a fortunate omission in MR. GATHORNE HARDY'S Poor Law Amendment Act, the interests of Metropolitan Bumbledom will, it is hoped, remain, for the present, unaffected. The St. Pancras Guardians will thus be enabled still to preside over and regulate for some time the medical arrangements of their workhouse, instead of being obliged to resign their control to unreasonable and unparochial medical officers.

According to several newspapers, the dispenser at the St. Pancras Workhouse having included in his weekly requirements three pounds weight of crude opium, one of the Guardians, at one of their meetings, inquired for what purpose so much opium was wanted, and was told, in reply, to make tincture of opium and mix with various medicines. It was further stated that there were 1,000 poor old people in the Workhouse taking medicine, many of whom suffered from pains, and could not sleep at night, and opium pills were therefore kept for them in the several wards; opium also entered largely into various medicines given to them. The idea of supplying paupers with unlimited anodynes was of course monstrous in the sight of the St. Pancras Guardians. A DR. COLLINS observed that he considered the practice of giving opium pills to confirmed paupers a bad one, for they must go on increasing the quantity. To be sure; and augmenting the expense of this sort of indefinite medical relief in the same ratio. Another Guardian remarked, with profound sagacity and sarcasm, "Pray, don't let the Chinese know that we use so much opium in our workhouses, or the price will go up." Finally, on the motion of MR. BOWER, the quantity of opium ordered was reduced to one pound. The dispenser had asked for three times as much, but the Guardians showed him that they knew more about dispensing than he, and accordingly they dispensed with two-thirds of the quantity of opium which he required.

Quite right. If wretched paupers were to have all their aches and pains, their rheumatisms, their lumbagos, their neuralgias, their raging teeth, nay, their very colics and *dolores ventriculi*, assuaged with no end of opium, what, to say no more of the cost which such unbridled charity would entail on the ratepayers, would be the use of the Workhouse considered as a penal institution designed to teach the labouring classes to understand in a practical sense the recommendation to take no thought for the morrow?

SENSATION SERMONS.

HAVING triumphed in the playhouse, Sensation is beginning to infect the pulpit. Not merely in the West End, but in the North and South and East, sensation sermons now are delivered every Sunday, being advertised beforehand, amid other entertainments, in the columns of the Press. As a specimen of the attractions now offered to the church-or-chapel-going public, we abridge a late announcement in the *Islington Gazette*:—

CALEDONIAN ROAD CHAPEL.—Next Sunday Sermons will be preached, afternoon by MR. GEO. B. CLARKE, a Black Brother, from Jamaica, Son-in-law of the late excellent PAUL BOGLE. Evening by MR. HENRY VARLEY, the Butcher, from Notting Hill, whose "words sink, like flame-tipped darts, into the souls of his hearers."

Advertising a "black brother" for a performance in the pulpit is somewhat on a level with announcing nigger minstrels for a solo on the banjo, or a prelude with the bones. It is similar bad taste to lug in the black preacher's connection with PAUL BOGLE, as if this fact could make his sermons more worth hearing than their own intrinsic merit can deserve. Moreover, when a tradesman takes to preaching, it surely is not needful, when announcing his discourses, to advertise his shop. Perhaps we next may see it stated that a soul-stirring sermon will be preached by MR. BELLOWS, the Whitechapel Costermonger, whose discourses dip like blazes into his hearers' pockets, and whose voice may be heard daily uplifted in the calling of a vendor of cheap taturs, sparrergrass and greens.

A Precious Professor.

THE eloquent speech addressed to the late meeting of artisans at Exeter Hall by PROFESSOR BEESLEY, in extenuation of the Sheffield Trades' Union outrages, will naturally have suggested, to persons innocent of the knowledge of BEESLEY and his concerns, the question, what is he Professor of? If any doubt existed about his claim to a professorship, it ought to have been removed by that discourse. Nobody can have read his expressions of sympathy with BROADHEAD, CROOKES and HALLAM without acknowledging that PROFESSOR BEESLEY has earned an undeniable claim to be styled Professor of Rattening, and other things which may be called &c.

CRUELTY TO CALVES.—Our Footmen's legs.

"FINE BY DEGREES."—Oxford D.C.L.'s in their robes.



SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

Swell. "CAN YOU GIVE ME THE NEXT ROUND?"
Lady. "IT 'S GONE, BUT YOU CAN HAVE THE SECOND SQUARE, IF YOU LIKE."

SACRIFICE FOR SABBATARIANS.

MR. PUNCH,

I WISH I were as great a man as you, and had a dog like yours, that would fly at people and bite them by the leg if they dared to interrupt my discourse. Then I should like a deputation of small shopkeepers to wait on me and beseech me to support a Sunday Trading Bill. I would speak my mind to them as follows:—

Fellows,—You want an Act to prevent Sunday trading, do you? You wish for a law which will oblige your neighbours as well as yourselves to shut up shop on Sundays. Why? Because, you say, you desire to be enabled to observe the Sabbath and enjoy your Sunday's rest.

Enjoy your Sunday's rest, then, and observe the Sabbath. Shut up your own shops and let your neighbours do as they please, and take the consequences.

"Oh, but then," you object, "if they keep their shops open, so must we ours." You are under no necessity for doing any such thing. You are not, by any means, forced to compete with your neighbours for custom on Sundays; you can, if you choose, leave it all to them. You can sacrifice it.

You say you believe that the observance of Sunday as a sabbath is a religious duty, and that the need of rest on one day in seven is a law of health. Your Sunday's custom is worth three or four shillings. You won't sacrifice that sum either to your religion or for the sake of your health. You really and truly believe as little in the natural laws as you do in the laws of MOSES. You hypocrites, you humbugs, you blockheads, get out of the sight of

DOWNRIGHT.

Crusts by Old Crusty.

WHY do men drink and smoke, Ma'am? To render their company and conversation endurable to each other. How it is that women ever manage to stand each other's society, I cannot imagine.

AN UNCOMMON THING FOR JOHN BULL.—Receiving a sovereign as if he didn't like it.

ADVICE TO YOUNG BACHELORS.

BY A. GROWLER.

Now all you fine young fellows who are meditating marriage,
Don't you presume to take a wife till you can keep a carriage.
A life of affluence and ease is needful for a woman,
To constitute a happy wife—unless she 's more than common.

To make her happy you must wish, or if you only take her
To please yourself, at any rate agreeable to make her,
You won't do that, young friend, without the means to make her jolly:
And if you wed without them, you'll commit an act of folly.

Much dress doth now the female form so grievously encumber,
That women who can walk a mile are very few in number;
Fresh air to health is needful, health to comfort and serenity,
Good looks, good temper, cheerfulness, and conjugal amenity.

Put money, therefore, in your purse, if you must needs go courting,
You can't delight a lady whom you 've no means of transporting
To shows, and shops, and theatres; so never dream of marriage,
My boy, until you 're able to afford to keep a carriage.

Wearing the Brochees.

IN *Le Follet*, amongst the details of "Fashions for July," ladies—if not gentlemen—are informed that:—

"Brochees silks are worn."

Are they, at last? The prescient have long foreseen what female attire was tending to. From the drawing-room to the hunting-field—from silks ladies will naturally get to cords. Of course "brochees" is a misprint.

WHAT THE PASHA OF EGYPT IS LIKELY TO SAY TO HIS RECEPTION.—"Pah! Pshaw!!"

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SIXTEENTH.

"LER SOOLTARN *aytarrevay! Veeve ler* SOOLTARN!" As I said, last week, "*Maysil ner pars arrevay dong*," that is, he hadn't come when I thought he had. "*Veeve ler* SOOLTARN, *ay veeve* LUMPYRAW, *ay veeve lar Grong Raywew meletayre!*" That is, the Grand Review at which the SOOLTARN will be present. [N.B.—Since writing the above, I regret to say, that in consequence of their having *fusileer'd* the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN, no Review has taken place.]

I mentioned in my last that my Landlord had given me notice to quit, and that I had been turned out upon the wide world of Paris. [I am writing this in the open air, in the court-yard of the Hôtel du Helder. They say there are no blacks in Paris, the atmosphere is so clear and different to London. Aren't there? My paper is being covered with them, and I have to blow them off after every other word. How I got to be here, I will tell you. The *larjong you* sent me would never have been sufficient for a *sharmbrr* here. *Ongtresole dee frarnk par jewer.*]

Well, Sir, I thought to myself, what can I do with my luggage? A brilliant thought occurred to me. I took a *vwoytewer part' kourse un frarnk sankarnt*, and placing *may barggargsh* in it, drove to *Lersh'-mangd'faird'unor* (that is, the Great Northern Itailway Station], intending to deposit it in the *sal dartongt*, by which our lively neighbours mean "waiting-room." While there, two friends came in by the train—two who knew nothing of Parry, and nobody in it either, and, having a generally vague idea of the language, were *ongsharntay der mer vwaw.* If I would show them about, and play the *chicheronay* for them, they would put me up at their hotel while they were *daymurrong ong Parry.* I closed with the offer, and took them to the Hôtel du Helder. I had to teach them everything, even in matters of dress. One of them looked upon being in Parry as a matter of staying at the sea-side, and was coming out in a "billicock" hat and a purple velvet smoking coat. The other was going to drive in the *Bwaw der Boulone* in a light tourist's coat and a slouch "wideawake." I made them buy *shappose ar lar Parreesiang* of the tall chimney-pot style, and as they had no black coats with them, I took them to a cheap tailor's (a sort of MOSES & SON who advertises, in large letters, "*O bong Deearbl!*" all over Parry), and made them purchase a couple of respectable *raydang-goat* (that is, riding-coats as they call 'em here), and then they *com-marnday* a pair-horse carriage, and we drove in the *Bwaw* up to the *Karskard.* Lucky that I insisted upon their dressing properly, as LUMPY-RAW was out, with several Kings and Princes, besides some of our English nobility in the *sweet* of *ler* PRANOSE DAY GARL (*Le Prince des Galles*, not the Prince of the Gals, as I said by way of an international *jerdymo*, but the PRINCE OF WALES), and as I was perpetually nodding and bowing, it would never have done for me to be seen in badly-dressed company. In the evening I took them to the *Varree-aylay*, for *Lar Grarng Dooshayes, mewseek par* M. OFFENBACH, which, as I have already said, is one of the best things I've ever seen. Better than *Lar bel Haylayne* or *Barrb Bleu*, MDLLE. SCHNEIDER being in it incomparable. *Le Directeur du Théatre des Variétés* has been most obliging. Knowing, on my own representation, that I was *un des Messieurs les Collaborateurs* attached to *Monsieur Punch, el aussi un auteur dramatique, Anglais*, he immediately placed boxes and stalls at my disposal, and I told him, through his representative in *l'administration*, how happy we should be to render him any service on his visiting London. Thus, Sir, may *l'entente cordiale* be ever preserved.

Next day I took my friends to *Legsposissiong*, of which I am heartily sick. The noise, the bustle, the *fool* (I mean the crowd), the machinery, the music, is too much for me. I let them walk about wherever they liked, and sat in a *ten songteem* chair in the centre of the garden, observing the various nationalities as they passed in twos and threes, and fours and fives, before me.

The gardens *raysayrvay* and the *caffays* in *lekstuyreur* are to me the pleasantest places. I took them to the *Caffy Sharntorng*, where they were immensely pleased (poor simple fellows!) at being waited upon by female *parsongs* in Swiss costume. From the moment they entered Parry, my friends assumed the gay *Lothario* and *Don Juan* style. They were perpetually observing, "What pretty girls!" and had it not been that they were quite unable to express their admiration in the language of the country, I should have had some trouble with them.

The SPIERS AND POND girls justly riveted their attention, and very properly-behaved young women they are. My friends, however, had come to see the French and foreigners, not the English, and so they soon shook off the shackles of our compatriot Venuses, and betook themselves to the *Caffay Roosse*, in order to try a Russian breakfast. It will be of some use to my readers if I give them a *cart* of what to order at this Caffay, and a few sentences with which flirtation with a Russian barmaid is made easy.

Dayjernay ar lar Roos.—Pjrnmn (1st Course). Jkpqr. Vtnojmn. (very nice, if quite hot.) Xrnopqrxj (to be drank off at a draught) and finish up with a glass of tea with a slice of lemon in it, which you 'll order in French. (*Urn vayr deu Tay ar lar seetrong*).

Then lighting your cigarette lean against the bar, and smiling in as fascinating a manner as you can command, say to the barmaid softly, "Pmnjornt enmrs Yjumnv Fnjkmr?" She will probably reply, a becoming blush mantling upon her face, "Glxzpqr Bjfrrj." This is not meant rudely, but is really an encouragement to you to proceed with your discourse, which you had better do thus: "Krmjpq Mntojpar Xjzyp Dfbkmj," or words to that effect. If she then replies, "Xjqr Kvmp," you had better drop the subject; but if not, you will by this time have picked up enough Russian tongue to enable you to get on very fairly with her for twenty minutes or so.

My friends noticed MR. SOTHERN'S advertisements, pictures of *Lord Dundreary*, which are all over Parry. He will have commenced by the time you get this. I'm afraid that a people who rave about *Lar Grarng Doochayse* (popular on account of SCHNEIDER, DUPUIS, and the music) and *Lar Vee Parreeseang o Pallay Rroyarl* (a very mild piece, well acted by MM. BRASSEUR and HYACINTHE, spun out into five acts) will not care for *Milord Dundreary.*

May noo vayrrong,
I hope I'm wrong.

What my friends liked was the *arbangdong* of Parisian life. The lounge at the Kaffay at night, the *sodars*, the *seephongs*, the *granny dorrarnge* (which I have, I think, once before explained, is not the "grandmother of an orange," but a sort of iced orangeade, most refreshing), the perpetual motion in the streets, the bright toilets, and the utter absence, apparently, of all business whatever.

TOMMY MUMPSON, who is to be my second, has arrived here. I quite forgot that I had asked TOMMY to come. The duel *is* to come off (bother it!), as it is the fashion for literary people to fight in France now-a-days. TOMMY was in a great rage on the first day. There is only one bath in the Hôtel du Helder, and as I had it first, then passed it on to my friends, TOMMY was waiting an hour for *ler bairng*, and ringing angrily every other five minutes. I think TOMMY will go back again if he's not treated better. But what a state of civilisation does this absence of baths represent!

A week more, and you will know my fate. We are not to fight on horseback, but with rapiers. I have had a lesson. My master commenced with a great salute, waving his sword to the left and the right, like the KING OF HUNGARY at his coronation. If my adversary does this, I think I can run in and settle the matter off-hand. I can say afterwards that I didn't know anything about the saluting. All's fair in love and war.

Ardeeur ar praysong. Raysvay may kongseedayrarsiong plew deestarn-gay, &c. &c.

P. THE G.

THE HOLY SEE AND SCIENCE.

THE POPE in this age of astounding inventions
Must needs something do to sustain his pretensions.
His shrill Allocutions beat railways—in scream,
Encyclicals top all the triumphs of steam.
New arms of precision produce let the nations,
The POPE makes new saints by new canonisations.:
To outdo electrical telegraphs' wonders
In Bulls he, without electricity, thunders,
Does, bent on surpassing our new facts, promulgate
New dogmas, that stand on no ground in the Vulgate.
The greatest's behind. With the proper facility,
He's next to define his own infallibility;
And thus will St. Peter's omission repair:
Since Peter, if Peter first filled the POPE'S chair,
That point didn't settle, but left it in doubt,
To be, eighteen hundred years after, found out.
But Peter of Peter's own business knew lesser
It seems, than doth PIUS, his present successor.

A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

DON'T call a man a Tory because he protests against the supremacy of numbers. The Toryism of to-day is Democracy. A real Tory, if a Democrat called him a Tory, might justly reply, "You're another." Your genuine old Tory held the divine right of kings. Your out-and-out modern Democrat holds the divine right of the people. His maxim is, *Vox populi vox Dei.* One acknowledges an absolute monarch; the other, an absolute multitude. The Democrat bows down to a sovereign people as basely as the Tory did to a sovereign lord. A Tory and a Democrat are as wide as the poles asunder; yes, and as much alike as the North Pole and the South; and each is equally remote from the Temperate Zone.

THEATRICAL.—MR. GEORGE VINING is thinking of restoring SHAKSPEARE at the Princess's. Terms are already being arranged with the Tower Hamlets.



A BROAD HINT.

Upstairs Lodger (bursting into the First Floor; time 1.30 A.M). "NOBODY HURT, I HOPE? OH, I BEG PARDON, BUT I HEARD SUCH A SHRILL SCREAM JUST NOW, I DID NOT FEEL JUSTIFIED IN REMAINING IN BED!"

THE SWEATING OF SOVEREIGNS.

O FREEDOM from tormenting cares!
It would be such a blessed thing,
That, safe to make my own affairs,
Almost I fain would be a king.
But what a life must sovereigns lead!
Of income though they rest secure,
Perhaps the lifelong fear of need
Not equals all that they endure.

They 're sure of their three meals a-day,
Of house-room and apparel—true.
But, well indeed, they earn their pay,
If any slaving mortals do.
From early morn till late at night,
Hard fagging monarchs cannot cease.
In quiet thought denied delight,
They never know a moment's peace.

'Tis not the dull routine of State,
The documents to sign and seal,
That I should so intensely hate,
If I reigned o'er the commonweal.
Nor is it any mental task,
That active kingship might demand,
Or Government's direction ask—
Such simple labour I could stand.

'Tis all that pomp, parade, and show,
Day after day, for evermore;
Which weary sovereigns undergo,
That I should vote so great a bore.
Those levees, drawing-rooms, and balls,
Which oft, in guise grotesque arrayed,
They needs must hold in gilded halls,
(Or ought to) for the good of trade.

'Tis laying those foundation stones,
"Inaugurating," as they say,
Those statues, that would make a throne's
Work, to my mind, beyond all pay.
'Tis that kings ever must allow
Addresses to fatigue their ears;
Where 'er they go, compelled to bow
Acknowledgment of idle cheers.

'Twould irk me being, any night,
Required to dance just when one feels
Disposed a bland cigar to light,
Or smoke a pipe, and rest one's heels.
Engaged in a perpetual round
Of solemn, tedious, trifling things,
I hardly think I would be crowned
To lead the life that 's led by kings.

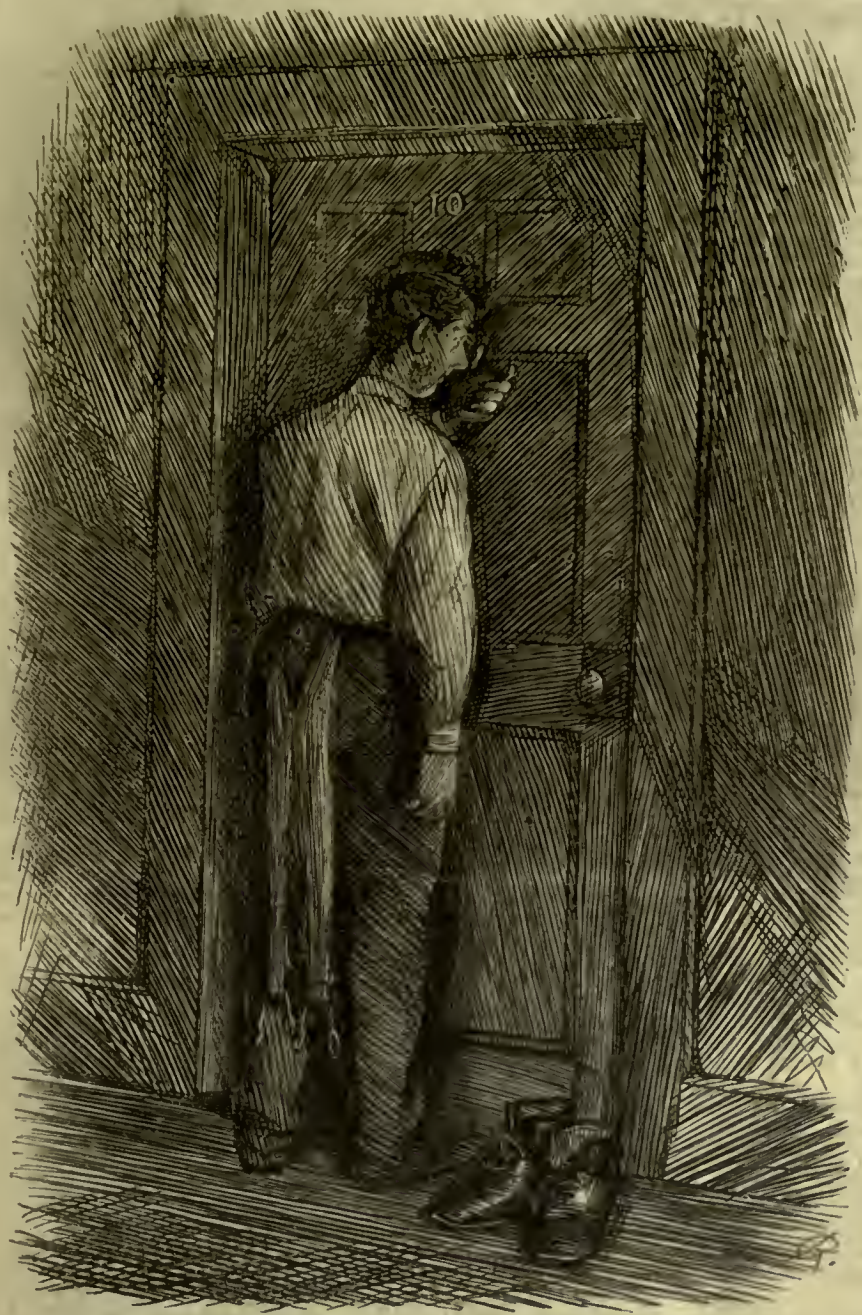
No, scarce to gain a mind at ease,
Nor live in dread of fall delayed,
Beneath the sword of DAMOCLES,
With "workhouse" written on the blade.
But if I did accept the part
Of Royal pageantry and show;
I 'd act it out with all mine art,
And pay the debt which sovereigns owe.

For the Use of the Belgians.

THE Camp at Wimbledon will this year offer a fresh attraction in the shape of a Journal, to be called *The Daily Bullet—in*, and to be filled with the latest reports from every quarter of the Common.

POISON IN THE BOWL.—*Hot Weather.*—Advice by our own Cockney. Don't put Ice in your Champagne. It's Pison. How do I know this? Because it comes from Venom Lake.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 21, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, July 13, 1867.



QUEEN'S HOTEL, AMBLESIDE, 3 O'CLOCK, A.M.

"TOM!" (*No response.*)
"I SAY, TOM!" (*No answer.*)
"TOM!" (*A muffled grunt.*)
"TOM—FIRE!"
"EH? WHAT? WHAT DO YOU SAY?"
"I SAY TOM, DO YOU THINK YOUR KEY WILL FIT MY BAG?"
"*No*—'T WON'T—CHUBB!" [*Objurgations and Midnight Disturber retires.*

SIX MONTHS OF LIFE-SAVING.

A REPORT just issued by the National Lifeboat Institution affirms that in the first half of this present year of grace no fewer than four hundred and forty-three lives have been saved by the lifeboats on our coasts. A society which saves nearly a thousand lives a-year (in 1866 it saved nine hundred and twenty-one) is certainly deserving of liberal support. Conservative support should also be extended to it, and Radicals and Tories ought to vie with one another in trying who can help it by the biggest cheque. The office is at 14, John Street, Adelphi, where the Secretary is ready to respond to all inquiries as to the great service yearly rendered by the lifeboats, and where the largest contributions are most thankfully received.

PASHA AND PADISHAH;

OR, PUTTING A FACE ON IT.

EAST and West a hob-a-nobbing,
Giaour and Moslem hand-in-hand,
Fez and Chimney-pot a-bobbing,
Side by side, along the Strand!
Who says 'tis an age prosaic,
Common-place, in dulness drowned,
When, dovetailed in strange mosaic,
Contrasts such as these are found?

In the days of great AL-RASCHID,
What would Moslem Sheiks have thought,
Had the CALIPH thus his rash head
To the British Lions brought!
Think of crews of red-cross Galleys,
Rhodian warriors, or Maltese,
Changing their crusading sallies
For civilities like these!

Lo, the stagnant East upheaving,
Stirs with feverish unrest,
Impulse 'gainst its will receiving
From the forces of the West.
Pasha, Padishah, saluting,
Through the Railway's rush and scream,
See Kent's pleasant fields go shooting
Past them, like a hachich-dream:

See a country all of gardens,
See a realm of steam and spade;
Labour, Law, and Peace its wardens,
None to make its sons afraid:
See its fair face at the fairest,
Not the nakedness below:
Who art thou thy sores that barest?
Pauper?—Hence, nor spoil the show!

We 've a Padishah to dazzle,
We 've a Pasha to amaze;
We 've to teach them England *has* all
That makes prosper, all that *pays*.
Keep the paupers in the Union,
Lock the vagrants in the ward;
From such frowsy, foul, communion
Needs our Eastern Guests we guard.

Show our millions of toilers,
Mete their work and count their pay:
How the engines burst their boilers,
Here and there, no need to say.
If Trades-Unions threaten, picket,
Ratten, murder, now and then—
On such dark facts close the wicket—
Blue Beard's closet o'er again.

Don't present our guests to Bumble;
Keep him from our village schools:
There are things at which we fumble,
Or come down between two stools.
Union sick-wards smell unpleasant;
Workhouse nurs'ries breed foul air:
Don't show how we house the peasant,
Or the Padishah might stare.

If your House he deigns to visit,
M.P.'s, let your hands be clean:
Though that 's a scarce the feature (is it?),
By observers soonest seen.
Would he learn how you can cobble?
The Reform Bill let him see:
Would he watch a party-hobble?
Of the Carlton make him free.

Generally, keep the platter'
On the outside very clean ....
Let sensation-writers chatter—
Things are judged by what is seen.
Eastern princes, stolid, stunted,
Must be taught to know the West—
So let ugly truths be shunted—
Those that can't, make look their best.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ELL me, dear *Mr. Punch*," writes a young and lovely correspondent, enclosing her photograph, henceforth enshrined among Our Pets, "tell me why you ended your last delightful Essence (the only politics I ever read) with a Thursday. You always give Friday also, and I hate to be cheated." "Dear young and lovely Correspondent," replies *Mr. Punch*, "the reason was Beans. Once a year it hath ever been so, I hope ever will be so. Conceive a Feast of Beans, and its arrangements demanding earlier closing of the Golden Inkstand. Are you answered, dear? But you shall not be cheated." On

Friday, July 5, we got again upon Reform. We discussed the Cumulative Vote, and had a very good debate, in which the best men joined. LORD CRANBORNE said that the Monarchial principle was dead, that the Aristocratic principle was now being sentenced to death, and the Democratic principle was to be left unchecked. MR. DISRAELI denied that the Monarchy was dead, and asserted that LORD CRANBORNE, as one who had been an able Minister, must have felt that the Sovereign exercised a salutary criticism in all departments. The Aristocracy would never die while it produced men like LORD CRANBORNE. He was not afraid of the terrible word Democracy, or of a measure which would confer, at the utmost, 350,000 votes, upon men "born, bred, and brought up under the laws, manners, and traditions of the country—considerations that went far beyond Flesh and Blood." MR. LOWE finished with a defence of the Cumulative Vote, and various awful warnings. The Vote was then rejected by 314 to 173.

We beguiled the later hours with an ill-natured wrangle over the conduct of some Country Magistrates who had served out a couple of alleged poachers after the fashion of Country Magistrates when dealing with such persons. MR. PETER TAYLOR brought the matter up, as was natural, he being Member for Leicester, and the circumstances having occurred at Salisbury, and MR. HARDY was so angry with him that other Members interfered, and the battle became somewhat general. The word Game——

By Demogorgon, a light flashes on us. There is a passage in *Shakspeare* which has baffled all the Commentators. It is where the Windsor Landlord asks, "Cry'd I game?" Nobody expounds it satisfactorily. SHAKSPEARE (a reputed poacher) must have heard the word "game" pronounced among a lot of preserving Magistrates, like SIR THOMAS LUCY, and seen how it stirred up the most stupid into life and anger. "Cry'd I game?" means "Have I waked you up?" To this day, in the House of Commons, do but name a partridge and a poacher, and the Country Gentlemen are awake and roaring.

Monday. LORD PORTMAN made the oddest proposal in the Lords. It was that a Bishop should be enabled to consecrate a churchyard without going to the place. Being a spiritual peer it was enough for him to attend in spirit. The refinement was too much for the Peers.

LORD SHAFTESBURY still broils over the slow fire of the Ritualistic Commission. He attacked the PRIMATE for having written something about the inexpediency of Parliament's meddling with the Prayer Book, without the concurrence of Convocation. The Archbishop defended himself satisfactorily; but Convocation is a sham. We should not desire to see the Hebrew, Unitarian, or other Dissenting Members editing the Church Prayer Book; but if the Bishops cannot do it, we must have some other and more popular machinery than Convocation, and its gravamenivorous orators.

MR. DISRAELI announced what all with American friends will like to hear. By a new Convention, the postage between JOHN and JONATHAN is to be reduced from a shilling to sixpence, or as fast young ladies would say, from a bob to a bender.

Who brought the cavalry from Aldershot to Hounslow, for the intended review, and kept them from 8 or 9 in the morning till 4 in the afternoon without rations? SIR JOHN PAKINGTON determined to find out, and did. It was our Deputy Commissary General. He has actually been removed from his district. Nay, wonderful to relate, no Military Member scoffed or stormed at a civilian for asking the question.

Reform again. As all City men live out of town, we enlarged the area of their residences (for voting purposes) to twenty-five miles. We decreed that the police should not have votes, but that thieves and other bad characters, if they had houses, (as hundreds have,) should have votes! LORD EUSTACE CECIL was for disqualifying any one who had been convicted, but MR. GLADSTONE was not for punishing twice, but for restoring offenders to liberty and hope. We own that if we were in prison it would be a great and blessed thought to us, and one which would make us earnestly labour to become good, to reflect that on emerging and getting a house, we might vote for SERJEANT GASELEE, MR. WHALLEY, or MR. TOM CHAMBERS. MR. HENLEY thought, and rightly, that in early life men may be convicted of small offences, of which they become ashamed, and for which they ought not to suffer all their days. But there are offences which ought to exclude a man for ever. A conviction for cruelty of any kind to woman, child, or beast, is one. Omitting to read *Punch* is another, unless the plea of idiotcy be set up, as it might successfully be.

MR. BEAUMONT tried to get a Second Member for Huddersfield, and failed.

MR. J. B. SMITH wished to shut all public-houses on election-days, but withdrew his motion.

MR. DILWYN tried to get a Second Member for Swansea, and failed.

MR. GLADSTONE wished to get more Members for South Lancashire. If we could get some more like himself, it would be the thing to do, but as this could not be secured, the proposal was rejected.

COLONEL GILPIN (Conservative) tried to take away four Members from as many small boroughs, and give the seats to Luton, Keighley, Barnsley, and St. Helen's. Rather an amusing debate. MR. DENMAN fought for Tiverton (which would have gone down), MR. WALROND protested against more sacrifices to the political Moloch, SERJEANT GASELEE again proclaimed his geographical ignorance, of which he seems proud, and SIR ROBERT PEEL made some fun about Luton, and its straw-workers, and its lax morals. At length we dismounted GILPIN by 224 to 195.

Tuesday. Resuming Reform, MR. DISRAELI, in his pleasantest manner, informed MR. WHALLEY, who intruded a proposal about deferring part of the Bill, that he, the CHANCELLOR, was so perfectly satisfied with things as they were, that he could not disturb so agreeable a prospect.

One more decision of importance. We returned to the question about giving notice to the rate-payer to fork out. We agreed to MR. LOCKE'S clause (amended by MR. HARDY), for securing such a notice, and the *Star* considers this important, and exultingly adds, that Absolute Household Suffrage has virtually become the law of the land.

And so the Reform Bill passed through Committee. The schedules (pronounced "sheddles" by some Members), were settled, and the preamble was agreed to. There was some shouting.

In the Lords, to-day, EARL DERBY said that he shared in the feeling of horror which had been excited in every civilised country by the barbarous and useless murder of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. The House of Lords applauded. As *Punch* goes everywhere, he records this demonstration.

MR. WHALLEY, intruding himself for the second time, in reference to a foul book, purporting to be a translation from Roman Catholic works, received a contemptuous snub from MR. HARDY, who spoke as a gentleman speaks when a person invites his attention to something loathsome. But we doubt whether MURPHY'S friend felt the meaning of the answer.

Some Irishmen have a notion that Ireland is over-taxed. She is not, and MR. DISRAELI left MR. HUNT to explain this, as he did cleverly. "Take a tenth of our income, Sir. Ay, that they do, and they'd take a twentieth, if they dared," said an Irishman once, on tithes. The complaint to-night was not much more to the purpose.

Wednesday. A good man, and a most useful Member, who has represented Birmingham, in the Liberal interest, for twenty years, MR. WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, had died, somewhat suddenly. MR. NEWDEGATE bore a tribute to the merits of this gentleman, and it was warmly applauded on all sides.

MR. BRUCE moved the Second Reading of a Bill for the education of the poor. It is a step towards compulsory secular teaching. The usual arguments against disturbing existing systems, and the necessity of religious instruction were paraded, until time to adjourn. But a sentence from MR. FORSTER, ultra-liberal, may be worth heeding: "The Dangerous Class is greatly increasing." But we won't diminish it by the School Class—we are too "conscientious" for that.

Thursday. LORD STANLEY gave admirable reasons why England should take no action in reference to the murder of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. We must not withdraw our representative, for his business is to assert the claims of British subjects against the Mexican Governments. Doubtless the latter would be very glad to see their creditors' attorney withdraw.

The Trades' Union Outrages Commissioners believe that there are

other places besides Sheffield where bad work has been going on, and Parliament is to give them powers to make new inquiries. MR. FORSTER severely condemned Sheffield, and said that were there a proper public feeling there, it would be impossible for the miscreants BROADHEAD and CROOKES to be carrying on their business as usual, whereas one was doing a thriving trade as a publican, and the other was the lion of a tap-room. MR. GLADSTONE hoped that indemnities would be granted with the utmost caution. MR. HADFIELD said that the people of Sheffield had professed the utmost indignation at the outrages. "So," said MR. BOUVERIE, "had BROADHEAD himself, and he had offered rewards for conviction." SIR G. GREY hoped that that scoundrel's public-house would be shut up at the earliest moment allowed by law. MR. T. HUGHES believed that the truth could have been got at without indemnities. MR. HARDY thought not, as such outrages had been going on for years. SIR R. PALMER, admitting that for the sake of public advantage exceptional measures might be taken, protested against any unnecessary extension of indemnities. The House generally seemed to think that the authorities and police of Sheffield had proved strangely ineffective.

The Bankruptcy Bill was thrown over for this Session.

Friday. The first Sultan who has ever visited England, made his entry into London, *viâ* the Charing Cross Station. The selection of the day shows that the Shadow of Providence is not a Sabbatarian. Having duly cheered the Padishah, in the Park, as he went to Buckingham Palace, *Mr. Punch* proceeded to the House of Commons to finish off the report on the Reform Bill. Several small fights occurred, again was the right of the pensive convict to a vote successfully defended, the ballot was again rejected, and, in compliance with *Mr. Punch's* hint, the Committee decided to allow Oxford and Cambridge University lodgers to vote for those boroughs. Finally, the Bill was ordered for Third Reading on the following Monday.

Mr. Punch seldom despairs of anything, but is quite unequal to describe the crowning foolery of the week. When he mentions that MR. WHALLEY made a speech against lighting up the fine crypt beneath the House, as tending to encourage Popery, *Mr. Punch* hardly expects to be believed, but it is true. Has this unfortunate WHALLEY no friend except MURPHY, the firebrand lecturer?

THE LATE PANIC.



"CASTE."

CERTAINLY the political world, and we may add the entire community, have lately been thrown into an unexampled state of excitement, amounting almost to agitation. The cause is too well known to make it necessary for us to dwell upon it. Anxiety has been painfully branded on every brow, and the more timid among us have feared that an unsettlement, not to say an overthrow, of our institutions was at hand. We have not shared that fear, although we admit that the serious character of the crisis could scarcely be exaggerated. Writing at the moment of relief, and with a thankful sense of the safety of the nation, we do not yet feel equal to giving adequate utterance to our emotions. We can but congratulate our country and mankind. It may be a question whether some national rite or celebration should not indicate the national feeling of gratitude.

In a word, almost needless, MR. LUCRAFT, OF THE REFORM LEAGUE, was stated "TO HAVE IMPUTED TRICKERY AND POLITICAL DISHONESTY TO MR. GLADSTONE AND TO MR. BRIGHT."

No sooner was the rumour in circulation, than MR. GLADSTONE, with that keen sense of delicate honour which is his characteristic, withdrew himself from the House of Commons. He refused to attend to any Parliamentary business, and even ordered a messenger, who had brought him a Blue Book, to be sent away. It was feared that the Right Hon. Gentleman would suffer physically as well as mentally from so tremendous a visitation, and a footman was ordered to ascertain whether DR. JENNER were in town, in case his services might be needed. Happily, the precaution was unnecessary, MR. GLADSTONE bearing up with manly fortitude. But MR. BRIGHT's habitually resolute nature recoiled from the blow, and he hastily went home, and retired to bed, stating that perhaps he might never rise from it again, but that certainly he would never do so until the heavy affliction should be removed. Straw was, by medical advice, laid before his door. A contemporary says tan, but we have reason to know that our report is accurate.

It was felt, however, that let the errors of two such men as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT be what they might, their punishment ought not to be such as must deprive the nation of their services. MR. DISRAELI, forgetting antagonisms, at once ordered his brougham, and drove to the office of the League, where MR. BEALES was, providentially, in attendance. After waiting some time, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was admitted to the presence of the great Leaguer, to whom he respectfully stated the case. MR. BEALES heard him with much kindness and condescension, and allowed that his own feelings would have prompted him to seek indulgence for the offenders, "but," he said, confidentially, "LUCRAFT is a rum 'un."

Urged, however, by MR. DISRAELI (who not unfairly pleaded his own Reform services), MR. BEALES assented to consult MR. ODGER. MR. DISRAELI returned to convey this information to MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT. It was not thought prudent, by the relatives of either, to disturb his mind with hopes which might be illusory, and it was decided to wait. MR. BEALES kept his word, and spoke to MR. ODGER, who talked to MR. ROGERS, who in turn communicated with MR. BUBB, and that gentleman saw MR. GILL, who, with MR. BAXTER LANGLEY, MR. COOPER, MR. CUFFEY, PROFESSOR BEESLEY, and others, waited on MR. LUCRAFT, and besought him to reconsider what he had said. MR. LUCRAFT at once *denied that he had used the words in the way supposed.* Telegrams were instantly dispatched to the residences of MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT, and no time was lost in assuring those gentlemen that they were not under the ban of MR. LUCRAFT. MR. GLADSTONE received the news with gentlemanly calmness, MR. BRIGHT with more demonstrative joy, but it is a pleasing thing to note that MR. DISRAELI, when apprised of the truth, was so delighted that he instantly penned autograph letters of congratulation to his two political adversaries. But this was not all. A meeting of the League was summoned, and it took place, as the newspapers show, on Wednesday evening. After long addresses from MR. BEALES and the other leaders, which were adapted to the solemnity of the occasion, MR. LUCRAFT publicly and deliberately declared that he did not mean to charge MR. GLADSTONE and MR. BRIGHT in the way alleged. The loudest cheering followed, MR. BEALES in a noble fervour exclaimed, "I congratulate the Council," and reports of the proceedings were ordered to be sent to MESSRS. GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DISRAELI. Circumstances prevented a general illumination, but when the news spread, the public mind was so largely relieved that the streets were filled as usual, and many persons continued walking about until a late hour.

MR. GLADSTONE is as well as could be expected, but MR. BRIGHT still suffers, and will probably leave town from Saturday till Monday. We in our turn congratulate both gentlemen, Parliament, the Nation, and humanity, upon this happy deliverance from the most severe blow which has ever menaced two great English statesmen. We shudder to think of the frightful result, had the original story been true.

Worthies in Wax-work.

OF course, MESSRS. BROADHEAD, CROOKES, and HALLAM will very soon be added to MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. It is to be hoped that the group in which their figures will be arranged will be completed with the effigies of PROFESSOR BEESLEY.

PUSH ALONG, SULTAN!

THE Padishah complains that whereas his great pleasure is to be ABDUL *Assis*, ever since he has visited the restless West he has been ABDUL, not *assis*, but ABDUL on the move!

A New Commandment.

A NEW Commandment BARING's zeal
Has added to the roll;
MOSES commands, "Thou shalt not *steal*;"
BARING, "Thou shalt not *stole!*"

NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

WHERE should *Mr. Punch's* Sphinx (the Right Hon. B–N D–L–I) and the VICEROY OF EGYPT meet, but in the Egyptian Hall?



WAIT TILL YOU 'RE ASKED!

SCENE—*A delightful Musical Party at a Private House.*

PERFORMERS—THE STATELY MLLE. TIETJENS, THE CHARMING MLLE. NILSSON, THE FASCINATING MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, THE PIQUANT MADAME DEMERIC-LABLACHE, AND SIGNOR GARDONI AND MONSIEUR JULES LEFORT.

Amateur Singer, No. 1 (*with a sort of a tenor*). "SHALL YOU SING TO-NIGHT, SMITH?"

Amateur Singer, No. 2 (*with a kind of a bass*). "N—NO—A—I'VE BEEN SO FOOLISH AS TO FORGET TO BRING ANY MUSIC. SHALL YOU?"

Amateur Singer, No. 1. "WELL—A—NO! I'VE A—MOST ATROCIOUS COLD!"

CRIMINALS BEFORE CONSTABLES.

LET us praise the House of Commons, that policemen voteless leaves,
And refuses to disfranchise the convicted rogues and thieves.
Fears that Government dictation honest constables will sway;
Credits criminals for voting in a conscientious way.

When the sentence of a pickpocket or burglar has expired,
We presume that his correction has achieved the end desired.
When you let him out of prison then you set a convict free;
And a freeman's rights to exercise a proper fellow 's he.

Why, oh why, should we deprive the punished footpad of his vote?
What if once his thumb and fingers did compress a human throat?
All garotters with the suffrage to society restore,
Whipped and chastened, when their term of penal servitude is o'er.

Or if whipped though still unchastened, give the robber still a voice
In the State; let every thief elect the Member of his choice.
In the Council of the Nation let all classes, great and small,
Name them what you like, be represented; rogues and thieves and all.

Right and wrong, say modern sages, are no more than right and left,
Merely matter of opinion; men may take two views of theft.
In the New Collective Wisdom vent let all opinions find:
Let the pickpocket and felon through their Members speak their mind.

Only from the House of Commons Law and Order's minions bar;
From the Hall of Legislation far be ye, profane, oh far!
In the Parliament of Britain no police-staff part shall hear:
But we'll put the burglar's jemmy in its due position there.

RITUALISM AT HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE POPE'S Ecclesiastical Exhibition appears to have astonished the Roman correspondent of the *Times*, who remarks thereon:—

"The spectacle was grand, the moral impression which it created grander, and I pity the man, whatever his creed, who could contemplate without deep feeling the sincere devotion, the undoubting faith, the pious exultation of so many thousands of his fellow creatures."

Why, yes. Of course one would pity the man who, holding the Roman Catholic creed, could fail to contemplate, without deep feeling, the devotion which he knew to be sincere, the faith which he considered to be not only undoubting but true, and the exultation which he regarded as not more pious than reasonable. Equally deserving of pity is the Protestant or the Jew, or any other non-Roman-Catholic capable of contemplating, without very deep feeling indeed, a spectacle of sincere devotion which he judges to be misdirected, of undoubting faith which he thinks erroneous, and of pious exultation which he deems groundless, exhibited by many thousands of his fellow-creatures. The contemplation of such a spectacle must excite in the minds of thinking men a feeling which is a great deal too deep to be advantageously dwelt upon.

Addicti Jurare.

IT is stated that the SULTAN will not be able to eat meat while here, because the infidel butchers, unlike those of Turkey, do not appeal to the Superior Powers, when slaughtering. We imagine that the SULTAN'S advisers have not been much acquainted with the English butcher, and we assure the Padishah that he need not fast on the ground specified.



THE ILLUSTRIOUS CONVALESCENT.

MR. BULL. "YOU A SICK MAN! HA! HA!—I KNEW MY CRIMEAN DOCTORS WOULD SET YOU UP, AND THIS VISIT WILL DO YOU ALL THE GOOD IN THE WORLD."



GOOD MEAT ILL-DRESSED.

Grand Hôtel du Louvre, July 13.



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Papa has brought us over here for three weeks. It is most delightful and really not at all expensive, all things considered—particularly as Papa franks us all—and we are enjoying ourselves very much. The *Exposition* is immense fun, when you get accustomed to it, and know your way about; and luckily AGNES and I have been used to long walks, and get on very well, without Bath-chairs. FRED HARDY, who is our neighbour at home, and who goes out this year in the poll at Cambridge, and is a member of the Alpine Club, is here now, and *so* kind to us. He says he has calculated that "we do our twenty miles a-day, and come up smiling" after it. He is *so* funny. If you could hear him, you would not be surprised, I'm sure, even if we came up laughing, sometimes. I don't know how we should get on without FRED. Of course, Mamma has a Bath-chair, and as she and Papa can't go *our pace*, we don't see much of them in the *Exposition*. And as FRED is a neighbour, Papa says he doesn't mind trusting us to his escort. Now, please, don't think I'm going to bother you with my remarks on the *Exposition*. But there is *one* thing which wants putting to-rights sadly. And FRED says that if I write to you, and say what I have to say *very prettily*, he has no doubt you will make a representation in the proper quarter, he isn't quite sure whether that means MR. HENRY COLE, C.B., or the EMPEROR, but he is quite sure that through one or the other, or both together, the thing will be done at once.

You must know, then, that the national *restaurants* and *buffets* are an immense feature in the great Paris show. We've been round the whole of them, on what FRED calls the culinary grand tour. He has actually persuaded Mamma and Papa to take us all to dinner in the Austrian *Restauration;* and it was the funniest dinner. We had never seen one of the dishes before; and FRED says he doesn't care if he never sees any of them again; and I really think we all agree with him. AGNES and I didn't feel well for a week, and Mamma was quite ill, and even Papa was what he calls "off his feed" all the next day. He thinks it was the carraway seeds in the bread, but Mamma says it was the beer, which we all thought so nice and so refreshing that we drank I don't know how many of those big glass jugs—*schoppen*, I think they call them. But the great attraction of these places is not what you get to eat and drink, but the girls who wait on you. They are dressed in their national costumes, and so coquettishly most of them! Outside the Spanish *café*, where there is generally an immense crowd, the guests are served by Spanish girls, with rich olive complexions, delicate little *retroussée* noses, low straight eyebrows, and round chins. You never saw anything more becoming than their costume, full purple satin skirts, white lace shawls and aprons, with high combs and damask roses in their raven black hair, twisted in a great flat curl on each side of the face. In these charming dresses they trip about with coffee and ices, chocolate, and orgeat, on the daintiest little shoes with enormously high heels. FRED declares they talk beautiful Spanish, and says that till we came he spent a great deal of time at the Spanish *café* for the sake of the language, as he is thinking of a trip to the *Sierra Nevada* next long.

Then in the Russian *café* there is such a tall stately girl with blue eyes and fair hair, and a clear colour, with a sort of a diadem on her head, and no end of ribbons floating behind her, who I suppose speaks Russian very prettily, for she has a great many young men always studying the language about her. And she has a masculine waiter to help her in a light crimson tunic and white trousers who seems a great favourite. Then in Holland you are waited upon by plump, pleasant-looking Dutch girls, in round caps, with lace lappets, and great gold plates on their temples. And the Swedish restaurant has its Swedish maiden, with her scarlet jacket, and silver tags, and buttons, and laces, all setting off a very pretty modest face and the most dazzlingly fair complexion. FRED declares she's enamelled, but we know better. And in the Austrian restaurant the other day the ices and even the beer were served by the prettiest young waitresses, one in particular, whom FRED declared was perfectly fascinating, with her dark hair in a club, and over it a little crimson *haube*, which FRED tells me is the correct German word for a cap worn over the back hair,—much prettier, he says, than a *chignon*—and a scarlet and gold bodice, with thin white muslin sleeves, and a blue silk petticoat. It seems rather gaudy to read, doesn't it? But as she wore the dress, I can assure you we all thought it most becoming.

Then there are the French flower-girls going about in their elegant lace caps, and skirts looped up with bunches of violets, and their fresh bouquets, and neat scissors hanging by silver chains from their belts to cut rosebuds for the gentlemen, rather bold you know, but so clever, and pleasant, and pretty in their ways. And even the fat, indolent *dame de comptoir* at the Tunisian *café*, with her long sleepy almond eyes, fringed with *kohl*—FRED says that's the right way to spell it; I spelt it "coal:" it's some black stuff they use to tinge the lower eyelid,—who looks almost too lazy to give change to her customers, or to pile the lumps of sugar in the little trays, seems to have quite a levée of admirers about her, and is bewitchingly got up *à l'orientale*.

Of course, as a woman, one likes to see women admired, and as an Englishwoman one would like to be properly represented in this part of the *Exposition*. Now, the effect of a woman depends not on face and figure only, but on face, figure, and dress. As far as face and figure go, I am bound to admit that the young ladies in the English refreshment department can quite hold their own against the foreigners, but as for costume! It may be very provoking to think we haven't such a thing as a national dress left in England. All the more reason, I say, somebody should invent one for the *Exposition*. Why shouldn't we have English, Scotch, and Irish lasses prettily and picturesquely got up for the occasion? I've no doubt that MADAME ELISE, or better still, MR. MAY, of Bow Street, who got up the costume of our private theatricals, and dressed LADY STUNNER'S *tableaux* last season, would do it beautifully. And by all I hear, I suspect it would be quite as like the real thing as the Spanish, Russian, or Swedish dresses I have described are like anything one sees in Madrid, Moscow, or Stockholm. But real, or make believe, what I say is that they're charming. And it's too provoking, in the midst of all this pretty foreign masquerading, to find England unable to rise above the Mugby Junction style of toilette. FRED says it is the case of the English cuisine over again—excellent meat, but inartistically cooked, and badly served up.

I suppose MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND think that as good wine needs no bush, so the pretty faces of old England require no recommendation from attractive costume. Even as a lady I don't agree with them. And FRED says, that as a gentleman, he doesn't.

So please, *Mr. Punch*, make the proper representation in the proper quarter, and either get MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND to reform the dress of their waiting-women, or, if they won't, tell MR. HENRY COLE, and he'll send over a body of properly qualified costumiers by the first van he may be dispatching from South Kensington.

I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,
Your constant, though much mortified reader,
LEILA.

THUGGISM NATIVE AND FOREIGN.

THUGGISM with its tender blood-red blossoms, has been transplanted from India's soft enervating air to one of our keenest northern towns. On its native soil we believe it was languishing, for this rare exotic has a strong inclination for the shade, and will perish in our cold climate if only a little light is thrown on it. KALEE, its first cultivator, trained it with his own hands, inspired by feelings of superstitious devotion. Here agents as assiduous, but entirely free from fanaticism, are employed at fair wages to watch its creeping tendrils day and night. Not labour alone, but capital, has contributed to promote its growth. The precious metal in fine dust has been sprinkled over its roots, and a system of forcing adopted with startling results. So successful indeed has been the improved mode of culture, that the Thuggism of commerce now produces a gold leaf as brilliant as any by which the choicest instruments of assassination—those emblazoned with the indelible stamp of infamy—are gilt.

Trades' Unions Law Superseded.

THERE can be no doubt that Trades' Unions would never resort to assassination as a punishment for disobedience to their edicts, if that offence were severely punishable by law, as no doubt it will be when the members of those societies enjoy that preponderance in the Legislature which will result from the perfect representation of their numbers.

THEY KNOW BETTER.

ONE of the Newspapers having spoken of the rush that there was to see the VICEROY in the Zoological Gardens on Sunday week as an "*émeule*," the senior Emeu in that establishment, on behalf of himself and his colleagues, wishes thus publicly to announce that they took no part in it.

GASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

THE hippophagists of France are said to have invented a new dish of horse soup, namely, a *Consommé aux œufs*, in which the eggs have been obtained from a mare's-nest.

A HOWL FROM HACKNEY.

MR. PUNCH is ever attentive to humble appeals from those whom in the discharge of his tremendous functions, he may seem to have wronged. It will usually be found, however, that any complaint against his justice is utterly ill-founded.

"CÆSAR doth never wrong, but with just cause."

A complaint has been lodged in *Mr. Punch's* court, by the *Hackney Gazette*. That organ alleges that *Mr. Punch*, in his "Essence of Parliament," has inaccurately described the position of the new borough, which is of course proud of being called into notice by Parliament, and naturally wishes people to know all about itself. *Mr. Punch* stated that Hackney was "between Islington, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, or some of those barbarous regions." The *H. G.* says that it is "as far from being *between* those regions as *Mr. Punch* is wrong."

Now this is rather too cool. The idea of a Hackney person pretending to know where he lives better than *Mr. Punch!* That gentleman respectfully assures the Hackney editor that he knows nothing at all about it, and had better shut up. *Punch dixit.*

But, as even the Dogmas of Infallibility are challenged in these days, *Mr. Punch* will refer his friend to the *Handbook of London*, written by MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM, and published by MR. JOHN MURRAY. Page 219:—

"HACKNEY. A suburban manor and parish (etymology unknown) *bounded by* Low Layton and Walthamstow on the N., by St. Leonard's, *Shoreditch*, on the S., by *Bethnal Green*, on the E., and Tottenham, Stoke Newington, and *Islington*, on the W."

There! If a place "bounded by" other places, is not "between" them, *Mr. Punch* is an ignoramus, and SERJEANT GASELEE understands Geography.

Mr. Punch is happy to hear from the *H. G.* that Hackney "supplies more readers, and appreciative readers, too, for his generally most excellent periodical than any one district around London."

"Than any one of the districts" would be better English; but when affection guides the pen, a brute alone would quarrel with the style. We have given the *Hackney Gazette* an answer—and an advertisement.



HINT FOR LUNCH IN A TENT.—DON'T PUT "SPOONS" AT THE END OF A TABLE!

INDIGNATION MEETING OF ROUGHS.

A NUMEROUSLY attended meeting of London Roughs took place yesterday in Trafalgar Square, to denounce the presentment lately made by the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court Sessions with regard to the violent assaults and robberies which have recently been committed in the streets. The stump was occupied by MR. CHOKER, who said he objected to the use of such words as assaults and robberies, which were disrespectful to the order to which he belonged. The acts so called had better be named exertions of physical force, and annexations. The whole presentment was a disgrace to them as made it, particularly the passage which he would now read, as follows:—

"These violent assaults appear to be on the increase, and indicate a growing disposition on the part of the criminal portion of the population to become year by year more savage and outrageous in their actions. The grand jury would respectfully suggest that a liberal application of the lash in all such cases is the fittest punishment for these atrocious offences, and the most probable means that could be adopted for deterring others from committing them If the law does not already provide for the application of this punishment, the grand jury would ask that their suggestion be forwarded to the proper quarter, or at any rate be placed on record as the expression of their opinion based on the evidence before them."

(*Hisses and groans.*) The law did, he was sorry to say, already provide the degrading punishment that the Grand Jury wanted to inflict on them as they insultingly called the criminal classes. You couldn't fetch a bloke a crack over the nob and fake a cly without being let in for a dozen and a half lashes with the cussed cat, and penial servitude besides. That is if you got lagged: but he could congratulate his beloved hearers on the blessed insufficiency of the police. (*Hear, hear!*) You got flogged if you used force. That was bad enough, but what the jury wanted was, no doubt, coves to be whipped for mere prigging. Only for snatchin a ticker in the street they'd like to subject their fellow-countrymen to the lash. (*Hisses, and cries of "Yah!"*) And this was the language they dared to use in speaking of what members of the sovereign people thought fit to do in the assertion of their rights as Englishmen:—

"The offences are of the most cowardly character, and there is nothing from which the ruffian and coward shrinks so much as from physical suffering, of which, though wholly insensible to it when inflicted upon others, he is keenly sensitive in his own person. On behalf of the grand jury. WILLIAM SMALLEY, Foreman."

Three groans for WILLIAM SMALLEY! (*Groans accordingly.*) Three more for the Grand Jury! (*Redoubled groaning.*) He hurled back

such terms as ruffian and coward in their teeth. He was deeply pained at the tone some of the papers took in advocating the application of the lash to garotters, and other defendants that they described as Roughs. (*Ironical cheers.*) Every now and then there was a paragraph giving an art-rendin account of the sufferings of a garotter under the lash, on which leadin articles was written in scorn and ridicule. A part of the Press seemed to gloat over the pangs of the victims that they gave the abusive name of ruffians. (*Yells.*) Them that heard him must be up and doing, or the barbarous suggestion of the sanguinary Grand Jury would be carried out. He observed with pleasure that the House of Commons had rejected a motion to disfranchise convicts. In a reformed representation they would have a good lot of votes, and they must do their best to get a Member returned to represent their peculiar interest. There couldn't be a doubt about the proper party. Who was it that befriended BROADHEAD, and excused CROOKES? (*Cheers, and cries of* "BEESLEY!") Yea, BEESLEY was their man. There ought to be a Member for Ratcliffe Highway, and that Member should be PROFESSOR BEESLEY. But whatever seat he was returned for, he would be the right man in the right place. (*Hear, hear!*) He would accordingly ask them to vote a resolution to the effect following:—"That this meeting do hereby pledge itself to use every effort to secure the return, on the first opportunity, of the Rattener's friend, PROFESSOR BEESLEY, to the House of Commons."

The resolution was seconded, in strong language, by MR. THROTTLES; after which three cheers were given successively, for BEESLEY, BROADHEAD, CROOKES, and HALLAM, and the assembly separated, cursing and swearing.

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE SEVENTEENTH.

MY days are numbered; as, by the way, are everybody else's, beginning with the 1st of January, and so on. But I mean that *mar vee Parreeseean a finny*. Not with a duel, at least, *pars ongkar*. When I am well enough, I have arranged, *sewer mar parrol*, to return and fight in the *Bwaw der Bulloine*, the survivor to breakfast, at his own expense, at the *caffay* by the *karskard*.

Taking my friends (*maysamee*) about sight-seeing all day, driving, walking, theatre-seeing part of the night, *petty soupays* at *Ler Coffay Reesh* or *Lay Trwaw Frayrs*, not to mention the *kongkong* at *Marbeel* (I have had several lessons in this national dance, and intend to introduce it in *Lar Ho Vee* of the *Bo Mongd* on my return, commencing at Islington with the Belgian Ball) the Chinese *Spayktarkl* and all the etceteras which go to make up "seing life" in this gay Capital—doing all this, I say, quite knocked me up, and I found myself one morning (the very morning, curiously enough, on which I was to have met my vicious adversary) unable to rise from my couch, with a pain all up there and all down there, and through here and over there, up the middle and down again like a country dance, so that I was obliged to call for *ler garsong*, and exclaim,

"*Dee dong*, ALPHONSE" (his name is ALPHONSE), "*savvayvoo oo a urn bong Maydaysang?*" (*Maydaysang* means physician.)

He directed me to *urn Dokterr*, M. THIERRY MIEG, in Le Rue Boissy d'Anglas, to whom I at once applied.

Mossew (This is how I *now* pronounce this difficult word)—"*Mossew ler Maydaysang.*" I commenced, "*Jay venu ar voo vwaw, poor voo deer, ker jer sweesarfflejay arvek la marl tool par esee, tool par lar, ong ser kottay see, ong ser kottay lar, dong mar layte, ar mal frong, ay*" ——

He interrupted the account of my symptoms by remarking that he would understand me better if I spoke in English. I yielded to his weakness, and recommenced, but not with as much fluency as in French, which has now become quite a stepmother tongue to me, so to speak.

He at once prescribed for me; and I was enabled before *onyze err aydmee* (half-past eleven I mean, A.M.) to send my adversary a medical certificate. Duel therefore postponed *sine die*.

The Maydaysang said that I had *Lar marlardee Hystdireek* (the hyaterics, in fact) and must get, immediately, change of air, perfect quiet, and sea-bathing, with pills *ar deeskraysiong*. So I packed up my traps, and having obtained from my friends the *larjong* necessary (mind this makes ten pounds you owe them by this time), I went to the Tweelyrees to make my ardeurs to the Imperial family.

Shall I draw a véil?

No: it was most affecting, nay, harrowing. LUMPYRAW, you know, has not been well lately, and was obliged to receive me in his bedroom, he being still couched, and the imperial *bonnay der swar* still encircling that majestic brow. He was lying there with *deu shokolar* and *urn petty pang* by his side, reading from last Number.

He stretched out his hand to me.

Jay tombay sewer lay jaynou, plerong bokoo.

"*Attongday zurn momong a jer sayray tootarfay pray der voo rayswaw.*"

I withdrew, sobbing. I heard him too choking with tears while dressing. A valet was dismissed that morning for cutting his Imperial master with a razor. *Hôt trarhesong.*

In an antechamber seated with L'ARMPERRARTREECE *a lerp'tee* PRANGSE ARMPERRYEARL, like a wax-work at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, was LUMPYRAW waiting to receive me. "*Allayvoozong,*" he said sharply to such members of the nobility as were hanging about in the hopes of catching a few words of our conversation.

One alone remained, and he approached the group jauntily.

A *reed* puckered itself upon the *frong* of LUMPYRAW. He frowned.

"*Il fo ker Mossew, vert artlongd dayhor juicekarsker M. Larmbarsarder der song Arllaysse der Fleetstreet ar fay says ardeur. Bong jewer ar praysong.*"

The jaunty gentleman withdrew, making a note in his pocket-book for the benefit of that daily journal which so often records the social triumphs of its popular Parisian contributor.

Alone with the distinguished family *jay tombay, oon zegond fwaw, sewer say jaynoo.*

LUMPYRAW fumbled in his pocket for a second, then drawing forth a piece of red ribbon with a pretty little glittering ornament at the end of it, he said, "*Voollay voo ker jer voo daykor?*"

"*Seer,*" I exclaimed, "*arvek ayffewseong,*" "*jer ner pieee par l'arksayplay maym ar vo mang, parsker mon Roydarkter, urn óm arnflekseebl ay sayvayre, ner mer pairmaytterar par akewn urn day say jern óm sarksayplay urn daykorarseong, song slar eel dayveung ar mwoynsurn Duc der kek shows.*"

Then *Dong sewn vwaw aytorfflay s'aykrear* LUMPYRAW:—

"*Nong. Suytarmposseebl ar fair slar. Jay fay tro bokoo der noblayss dayzar.*"

He was very much cast down. The EMPRESS applied her *p'teet mooshwaw ar says yer*, and then *o nay deu* PRANGSE ARMPERRYEARL, who was snivelling. So I exclaimed, gaily, "*Narmport. Jer prongd'ray ler volongtay o leer der larkt.*"

"*Ombrarssay mwar,*" cried LUMPYRAW, *souriant soo lay larme.* I obeyed—both cheeks.

"*Ay mwar o see,*" *saykrear* L'ARMPERRARTREECE *rusheesarng.* I obeyed. *Kel bomerr!*

"*Ay mwar o see!*" *saykrear* LERP'TEE PRANGSE. Then we all wept: *too lay kart ongsombl.* "Farewell!" I exclaimed, and covering my eyes, rushed from the room. I wish I hadn't covered my eyes, as I missed the door and came sharply against the wall.

The Imperial family fainted: I left them insensible, and was myself carried out.

Ardeeur Parry! *Ardeeur* brilliant Capital, *Ardeeur Legsposissiong*, marvellous! *Ardeeur* MADEMOISELLE SCHNEIDER, *votre Altesse La Grande Duchesse de Geralstein! Ardeeur Mamselles. et Messieurs les Americain-Parisiens*, everything and everybody *Ardeeur! O raywaw perlayirr, may pars ar praysong!*

By the *Meenwee deese* train I left for Dieppe, a wreck of my former self, shattered and battered in your behalf, and longing for fresh air, sea-bathing, and more *larjong*. * * * I will send you a line from Dieppe *ong root*.

HOPE RESTING ON AN ANCHOR.

ADMIRAL PUNCH presents his homage to the Lords of the Admiralty, and begs that they will do him the favour to explain how it is that Trotman's anchors are not yet used by the Navy, although they were affirmed by a Committee appointed by their Lordships to be the best, as well as lightest and consequently cheapest, of all anchors now in use. A Trotman's anchor weighing only 50 cwt., and costing £90 has by test been proved superior to the Admiralty anchors, which weigh fully twice as much, and cost four times as much. Not merely naval officers, but our largest merchant shipowners, have given evidence in favour of the anchors of JOHN TROTMAN; yet the only ships supplied with them by order of the Admiralty are the yacht wherein HER MAJESTY, and the yacht wherein their Lordships trust themselves afloat. These anchors would be scarcely used on board such precious vessels unless they were esteemed the best that could be got, and ADMIRAL PUNCH repeats his wish to know why worse and dearer anchors are supplied throughout the Navy, when the cheapest, namely Trotman's, have been proved to be the best.

In old allegories Hope is seen leaning on an anchor, and as truth prevails in time, even with the Admiralty, ADMIRAL PUNCH trusts that JOHN TROTMAN still leans upon his anchor in company with Hope.

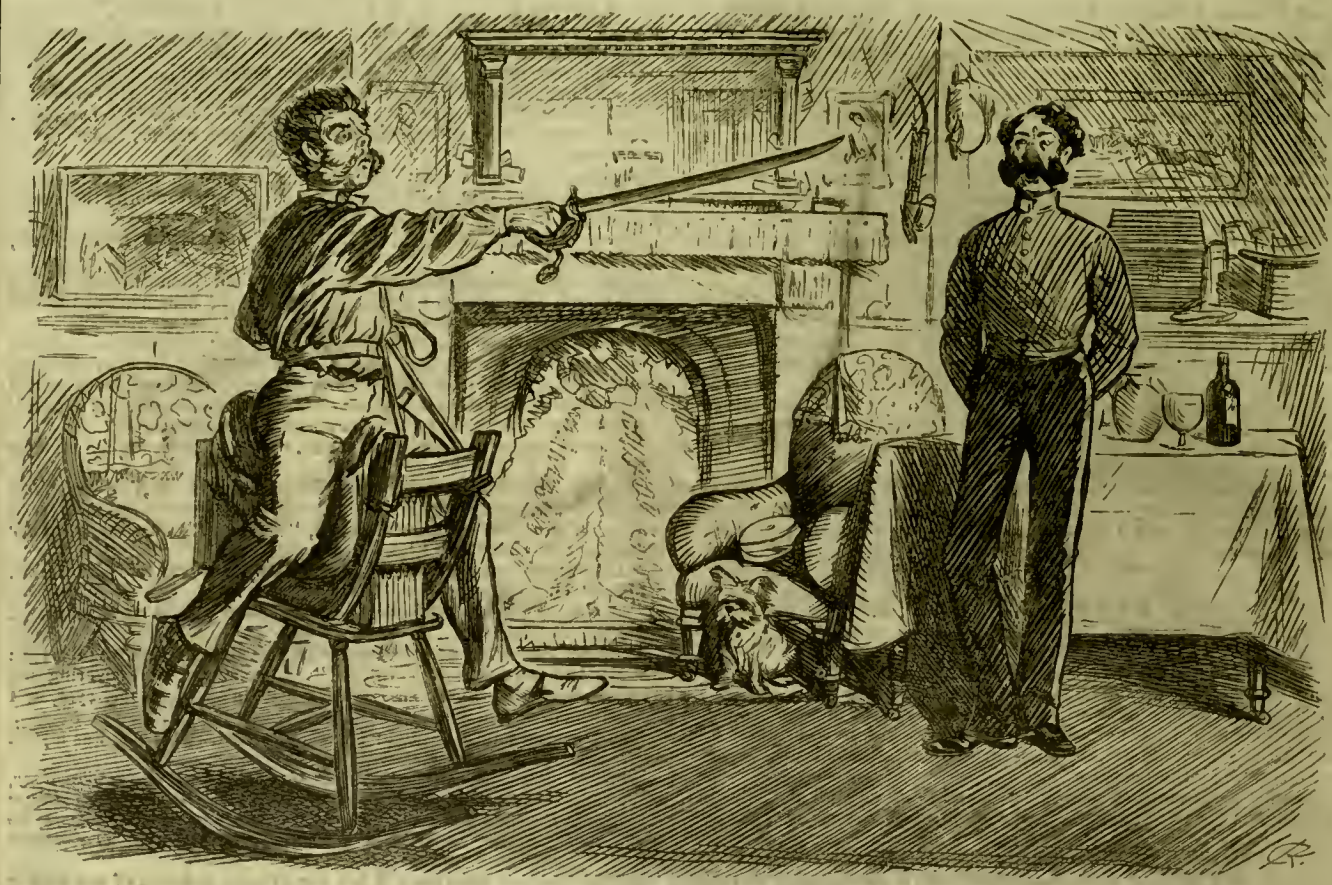
The Bigoted Middlesex Beaks.

THEIR Worships declined PAYNE'S amendment to pass,
Which forbade priests in prisons to celebrate mass.
O bigoted Protestant Bench! It believes
That there really are some Roman-Catholic thieves.

FROM SPITHEAD.

IT was anticipated that the Naval Review on the 17th would prove a great success, as all hands endeavoured to make it the *ne plus ultra marine* of such spectacles.

WHY is the VICEROY OF EGYPT like twenty shillings? Because he is as good as a Sovereign.



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

BROWN HAS HEARD "ON GOOD AUTHORITY" THAT THE BRITISH YEOMANRY CAVALRY WILL BE REVIEWED BY THE SULTAN, AND RESOLVES IT SHAN'T BE HIS FAULT IF THEY DON'T MAKE A SENSATION; SO HE "TIPS" AN INSTRUCTOR TO PRIVATELY PUT HIM THROUGH THE MOUNTED EXERCISE!

VERY NECESSARY CHANGES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"The Select Committee on the arrangement of the House of Commons met on Tuesday, and examined MR. BARRY, architect of the New Palace of Westminster. The *Owl* says that suggestions for enlarging the interior of the chamber were offered by LORD ÉLCHO and MR. LANYON, and MR. BARRY was instructed to consider how far they could be made practicable, and to report to the Committee at its next meeting, which will be in about ten days. It is proposed to make the House oval instead of square; to place the Treasury bench and the front Opposition bench in the middle of the chamber; to set back the SPEAKER'S chair; and to throw into the body of the chamber the seats now reserved for peers and distinguished 'strangers.'"

IT is evident that these changes are intended to meet the altered state of parties, quite as much as to suit the mere convenience of Honourable Members.

A square House was all very well while there were such things as sides; but now that "Whig" and "Tory" have lost all meaning, when we find PROFESSOR FAWCETT and MR. MILL cheek by jowl with MR. NEWDEGATE and LORD CRANBORNE in one lobby, and MR. BRIGHT rubbing shoulders with MR. DISRAELI in the other, it is time to get rid of everything in the arrangement of the House that suggests "a right" and "a left," or anything in the nature of opposite sides at all. An oval House is evidently the proper thing to symbolise the present derangement of parties, as everybody will then be able to slide into any place and vote in any lobby, without attracting observation, or provoking invidious remark.

Again, it is quite right, for the same reason, to place the Treasury Bench and the front Opposition Bench in the middle of the Chamber, so that the official Members may pass from one to the other with the least possible trouble, while the central position will mark the *juste milieu* between unofficial parties which henceforth (thanks to MR. DISRAELI'S recent example) will, it is to be hoped, be the normal position of officer-holders. Again, the setting back of the SPEAKER'S chair is only an anticipation of that setting down of the SPEAKER, which may be anticipated from a House of Commons largely returned by "the Residuum."

A NOVEL IDEA.

"A SWEEPSTAKES FOR A VERDICT.—A jury empanelled at the Bucks Quarter Sessions, held at Aylesbury this week, signalised themselves by the novel but very equivocal mode (after being locked up for four hours and a half), of arriving at a verdict by lottery. Twelve slips of paper were placed in a hat, on one of which was written the word 'Guilty,' and another 'Not Guilty,' the remainder being blanks. The 'Guilty' being first drawn, the jury went into court and gave their verdict to that effect. The case was that of a man charged with stealing two surgical trusses." —*Bucks Herald.*

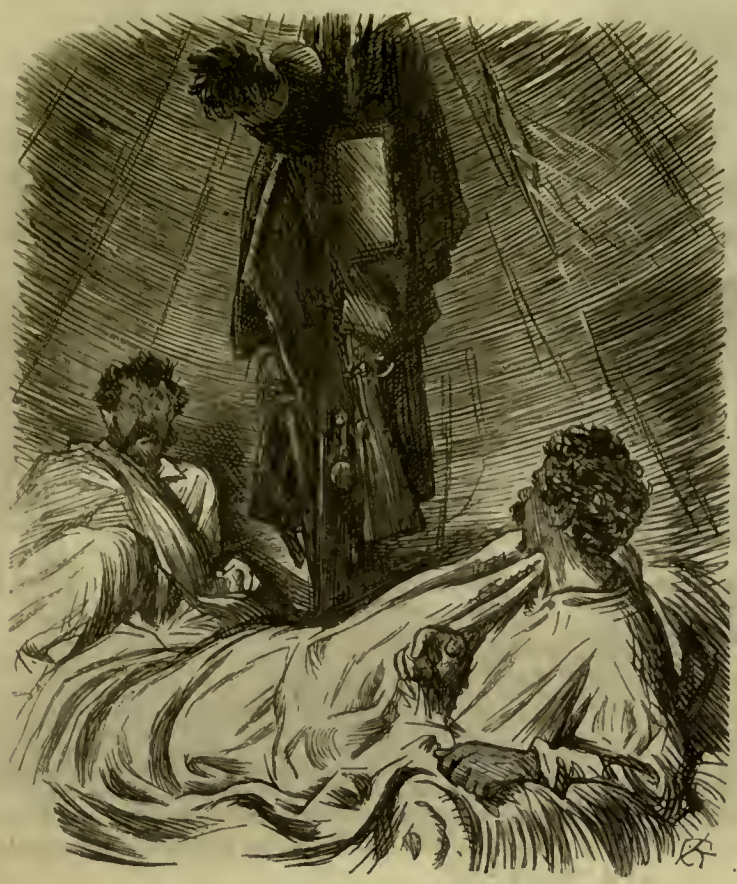
WHO so bold as to tell us that Justice can die?
Let the Bucks Quarter Sessions, last week, give the lie!
When a jury, a verdict unable to hatch,
Tried to atifle the goddess, by way of despatch:
And with hearts in which pity no motions could wake
Committed her, body and soul, to the *stake*.
When, lo! Phœnix-like, as the matter was hot,
She bursts forth, strangely new, in the guise of a lot!
Better pleased with the help from kind Fortune she gains,
Than with all the soft heatings of Aylesbury brains.
Thrice happy, thus able, oath, duty, to shelve,
Ye consciences pliant of Aylesbury twelve!
Oh, may it be mine, ever light-fingered, Luck's
Truest son, to "do business" in Fortune-ruled Bucks!
Content if my chances may rest (I assure ye)
When caught, on the "*sorte*" they miscall their "*jure*."

A Question for the Corporation.

THE SULTAN, like all its other distinguished visitors, is to have the Freedom of the City given to him, inclosed in a magnificent gold box. When will its undistinguished visitors, inclosed in anything but a magnificent box (on four wheels), say on Ludgate Hill, have the freedom of the City given to them?

Arcades Ambo.—BROADHEAD and BEESLEY.

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"THE SERVICE GOING TO, &c.!"

ENSIGN BROWN SHARES A TENT AT WIMBLEDON WITH HIS FRIEND JONES, PRIVATE IN THE SAME COMPANY.

Ensign Brown. "Oh, I say, Jo—Mr. Jones, there 's one of those Pegs loose. Hem—will you—I wish—just Jump out, and make it Fast!"

Private Jones. "Oh, hang it, Br—Mr. Brown! Come, I don't mind Tossing you!!"

ZAPPHICS ON ST. ZWITHUN.

Arter zum weeks of charmun zummer weather
Winchester's famous Bishop, gurt St. Zwithun,
Christened the apples, and, if I med zay so,
Christened the Sultan.

Christened the Viceroy, cause 'a shouldn't goo back
To his dominions in the land of Egypt,
Havcun, in England thof 'a 'd bid a week, not
Had ne'er a duckun.

Down it poured, cats and dogs, upon the Prince of Wales, and the people as the pavements crowded,
Sousun the Belgic Volunteers, and all, on
Wimbledon Common.

Spiled the Review as was to be at Spithead,
Flingun cold water on the fleet's manœuvres,
Drenchun like drowned rats Parliament afloat, the
Lords and the Commons.

You 've know'd brown Thames, 'fore now, wi' length o' rainfall
Swoln, and at full moon risun in a spring-tide,
Break o'er his southern bank, and goo to flood the
Cellars of Lambeth.

There 'll be soon heerd, if this here wet continues,
Prophecies bodun damidge to the harvust,
Grunts and groans, wailuns, lamentable cries, complaints from the farmers;

Talk about corn lodged, ruin of the seed crops,
Terrible bad for wuts, and whate, and barley.
That 's what wet sazons always is, and dry be
Bad for the swedes and

Turmuts. Here, howsomedever, pass the jug, mates.
Here 's your good health, prosperity, and long life—
Next we 'll drink Parliamentary Reform, wi'
Punch for our Member.

Organic News.

There is to be a new paper started in Rome. It is to be the Organ of the Italian party. The Roman Editor would have done us a signal service by taking back to their own native country several Italian parties with their organs, now in England, instead of starting a new one. Of course the new paper, which might be called the street-organ, is denounced by the *Civilta Cattolica*, the Church Organ.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR RECEIVING THE BELGIANS NEXT YEAR.

Eight Thousand gallant Volunteers will embark from Antwerp, on their own vessels.

At St. Katherine's Dock there will be two excellent penny steamboats, duly manned and boy'd, to meet the troops, and convey them safely ashore.

On arriving they will be immediately regaled with demi-bouteilles du Ginger-bière and oranges in slices. This cold collation at the expense of the nation. Subscribers' names will be taken one year in advance.

On the second day the Belgians will walk from Notting Hill to the Mansion House, where they will partake of a gorgeous repast, as follows:—

One cold chicken to be handed round to each squad.
Parsley in small plates.
Rolls powdered to bread crumbs.
Salt alone.
A grape.
Some orange-peel in water à la Marchioness.

The Lord Mayor and Civic authorities will dine together privately in honour of the occasion. The Band of the Belgians will perform outside while their brave companions are at dinner.

Further particulars will be issued shortly.

Donkeys instead of the usual cavalry chargers will be supplied for the foreign officers visiting the Camp, as horses would be too expensive. Early tenders from proprietors at Hampstead Heath, Brighton, Ramsgate, &c., will be received at the War Office.

The best *Saturday Review* for Years.—Wimbledon on the 20th.

A NEGLECTED INVENTION.

They took Abdul Aziz to Woolwich, and showed him the Snider Rifle, the new cartridge, and its mode of manufacture, sundry stores of shot and shell, the manœuvring of certain artillery, the process of constructing the Woolwich guns, and the casting of Major Palliser's chilled shot. They exhibited to him our implements of destruction, intended to kill our foreign foes. They did not take him to see the arrangement with which we put our native enemies to death. According to the *Times* the "Royal and distinguished visitors" to Woolwich Arsenal, including the Sultan, "viewed with admiration the vast stores of shot and shell ready for use." Would not any sensible man view with equal admiration the apparatus for executing criminals reserved in readiness at Newgate? Would he consider a shell, with respect to its use, any more admirable than a halter? Now the Sultan, by all accounts, is a very sensible man. Yet there they go taking him to see rifles, and cartridges, and guns, and shot and shell, and all manner of projectiles, but nobody thinks of conducting him to have a look at the poor old gallows.

BRITISH PEACE INSURANCE.

With reference to the late Naval Review at Spithead, a contemporary quotes from one of Lord Palmerston's speeches the saying that "There is no better or more necessary security which this country can have for the continuance of peace, than to put its Navy on a footing with that of any other country." Perhaps these words of our late, if not our last, statesman were inaccurately reported. He might have said more. It is not too much to say that, to insure the continuance of peace, the British Navy ought to be put on a footing superior to that of the Navies of all other countries put together.



A FACT.

(*Strand—Afternoon of July* 12.)

A FEW OF OUR BELGIAN GUESTS RETURNING FROM THE GUILDHALL *DEJEUNER*.

THE WANT OF THE WISE.

WOULD I could eat and drink at table
As much as ever I was able;
Including the last bit and drop
That would be good for me; then stop,
Informed, by some immediate warning,
That more would make me ill next morning.
A twinge, for instance, in the wrist,
Then I directly should desist,
And never more wake late in bed
Afflicted with an aching head;
Nausea, and loss of appetite,
From overmuch, had overnight.
Attacks of bile, too, I should 'scape,
And all those ills, of every shape,
Which do derive, beyond all question,
Their origin from indigestion.

Abdul As-is in England.

ACCORDING to Turkish belief any soil on which the Padishah sets his foot becomes Turkish territory, just as, in Highland notions, wherever the laird sat became the head of the table. This Ottoman view has evidently been endorsed by the Clerk of the Weather. He has given evidence that he considers ABDUL AZIZ the *raining Sultan*, ever since the Commander of the Faithful has been in England.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

WE are told that at the close of DISRAELI's speech on the third reading of the Reform Bill, "Some of the strangers present, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, shared in the applause by clapping their hands." They may consider themselves lucky that they were not carried away by the Sergeant-at-Arms.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

UNQUESTIONABLY, *Monday*, July 15, 1867, will be a Date in Anglo-Parliamentary history. For to-day the House of Commons passed the Reform Bill.

The concluding debate, if so it may be called, was certainly unworthy of the occasion. Its main element was Incrimination.

LORD CRANBORNE said that all the precautions, guarantees, and securities with which the Bill had originally bristled, had been swept away at the imperious bidding of MR. GLADSTONE. This was in no sense a Conservative Bill. No Government before had ever permitted one of its measures to be so mutilated. We were taking a leap in the dark. We knew nothing about the class we were placing on the throne of these realms, except that we knew something of the Trades' Unions, and their ways. When the assault shall be made against wealth and property, it will be no protection to have men in the House who possess wealth and property. There will be a million of working-men against half-a-million of another class. The Conservative party had been deceived, and MR. DISRAELI had covered his scheme with an impenetrable veil, or he would never have been allowed to accomplish his object. If we borrowed our political ethics from an adventurer, our representative institutions would crumble. He regretted that the House applauded a policy of Legerdemain.

MR. LOWE thought that there was nothing to applaud. We were closing an era of permanence, stability, and mutual confidence, and were going into a whirl of innovation and revolution. There could be no further resistance to Democracy. All good principles would now have to be abandoned. But we should have to alter the constitution of the House of Lords, and make it elective, for we could not trust the country to a single chamber chosen by those who were just above the *status* of paupers. He had not been for compulsory education, but now he was. We must teach the Constituency. We must get our new lords to condescend to learn their letters. He finished with an impassioned declaration that every cultivated Englishman viewed this measure with shame, scorn, indignation, despair.

MR. BRIGHT did little more than explain that he had never been averse from Household Suffrage. He believed that the people, who had been trusted with power at a time when it, perhaps, might have been withheld, would return as good a House as the present.

LORD ELCHO accepted the measure as, on the whole, the best settlement of a question which could not be avoided.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE said that the voice was LORD DERBY's, but the hands were those of JOHN BRIGHT. He complimented MR. DISRAELI on the way he had managed the Conservatives. He felt no gratitude, and he expected no violent changes.

MR. NEWDEGATE had confidence in his countrymen, and hoped the Bill would work well.

MR. LAING saw safety in the rating principle.

MR. DISRAELI was more anxious to vindicate the measure than to defend the Government, but he addressed himself to both objects. Everybody hitherto had failed in carrying a Reform Bill. He disapproved of enfranchising a small and favoured section of the artisans, to act as a kind of Prætorian Guard. The Bill was in harmony with the general principles which the Conservatives had always professed. He ridiculed MR. LOWE's predictions, and advised him to be the schoolmaster abroad, as he was highly competent to instruct constituencies. He finished with the following blaze of glory:—

"I do not think myself that the country is in danger; I think England is safe in the race of men who inhabit her—that she is safe in something much more precious than her accumulated capital—her accumulated experience. She is safe in her national character, and her fame, in the traditions of a thousand years, and in that glorious future which I believe awaits her."

Then the Reform Bill passed, amid cheers which proceeded chiefly from the Opposition side. On the 25th March, when the Second Reading was moved, MR. GLADSTONE said, "We must make the best of the measure before us, but the prospect is very discouraging." It may be assumed that he is tolerably satisfied, but he did not take part in the concluding debate.

The new Dog Tax seems to be working well, for an addition of 300,000 licences have been taken out. Street Dogs are to be "regulated" but at present Government has no time to legislate against these nuisances. How much time is wanted to frame an Act, providing that every dog found in the street, who has no collar with an owner's address, shall be sent as mercifully as possible to the happy hunting grounds, *Mr. Punch* does not know.

Tuesday. EARL GREY gave notice to the Lords of his intention to reform the Reform Bill.

The MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, the Whalley of the Lords, amused them by a denunciation of "the detestable and infernal system by which he and other noble Lords were mis-reported, at the bidding of those ultra-montane persons under whose direction Jesuitical action was carried on in the Reporters' Gallery." He demanded that official reporters should be engaged. One would not be cruel to an old man, even when he is such a donkey as LORD WESTMEATH, and if the short-hand writers would, just for once, take down one of his orations *verbatim*, he might be induced to imitate AHITHOPHEL, for which we should be excessively sorry.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE (Lord of India) explained that the splendid ball to be given at the India Office to the Sultan was entirely separate from the Royal entertainments, and was a tribute from the

Indian Government to the head of the Mahommedan power. He believed that in the interests of our Eastern empire such a homage was most desirable.

MR. O'BEIRNE, in a lucid and moderate speech, proposed a resolution for a loan of a million, to buy estates in Ireland, which should be divided into small farms, and offered for sale to the occupying tenants. His object was to encourage an independent proprietory of small freehold estates. LORD NAAS had to see various official objections, and duly saw them.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER moved the Second Reading of the Bill for the construction of Private Prelates. There are to be three, one in Cornwall, one at Southwell, Notts, and one at St. Alban's, which latter place, ought, in right of its noble abbey, to have a real bishop. While he was speaking of the sees,

The SPEAKER interrupted him to say that he had a telegram from Portsmouth. It was blowing great guns at Spithead, and at the Naval Review, next day, the ships would not be able to move.

MR. GILPIN opposed the Bill. We had bishops enough. Better help poor curates. MR. HADFIELD, of course, talked in the same way, and hoped that the reformed Parliament would put an end to the (anomalies connected with the) Church.

MR. G. HARDY supported the Bill, and made an amusing answer to the plea for the curates. Many Dissenting preachers were in as distressed a condition. This was no reason why people should not give their money in any way they thought fit. Besides, generosity begat generosity.

MR. AYRTON regretted that there were more bishops in the Lords than could be necessary for the instruction of that body in religion and morality. The Second Reading was carried by 45 to 34.

The Oxford and Cambridge Tests Abolition Bill was passed—that is, sent up to the Lords. On the Libel Bill, the SPEAKER was, as MRS. CUDLIP would say, "Called to A Count"—and *exit* the House.

Wednesday. In honour of the SULTAN, and of *Mr. Punch's* birthday, the 17th of July (1841), the QUEEN held a great Naval Review at Spithead. It was a splendid sight. *Mr. Punch*, who was, of course, in the thick of it, raged like fire with noble zeal, and bawled so frightfully that England expected everybody to do his duty, that he is at present somewhat prostrate. The wind blew, and wretched Cockneys,

"Whose souls would sicken at the yawning wave,"

said that the affair was not a success. They lie.

"With all the banners bravely spread,
And all the cannons flashing high,
NELSON might waken from the dead,
To see the QUEEN and Turk go by."

At the close of the day HER MAJESTY, with her usual kindness, ordered signals to be made to her sailors that "the QUEEN was satisfied and the SULTAN gratified." *Mr. Punch* was both, and drank happy returns to himself a good many more times than was strictly necessary, but it is a poor heart that never rejoices.

Thursday. LORD SHAFTESBURY carried the Second Reading of the Bill in favour of agricultural children. No child under eight is to go into a Gang, and no girl under thirteen is to be employed in agricultural work at all. LORD KIMBERLEY remarked that as the franchise was to be extended, we ought to do all we could for education.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN wished for a list of the persons asked to the Indian Ball. Evidently there are widely-spread heart-burnings about tickets. The complaints, of course, are stirred up by Persons; rational men exult when tickets for anything are withheld or miscarry.

On estimates, MR. DISRAELI hinted that if the country thought the QUEEN did not do enough in the way of hospitality to foreign Potentates, the House should give her a Palace for the purpose, whereat MR. GLADSTONE made a grave protest.

Friday. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE yielded to the representations of LORDS DERBY and RUSSELL that it was inexpedient to ask the Peers for a formal expression of their detestation of the murderers of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

The MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND endeavoured to carry a Bill for sending to school the children of habitual beggars, but he was met by what he fairly called flimsy official objections, and the Bill was lost.

One MR. PURCELL, a stipendiary magistrate in Jamaica, has come to grief for making impertinent remarks upon the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN'S charge on Martial Law, and on that eminent personage himself, who, MR. PURCELL decently stated from his own bench, was no lawyer, but had been promoted for political services. LORD MELVILLE (Conservative) however, endorsed the abuse of the charge, and received a sarcastic reproof from LORD CHELMSFORD (Conservative).

We talked, in the Commons, about the Naval Review, and MR. CORRY, First Lord (by the way, he is doing his work very well, the sea-officers say) explained that it would not have done to move the ships in such a wind, as it would have taken four hours to get them under weigh. SIR GEORGE GREY was greatly pleased with the whole business, and said that he had seen a magnificent spectacle. He might, however, have taken off his hat to *Mr. Punch*, when that gentleman drank to him and cheered him, as soon as the *Tunjore* came alongside *Mr. Punch's* ship. Politeness costs nothing, and is remembered long.

More growling about the Indian Ball invitations. Really, such things are beneath the dignity of the House. The elephant's trunk, to which it has been compared, can root up an oak, or pick up a pin, but elephants very seldom pick up pins, especially minnikins like ball tickets. Better feel with SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, a great man, who said life would be very pleasant but for its pleasures.

COUTTS AND PEABODY.



THAT angel with purses in both pockets, and a heart with no more bottom to it, apparently, than her purse, MISS ANGELA BURDETT COUTTS, has opened at her own cost a spacious and well-ordered market for the poor in and about Bethnal Green. The blind beggar of that historical locality may at last be a chooser, between the frowsy, filthy, dark and noisome costermonger's dens, sheds, and flats, at which he and the thousands of very poor in Bethnal Green, who are neither beggars nor blind, have hitherto been forced to purvey, and the airy, clean, well-lighted wholesome market, now opened for them by the benevolent hands of sweet ST. ANGELA. She may literally be said to do good, "*Coute qui Coutts*"—or in *Mr. Punch's* own English, "Whatever it may cost COUTTS to do it."

"God bless her," say we, "and more power to her elbow," which seems never to be lifted but to dip into her pocket for some purpose at once charitable, wise, and well-considered. "*Facit indignatio versum*"—and why shouldn't "*admiratio*" try its hand at verse-making too? Here goes!

Let us pray to Heaven to send us more ANGELA COUTTSES and PEABODIES—
To increase the pair to a hundred, to unfetter souls, and to free bodies,
Now wallowing in the Inferno of London sink and slum—
Where the Pharisee stops his ears, and blatant BUMBLE is dumb—
From pauperism, and its plagues of ignorance, squalor, and sin:
From the death of dirt, the guard of the gallows, the joy of gin.
Belgravia lies afar off, and VICTORIA shuts her doors,
And DIVES dispatches his dogs to lick LAZARUS'S sores;
Why should he take his hand from the drinking cup and the dish?
Has not LAZARUS the poor-rates? and what more can LAZARUS wish?
Has not DIVES'S Church enough to do with Convocation squabbles,
And discussions with Dissenters and Ritualistic brabbles—
To say nothing of Borrio-boo-loo-gah, and Polynesian missions,
And defending Southern Africa from COLENSO'S heretical scissions?
While there 's Mozambique Arabs to save, it must leave City Arabs to roam,
For the COUTTS and PEABODY charity, that tamely begins at home.
Has not BUMBLE got his hands full, in battling for vested rights,
And in fighting Centralisation's and Local Self-Government's fights;
And in keeping down the paupers and economising the rates,
And in pooh-poohing ERNEST HART and the papers' sensational prates?
So there 's room enough, and to spare, for PEABODY, COUTTS, & Co.,
Their baths, free churches, and markets, and lodging-houses also.
Then long may hearts like theirs be backed by as heavy purses;
And long may *Punch*, their Laureate, have such subjects for his verses.
Long may PEABODY, by such discount, clear his gains of Mammon's leaven,
And long may such drafts on COUTTS'S be honoured up in Heaven!

The Sultan's Cellar.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has asked some slightly invidious questions about the sources of the wine for the Belgian Ball. If the same rather prying curiosity has not been expressed about the liquor laid in for the SULTAN, it is no doubt owing to the general impression that he doesn't drink the juice of the grape. This a mistake. He is extremely partial to the Ottoman Porte.



ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART.

First curled and powdered Darling (to Photographer). "YOU'D BETTER TAKE PAINS WITH THESE 'ERE *CARTE DE VISITES*, AS THEY'LL BE A GOOD DEAL SHOWN ABOUT."

Second curled and powdered Darling (on the Sofa). "YES—PERTIKLERLY IN THE HUPPER SUCKLES.—GET YOU CUSTOMERS, YOU KNOW."

THE BRITISH LION TO THE BELGIAN.

HERE'S a God-speed to the Lion that, in troublous times of yore,
In Brabant and old Flanders stood to guard his native shore:
Springing, at ring of ROLAND,* to watch-tower and to wall,
'Gainst Spaniard and Hollander, 'gainst Austrian and Gaul.

"For defence and not defiance" the Flemish tocsin rung;
"For defence and not defiance" were Flemish crossbows strung:
"For defence and not defiance" her strength now Belgium bands;
"For defence and not defiance," Britain's sons with hers clasp hands.

Her cause of old was ours, the cause of free speech and free thought;
The triumph of her cause, like ours, with civic blood was bought.
Both guardians of homes and hearths, of liberties and law,
Behoved the British Lion grasp the Belgian Lion's paw.

The welcome that you gave us we have given back to you,
In spite of all red-tape, routine, or blundering might do:
Though aboard of the *Serapis* beds and breakfasts might be spare,
Though Guildhall tables, for the nonce, groaned under meagre fare—

Though his mains St. Swithin opened, and emptied all his hose,
And flung his wettest blanket on all our sports and shows:
Though no QUEEN bade you welcome when you feasted in her Court;
Though medallions and luncheons at Wimbledon fell short—

Though the wind put out the fireworks and the fountains blew awry,
And forbade your rifle-bullets to get home on the bull's-eye,
Still, there was warmth of welcome, that kindled warmth again,
And laughed to scorn shortcomings, short commons, wind, and rain.

Yes, 'twas warm, if clumsy, welcome that England proffered you,
Stout-hearted civic soldiers, Flemish brethren, trained and true:
A kindred blood, a common cause, and kindness to requite,
It was for these *we* gave, and *you* accepted the invite!

* The old tocsin-bell at Bruges.

GOOSE AND GANDER.

STRIKES are generally stupid, and always dull. The London Tailors' Strike, however, has been enlivened by an uncommonly striking incident. On Saturday, last week, a charge of conspiracy was brought before MR. TYRWHITT, at Marlborough Street, on behalf of the journeymen tailors, members of the Trade Union, against the President, Secretary, and several members of the Master Tailors' Association. It was based upon the simple fact that the masters had formed a society among themselves, engaged not to employ men belonging to the Trade Union. To be sure, there was no complaint that any violence or intimidation—any such thing, for example, as picketing—had been concerted by the masters to coerce the workmen. But they were accused of agreeing to keep a register of Non-Unionists, and not to employ any man whose name was not entered thereon. Yet MR. TYRWHITT dismissed the case, very much, probably, to the astonishment of the journeymen tailors. They, of course, imagined that there was one law for the employers, and another law for themselves—a law which permitted them to combine against the employers, and another law which forbade the employers to unite against themselves. Considerably, no doubt, did they wonder to find that, in common with the master tailors, they were subject to the condition of tit for tat, and that what is sauce for the tailors' goose is also sauce for, so to speak, the tailors' gander.

Wallah-Billah! Wonderful!

THE SULTAN has been described as slow of speech. This is a mistake, at least to judge by his utterances while on this visit to the West. Since his arrival, the Padishah has been in a perpetual state of amazement; and has expressed the feeling with the utmost "*wallah-billah-ty!*"

WHAT MR. COCKCRAFT, THE SECRETARY OF THE BELGIAN ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF.—More cocky than crafty.



"THE RETURN FROM VICTORY."

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to Mr. Calderon, R.A.)

PEEPS AT PARIS.

PEEP THE EIGHTEENTH, AND LAST.



Have peeped at Paris. This from Dieppe: a Dieppeep. * * My old enemy, the sea, now calm and tranquil, undisturbed by my proximity.

I am at the Hôtel Royal. No one would know this fact from a distance, even with a telescope. There is a Grand Duchess staying here (the real thing, but not anything like so good as Schneider with Offenbach's music), whom *les Snobs*, of all countries, specially English, though, rush to their windows to see, following the ducal steps with opera-glasses, and dying for some lucky chance which might throw their Snobships in Her Altesse's way. Sometimes, you know, at these watering-places grandees are approachable: not your English swell, unless he, or she, be a member of the Back Drawing-Room Aristocracy, brilliant in the *salons de* Little Brompton. Delightful place, this. One doesn't read much, or write much, or do anything, even lounge much. Homœopathic doses of everything. I hum, generally, Parisian tunes.

Second Day at Dieppe.—Recovering from hysterics. A happy, simple life this at Dieppe. Still humming: my only resemblance to a bee, here. I walk down in *naygleejay* costume *o bairng*. I adopt a still more *naygleejay* costume, *kalsong* only, and walk down to the sea. Return, and breakfast. Meet an Italian friend, complaining. He is dyspeptic. We compare notes, and I am pleased to find that I am more dyspeptic than he is. He complains of being dyspeptic in his nose. I do not sympathise with him.

During the morning, read the papers from Paris, and hum "*Voici le Sabre*," from *La Grande Duchesse*. An elderly Englishman, who has been here some time, and knows the ways of the place, invariably lies in wait for the *Times*, and keeps it for two hours. He cares for nobody, no, not he, and everyone cares for him. He passes it on, by previous arrangement, to a friend, he to another of the same set, and I get it, perhaps, at eleven o'clock at night, or not at all, as next morning it has disappeared entirely. Hum same tune as before, trying to catch the second part. Failure. *Midi* some biscuits and soda-water. Sit, and debate with oneself: always humming. Shall I walk down to the sea, and read there, or sit and read here? Looks hot there: is cool here. Ought to get the benefit of sea-breeze. Will go there, presently. This debate occupies nearly an hour. Caught the second part of the tune. Hum it. Then comes a debate as to whether I'm hungry, or not. How long before dinner? This occupies another half-hour. Lost the second part of the tune. Odd. Try to find the starting note up and down the scale. There doesn't appear to be such a note in music. English visitors sprawling about, doing nothing. Delightful life! I am told it becomes monotonous after the sixth week, but I can't believe it. I say to a friend there, that I ought to write letters. He says he ought to, too. We both ought, but we don't. We sit. I ask him if *he* knows the second part of "*Voici le Sabre*." Let him see: he does. He trics it. 'Tisn't it at all. We don't talk after this, but look straight before us at the flowers, the grass, and the sea. Another hour goes. He (my friend) rises slowly, and says, "Well, he really must go to——" The rest of his sentence is lost. I don't think he has anywhere to go to, as in a few minutes I see him lounging, like a distraught goose, over the grass towards the sea. There I lose him. I wonder where he's going, when he's gone. I wonder if there's time to write a letter before dinner. I debate with myself whether it wouldn't be better to walk, slowly, before dinner; then come in, dress, and write a letter. Somehow or another I don't seem to have any time for writing letters. So busy. Busy humming, perhaps. *Table d'hôte* at six. My Italian friend complains of having no appetite. He says he forces himself to eat. He must have a strong will, as he partakes largely of all the ten courses, and dessert. He is also always ready for melons and radishes. After dinner he complains that "his head is stuf-fed up." I ask several English people what they've been doing to-day. All answer, "Nothing." They've been nowhere. What have I been doing? Nothing. Been nowhere? Nowhere. So, having nothing to say to one another, we sit and smoke, under the verandah, always shady, looking out upon the flowers, the grass, and the sea. I hum my "*Voici le Sabre*" until some one rudely commences humming quite another air, when I stop. Commencing again when *he* has done, I am informed by a friend that "They'll have the rest of that to-morrow." Odd! I thought the tune was so popular.

The elderly man, who has read the *Times*, has the advantage of everyone. *He* talks, and we, all of us, try to resent his giving us information as an impertinence. We pick up bits of news and try to say, "Oh, I saw that in *La Presse*, or the *Débats*, or the *Moniteur*, or *Figaro*," but it won't do. We are overcome by superior "Later Intelligence." It is his to talk, ours to hear.

When he is exhausted, we touch on sporting matters. I find, during this, that we are all well acquainted with the English nobility, and I also discover that I am hand-and-glove with Dukes, Duchesses, Viscounts, and Lords in my own native land. If they walked into this verandah now, where should I be? where would all these sporting English be, for the matter of that? Harmless conversation *poor passay ler tom*. I hum one bar, and stop.

We touch upon the Army. Do I know Crawforth of the 8th? I think. "No, but I've heard of him." Does he (my interrogator) know Lord Stilton, in the Guards? "No," (after some hesitation) "he doesn't." Ah, I have him there: *I* do. Good fellow, Stilton. [It doesn't occur to my friend to ask me *if* Stilton *knows me*. Now, I *do* know Stilton—by sight. I once used to know him to speak to, twenty years ago, when he fagged me for an hour and a half in a blazing sun at a fives' wall by Eton Chapel.]

But this is Dieppe, and one *must* talk about something. In the evening, some musical ladies, and a musical gentleman, occupy the public saloon. There is a piano here. Charming, as far as the musical ladies go; but the musical gentleman, a fresh young tenor of about sixty-two, is a nuisance. He keeps on trying songs; and very trying songs they are. I've a great mind to ask them if they'd like to hear "*Voici le Sabre*," as much as I know of it. It is a family party, apparently. Their jokes are all among themselves, and quiet guests are scared away from the public saloon. I dare say there are other people in the place who can sing quite as well as *they* can. Why don't they be sociable, and suggest it? I read a book grumpily, and sneer when the tenor attempts "*Ah, che la Morte*," wincing audibly and purposely on his coming out with some note sharp for some note natural, or *vice versâ*, not being a great musician myself. Are these girls looking for husbands, and airing their accomplishments in continental hotels? Perhaps so. ("*Airing* their accomplishments" would be an English *jerdymo*, 10*s*. 6*d*. per hour.) My Italian friend disconcerts them once by looking in at the open door, and telling me from that distance (I am at the other end of the room) that "he is not any better." I pretended not to see or hear him, and he went away, to bed. Caught the second part of "*Voici le Sabre*."

Third Day.—Same as two others. No time to write a letter.

Fourth Day.—As before, including no time to write a letter.

Fifth Day.—The *fête* of a Life Boat. Great rejoicings, and the performance of a melodrama at the theatre, in eleven acts, and a Prompter. I saw it *all* through. It was better, perhaps, than doing nothing; but I am not sure of this. The Mayor of Dieppe gave the maritime population the munificent gift of a hundred francs wherewith to enjoy themselves. The consequence was, the maritime population kept it up till five in the morning. They kept *me* up—I mean awake—till three. There was shouting, singing, and sounds of Bacchic orgies. Either the maritime population is very small here, or gets exhilarated on very little—one of the two, as one hundred francs is, I reckon, just upon four pounds; not a vast sum to expend, for instance, upon the entire maritime population of Brighton or Dover. However, shouting costs nothing, and I know there was plenty of that.

Last Day.—Farewell, *La Belle France!* Away to perfidious Albion. * * * * Concerning the voyage, let us be silent. Englishmen are born sailors. These steamers, some one said, are very comfortable. Yes, perhaps so. But they were alwaya having dinner below. * * * * Tea. * * * * Up to Victoria by train.

"Now," I cried, "to rush into *mong raydarkter's* arms; then to settle with him my few outstanding accounts in *larjong* ready, Cab!"

I said adieu to my Italian friend.* * * *Veev ler Sooltarn! Veev lay Volunteers! Veev Longlaytair!* And so conclude the Peeps at Paris taken on your behalf (mind that) by your devoted and loving correspondent,

Peeper the Great.

P.S. Your boy said you weren't in when I arrived. I saw you lifting up the corner of the window-blind. I have put this matter in the hands of my solicitor. Damages no end of *larjong*.

Taking a Shot at It.

"What are all those white things for?" inquired the Lady Arabella, on the day of the Review, pointing to the hammocks triced along the bulwarks of the ships. "Aw," responded Lord Fitznoodle, "ships, you know, want ballast, and those white things—aw—are sandbags, and they—aw—put 'em at the side to keep the vessel straight."

"How do ships weigh their anchors?" inquired the lady, presently. Replied the gentleman, "Aw—a'pose they—aw—put 'em in the scales."

Must not be Repeated.—The neglect to supply the Cavalry with provisions at Hounslow was anything but a ration-al proceeding.



SO IT SEEMS.

Policeman. "STOP, SIR! STOP! YOU MUSTN'T GALLOP HERE!"
Irish Gent. "ME DEAR BOY, THE ANIMAL'S NOT AMAYNABLE TO THE BIT!"

ATALANTA IN CAMDEN TOWN.

AY! 'twas here, on this spot,
In that summer of yore,
ATALANTA did not
Vote my presence a bore,
Nor reply to my tenderest talk "She had heard
all that nonsense before."

She'd the brooch I had bought,
And the necklace and sash on;
And her heart, as I thought,
Was alive to my passion;
And she'd done up her hair in the style that
the EMPRESS had brought into fashion.

I had been to the play
With my beautiful Peri,
But for all I could say,
She declared she was weary,
That the place was so crowded and hot, and she "couldn't
abide that *Dundreary*."

Then I thought, "'Tis for me
That she whines and she whimpers;"
And it thrilled me to see
Those sensational simpers;
And I said, "This is scrumptious!" a phrase I had
learned from the Devonshire shrimpers.

And I vowed, "'Twill be said
I'm a fortunate fellow,
When the breakfast is spread—
When the topers are mellow—
When the foam of the bride-cake is white, and the fierce
orange-blossoms are mellow."

Oh, that languishing yawn!
Those emotional eyes!
I was drunk with the dawn
Of a splendid surmise—
I was stung by a serpentine smile, and tossed
on a tempest of sighs.

And I murmured, "I guess
The sweet secret thou keepest,
And the dainty distress
That thou wistfully weepest;
And the question is 'Licence or Banns?' though
undoubtedly Banns are the cheapest."

Then her white hand I clasped,
And with kisses I crowned it;
But she glared and she gasped,
And she muttered "Confound it!"
Or at least it was something like that, but
the noise of the omnibus drowned it.

A Ritualistic Misprint.

A CONTEMPORARY observes that, in one of the journals for the past week, we are told of "the undoubted success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses." This is just the mendacious language of puffing advertisements. The success of the Ritualists in gaining the masses is more than doubted; it is denied. The statement that they succeed in gaining the masses can only be made true by taking the letter *m* away from the word masses. They ape the Mass, but do not gain the masses, and those whom they do gain are stupid asses.

THE REAL MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES TO OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.—St. Swithin, and be Cust to him! (*No offence to* SIR EDWARD, *we hope.*)

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Tu, quid ego et populus mecum, desideret, audi." *Hor. Ars Poet.*

"Ye playgoers, give ear to me,
And you shall hear what you should see."

MY Correspondents are so numerous that I daily have much labour in looking at their letters. How far my work has been rewarded, my readers may best judge by the specimens which follow:—

DEAR SPEC,—You complain, and with great justice, of loud talkers at the opera. Besides the Chatterers, however, you ought to castigate the Hummers. To people like myself, who happen to like music, and who go to hear an opera, and not to chatter and be stared at, the Hummers are a most intolerable nuisance. They are for ever making noises more or less like the music which is sounded from the stage, and they hum with such amazing vigour all the airs which please them, that, if you happen to sit next them, you can hardly hear the singers. In concerted pieces, too, the Hummers quite destroy the musical effect, for they hum one part so loudly as to drown the rest, and they often growl out the soprano in an undertone of bass. The other night a Hummer entirely spoilt my pleasure in hearing CHRISTINE NILSSON, and I had to sit, like Tantalus, thirsting, between his hums, to catch the sound of her sweet voice. As he robbed me of the evening's entertainment I had paid for, you should sentence him to send me a guinea for my stall. Let him direct to the Old Hummums, and the name of

GIDEON GREEN.

DEAR SPEC,—As you like to see good acting, I hardly need inquire if you have been to the French plays. The company is a scratch one, and Parisians might sneer at them, yet see how well they pull together, and how cleverly they act! As for RAVEL, he is BUCKSTONE, WEBSTER, WIGAN, and CHARLES MATHEWS all rolled into one; and not even the latter is more evergreen than he. RAVEL is a great actor, yet he does not hold himself above taking a small part. In England green-room jealousies intrude upon the stage, and many a play is spoilt by them. When next I go to the French plays, I should like to see the audience composed of English actors. Even at the St. James's, which, they must bear in mind, is not the Vaudeville or the Français, they may receive a lesson in the art of acting well together, and of attending to the little things that help to make a great theatrical success.

AN OLD STAGER.

MY DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,—Unlike the human race in general, if I believe my Latin grammar, I am not *avidus novitatis*, and I as much prefer old music as I do old port. But it has been my fate this season to sit through three new operas, and the only one worth listening to was certainly the last. GOUNOD, to my mind, is pleasanter than VERDI, and one can hear his *Romeo* without either being deafened or sent into a deep sleep. It does not equal *Faust*, however, and, though a quantity of Shakspeare is stuffed into the libretto, it falls far short of what a Shakspeare-lover would have wished. But though the melodies are scanty, the accompaniments are charming, and the love-duets, as warbled by MARIO and PATTI, delight the ravished sense. I never hear these singers without wishing that my ears were as capacious as an elephant's, and that my eyes were those of Argus, and could see a hundredfold. Such singing and such acting are but rarely found united, and should be enjoyed by every one who has the brains to relish the best art-work on the stage.

Yours enthusiastically, JOHN BEETHOVEN BROWN.

HURRAH FOR OULD IRELAND!

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

HASN'T MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD—more power to him!—proved, all out, that everything that 's worth anything in your English potes comes from the Celtic dthrop in them? So why would you wondther that everybody that 's anybody proves to be of Irish exthraction, if you once git to the roots of their family threes? There was GARIBALDI, the Italian Liberathor, that was proved to be a raal Milesian, from the stock of the GARRET BALDYS of County Mayo; and now here 's the SULTAN. By dad, Sir, didn't I hear, wid my own eyes, one of his own sweet—a big Bay, wid a fez and six inches of goold-lace on the collar and cuffs of him—spaking of his Masther be the name of PADDY SHAW, and if that don't show the SULTAN has the raal ould blood in him, I 'd like to know what would.

I 'll thank you to send me a thrifle in stamps for the above, and I remain, *Mr. Punch*, your obliged and own Correspondent,

BRIAN BOROIMHE O'BUGGABOO.

What Next?

THE industry of the ladies in Paris surpasses belief. They dye—their hair; they enamel—their faces; they gild—their locks; they paint—their cheeks; and now they bronze—their complexions!

THE OLD AND YOUNG STATESMAN.

(*Reminiscences of an old Whip.*)

"WELL, you see, Sir, times is changed. Things is not as they used to was. Leaders is changed. Wheelers is changed. Springs too aint to be depended on. At one time when a party had booked his place at the 'King's Head' he knew where he was going, and at what rate he was to travel. The 'True Blue' had 'Church Road' painted on her, and if you went that way in course you couldn't go wrong. Now you 'll see the 'True Blue' with a board hung over its centre panel and on it written in letters a inch long, 'This journey stop at Exeter Hall.' There's no regelarity—no system—the very horses scarcely know where their tails hang, and fancy they 're getting on, when bothered if they aint being backed down-hill.

"Then as to pikes. The 'True Blue' would pull up when a gate was closed, but now it takes a flying leap and clears a bar as easy as a kitten would a kitchen-fender.

"Then as to luggage. Look at the way-bill this season, and count the warious items, including the numerous fancy articles, some of which they 're obliged to drop on the road. Why the dead weight they now carry would have broke the back of a ten-horse waggon when GEORGY THE THIRD was King.

"Then as to the pace, it's positively fearful. You see what they 're afeard of is Opposition. At present there aint no Opposition. The last one druv itself off the road into a ditch, where it 's been sticking hard ever since; the body of it 's all right, only the splinter bar has been smashed through one of the leaders wot 's got a ticklish month giving it a tremendous kick, and getting his off leg over the traces. There was a great outcry when the accident occurred, and the insides who were pitched out violently from their places, sustained a wery severe shock. As for the low characters who did all they could to frighten the hosses, they raised a reg'lar whoop when they see the wehicle upset, and then as JONATHAN says, they caved in!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

IT is fortunate for Londoners that we have such a show-place as the Crystal Palace, and such resources at hand for the entertainment of our illustrious guests as were displayed in the artifices of fire, crackling, shooting up, whizzling round, banging, popping, and marvellously illuminating SIR JOSEPH PAXTON'S gardens, in the calm moonlight of Tuesday the sixteenth.

One word to those who were the delighted witnesses of this grand spectacle, and also one word to those who were not. It is this, if you 're fond of fireworks go and see our old friend, the inimitable, inexhaustible JOHN PARRY'S exhibition of fireworks at the Gallery of Illustration. Nervous ladies need have no fear of noisy explosions, save those of irrepressible laughter, harmless and exhilarating. These fireworks of MR. PARRY'S come off every evening, wet or fine, except Saturday, when they lose none of their brilliancy by being let off in broad daylight. You cannot always see fireworks at the Crystal Palace, but, when you can't, what happier day can a holiday-making Londoner or Provincial or foreign visitor spend than in roaming amid pleasures and Palaces at Sydenham, dining there, which he can do *now* comfortably and well, and, being in town by eight o'clock, dropping in at the Gallery to hear MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED in the first, and MR. JOHN PARRY in the second part (herein are the fireworks) of their two hours' and a half entertainment.

THE NAVAL REVIEW. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1867.

(*Storms. Tempest. Wind* N.N.W.E.S.N.N. *by Nohow all day.*)

Tilburina (*who having gone down to Portsmouth in yachting costume, has not been able to quit the shore, and is now standing with her father the Governor at a first-floor window of the Pier Hotel, looking through a telescope.—Ruin: mist.*) I see—(*bang, bang, smoke*)—I see—(*bang bang bang, more smoke, thicker mist*)—I see——

Governor (*who has paid twenty guineas for his rooms, annoyed*).
The British Fleet you cannot see.
'Cos it is not in sight.

[*Bang. Smoke. Denser mist. He adds despairingly,*
And will not be.

[*They burst into tears.* TILBURINA *goes mad. For the rest, vide "Critic." Olympic Theatre.* CHAS. MATHEWS, *Puff.*

An Improvement.

IT is to be hoped, after the speech of MUSURUS PACHA at the Guildhall reception on Thursday, describing the objects of the SULTAN'S visit to the West, that its general result will be to transform ABDUL *AS-IS*, into ABDUL *as ought to be.*



"VILLAINOUS SALTPETRE!"

Small-Bore Swell. "PH—OO—AUGH! CO—FOUND YOU, CARELESS LITTLE BEGGAR! PHE—W!' DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO SCENT IT, SIR?

ALL AT SEA; OR, ROYAL RECEPTIONS.

Portsmouth Dockyard (*an Unrehearsed Fragment.*)

SCENE—*The* VICEROY'S *Train is late. Wednesday, July* 17, 1867. *Rain, wind, everyone in a bad temper. The* MAYOR *discovered in a corner, reading over his speech: occasionally practising a bow with a Sheriff.*

Admiralty Officials kicking their heels about (*irreverently*). When *is* that VICEROY coming? (*Rain. Wind.*) I *do* wish they'd be punctual.

[*Murmurs.*

[*The* VICEROY'S *Train arrives. All prepare to receive the* VICEROY. *Bell. Cannon. False alarums.*

Enter Excited Official, with a dripping umbrella.

Several People (*annoyed*). Can't you leave that thing (*alluding to the umbrella*) outside? [EXCITED OFFICIAL *begs pardon vaguely.*

Excited Official (*to anyone in authority*). Hi! I say, here's the SULTAN coming. [*Some one tells the* MAYOR.

The Mayor (*wretchedly*). I can't help it. (*Distractedly.*) 'Where 's the VICEROY? I've got to read a speech.

1*st Chorus of Admiralty Officials* (*to one another*). Who 'll receive the VICEROY?

2*nd Chorus of ditto.* Who'll receive the SULTAN?

Official (*with sense of humour, quotes*). "I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
And I'll receive the SULTAN."

First Lord (*indignant at such trifling*). Don't. Here you (*to somebody*) go and receive the Thingummy, and I'll receive the Whatshisname.

[*There being sufficient uncertainty about the framing of this order, it is at once taken as official. They begin receiving the* VICEROY. *Somewhere else they are expecting the* SULTAN.

The Mayor (*commencing the Address*). May it please your Imperial Highness—(*finds he's got the Speech intended for the* SULTAN).

1*st Under Sheriff* (*in a hurry*). Go on. He won't know the difference.

[*The* MAYOR *finds the right Speech, and begins again.*

2*nd Under Sheriff* (*in an under tone*). Make haste. Cut out that, *he* won't care.

The Mayor. And if our kind friends in front, &c. &c.

[*Says the tag and finishes. Cheers. Cheers. Hooray! Exeunt every one, except the* MAYOR, SHERIFFS, *and a Naval Officer or two, to receive the* SULTAN.

The Viceroy (*speaking through the music of distant cheers and present scrambling and rushing*). Hadji baba baksheesh il seraglio mecca Mosque Islam. (*Cannonading. Exeunt Naval Officers.*) Effendi Khorassan Chibouque bulbul (*Exeunt the* SHERIFFS) minaret Imaum. (*Pause. Exit the* MAYOR, *and embarks to meet the* SULTAN. VICEROY *left speaking. He finishes in pure Turkish to his attendants.*) Bosh!

[*Hurries after the* MAYOR *and everybody else to see the smoke, the mist, and what he can or can't of the Naval Review, having previously "intimated" to somebody "that a written reply would be forwarded." The Day ends in Smoke.*

The Least they Can do.

WE rejoice to hear that the Crystal Palace Company have received £500 from the VICEROY OF EGYPT, and £1000 from the SULTAN, as contributions to the rebuilding of the damaged portion of the Palace. As this will include restoration of the Egyptian and Byzantine Courts, we would suggest a change of titles for them, in consideration of these munificent gifts—to the Egyptian and Byzantine *Hauls.*

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.

GRUMBLERS complain that our Belgian visitors have never seen the QUEEN—Nonsense. Haven't they had a personal interview with HER MAJESTY at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.—Who can doubt, after reading LORD ELCHO'S admirable speech to the Volunteers at Wimbledon on the 18th, that he is a man of the best address?

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LEADERS FOR A LOCAL PAPER.



Verily there is something suggestive in the subjoined extract from the prospectus of a provincial paper:—

"Everybody nowadays reads the London news in the London daily papers, and the cheap press of the Metropolis provides for all, (and provides well) the current history of the time. A provincial Journal has another, perhaps a narrower, but still an exact sphere of duty. To tell the news of his own town should be, in our opinion, the first and last object of the country journalist—the fire of yesterday, the ball of last night, the accident which has crippled a neighbour, or the amusement which delights the town; to describe these things well, should be his pleasure and his pride."

The leading articles of such a journal should of course correspond to its news. The following are offered as specimens of what some of them might be:—

KILLING THE FATTED HOG.

Combining resentment and indignation with a sense of uneasiness, and while waxing fainter and fainter, expressing a spirit of dissent and resistance to the last, a succession of squeals issuing from the back premises of Mr. Blubb, on Monday last, announced the intelligence that our respected neighbour was killing a pig. Of course we do not mean to say that it was his own hand which performed the act of porcicide. For that purpose he had invoked the customary services of our friend Smithers. It is a great mistake to regard the event which took place in Mr. Blubb's yard last Monday as an every-day occurrence. The case, in fact, is just the reverse. We do not kill a pig every day. The performance of that solemnity is a festive occasion, and warrants an extra glass of beer. We are enabled to state that the weight of Mr. Blubb's pig was seventeen score, and not, as was estimated by incompetent judges, sixteen and a half. The smoke ascending from behind that gentleman's palings, attended by the crackle of blazing straw, intimated that the victim was intended for bacon, being "swealed" instead of scalded, as it would have been if it had been designed for pork.

It is unnecessary to say that plenty has, for the last three days, reigned at Mr. Blubb's abode. We all know that the pig is esculent, the entire animal, from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail; and we need not expatiate on the excellence of pig's liver. It is sufficient to quote the *dictum* of William Corbett: "Now then this hog is altogether a good thing." We may state, in conclusion, that the whole of the pig has been utilised, inclusive even of the vital fluid. The chitterlings were, of course, the perquisite of Smithers.

A CHANGE OF OFFICE.

Our readers will be prepared for the information that Thomas has quitted the service of the Harringtons, and is succeeded by James. The circumstances which led to Thomas's resignation are well known. Not only was he not strong enough for the place, but he objected to cleaning boots and shoes. His successor in office is more robust and less fastidious; whilst the superiority of James's calves to those of his predecessor will render him an ornamental addition to Mrs. Harrington's new carriage. We are enabled to state that James finds himself on the best of terms with his fellow-servants, and conjecture is already rife as to the probability of a future matrimonial alliance between him and Mary; but speculation of this kind must for the present be regarded as premature.

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK.

The secret of young Mr. Binnister's frequent visits to the farm over the water is now out. On Wednesday last, as will be seen in another part of our impression, was married at All Souls' Church, in this city, William, only son of John Binnister, Esq., wine merchant, to Ellen, eldest daughter of the eminent agriculturist John Stubbs, Esq., of Snawley. A marriage in which both mercantile and agricultural interests are so largely represented as they are in the present instance is to be looked upon as an urban, if not a national event. The relations of the parties on either side in this auspicious union cannot but exercise an important influence for good on the extensive business of which Mr. Binnister junior is the active conductor. The bachelor uncle of the bride, Mr. Nubbley, the coal merchant, is possessed of enormous wealth; and it is understood that the bridegroom will inherit an immense property at the death of his maternal grandfather, old Mr. Plumkins. We were honoured with a card of invitation to the nuptial ceremony, and, when the procession had left the hymeneal altar, had the pleasure of proposing, at the wedding breakfast, the health of the newly-married couple. Our talented fellow-townsman, Mr. Lingo, then, in a humorous speech, gave the toast of "The Ladies," and Mr. O'Rourke, who officiated as the bridegroom's "best man," distinguished himself by throwing an old shoe after the happy pair as they drove off to spend their honey moon at Kiddlums Hall.

THE LAND OF THE SNOB.

Illustrious Visitor, hail!
Right welcome to Albion's shore!
Wherever you go, through the streets or by rail,
Bystanders will holloa and roar.
Be prepared with your eyes and your ears,
For the stare and the shouts of the mob,
Their aloft flourished hats, and demonstrative cheers;
For Old England 's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:
Old England 's the Land of the Snob.

The people of England are free,
And Heaven for equality thank:
But none have such wild adoration as we
For folks of superior rank.
On the toes of each other we tread,
With delight, at the heels of a "nob,"
And in herds we await and pursue a crowned head;
For Old England 's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:
Old England 's the Land of the Snob.

To put on sweet Majesty's hat
Would joy to a Briton impart.
The cushion to press where it sat,
With lips, some could find in their heart.
There are those, could they do such a thing,
On a tempting occasion, as rob,
Who a tooth-brush would filch from a king;
For Old England 's the Land of the Snob, of the Snob:
Old England 's the Land of the Snob.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

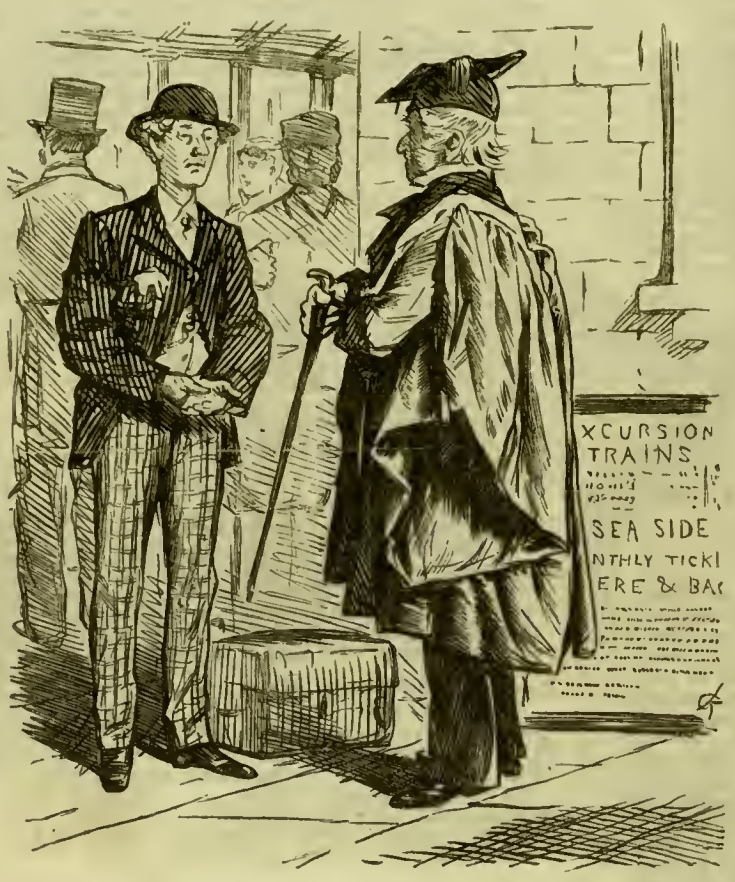
Dear Punch,

I don't read penny papers, nor do I make a study of politics. Old Maids may, but I am not an old Maid. As to what is going on in Parliament, I know no more from reading than Mop does, (Mop is asleep on my velvet mantle—how happy he looks, bless him! with his hair all over his eyes), yet when I travel, too often alone, from London to Brighton by odious rail, I can't help learning something from loud talking M.P.'s, whose conversation, instead of taking a light first-class tone, invariably falls into a heavy parliamentary train. (I said odious rail, didn't I? Yes! because there is a charming four-horse coach now, and I should so like to occupy the box-seat.) Where was I? Oh! I remember. Well, it seems that some sensible man in the Commons has been proposing to give a voice to Minorities—a still small voice of course—in legislative matters. Now *that* I call a very kind thing indeed; for dear *Punch*, by way of illustration, just look at my position. I am a ward in Chancery, and shall be till next April. Cornelius and I have been engaged for nearly two years. Cornelius is a Cornet, and will be eighteen next birthday. In law we are both infants, and during our minorities are looked upon as things of no more consequence than a crochet-needle or a ball of cotton. We must not dream of being united for an age (at least for eight months), unless the Chancellor will kindly give his consent, which as Cornelius is entirely dependent on his father, who allows him £300 a year to find him in cigars, is very, very doubtful. And although I am entitled to £30,000, and mean to give it all to Cornelius on our bridal day, I am not allowed, at present, to have a will of my own! How do you account for all this injustice? simply because there is no representation of Minorities—it stands to reason it can't proceed from anything else.

Now Mr. Mill is a dear creature, and I am a person very unfortunately situated, and I therefore leave my case in his hands, feeling with him that until every person, and especially young persons, are properly represented, we can never have that political paradise of which his admirers so fondly dream, and which I hope will soon be realised, although I differ from them on one point, and cannot allow that mind should take precedence of millinery in their approaching millennium.

Dashington Chase. Diana Derby.

P.S. Is Mr. Mill a military man? Cornelius fancies he must be, because it is reported he once had the command of a Review.



LETTER PERFECT.

Cockney Pupil. "YES, SIR, GOIN' DOWN TO THE GOV'NOUR'S COUNTRY-'OUSE—'AY-MAKIN' AN' THAT GOIN' ON——"

Tutor. "AH, WELL, SEE AND MAKE A FEW H'S AS WELL, MR. PANKRIDGE, WHILE YOU 'RE ABOUT IT!"

SONG, "ANCIENT AND MODERN."

LUNA in her silver car
Through the darkness glides,
And tender Hesperus steals forth,
And lovers dream of brides.
And Echo answers, "Brides!
The moon is up, we look at her
And at the stars besides,
For 'tis by that we calculate
The table of the tides."

Apollo in his chariot
Takes 'mid the spheres his way;
His golden locks they touch the earth,
And charm the shades to play.
And Echo cries out, "Eh!
The sun pays neither toll nor taxes,
Nor ever kept a shay,
For Earth drives out on her own axis,
And sees him once a day."

Soul, the Roman or Athenian
Into marble threw,
Of what was burning or serene in
Things beautiful or true,
And Echo answers, "True,
Our art is on the mantelpiece
In bronze or ormolu,
But the great burning idea is—
The gas-tube going through."

O poet! O historian!
These laurels for thy brow!
Our tributes of green garlands
Are meant for such as thou!
And Echo answers, "Thou
Hast no use for green garlands,
Enough to keep a cow;
But LL.D. and D.C.L.
Is what we give thee now."

The Organisation of Murder.

THERE are artisans at Sheffield who refuse to work with any man who does not belong to their Trades' Union, but have no objection to working with CROOKES, the murderer. All such workmen ought to be working in gangs.

PENNY WASTE-PAPER.

MR. PUNCH,

A LITTLE Girl, aged ten, came into possession of a box of water-colours, cost 6*d.* She then wanted some plain woodcuts to beautify by painting them with its contents. So she invested twopence in the purchase of two illustrated periodicals. The librarian, a woman, who sold her these prints, told her not to read them, as their letter-press was "trash, unfit for little girls." I have no fear that she did read a word of them, or understood them if she did. Such literature is not likely to attract or interest children of her years. But no doubt it has a special charm for nursemaids, and in many cases mainly constitutes their self-culture. The result is probably a considerable contribution to that social difficulty which tasks the reclamatory efforts of devoted clergymen and moralists who convene and preside at midnight meetings.

The brother of the little lady above referred to, two years her senior, has, I find, just finished reading a penny romance, called, *The Knight of the Road.* The Knight is DICK TURPIN, and another of the Knights is TOM KING. In the boy's estimation the highwaymen are as fine fellows as we once thought the Crusaders. To him these robbers are so many paladins and chevaliers, true knights as KING ARTHUR and the champions of the Round Table. He has the same admiration for RICHARD TURPIN that you and I used to entertain for RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. TURPIN'S ride to York is glorious in his eyes. I told him that the best of all TURPIN'S rides was his ride to Tyburn.

CLAUDE DUVAL my young friend esteems as a second BAYARD. He believes that the highwayman's nature was specifically chivalrous, and, in particular, that he made a point of never telling a lie. This boy will grow up under circumstances pretty safe to divest his imagination of any idea which it may have contracted of the chivalry and veracity, or honour, of highwaymen or any other thieves. Not all young readers of *The Knight of the Road,* and the like tales of adventure, will be so fortunate. Not a few of them will perhaps endeavour to tread in the footsteps of the felon whom they venerate as a hero. They will then walk in a path which may still lead to the gallows, and is very likely to lead to the whipping-post. The consciousness of the garotter under the lash is probably a state of simple sensation. He can think of nothing at all whilst his entire being is concentrated in the affection excited by the cat-o'-nine tails. But, after having been whipped, in the intervals occasionally allowed for reflection by penal servitude, many a convict, under sentence for robbery attended with violence, may have leisure to regret the perusal of such periodicals as those which dignify the career of a DICK TURPIN or a JACK SHEPPARD. Parents and guardians would do well to point out to youth, as jocosely as possible, the material and ignoble uses to which alone publications of that description are adapted. That is the only style of advice possible in these days for a

MENTOR.

A FANCY DISQUALIFICATION.

O LORD DENMAN, how could you record such a notice of motion as this?—

"To insert between clauses 9 and 10:—When any elector shall have been convicted of drunkenness three times in one year, he shall not be entitled to exercise the franchise until one year after the last conviction."

Your object, good my Lord, was doubtless excellent—the discouragement of drunkenness. Would you indeed discourage it by disfranchising any elector convicted of it thrice in one year? Surely your Lordship, on reflection, will see that by so doing you would simply transfer the practice of treating with intoxicating drinks. If your amendment were enacted, the natural consequence would be that electioneering agents, instead of, as now, employing fellows to supply their own voters with drink, would set them to work at trying to make as many as they could on the other side as drunk as possible. Moreover the constant tactics of opposite parties in every constituency would consist in respectively trying to intoxicate their political opponents, and get them disfranchised for drunkenness.



MERMAIDS' TOILETS IN '67.

Blanche. "I say, some of you, Call after Aunty! She has Taken my *Chignon*, and Left me her horrid Black one!"

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Sir Morton Peto, Crampton and Betts in the Bankruptcy Court, and money at 2 per cent. discount in the Bank of England!

As Shakspeare says, "This effect defective comes by cause." Two per cent. discount means stagnation of enterprise, cessation of labour, and paralysis of industry. Peto, Crampton and Betts in the Bankruptcy Court means reckless financing, contractors' lines, gulled shareholders, £100 shares at £17, general distrust of railway enterprises, and general disgust with railway investments. We are a practical people. And we show it by accumulating the materials of a gigantic and general smash for every nine years, and having the smash in the tenth. We show it, by encouraging speculation which borders on swindling: by floating enterprises which ruin the first generation of their promoters; by blowing the blubbles of trade and industry till they burst, and bespatter everybody within range of their influence. We proclaim it in those huge and hideous posters, which celebrate the apotheosis of puffery and humbug on every hoarding. We build it up into the acres of flimsy lath and plaster which disfigure every suburb, at once a monument of the bankruptcy of bygone builders and a purgatory for the discomfort of future tenants. We prove it by the much talk and little work of our public Parliamentary labours; the waste, dishonesty, and friction of our Parliamentary Private Bill Legislation; the verbiage and uncertainty of our law; the inertia and incapacity of our local self-government; the *laissez faire* of our Boards of Guardians, District and Local Boards; the snobbery and stupidity of our Municipal Government; the rascality which goes unpunished in our retail trade, and expands into colossal proportions in our larger enterprise; our worship of successful humbug; our neglect and contempt of fine art; the pretension and discomfort of our private social intercourse, and the kotowing and bombast of our public hospitality.

In needs no M. Assolant, from the other side of the Channel, to paint us *couleur de noir*. We have only to get our blacking ready, to look at our own faces as reflected in all signs of the times, and to go to work, with honest hands and open eyes.

We a practical people! *Mr. Punch* denies the assumption. We are *not* a practical people. We are about the most unpractical, wasteful, thriftless, and helpless people on the face of the globe. With our energy of temperament, our worship of money and success, our hardihood of frame, and our readiness to dispense with enjoyment and stifle conscience for considerations of profit, we ought, if we had practical wit in anything like proportion to our will, to be what we boast to be, but are not, the first nation of the world.

Even in our favourite Mammon worship how contemptibly we figure as gauged by the two facts we have put in the front of this article. Money to be had at 2 per cent., and nobody daring to use it! One of our hugest contracting firms bankrupt with an item in the accounts which stands £6,000,000 among the creditors' claims, and £350,000 among the debtors' assets! This is being practical with a vengeance!

A KNOTTY POINT.

What an endless discussion the Gordian knot might have provoked, but for that sharp blade which happily cut it short! Gordias evidently knew how to tie up his imperial property, and was well qualified to give lessons to another distinguished personage—Hymen of matrimonial celebrity—in his peculiar line. Some of his serene highness's most fashionable ties have lately, like Beau Brummell's, been sad failures.

A Correspondent, who signs himself "Cœlebs," and who confesses that he feels somewhat nervous when he reflects upon the inglorious uncertainty of the law, suggests that every nuptial contract should, as collateral security, be accompanied by a note of hand. The plan he proposes is simplicity itself. "Let the ring finger," he says, "of consenting beauty be tastefully tattooed with a representation of Cupid's emblematic dart, certain qualified officers being specially empowered to affix the Government stamp, and piracy made punishable with transportation for life. Love and confidence will then take up their abode at the sign of the arrow, and no doubt there will soon be a great increase in the demand for beaux."

Ecclesiastical.—The Council of *Trent*.—"Drink Bass's bitter."

OUR FRENCH ARTIST IN PARIS.—PART II.



Our Artist, being very Hungry, goes into a Meat Shop. "Moy vouloir une Livre de Viande?"—"La voulez vous crue ou cuite?"—"Moy prefery Cuite?"



The next Thing he looks for is a Marchand de Vin, where with his Chopine of Wine he can eat the Meat.—(*We admire this as a capital dodge for living cheaply at Paris.*)



"A votre Sanoty, Mosieu?"



Cheap Way of Sleeping in Parry.



The Next Morning.



Pursuing a 'Bus for the Exospositiono.



Our Frieno, not knowing that you have to get Tickets, and seeing everybody crush Behind, simply climbs in Front. Fat Frenchman horror-struck at seeing a thing that had never been done before.—(*We recommend this way as a capital dodge of getting a 'Bus without waiting long.*)

A HART WHO IS A TRUMP.

Testimonials are nowadays as plentiful as turnip-tops. They are in the hands of every one, from Countesses to chimney-sweeps. People who do anything receive them by the dozen, and people who do nothing often get a testimonial from people who do less. Still, at times a testimonial is worthily presented, and such a one is that to recognise the services of Mr. Ernest Hart. Nothing is more stupid than punning upon names, else it might be said this gentleman was very fitly christened, for his heart is ever earnest in doing some good work. Among other useful labours, he has recently done more than any man alive to comfort the poor patients in our workhouse infirmaries, who till lately have been left to die uncared for and scarce nursed. In memory of his kindness a fund is being raised, not to give him a gilt coffee-pot or a pair of golden sugar-tongs, but to set on foot a prize to be annually given for the best report, or essay, upon subjects having reference to the care of our sick poor. A testimonial like this, while it commemorates his services, will doubtless be of real service to poor people, and will therefore be acceptable to Mr. Ernest Hart. Readers will be pleased to accept this intimation, and Messieurs Smith, Payne & Co., will likewise be pleased to accept as many cheques as may be drawn for the Hart Fund.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Valiantly did the Great Peers of England, Pillows of the State, address themselves to a Reform debate on *Monday*, July 22nd.

Lord Derby moved the Second Reading of the Bill, and was good enough to state, with a frankness, which, to say the least of it, was charming, the reason which had induced him to favour the nation with Reform. He said that it had happened to him twice to be called in to fill the painful position of a stop-gap, while the Liberals arranged their quarrels, and prepared to turn him out again. He had determined that this should not happen any more, and being in, he had resolved to produce a Bill which Parliament should pass. This is highly gratifying, and we compliment Lord Derby on not having stooped to the pretence that the measure was intended for the good of the country, or that it was based upon any particular principle. Such allegations do very well for the Commons, but are beneath the Lords. *Mrs. Squeers* justly remarked to *Nicholas Nickleby* that she wasn't going to talk any gammon about the brimstone and treacle given to the boys before breakfast. That composition was wholesome and spoiled their appetites, so it was good for them and good for the schoolmaster. Her candour has been imitated by the Earl of Derby.

Earl Grey proposed an amendment, the effect of which was that the Commons had utterly wasted the Session, and had prepared a bad measure, which the Lords would read a Second Time in the hope of making it more decent. His Lordship bored the House with a tedious speech, and finally being unwell, abstained from boring further, though he had evidently intended it.

Various Lords having spoken, the Earl of Carnarvon delivered an able speech against the democratic and dangerous character of the measure, which he regarded as a bloodless revolution.

Earl Beauchamp thought that the last speaker had allowed himself too much licence. He believed in the Agricultural Artisan. Here is a new species of elector.

Earl Granville made a smart personal speech, chaffing Lord Derby. He told a story about the Earl having defended his Bill, in private, not because it was good, but because it had Dished the Whigs. He hoped that Lord Derby would allow the Bill to be amended, and have a new re-distribution.

The Duke of Marlborough defended the action of the Conservatives, on the ground that the Liberals had clearly left them the *damnosa hæreditas* of Reform. He declared that the Ministry fully understood the subject. The debate was adjourned to

Tuesday, when the Earl of Shaftesbury made a long and effective speech, condemning the having conferred the franchise on what he called the Residuum, with which he was well acquainted. The lower orders were affectionate, and sensible of kindness, but they were ignorant and inflammable, and easily led by demagogues. It would take ten years to educate them up to the franchise, but in six months they would destroy any institution that came in their way.

The Duke of Argyll said that Lord Derby would not be a stop-gap, so he had been a weather-cock. He believed in the people, and that this Bill would be beneficial.

The Duke of Richmond said that the other Duke blew hot and cold. He supported the Bill.

The Marquis of Clanricarde said that Mr. Gladstone was the ablest man in the country, that we were not in the same position as after Lord Palmerston's death, that men were more thoughtful, and several other remarkable things.

Lord Houghton said that until the working classes were educated they would probably do some foolish things; but let education go on, and he had no fear of the introduction of this large mass of his countrymen.

Lord Cairns came to the help of the Government, and showed great debating skill in supporting a measure which we incline to think he would have demolished with equal ease and more pleasure.

Lord Russell had not made a monopoly of Reform. He stated his views upon it. You were going to swamp the intelligent artisans. The redistribution was defective. Lord Derby had thought only of success, and Mr. Disraeli

"Had steered through Nilus' sands to show his wit."

We ought to diminish the number of members for the small boroughs, and give more to the counties. Oliver Cromwell gave 300 to the counties and 144 to the towns. Then you would elect the right sort of men, country gentlemen with liberal tendencies. It might be mere old age that made him see danger in household suffrage, but at any rate we should find protection by adding to county representation.

Lord Derby made a rattling answer, and paid some splendid compliments to Mr. Disraeli.

The Grey amendment collapsed, and the Lords read the Reform Bill a Second Time without a division.

In the Commons on *Monday*, we massacred the Innocents, none of them much pitied, the Scotch Reform Bill was read a Second Time by a surprise, and in the debate on the Parks Bill, Mr. J. Hardy told Mr. Peter Taylor that he was elected by the refuse of a constituency, a remark which the Speaker objected to. The Bill was read by 181 votes to 64, and Mr. Beales (M.A.) is in a frenzy of wrath, which is a pity at his time of life and in this hot weather.

Tuesday, Mr. Gregory originated a *Tornado* debate, and Lord Stanley thought there was much to be said on both sides. At night the House was counted.

Wednesday. Mr. Fawcett's motion for throwing open the fellowships of Trinity College, Dublin, to Dissenters, came to a tie, 108 to 108, so the Speaker gave his casting vote against it. The Church Rate Abolition Bill was passed—by the Commons.

Thursday. *Mr. Punch's* smallest remarks should be carefully observed. He mentioned last week that the Oxford and Cambridge Tests Abolition Bill was passed, that is, sent up to the Lords. This meant that he should have to say, this week, that the Bill was rejected. Of course it was, by 74 to 46.

Something else that occurred is too funny to be told except from a report:—

"The Marquis of Westmeath said he wished to call their Lordships' attention to a serious breach of privilege. Mr. Edward Harper informed him that he (Mr. Harper) was in the Strangers' Gallery during the discussion which took place in the House a few nights ago on the Bill to abolish the declaration against transubstantiation, and that he heard one of the reporters say in a loud tone to one of his colleagues as he entered the reporters' room, 'That damned old idiot Westmeath—*(great laughter)*—is speaking. I will take care not to give a word of what he says." Mr. Harper also informed him that the following incident took place during the discussion. While some of the reporters were leaving the reporters' box and being replaced by other reporters, one of the former said to one of the latter, 'What a pity it is that there is no one to send this drivelling idiot Westmeath to a lunatic asylum.' *(Great laughter.)*

"The Earl of Malmesbury said if the Noble Marquis thought that any person had violated the privileges, he could move that that person should be brought to the bar. But the Noble Marquis was quite out of order in laying before the House details which were below the dignity of the House. The Noble Marquis was complaining of what appeared to be jokes, *the recital of which could only excite laughter.*"

Lord Westmeath could not see the fun, but was at last induced to sit down.

Friday. Just and rational complaint, by the Lords, that Canning's statue had been removed. It will, we infer, be replaced. Is everything to go down before these pestilent Railway Goths?

A debate on the affairs of two wild countries, Ireland and Abyssinia. In regard to the first, various Irish Members, with various ability, stated that the grievances of Erin were unredressed, and they were told by Mr. Disraeli that his Land Bill, which they had resisted, was one of the noblest remedies ever offered, and by Lord Claude Hamilton that they tried to prevent the redress of grievances in order to have matter for inflammatory speeches. Touching Abyssinia, and our captives, Lord Stanley said that he was not disposed to leave those men to their fate, but that the war would be a serious matter, and if we began it, we must go through with it at any price. He was making martial investigations. Yes, we must have those poor prisoners, or the head of King Theodorus.

PIO NONO IN LUCK'S WAY.

The Emperor of the French praises the police for their maintenance of good order in the presence at Paris of numerous sovereigns. Talk of the sovereigns at Paris! The Pope, at Rome, has upwards of 1,500,000 crowns. They have been taken to him by his bishops, and delivered to him down on the nail. Besides all that money, and more, gold, silver, and precious stones, are tumbling like shelled peas into the triple hat. The Holy Father is financially master of the situation, and making a good thing of it. What will he do with all his wealth? Heap coals of fire on the head of Victor-Emmanuel by paying off the Italian national debt? Perhaps he will devote some of the money to putting down brigandage.

Good Advice.

Mr. Punch knows that there have been divisions in the Reform League, but surely gratitude should have kept Professor Beesley from assailing Mr. Beales in the following epigram:—

"The slave who brought the noble Gracchus' head,
To gain more gold, replaced the brain with lead:
Should Beales's ever in such scales be thrown,
Finder, be wise! and leave the brains alone."

An Anecdote Completed.

The National Portrait Exhibition contains a picture of Dr. Freind, and in the Catalogue we are told that he was "imprisoned in the Tower, and released by Sir Robert Walpole at the request of Dr. Mead, who refused to prescribe for Sir Robert till he had obtained an order for his friend's release." The Editor has omitted to add, that when Freind heard what Mead had done for him he said, "A friend in Mead is a friend indeed."



ANOTHER REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

A FINE horse, a fine rider,—and first of the steed—
Caucasian Arab, they say, by his breed—
Limbs lithe, light, and lissome; with sinew to spare,
And though past mark of mouth, not a single white hair:
Yet his coat seems to change, as 'tis viewed in the light,
Now, a dull Oxford mixture, now dark, and now bright.
Till what its true colour, 'twas puzzle to say,
Till they found a new name for it—Vivian Grey—
His temper, you 'd say, that a quieter horse
Never played in a paddock, or walked o'er a course,
But for all he's so quiet, a look in his eye,
Warns 'gainst trusting one's ribs his fine fetlocks too nigh.
And if ever a horse had a will of his own,
One is fixed in that flesh, and was bred in that bone:
Ere you cross this dark horse, let him look ne'er so nice,
See you 've muscles like whip-cord, a hand like a vice,
Or the horse you 'll soon find with the bit in his teeth,
And the rider, where riders should *not* be, beneath.
And he who backs *this* horse, for field, course, or park,
Ten to one, finds he's taken—a LEAP IN THE DARK.

And what of his rider, the lady in blue?
There are fears and forebodings, BRITANNIA, for you!
Though in front of the field 'twas your glory to show,
Time was when your steed by *your* will had to go:
When though riding your fastest, you atilt, as you led,
Kept a hand on your horse, and a watch well ahead;
Never rushed at your fences, your mark overshot,
Nor galloped o'er ground where 'twas wiser to trot:
When, if strange to a country, you stuck to a guide
Who knew it,—nor scorned by direction to ride:
When if a big jump, or a blind, crossed your course,
You noted the ground ere you lifted your horse;
If the lie of the land hinted danger beyond—
Old quarry, or chalk-pit, sunk road-way, or pond—
When your horse would have taken the fence in his stride,
You pulled him together, and turned him aside,
And the chance of a fall and a fracture to baulk,
To the *terra incognita* went at a walk—
Too brave to heed sneerers' or scoffers' remark,
And too wise to hazard a LEAP IN THE DARK.

Those fashions you 've changed, and those rules you 've thrown by;
With no hand on your reins, across country you fly;
Curb and snaffle hang loose, and your horse has his head,
And as once you steered *him*, now he steers *you*, instead;
Takes a line of his own, you reck nought where or how;
Let him trot over pasture, and gallop o'er plough?
Let him shy the old ways, well-known gaps, ancient rides,
Leave your skirt on the thorns, smash your knees, bruise your sides,
In his rush betwixt gateposts too straight to pass through,
At stone walls he can't leap, gates you cannot undo;
Till at last, when your head you have lost in the run,
When your eyesight is failing, your strength fairly done,
When your line shaped at random, the guide-posts unread,
You know not an inch of the country ahead.
He goes by BRIGHT and GLADSTONE, HUGHES, FAWCETT, and MILL,
At a thundering gallop, tearing with you down-hill,
In his stride takes the fence that, big, bushy, and black,
Throws up its thick sprays, and sharp thorns in your track,
And over it skims, like a lad in a lark,
And—who knows what will come of this LEAP IN THE DARK?

THE CARCASE AND THE VULTURES.

THE Tichborne Baronetcy and Estates are in Chancery. The *Post* announces that "bills have been now filed in the causes of TICHBORNE *v.* TICHBORNE and TICHBORNE *v.* MOSTYN," remarks that "in this *cause célèbre* we shall have another sensational trial," and adds that:—

"A formidable array of Counsel are engaged on both sides. The ATTORNEY and SOLICITOR-GENERAL are retained by the plaintiff's solicitor, MR. HOLMES; and in all probability SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, with other eminent counsel, will appear for the defendants'."

Oh, the poor Tichborne estates!



A LEAP IN THE DARK.

THE SONG OF A TAILOR—NOT ON STRIKE.

My life is dull, my lot is low,
A tailor—sitting on a board—
I urge a hot goose to and fro
O'er seams of fustian, seams of cord.

I had a dream in early days,
Ere cramped about the heart and knees,—
The youthful longing for the bays
That heroes bring across the seas.

But poverty—in scornful mood—
Upraised a haggard face and said,
"Go! Take this needle, work for food,
Thy fate is spun of wincey thread."

When now I wish for great renown,
A "ragged regiment" me assails;
The ghosts of future jackets frown
From out paternal swallow-tails.

Sleep brings me dreams of cannon balls.
And hostile garments rolled in blood:
With morn I wake to troops of smalls—
Stained by a peaceful country's mud.

Sometimes a thought across me comes,
In busy labours of the night,—
That I do hear the roll of drums—
Loud clarions clam'rous for the fight.

Then my swift lance despises rest,
Fierce through the ragged breach I whirl,
This hand hath made a crimson vest,
And pinked the doublet of an Earl.

O'er lifeless limbs I hotly press,
O'er soulless bodies—cut and torn,—
I see the ranked battalion's "dress,"
Gods! It will be an awful morn.

A page ascends the death-heaped stair,—
"Ho! Doth thy Mistress tidings send?
What! Tokens from my lady-fair?"
"No! Mr. Thompson's coat to mend."

"Oh! heedless, heedless 'prentice boy,
The errand you too-quickly ran.
One hour—I feel the warrior's joy,
The next—a fraction of a man!

Yet, wherefore should I thus regret
A blood-stained wreath—a shroudless grave;
Men's hearts are not so narrow yet,
But they may think a tailor brave.

I have a friend who loves me well,
There is a maiden holds me dear;
Away regret! Renown farewell!
I have a worthier consort here.

A SOLEMN DECLARATION.

(*To the* Marquis of Westmeath.)*



Attention to the following manifesto is requested by *Mr. Punch*:—

1st. *Punch* and Protestantism both begin with P. *Mr. Punch* scouts the Jesuitical suggestion that *Punch* and Pope also begin with P. Such an idea could only have found a place in the Head of the Jesuits.

2nd. *Mr. Punch's* fine body of young men consists of one Jew, (a very wandering Jew) one Turk (need he say the illustrious contributor signing himself Abdool A., lately on our shores), two Infidels, a stout Heretic, a Schismatic author, an amiable Agapæmonist, a convivial Sceptic, an argumentative Uncertaintist, a converted Jumper [artist], and one [he is willing to admit] intelligent Papist, (retained only out of motives of the purest charity) whose articles, however, are invariably examined by a committee of learned Protestant Divines, and must be signed by Dr. M'Neile and the Bishops of London and Manchester, before being submitted to *Mr. Punch's* spectacles. Moreover, he is not allowed to ask twice for pudding at dinner, and two trusty contributors sit on either side of him during that meal with loaded pistols. He is also invariably removed from the premises in custody, and when his presence is required, is conveyed to *Mr. P.'s* office in a dark-coloured van under the superintendence of the manager of the London dining-rooms.

3rd. *Mr. Punch* has several times refused a Cardinal's hat.

4th. *Mr. Punch* has politely declined all Dr. Manning's jokes, but has not returned his postage stamps, lest by doing so he should be innocently aiding and abetting the collection of Peter's pence.

5th. That the Essence of Parliament is not written by a Jesuit in disguise. Since his Lordship's speech this young man has been compelled to drink the immortal memory of King William and several other Protestant toasts, without mental reservation. The consequence is that he has been unfit for business for some days past.

6th. That that's all *Mr. Punch* has to say on the subject, and returns the Marquis his sincere thanks for having afforded him this opportunity of coming forward to vindicate his own character and that of his young men whom his Lordship will henceforth not confound with the Jesuitical Reporters in the Gallery.

* See last week's Essence of Parliament.

Between the Dances.

Said Edwin to Angelina, as they sat in the conservatory, "Dearest, why is England unlike this sweet retreat? Nay, then, do not pout. The reason is, in England there are many shires, and here there are but fu-chsias." (*Yowls.*)

SAILORS FROM THE STREETS.

People who were present at the Naval Review (and, spite of the bad weather, *Punch* pities all who were not) must, if they went on board any vessel of the fleet, have thought a life afloat a very tolerable existence. There is plenty of hard work at times, but there is plenty of hard cash for it: the men are all well clothed and fed, and have a cheerful air about them, even when it blows a gale, as it did on the review day. You rarely see ashore such cleanliness and neatness as are manifest on board ship. Self-respect is taught in all our naval schools, and the men are all the happier for the discipline they bow to.

When *Punch* returned from the review, he could not help contrasting the life of our Jack Tars, whom he left singing over their grog, with the life of our street vagabonds, who slink about the alums, and have little cause for cheerfulness. *Punch* thought how much he would enjoy to see a Transformation Scene, where some kind fairy would appear, and change our half-starved, ragged street boys into well-fed, well-clad sailors, such as those he had left singing. With this reflection in his mind, *Punch* bethought himself that a committee of kind people has been formed, who are trying by degrees to do the work of a good fairy, and save our homeless urchins from starving in the streets. With this view they have obtained the use of Her Majesty's ship *Chichester*, and have moored her at Greenhithe, with two hundred hammocks ready for two hundred homeless boys. Here for fifteen pounds a year a wandering lad of London may be rescued from the streets, and turned into a sailor boy as fit to be reviewed as any in the fleet. Splendid swells, who are afraid of getting their white waistcoats splashed by muddy little rascals turning head over heels, should subscribe to the committee for abating such street nuisances. Nervous people, also, who are fearful of street robbers, should prevent street boys from growing into ruffianly garotters, by subscribing for their training to be sailors for the fleet. Moreover, anybody else who has three five-pound notes to spare, could hardly spend them better than by sending a poor lad to the training ship at Greenhithe, and so helping him to gain an honest livelihood afloat. Pay your money, Gentlemen, at No. 8, Great Queen Street, and for every boy you rescue receive All London's thanks.

CHIVALRY OR CHISELRY?

The *Saturday Review*, in an article on "The Two Ministerial Leaders," pays a delicate compliment to the Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

"Probably there is no better preparation for a hearty and effective co-operation with Mr. Disraeli than a long life spent, even though it has been as honourably spent as Lord Derby's, upon the Turf."

This is presently followed by the remark that—

"It will be curious to watch whether, after the events of the last two years Lord Derby will retain his reputation for chivalry."

No doubt Lord Derby will retain the reputation which he has earned for a kind of chivalry; for chivalry in a certain etymological sense, rather than in the usual meaning of the word: the chivalry that comes of connection with horses, and cannot but come of a long life spent, although it has been spent honourably, on the Turf. For the honour of the Turf is consistent with jockeyship, or such management as that whereby the two Ministerial leaders have contrived to lead the Conservative party—shall we say, by the nose? There is no fear that the noble Premier will lose any of the reputation which he now enjoys for the chivalry which may be described as horsey honour. It is not, indeed, the chivalry of the *chevalier d'industrie*, but perhaps we may venture to say it is that of the *chevalier du gazon*.



AT THE ZOO.

Slender Party. "I'VE OFTEN WONDERED HOW THE HIPPOPOTAMUS COULD WALK!"
Stout Party. "HOW THOSE GIRAFFES CAN MAINTAIN THEIR PERPENDICULAR I COULD NEVER MAKE OUT!"

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING AT THE NEW ADELPHI, AND IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH, animated, no doubt, by the example of the excellent MARQUIS TOWNSHEND (would he could imitate his acts of mercy instead of his merciless acting!), has created a great sensation by his performance of *Dogberry*, in a selection from *Much Ado About Nothing*, given last Thursday night in the House of Lords. One fault of the Marquis's performance is, that he plays—as even noble amateurs are sometimes apt to do—too much to the *gallery*. But at least he claims his privilege, as a Lord, of being judged by his peers, and gives his version of *Dogberry* to the Reporters' Gallery of the Upper House in Westminster, instead of the Shilling Gallery of MR. SEFTON PARRY'S theatre in High Holborn. Nothing could exceed the effect of the Marquis's delivery of the passage, "Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass! But masters, remember that I am an ass. Though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"

Much Ado about Nothing is being acted at the New Adelphi just now. MISS KATE TERRY'S *Beatrice* is a thing to rejoice in. MR. NEVILLE'S *Benedick* is full of spirit, and MR. CLARK'S *Dogberry* is as good, almost, as the inimitable KEELEY'S used to be. But when we have thrown into the scale even MISS KATE TERRY'S exquisite *Beatrice*, MR. NEVILLE'S spirited *Benedick*, and MR. CLARK'S stolid and venerable *Dogberry*, the selection from *Much Ado about Nothing* in the House of Lords, thanks to the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH'S inimitable personation of the foolish constable, makes the new Adelphi representation of the entire play kick the beam. There is a great deal more "ado" and infinitely more "nothing" in the MARQUIS OF WESTMEATH'S performance before the Peers.

TO CONSERVATIVES WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Will Household Suffrage let into the constituencies the class of persons whom MR. BRIGHT calls "ratcatchers?" If so, let the Rats look out.

BEALES PREPARED FOR BATTLE.

ON Tuesday last week the illustrious BEALES (M.A.) emerged from temporary obscurity to preside, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, at a "*soirée*" of the friends and members of the Reform Club held at Radley's Hotel, Bridge Street, "for the purpose of celebrating the Reform demonstration in Hyde Park, on the 23rd of last July"—the anniversary of the overthrow of the Hyde Park railings. In view of the enactment of a Reform Bill based on household suffrage, most people may have fancied that BEALES'S occupation was gone. But, if so, they have deceived themselves. The Preservation of the Parks Bill has passed its second reading. If enacted it will put an end to political meetings in Hyde Park. Its mere second reading, BEALES (M.A.) declared, "had perhaps sown the seeds of frightful social discord." Which, of course, MR. BEALES will do his best to allay, as, for instance, by eloquence of this sort:—

> "They would not allow their great constitutional rights to be put under the feet of any Government—(*cheers*)—they would not permit them to be sacrificed to the whims of Rotten Row. If a war of classes should come—and they had been most anxious to avoid it—let it come. (*Cheers.*)"

But how can any war of classes come when all classes are represented, and the working and poorer classes preponderate in the Legislature? Perhaps BEALES will deny that the Reform Bill will extend the representation to all classes. Peradventure he will say that it will exclude the dangerous classes. Possibly it may. And then the dangerous classes may make war on society. In that case where will MR. BEALES be? Of course not at their head. But still, if BEALES has any political ambition, and the Reform Bill do exclude the dangerous classes from the power of choosing a representative, it certainly will be a bad job for BEALES.

TRANSLATED, NOT TRADUCED.

SPEAKING of cunning JONES, who gives cheap wine, educated BROWN said, "He is rather fond of his *supercherie*." "More than I am of his supper-sherry," said facetious ROBINSON.



PARIS?

"Not if I know it! Give me a quiet Month at the Sea-side, and leave me alone, please!"

VOTE BY PEN.

Notice of the following amendment in the Representation of the People Bill was given by Lord Lyttelton:—

"And be it enacted that from and after the expiration of six months after the passing of this Act no one shall be entitled to vote at the election of any Member of Parliament who cannot write a legible hand."

There is, perhaps, too much reason to fear that, in proposing to move the foregoing provision, the haughty aristocrat was only making fun of the people. Who is to decide on what constitutes a legible hand? Compositors and editors contrive to read handwriting which nobody else on earth except an expert could ever decipher. Nevertheless something might be made out of Lord Lyttelton's suggestion. There is at least one borough, not yet to be disfranchised, wherein a practice very prevalent at contested elections is that of distributing something called "sugar." Besides the sugar there is also a large distribution of spirits and beer, whereof many of the recipients are accustomed to come up to the poll with the name of the candidate whom they have taken sugar to vote for, printed on a card, lest they should forget it. They generally do succeed in the attempt to read it, notwithstanding the hazy duplicated appearance that it presents to their eyes. But very few of them probably would, if called upon, be able to write it down. Now, if every elector at the polling-booth were obliged not only to speak the name of the man of his choice, but also to enter it in a book, in writing that somebody could read, the votes of the sugared electors would be for the most part excluded, to the rejection of the sugar-candidate.

PUBLICITY AND PEWS.

(*To the Editor of Punch.*)

Sir,—In these days a man is hooted at if he dare speak a word in defence of the pew system. Nevertheless, I must say I very much prefer it. When you are one of a party of friends, don't you like to have a place to yourself? And when you are alone, would you not wish to sit unobserved, and give your mind to what you are about? I like the good old system of separate seats, partitioned off. I hate the publicity of a modern restaurant. I love to be snug. Give me the comfortable and truly English arrangement of distinct sittings still maintained at, for example, the Cock, in Fleet Street. Of course, in advocating the pew-system, I am not speaking of ecclesiastical accommodation, but of that which I hold to be most suitable for a public-house. Accordingly, permit me to assume the name of yours truly,

Walter de Mapes.

THE NEW DUTY.

On the occasion of the Requiem Mass lately celebrated in the chapel of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Great Ormond Street, for the repose of the soul of the Emperor of Mexico, the titular Bishop of Kerry preached a sermon, in the course of which, says the *Times*, "the Bishop inveighed earnestly against the modern doctrine of non-intervention, which, he maintained, was not only condemned by Christ's vicar, but violated the moral duties of nations." To be sure, poor Maximilian fell a martyr to intervention, and so far the invective against non-intervention was very appropriate. But intervention, in the Bishop's sense of the word, implies the employment of military force, in other words, taking the sword. He says that the doctrine of non-intervention is condemned by the vicar of a certain Superior. Therefore, then, the said vicar condemns the doctrine of not taking the sword. There was once, however, a very memorable conjuncture in which intervention and not non-intervention, taking the sword and not declining to take the sword was positively forbidden by the Superior of that so-called vicar, forbidden to the first of the alleged vicar's predecessors, and forbidden when attempted on the Superior's own behalf. We are now, it seems, instructed no longer to fear that they who take the sword shall perish with the sword, but, on the contrary, to be afraid of the condemnation which we may incur by not taking the sword. And this we are taught by a Bishop who may be described as a vicar of the vicar of the Superior above-named. The Pope had already promulgated a new dogma. Now he appears to have declared a new doctrine. He is in a fair way to invent what, in the diction of the advertising dentist, may be called, an entirely new description of Christianity.

EPICURUS AFLOAT.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You are of a nobly sporting turn, but permit me to say that you were a trifle too sportive of your capital when you betted me that I would not go to the Naval Review. For I went.

I own that the chances were in your favour. I had a lively recollection of the discomforts of my last expedition to Spithead, and as you remarked with some acerbity (probably unintended, certainly forgiven), I am a good many years older than I then was, and am less tolerant of the small miseries. But I went.

Not upon this occasion, dear Sir, did I conduct my journey in your true British fashion, taking the last train, and trusting to chance for bed and board. No, Sir. I went to Portsmouth by an early train on the Tuesday, I paid two affable Portsmouth boatmen the sum of half-a-sovereign to place me alongside H.M.S. the *Royal Turret*, and thanks to the hospitalities of its gallant commander, I was swinging like a gentle chyild in a white cot, listening to the plash of the sea-waves, at an hour when angry men and angrier women, just released from the railway-station, where they had arrived an hour after time, were raging and storming over wet and filthy Portsmouth, vainly demanding the food and shelter which they should have had the sense to secure. It was pleasant to reflect upon the peaceful reward of my own prudence, it was improving to think of the penalty which was being then paid by folly. Sir, I know few things more agreeable than swinging gently in a cot, and deducing bland morals from the errors of my fellow-creatures.

To those avocations, and to the poppied sleep which ensued, I could gladly, I will avow, have devoted somewhat longer than the arrangements of Her Majesty's Navy permitted. But the cabin of my valued friend the Captain was at the other end of the apartment in which I hung, and at the hour of four I was aroused by hearing him in conference with a subordinate. A signal had been made. I was equal to the occasion, and advised him to imitate Lord Nelson, and decline to see that signal, at least until after breakfast. But he, having combated the seas, and also the enemies of England all over the world for many years, naturally knew the ways of the Navy better than I did, and got up to attend to the Admiral's injunction. "We are to change our berth," he said. With the utmost readiness I replied, "Then I will change mine." Did you ever try to get out of a swinging bed, dear Sir? Ah! Then I hope you did not hurt yourself much when it slipped away from behind you, and you came abruptly to a seat on the floor. But in describing a great day, when the Royal Navy of England had gathered for the glory of the Queen and the Sultan, I will not dwell at undue length upon a personal incident. Still, I could wish cabins to be more thickly carpeted.

A delightful sea-bath, an admirable breakfast (I make my compliments to the artificer of that stewed lamb with the rich black sauce), an excellent cigar on deck, the sparkling ocean, the smiling Wight, and the frowning ships conspired to restore me to composure and comfort. I had then an opportunity of examining our Navy, represented by about fifty vessels and a thousand cannons. It appeared to me to be in very good repair, and all that could be desired. Having satisfied myself on this point, I descended into the aft turret, as the wind blew somewhat too freely to allow my cigar to burn well.

Here I must explain a little. I was on board the most tremendous of the Turret Ships, and the one which was under the command of the Inventor. The Admiralty, that is Mr. Corry, had very properly put her into Commission for the Review (I suppose you know what Commission means), and had given the Captain a picked crew from the *Superexcellent*. And everybody intended to do everything he knew. I have no intention of taking the liberty of sketching either my friend the Captain, or my acquaintances the officers, or my admiration, the gunners and sailors. A house is a castle, and this was a floating castle, and I was a guest, and a very well treated one, though I repeat that the Navy gets up too early. But of my Captain, to whom I am proud to say I paid the utmost obedience, especially when he commanded me to help myself and pass the bottle, I would say one thing. When, in the Crimean War, we wanted to take Taganrog, we could not take Taganrog, because System had neglected to provide us with the means of bringing big guns close enough. Whereupon a Captain suddenly saw his way to the end. He, in a single night, so directed the labours of certain sailors, that in the morning there was a huge gun riding in an extempore vessel which Jack himself christened *Lady Nancy*. You, dear Sir, immortalised her in some beautiful verses of unsurpassed elegance and grace, published on July 14th, 1855. I insert one of them, and I have a very good reason for being able to remember them:—

> "We know'd what we wanted, materials was granted,
> We knocked her together as quick as we could,
> The *Strong Belly* towed her—we sailed and we rowed her,
> And *there's werry fine ashes where Taganrog stood.*"

The song, Sir, became widely popular in the fleet, and I believe mainly conduced to the glorious conclusion of the War. The Captain, Sir, who called the *Lady Nancy* into being, is the inventor of the Turret Ships, and he was my Captain on the auspicious day I am recording. One of his names is that of the bard of Olney, the other indicates, with a varied spelling, things without which his steam-engine could not work.

Sir, I got into one of the turrets. In that *demi-jour* I obtained a sensation. Did you ever read *Salâmmbo?* I hope not, for it is very dull. But there are some powerful bits. One of these is where the beautiful lady is sent by the priests into a gloomy vault that she may offer herself to a vast and hideous serpent. I am not a beautiful lady, but when I found myself alone in that turret, I had a sort of *Salâmmbo* sensation. A huge brown Monster, high in air, stretched across the place, and looked out at the only window—a round hole—and over the stern of this beast was coiled what might have been a white serpent of the largest size, only it wasn't, but a great rope. The Monster, shut up in this iron cylinder, was a tremendous gun. Completely protected, and laid and worked by gunners who are safe and invisible, this fearful engine, fed with five-and-thirty pounds of powder, and a ball about the size of your own respected head (a noble one), is wheeled round with the turret as a young lady wheels her music-stool, and when the greatest amount of murderous mischief can be done, a string is pulled, and bad luck to anything that happens to be within three miles of that flash. But that is not enough. Rifle the Monster's inside, and he will spit ten thousand yards. There go 1760 to a mile, as you may have heard. Then, Sir, we are so low in the water that we can hardly be called a mark, and if we are hit we don't care, being in armour proof; we send our bulwarks over our side, like flaps, to make ourselves look narrower, and thus, a Mammoth Armadillo, we slaughter. That *Royal Turret* could have engaged the whole wooden fleet that day, and at the end of it there would have been no fleet except the *Royal Turret*. I tell you, my dear Sir, I have never seen such an infernal power. What a good thing that the late Admiralty did not succeed in its desperate efforts to prevent our getting such a weapon.

With these details, Sir, I conclude the last instructive line of this despatch, though I allow that in my apparently lightest mood it is difficult for me to say something that is not instructive. I have no intention of describing the Review, but I like the principle of it. Instead of the forces parading before the Queen, the Queen went up and down, and looked at the forces; certainly a simple process, and one involving only a fiftieth part of the trouble the sea-procession would have given. Four times the fleet saluted, and powder is about fivepence a pound. For about twenty minutes we all fired away like mad. It was called engaging the enemy, and the roaring was heard in Herefordshire, and very likely in the Hebrides. *We* roared horribly, and our iron-clad mass was convulsed for a second, and shuddered, as the fire was given. Then came the signal for ceasing fire, which I took the liberty of construing a little amply, by beginning Seltzer water.

I do not know that I need dwell upon the admirable lunch, and capital dinner which ornamented the day. I have heard "son of a sea-cook" used as a phrase of reproach. I only wish that sea-cooks would send their sons, if educated to the profession of their sires, to several London Clubs. I can conceive no greater happiness than that of the Captain of a turret-ship, after an engagement. He has sent a dozen enemy's vessels to the bottom, and he sits down to better soup than you can get in Pall Mall. But enough on this head. I care very little what I eat or drink, but justice is justice.

I had a hot dinner, and it agreed with me. So had, I suppose, the Admiral, but it did not agree with him, for at nine o'clock he threw up a rocket. After that I trust he was better. The fleet instantly lit up, and discharged fireworks. The cannonading had brought on the rain, but you will be glad to know that I did not get wet, thanks to my being involved in a huge boat-cloak, and that the sight (of the fireworks) was very imposing. I particularly mention the *Liffey*, which poured a continuous cascade of fire from her bows, and may be doing it now for what I know, for she went on at it long after I went below.

Sir, the day and the night were a success, and as for the second time I was pendulous in that cot, I pleasingly remarked that England had expected every man to do his duty, and that every man had fulfilled his country's great expectations.

Again noting that the Navy gets up too early, regretting that it is always washing-day afloat, and requesting you to be ready with the money I have so nobly won,

I have the honour, &c., &c., &c.,

The New Promontory, Epicurus Rotundus.
Ornamental Water, Regent's Park.

On Mr. G. A. Simcox's Tragedy.

A. Prometheus is unbound!
B. The deuce!
Readers, your course is plain,
Pray ye to Simcox and to Zeus,
To tie him up again.

Drink for Lawyers.—The Wool-sack.



WELL MEANT.

Shoeblack (to daily customer). "Such a Treat we've got to-night, Sir! Tea an' Buns, an' Speeches at Exeter 'All! Wouldn't you like to go, Sir?"

City Magnate. "Oh, they wouldn't let me in, my Boy."

Shoeblack. "Um! (*Ponders.*) Well—look 'ere. I think I could Smuggler in as my *Father!!*"

THE WHITEBAIT DINNER.

(*A Cantata.*)

Solo.

O ye great and little fishes,
Handed round in silver dishes,
Everything that could be wished!
Like the Whigs you all are dished.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, oh!
Joe, Joe, Joe!
No, no, no,
Ben, Ben, Ben.
It may pass.
Fill the glass.
Happy colleagues, merry men!

Solo.

Do they say that we are hollow?
Then we've room the more to swallow.
Appetite, how keen thine edge is!
Whitebait I prefer to pledges.
Unsubstantial are the latter,
They won't make you any fatter,
So that, platter after platter,
You can take them.
If you break them,
Very well—it doesn't matter.

Chorus.

O, what numbers we are eating,
Of these small fry at this meeting!

Solo.

Yes, but 'tis my own impression,
That we ate more wurds this Session.

Chorus.

Bravo, that's a frank confession!
Dinner is the time for candour.
Here's a health to our Commander!
Now, the shop and business sinking,
We'll set in for serious drinking.

In the Same Line.—"Masks and Faces. Close of the Season." Substitute "Session" for "Season," and this announcement will serve for another performance, not in Piccadilly, but at Westminster.

TOLERATION TRIUMPHANT.

The Select Committee appointed to report on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act will, of course, recommend its repeal. To that step no objection can possibly be made by a Legislature well aware that it can in no way affect the material progress and prosperity of this great country. Some Protestant bigot, perhaps, will propose a clause which, whilst leaving the papal clergy free to call themselves what they please, shall declare that the only bishops known to the law are those of the Established Church. It is not difficult to foresee that this proposal will be rejected without regard to any insignificant complications which may arise out of the recognition of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics under the general denomination of bishops and clergy. Another bigoted Protestant will very likely suggest the insidious precaution of distinguishing the Pope's prelates by describing them as the Roman Catholic bishops of their several sees. Dr. Manning is not prepared to accept that compromise; he cannot be expected to do any such thing. Are not he and his subordinates the only true bishops in England—in their own estimation. He will naturally suggest that the Anglican bishops ought to be obliged to distinguish themselves by the qualification of Protestant—or Heretical if they like that better, and want to be precise.

As a measure of toleration the mere repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act will, however, be ridiculously incomplete. In the first place equal justice will require that it should be accompanied by a proviso for enabling Dr. Manning and his episcopal brethren to sit in the House of Lords. In the next place, unless persecuting statutes are to be maintained, the Act of Settlement will have to be repealed, so that an Archbishop of Westminster may be free to officiate hereafter at Coronations. There can be little fear that a Conservative Government will not very soon abolish all the exclusive privileges of the Church of England.

THE INNS OF COURT POCKET BOROUGH.

Mr. Punch,—There is a proverb which says that you must sometimes hold a candle to me. Do so now, that the British Public may read the expression of my thanks to Earl Grey for the following amendment which he proposed to move in Committee on the Representation of the People Bill in the House of Lords:—

"The Inns of Court, consisting of the Societies of Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Gray's Inn, and Serjeants' Inn, shall together return two Members to Parliament; every serjeant-at-law and barrister-at-law belonging to the said Societies respectively, and duly entered upon the books thereof for the time being, shall be entitled to vote for such Members."

Earl Grey is a gentleman, and knows what is due from one gentleman to another. That I am a gentleman nobody who reads his *Shakspeare* will deny. And I am an ancient gentleman—the popular synonym of my plain name describes me as the old one. I am called the ancient gentleman in particular, just as certain other gentlemen are definitively styled The Chisholm, The O'Conor Don, The Knight of Kerry, The O'Donoghue. My connection with the Inns of Court dates from time immemorial. All the world knows that the famous Inns of Court Volunteers, the crack volunteer corps, are my own regiment. It has long been notorious that the Inns of Court constitute my peculiar province, and I cannot but feel all the gratitude that my nature is capable of to the statesman who has exerted his influence to convert them into a Parliamentary constituency. Hitherto I have only been indirectly represented in the House of Commons, although truth, if I regarded that, would compel me to admit, in effect, and on the whole, represented tolerably well. When the Inns of Court return two Members to Parliament, the position of a Peer who owns a pocket borough will be precisely that occupied by

Modo and Mahu.

P.S. Your respect for an old foe will induce you to insert this communication, for which I prefer your black-and-white to the table of a spirit-rapping medium. You don't make mistakes.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

AT COVENT GARDEN. PERFORMANCE OF GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA,

ROMEO E GIULIETTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

In the Stalls.

Somebody (*a Non-Subscriber, who wants to listen carefully to the Opera*).

People on Somebody's Right.

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*who has heard the Opera three times before, and is also well acquainted with the music*).

Middle-aged Musical Subscriber (*his Friend, who has heard the Opera in Paris*).

People on Somebody's Left.

Casual Visitor to the Opera (*professing a knowledge of the artists engaged*).

Very Occasional Visitor (*who "used to go a great deal at one time, but doesn't know any one here now"*).

People in Front of Somebody.

Impulsive Lady (*with a confused acquaintance with Art generally and an eye to colour*)

Vague Gentleman (*evidently considered as an authority on Shakspearian questions*).

Young Lady (*more attracted by the House than the Opera*).

People Behind Somebody.

A Self-Conscious Young Gentleman (*of Ritualistic tendencies*).

His Friend (*a Kindred Spirit*).

Also,

Milles. Nau, Anese, Patti. Signors Mario, Marino, Neri-Baraldi, &c. &c Ladies, Nobles, Pages, Monks, Retainers of both Houses, (specially Covent Garden) and Mr. Costa.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Hall in* Capulet's *house. Probably a fancy dress ball, as no one has anything more than a near approach to the costume of the period. These fancy dresses the Veronese, being apparently of an economical turn of mind, wear throughout the piece.*

Italian Chorus, poetically and spiritedly translated by the talented English librettist, thus:—

"Swift hours of pleasure,
Pass to gay measure,
Danced in the maze of the glimmering feet;
While at the closes
Red wreck of roses
From our chaplets fall crush'd but sweet!"

What will become of Alfred Tennyson's laurels if the Poet of the Italian Opera is often inspired in the above fashion?

[Old Capulet *comes down; he wears a handsome dressing gown.*

Very Occasional Visitor (*referring to his book*). This is old Capulet.

Casual Visitor (*who knows all about the artists, decisively*). Yes, Tagliafico.

Very Occasional Visitor (*finding* Tagliafico's *name in the cast*). Oh! then, this isn't old Capulet—this is Gregory. (*Suddenly.*) Who's Gregory? [Somebody *half turns imploringly.*

Casual Visitor. Gregory?—(*not to be done*)—Oh, it's poetic licence, they call Old Capulet Gregory. Perhaps his Christian name was Gregory—Gregory Capulet. [*Listens to the opera.*

Very Occasional Visitor (*referring to the cast in the book, then to the programme, then to the libretto*). But it is Capulet, and there's a Capulet as well.

Casual Visitor (*positively*). Some misprint—it *is* Tagliafico.

[*Elderly Musical Subscriber smiles pityingly at these remarks.*

Young Lady (*in front, who has caught this conversation, to* Vague Gentleman). This is Tagliafico.

Vague Gentleman (*her husband, evidently piqued by the information, which implies his ignorance*). Yes, dear, I know.

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*to his friend*). There, here's a fine bit of instrumentation. [*Tries to hum the instrumentation.*

Middle-aged Ditto. Yes. (*Beats time with his hand.*) It's better than in Paris. [*One hums and the other beats time, and nods like a mandarin.*

Very Occasional Visitor (*suddenly making another discovery*). I say, who's Gertrude? [*Referring to cast in book and in programme.*

Casual Visitor. Gertrude—eh?—oh, the waiting-maid, I suppose, who comes in presently.

Young Lady (*overhearing as before, says to* Vague Gentleman). Is there a Gertrude in *Romeo and Juliet?*

Vague Gentleman (*unsettled by the question*). A Gertrude? (*Thinks.*) No: Gertrude? (*Thinks again: hits on an idea.*) No, Gertrude's in *Hamlet*: the Queen you know—"A little more than kin," and so forth

Impulsive Lady (*probably his sister-in-law, with a programme*). But, here is a Gertrude. [*Points it out to him.*

Vague Gentleman (*floored*). Ah, very curious. Perhaps they mean *Lady Capulet.* They alter the names so in these things. You recollect in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, you know, *Lucia* was called . . . (*vaguely*) . . . um—at least, old . . . dear me . . . what's his name?—not the mother . . . Ashford—Osbaldiston—(*Gives it up*)—ah, it doesn't matter, only they *do* alter them.

Impulsive Lady. Dear me! what a mistake! Patti's got on quite a modern ball-dress.

Vague Gentleman (*examining it through his glasses*). Ah, I thought so.

[*Is pleased with himself, having had a sort of idea that something was wrong somewhere.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *and party. In order to avoid observation, they are the only persons dressed as pilgrims and wearing dominoes.*

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*hums*). Ter di e dum, tiddy dum, tiddy dum—(*explains his meaning to his Friend*)—charming little bit, this.

[Mercutio's *song.*

Middle-aged Subscriber (*nodding his head and trying to catch the time, replies with uncertainty*). Ye–es. But—um—

[*Defers his opinion. Elderly Musical Subscriber continues humming.* Somebody *feels inclined to remonstrate.*

Enter Juliet *and* Nurse.

Very Occasional Visitor (*puzzled*). Why—the *Nurse* isn't down in the cast.

Casual (*indifferently*). Isn't she? Oh!—(*more indifferently*)—odd.

[Patti *sings her song.* Somebody *is trying to listen to it attentively, when*——

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*humming, wagging his head, and smiling, intensely pleased with himself and Mlle. Patti*). Ner de dum der e dum day—(*beats with his hand*)—nur ree ra ri de, dum day—brava—brrr-ava—nur ree rum de dum di dere dum de *dum* (*with feeling, following* Patti) di dum mer dum mer dum dum mer dum doo di dum (*gets a-head of* Patti, *and applauds himself—murmuringly*)—brrava—

People in Stalls (*wishing, strangely enough, to hear* Patti). Hssssh!

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*under his breath, and not to be entirely put down*). Ummum m m–um um–um um—(*louder*)—um er dum dum (*murmurs "brava, brava,"*) um er dum dum er dum doori di day (*as loud as ever*) doori dum di dum mer dum, (*finishes brilliantly and waving his hand*) dum mer day. (*With enthusiasm.*) Brrrava! Brrava! (*Delighted with his own performance.*) Bis! Bis! (*Applauds.*)

[Mlle. Patti *curtseys, repeats the song, and the* Elderly Musical Nuisance *encores his own humming accompaniment.* Somebody, *being put into a thoroughly bad temper by the humming bird on his right, is of course in a fit state to enjoy the song thoroughly.*

Enter Gregory *with* Romeo.

Very Occasional Visitor (*suddenly making a discovery*). Hallo! this is Tagliafico.

His Friend (*coolly*). Ah, yes! I thought you were wrong.

Young Lady in front (*who always hears these remarks, says to her husband*). That's Tagliafico.

Husband (*annoyed, "as if he didn't know"*). All right, dear. All right.

[Elderly Musical Subscriber *hums as much as he knows of the music, up to the end of the First Act. Finale.*

Elderly Musical Subscriber (*rising*). Pretty music!

His Friend. Yes. Let's see what the telegrams are from the House.

[*Exeunt, and don't return until the Second Act is half over, when they enter together, one talking, the other humming.*

ACT II.

Enter Romeo and Stephano. Opera proceeds. Enter Retainers, looking for Romeo. They are supposed to be dressed in the Capulet livery, which was, it appears, a sort of mountebank costume. Perhaps they were all jesters.

Middle-aged Person (*who's heard the opera abroad*). All the dresses come from Paris.

His Humming Friend. Oh! (*Pauses, then resumes with* Mario). Rum dum di day, dum dum (*ad lib.*). Mario is not in voice to-night, eh? (*Doesn't wait for a reply, but continues*) Rum dum di day di dum.

ACT III.

Friar Lawrence's Cell. He has apparently an entire Chapel to himself, with no chairs, pews, or free sittings, but with cloisters adjoining, for a walk when it rains.

Young Ritualist (*in the Stall behind "Somebody"*). What order does Friar Lawrence belong to? Don't think the dress is correct.

His Friend (*of similar proclivities*). Benedictine (*with uncertainty*), or Cistercians, or (*hits on a good name*) Discalced Carmelites.

Young Ritualist (*as if he knew all about it*). Ah, very likely. I say—(*points with his glass to the left corner of the stage at back*)—if that's an altar, see what he's done!

[Friar Lawrence *has irreverently placed on it a couple of baskets, perhaps of apples or oranges, a small wooden bowl for pins, a glass to regulate the boiling of eggs—a larger glass than usual, as on fast days he has to eat so many eggs—and a night-light, burning, which strangely enough illumines the entire chapel, and also the cloister round the corner.*

Tybalt's Solo. Extract from translation:—

"Ay! and the more by this token,
That to my JULIET thou hast spoken."

Occasional Visitor (*making another sudden discovery*). Hullo! that's NERI-BARALDI. (*Having been under the general impression that every one who wasn't* MARIO, *was more or less* TAGLIAFICO.)

[*The* Retainers *of the two houses quarrel. Interference of* MERCUTIO, TYBALT, ROMEO, &c. *The following Chorus, which rouses the anger of both factions, is certainly enough to put any person who hears it in a passion.*

"Montagues, Montagues, } race offending,
Capulets, Capulets, }
Tremble, all in alarm;
May demon, dark aid lending,
Now nerve his venging arm."

Humming Man (*takes up the air enthusiastically*). Rum di dum, Rum di dum, &c. (*to the end of the Act*).

ACT IV.

Remarkable only for the librettist's "Song of Old Capulet."

"Sleep, TYBALT, sleep in peace! Though
The gay marriage train carouseth,
Worthy is the country, that thy bride espouseth,
Worthy her, worthy thee, &c. &c. &c."

Was it this talented Poet who wrote the *Hymn to the Sultan*, as performed at Covent Garden! Poor TENNYSON!

ACT V.

Was heard in comparative peace by Somebody, as the Hummer was asleep, his friend had gone, the Ritualist was absorbed, the Ladies tired, the Casual Visitor occupied with his glasses, and the Very Occasional reading his libretto attentively. But Somebody must hear it again when the Talkers and the Hummers are not present.

POLITICAL GEOLOGY.

Lecture by PROFESSOR BENJAMIN.



DURING the past week an interesting lecture on Political Geology was delivered at St. Stephen'a British School Rooms, Palace Yard, Westminster, by PROFESSOR BENJAMIN. The learned Professor, who looked remarkably well, and who was listened to with eager attention, commenced by observing that various theories had been propounded in connection with the upheavals and depressions which characterise our administrative system. When we glance at the elevation of that large section of legislative wisdom, which we find in the immediate vicinity of Derby, a profound knowledge of Political Geology is required to decide whether this arises from a sudden convulsion of conservatism, or from a gradual subsidence of the Gladstonian soil. The merest tyro in this important science is familiar with the technical term "trap." Very curious specimens of Trap are frequently met with in surveying our English commons.

PROFESSOR BENJAMIN then proceeded to point out the peculiarities of London clay, which was sometimes found where least expected; in our parks for instance—Hyde Park especially. This London clay, he remarked, could be worked up for a variety of purposes, but it required hands accustomed to the business, and such hands, as might be supposed, were occasionally not very smooth nor over clean. (*Laughter.*) For his own part, he (PROFESSOR B.) had no desire to invest his capital in the production of that kind of Pottery. (*Loud laughter.*) Underlying this argillaceous stratum, you find another deposit of great density, called the Residuum. This Residuum was of an extremely plastic nature, and if judiciously manipulated, was capable of forming a most valuable cement for the consolidation of our national institutions. (*Applause.*)

The apt analogy existing between the "coal measures" of Durham and the bold measures of modern statesmanship, was next descanted upon in so luminous a style as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity. As PROFESSOR BENJAMIN jocosely observed, the final result of all these measures was simply, smoke—and nothing but smoke. Pursuing a serious vein, the Lecturer informed his audience that according to an eminent authority, there exists in England a stratum called by miners and quarrymen the dirt-bed. The most remarkable circumstance attending this dirt-bed is the position of the trees and plants found in it. They are still erect, as though they had been suddenly petrified, while growing in their native forests, with their roots in the vegetable soil, and their trunks extending into the limestone above it. When this dirt-bed is cleared, the appearance presented is most striking. The floor of the quarry is sometimes literally strewn with fossil wood. I have seen (said PROFESSOR BENJAMIN) in a dirt-bed a petrified forest, the trees and plants, like the inhabitants of the city in an Arabian story, being converted into stone, yet remaining in the places which they occupied when alive.

Political Geology (continued the Lecturer) presents us with phenomena strikingly similar. In a dirt-bed both Timber and Tory are converted into something strongly at variance with their normal condition, yet still retaining the places which they occupied in their palmy days.

In conclusion PROFESSOR BENJAMIN, addressing his young friends, enjoined them to lay the sublime lessons of Political Geology seriously to heart. It would task their keenest intellects to comprehend some of the phenomena presented for their consideration in this new science. How came it to pass, it might be asked, that the lowest order of radical shells were now found on the summit of the most conservative mountains?

This, like many a great Caucasian mystery, was doubtless designed to humble the human understanding, and render it conscious of its inability to penetrate arcana wisely hidden from vulgar ken. It was not for finite parliamentary intelligences to look into the secret springs which give elasticity to the seat of power. These mysteries, Ministers alone were competent to explain, and they would do so when they deemed it expedient and wise. "Let us rest assured,"—said PROFESSOR B., in a subdued and solemn tone, which must have carried conviction to every listener,—"Let us rest assured, that whatever is, is right, even while we exclaim with the Poet, 'Can such things overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder!' Let those who feel a burning thirst for knowledge humbly wait with lids sealed, but lips widely severed, prepared to receive the fruit which in due season will not unlikely fall to their reward."

MEXICAN THIEVES.

IF travellers may be believed, and our modern Marco Polos do sometimes stumble from fancy into fact, Mexico is what the Mint in Southwark formerly was, the promised land of thieves. The compatriots of the Aztecs would seem to have expunged two commandments from the Decalogue: one, "Thou shalt do no Murder;" the other, "Thou shalt not Steal." Larceny grand and petty levels all distinctions, and every man's hand is against his brother who neglects to button his pocket. The Minister at War cannot keep his flexible fingers at rest when there is a purse within easy reach of them. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is a professed picker-up of unconsidered trifles, ladies' rings, necklettes, &c. &c. At a levee no Notable of ordinary prudence will expose the corner of his cambric handkerchief, and at a Court Ball the melancholy truism that "Time flies" is graphically illustrated by the rapidity with which watches pass from the hand of one illustrious personage to another. We are told that a Prime Minister even is attracted to a silver snuff-box in the same manner that a magpie is fascinated by a silver spoon.

In ancient times, Mexico prided herself on human sacrifices. A charming boy was pampered for several months, then crowned with flowers, and with sacerdotal pageantry he was conducted to the golden altar, and amid the acclamations of thousands, was ceremoniously slain in the glittering Temple of the Sun.

Civilisation has put down this priestly butchery, and Mexico now takes her rank among those enlightened communities where murder is discussed as a matter of secular policy, and treachery and theft are thought to shed lustre on the national character.

Worthy of Imitation.

IT has often been remarked that the highest posts in this country are open to the humblest aspirants. Footmen must feel greatly encouraged when they go to the National Portrait Exhibition, and look up at No. 619—JOHN THOMAS, Bishop of Winchester.



POSITIVELY THE LAST OF THE LONG SKIRTS THIS SEASON.

Hostess. "OH, HOW TIRESOME! SOMEBODY MUST BE STANDING ON MY DRESS! *WOULD* YOU JUST RUN DOWN-STAIRS, AND SEE WHO IT IS, MR. BROWN?"

REASONS FOR REMOVAL.

(*By the Statue of* GEORGE CANNING.)

FRET not, my friends, nor deem me shent,
That from the House of Commons
I've been set back, nor ask who sent
To me the ungracious summons,

My place of honour to forego,
Where with no rival nigh me
I've watched, through many a Session's flow,
The M.P.s' tide roll by me,

Beneath my bronze benign and bland,
That with indulgent gazes,
Looked down upon the toiling band,
Whose hope St. Stephen's bays is.

Those bays, which hid my forehead bare—
(Both "brow" and "leaf," in *frons* is)
Those bays, as green, though scarce of wear
As durable, as bronze is.

'Tis just as well that I should take
A more removed ground up,
Now England doth old ways forsake,
And for safe sense takes sound up.

Now that new hands begin to reap
New crops, new lights to twinkle,
New roads to ope, new brooms to sweep,
And round the dirt to sprinkle—

Now tides that drive on shoals that shift,
And rival pilots jealous,
The good ship *Britain* set adrift—
Whitherward, who can tell us?—

Now that the people's lowest layers
Are called to mould the nation,
And mob-elected millionnaires
Bid shape our legislation—

GEORGE CANNING begs to stand aloof,
And, from a wary distance,
To watch, 'neath BARRY'S gimcrack roof,
Wild change and weak resistance.

Or if my fears are premature,
And with its curb and snaffle
English collective wisdom's sure
Unwisdom here to baffle,

'Tis well I should draw off a bit
And calmly wait the issue,
'Twixt strength of JOHN BULL'S homespun wit
And DIZZY'S flimsy tissue.

A MYSTERIOUS ORGAN.

THANKS to MR. REUTER for the subjoined intelligence from Agram:—

"The newspaper *Pozor*, the publication of which was prohibited here, will henceforward appear in Laybach."

One wonders why the Croatian authorities should have prohibited the publication of the *Pozor*, of which the political articles must, like the rest of its contents, have been difficult to make out. Scarcely any fellow could be expected to understand such a paper as that. Perhaps even the inhabitants of Laybach will find themselves rather puzzled by the *Pozor*.

CHEAP NOBILITY.—Anyone can obtain a Peerage nowadays by paying for it. For a small sum he can get BRETT'S.



THE ABYSSINIAN QUESTION.

Britannia. "NOW, THEN, KING THEODORE! HOW ABOUT THOSE PRISONERS?"



EXCISEMEN GOING TO THE DOGS.



Our Manchester is famous for its cotton-mills and chimneys, and if we added, too, its charity, we should not speak amiss, seeing that last week an amateur performance gained a thousand pounds there for a charitable fund.*

Manchester is also famous for its dog-laws, which empower its police-men, as a *Dogberry* might say, to "apprehend, all vagrom" curs. Every dog found straying in the busy streets of Manchester is taken up by the police, and carried to a place of private execution, where it is put to death humanely, if not claimed by its owner in four-and-twenty hours.

If London copied Manchester in thus dealing with stray dogs, our footmen would be far less nervous for their calves, and pedestrians in general more safe from hydrophobia in the dog-days than they now are. Awaiting this reform, however, of our dog-laws, *Mr. Punch* is glad to hear that, now that the Excise have the collection of the dog-tax, the revenue received by it has wondrously increased. Until February last, when the Excise Office was first entrusted with the tax—or licence, it is termed now,—*Mr. Punch* was hearing constantly complaints from his dog *Toby* of the number of low, vulgar, untaxed curs in the streets. *Toby* had a volume, considerably dog's-eared, of stories he had heard of how mean curs escaped the dog-tax; and, being an honest dog himself, he was charmed to hear that, under the new system introduced by the Excise, the number of dishonest dogs has rapidly decreased. Not in London merely, but throughout the whole of England the change has been attended with most gratifying consequences; and dog-owners in Scotland, even, have been somehow made to pay. A Highland district, yielding only £15 last year, has, under the new thumbscrew introduced by the Excise, been persuaded to contribute £400 this summer, and will be probably prevailed on to pay nearly double next.

For dogs which howl at midnight, or are left loose in the streets, their masters clearly ought to pay an extra fine. Half-a-crown per howl should at the very least be paid for every dog that bays the moon, and curs which roam about at large and frighten people in the dog-days, should either have their heads cut off, or be licensed to retain them at a sovereign per skull. Ladies' lap-dogs, likewise, ought to pay a higher price than really necessary dogs, such as those for sporting purposes. A petted pug, or poodle, is invariably a nuisance, and should be licensed to exist for the annoyance of mankind only upon payment of an *ad valorem* fine, computed by the value put upon him by his mistress.

It clearly pays the country to hand over the dogs to the Excise, but it is not clear that the country pays the latter for licensing the former, and undertaking all the labour which the new system entails. Perhaps when Parliament next meets, this question will be mooted, and extra pay be voted for the extra work. *Mr. Punch* has grounds for thinking that excisemen are not better paid than in the days of Burns; and now they have the added labour of going to the dogs for the collection of their licence money, they ought to be made safe from going to the dogs in a pecuniary sense.

* Will some critic kindly tell us when a larger sum than this was realised in one evening by the playing of stage-plays?

What Mr. Puff Says.

The ingenuity of advertisers is wonderful. They have now begun to deface the pavement, of course by permission of the Metropolitan Board of Works. With an apparent verbal contradiction, which may be excused for the sake of the truth of the observation, it has been remarked that puffing never flags.

THE CORN-CRY.

As harvest-time comes on, complaints are heard that reapers are not general enough. This deficiency might be remedied, if the Americans would only lend us their General Sickles.

YE SUNBERRYE FYSHER.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher uprose with ye day,
When ye meadows were sweet with ye smell of ye hay;
And ye hedges were white with gossamere veils,
And ye gardens were livelie with slugs and snails,
And ye birds did sing and ye Fyshe did leap,
And ye river was oilie with too much sleep;
Till glorious and golden ye Sun uprist,
And gentlie ye cheek of ye water kissed,
Which modest and coy from its bed of rushes
Sent forth a mist to hide its blushes;
A cold grey mist but it would not do,
For ye Sun kissed ye mist and ye river too;
And crimson and rosie ye stream flowed on,
Crimson and rosie ye grey mist shone,
Redder and redder, higher and higher,
As if he had set ye Thames on fire.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher to fyshe begins
For every Fyshe that has scales and fins;
Nothing to him is out of its place—
Perch, eel, barbel, or bream, or dace.
Big-headed Chub with crimson tails,
Red-eyed Roach with their silvery scales.
Ravenous Pike of fabulous weight,
Bleak and gudgeon and minnow for bait:
Even a trout he would not despise,
If onlie a trout would happen to rise.
About as likely, ye truth to declare,
As to rise a sturgeon in Sunberrye Weir.

Ye Sunberrie Fysher has all kinds of hooks,
In all kinds of boxes, in all kinds of books;
Limerick, Kendal, Kirby, and Hammond—
All kinds of name by which Fyshes are gammoned.
Broad and narrow, and oval, and round,
All sorts of shapes which ever were found.

The Sunberrye Fysher has bait live and dead,
Pellets of paste and pellets of bread;
Milk-white gentils wriggling and fat,
Worms black and red with tails spiral and flat.
Swivels, and trimmers, and spinners and gorge,
Glass minnows, brass minnows, fresh from the forge.
And spoon-bait of course, which—I mean no offence—
Ye Fysher provides without any expense.

Ye Sunberrye Fysher has flies of all feathers,
For all sorts of seasons, in all sorts of weathers.
Flies when ye springtide is blusterie and showerie,
Flies when ye summer is grassie and bowerie.
Flies when ye autumn is golden and grainie,
For hot weather, cold weather, mistie, or rainie.
Red spinner, Palmer, black peacock, and grey,
Yellow dun, golden dun, March brown, and May,
Sand-fly, and stone-fly, and alder, and gnat,
Black midge and marlow bug—all round his hat.

Ye Sunberrie Fysher has rods not a few,
Rods with a joint, and rods with a screw.
Short top and stiff top, to spin and to troll,
Hollow buts, solid buts—rods in ye whole.
Twisted lines, spun lines, of hair, silk, and twine,
Hair and gut casting lines, tapering and fine.
Double reels, single reels, quill, float, and cork,
Ye Sunberrie Fysher is up to his work.

Ye Sunberrie Fysher arose with the day,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye morning was grey.
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye Noon Tide was frying,
He fyshed and he fyshed when ye Evening was dying.
He bobbed and he jerked, he spun, and he threw,
He tried all ye dodges as ever he knew.
He fished till ye dews on ye river did fall—
Ye Sunberrie Fysher caught nothing at all.

A Pillar in a Pincushion.

WANTED, by Her Majesty's Government, a SUBSCRIPTION of from £7,000 to £18,000 to cover the expenses of bringing home various EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, for sixty-six years the Property of the British Nation, including the celebrated obelisk, CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, which lies sticking in the sand at Alexandria.

IMAGINATION AND MATTER O' FACT.



Affectionate Mother. "ONLY FANCY POOR CHARLES! CHAINED TO HIS DESK IN THE CITY THIS LOVELY WEATHER!"



Poor Charles. "HAND OVER THE 'BASS' BOB, AND GIVE US A LIGHT!"

MIDAS MODERNISED;

OR, CASH AT 2 PER CENT.

THAT Classic Lydian King, with ass'a ears,
And hands that turned whate'er he touched to gold—
He hath not sunk to Hades, like his peers
Of Aryan myth or Hellene legend old.

Midas still lives, though in a northern land,
With JOHN BULL for his name, and, rolling nigh,
For his Pactolus Thames with sands of gold,
And London fog-bank for his Lydian sky.

His ears are still as asinine and long,
Each false and flying rumour quick to catch,
Against whose deadly sting no credit's strong,
For which no wealth or good name is a match.

His hands have still retained their fatal power,
Of turning whatsoe'er they touch to gold;
And you may see him sit, hour after hour,
Stretching about him his aurific hold,

And drawing the bright metal to his side,
And piling it in ever higher heaps,
With the ass-ears erected and set wide
To drink each rumour through the air that creeps.

Till, thanks to ass's ears and glut of gold,
To abject panic-terrors given o'er,
With wealth uncounted in his very hold,
Helpless he starves among his glittering store.

CITY ARTICLE.—MISS COUTTS's wealth (and her noble estimate of its duties) having caused the establishment of a new market, it ought to be known as The Money Market.

MR. PUNCH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY.

YIELDING to a widely felt and strongly expressed desire, *Mr. Punch* has consented to open an Art-Exhibition, which cannot but afford high gratification to his sweetest admirers. With this view *Mr. P.* will be pleased to receive the carte-de-visite of every young lady (under 35) whose beauty was not born to blush unseen. The cartes will be placed in *Mr. Punch's* Album, and may be inspected from 10 to 4 at his National Gallery in St. Bride's Passage. Every lady's carte must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, containing a short autobiography, and explicit information on certain material points.

Printed forms with questions fully set out may be obtained on application. A Copy is subjoined.

1. Name?
2. Residence?
   Town House.
   Country House.
3. Age next Birthday?
4. Complexion—brunette or blonde?
5. Entirely your own?—or
6. Beautiful for ever?
7. Have you a Godfather?
8. His name?
9. Is he rich?
10. Is your heart irrevocably another's?
11. Quite sure?
12. Would you object to a Widower?
13. Don't you think there is something exquisitely pretty in the romantic name of *Punch?*
14. Would you mind waiting a little while, *Mrs. P.* having a severe cold now?

FROM EGYPTIAN HALL.—The great Canal project of M. DE LESSEPS appears likely to be accomplished, but should it be otherwise, we hope he will not be tempted to commit *Suez*cide.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

When the Cat is absent, the Mice indulge in recreation. This statement received illustration during the week which began, for secular purposes, on *Monday*, the 29th July. The Earl of Derby, who knows

"That foreign *gout* is only taste,
But English Gout is feeling,"

was, we are sincerely sorry to say (*nos etiam in Arcadiâ*) confined to his house by the necessity of attending to the last-named unwelcome visitor. So the Lords took the opportunity of disporting themselves, and their amusements took the form of Amendments to Lord Derby's Reform Bill.

For two nights did the mice play. *Mr. Punch* is not inclined to be diffuse on their revels. But he will briefly indicate what they did, or tried to do. On the above night,

Lord Halifax (*olim* Sir Charles Wood) moved that the proposed Redistribution Scheme was ineffective, and that means should be provided for giving more Members to large Constituencies. He was defeated by 100 to 41.

The Peers then went into Committee on the Bill.

Lord Cairns, the great Conservative lawyer and orator, whose rise was so rapid and brilliant, moved that the Lodger Franchise should be raised from £10 to £15.

Lord Malmesbury, who was Lord Derby's *remplaçant*, immediately, and with the utmost affability, submitted.

But the Liberal Lords did not admire this excessive civility, charged the Government with a breach of faith with the House of Commons, and fired various other hot shots. Nevertheless, on division, Lord Cairns triumphed by 121 to 89. Of course, the Commons will give battle on this alteration, which was avowedly intended to restrict the Lodger Franchise to the respectability that does not pay less than five shillings a week for its lodgings; and Mr. Torrens, who may be called (in spite of Mr. Disraeli's claims) the Father of the Lodger, speedily gave notice that the £10 men were quite respectable enough to vote.

Lord Harrowby thereupon thought that he would do a little in the restrictive way, so he moved that the Copyhold Qualification should be raised from £5 to £10.

The Lord Chancellor, this time, did the affability for Government, and assented to the alteration, and it was carried by 119 to 56.

Tuesday. Earl Grey actually endeavoured to call the Compound Householder back to life. But the hideous galvanic process was too much for the nerves of their Lordships, and they defeated him by 148 to 43.

Lord Lyttelton then moved, that nobody should have a vote unless he wrote a legible hand. His Lordship himself is unequal to this feat, for the clerk at the table was obliged—or pretended, with a touch of humour, to be obliged to ask him to read the words in which his resolution was couched. We should not have supported him, though we go a certain distance with him. No man ought to be allowed to send a contribution to a periodical unless he can write well enough to be read by the youngest compositor. But a vote is a vocal affair, and Lord Lyttelton might as well enact that a man shall speak in a legible voice. He withdrew his motion, which had been received with some laughter, expressed or understood.

Lord Cairns again moved to the assault, and proposed that where Three Members are returned for any place, no elector shall vote for more than Two of them. The declared object of this was to prevent the Minorities in large districts from being swamped by numbers, and that the Educated may have a voice in the representation. The plan applies to Eleven places only, but Lord Cairns hoped to make it a precedent. Lord Russell supported this proposal, and trusted that the Lords would not be afraid of it because it was new. They were not, and it was carried by the large majority of 142 to 51.

By this time Lord Derby began to think that, gout or no gout, he had better be in his place. The next day was *Wednesday*, and therefore a holiday for the Lords, but on

Thursday the Premier, pale, and with his right arm in a sling, but ready for fight, came down to the House of Lords.

Lord Grey, nothing daunted, moved that the clause which enacts that no place with fewer than 10,000 inhabitants shall have more than one Member shall apply to places with fewer than 12,000. Thus he should get 23 seats, with the aid of the process of grouping, and he would make Triangular Constituencies. He would give Members thus—

The Lawyers in the Inns of Court	3
Counties	12
Big Towns and London Districts	8

And the Minorities rule was to be carried out in each case.

Lord Derby said that the plan about Minorities was utterly foreign to the Constitution, and though he did not much mind trying it in the way arranged on a previous night, he should not agree to more. Nor would he, on the First of August (within eleven days of St. Grouse?) agree to re-open questions which the House of Commons had, after months of deliberation, settled. And,

Should the Amendment be carried, he would consult his Colleagues as to the possibility of going on with the Bill. "Was not that thunder?"

Of course the blue blood boiled up, and many strong things were said about this arbitrary way of dealing with the question. Argyll declared that they were deprived of freedom of discussion. Russell said that the House of Peers had never been so humiliated. Carnarvon, ex-Derby-Minister, supported the Amendment. Granville believed that Lord Derby knew better than to withdraw the Bill. Fortescue protested against August being assigned as a reason for not considering a great measure. Kimberley urged the Ministry not to throw away a chance of settling the question. Grey, in his reply, told his friends not to be afraid, for though the present Cabinet had strange ideas of their duty to the Queen, they would not venture to abandon the Bill.

But Lord Derby, once more declaring that he certainly would do that grim thing, got on division the small majority of 98 to 86. Only Twelve to the Earl of Derby, K.G., Premier, in the House of Lords!

A little motion by Lord Lyveden (Vernon Smith) for disfranchising boroughs with fewer than 5000 inhabitants, was got rid of, and Lord Derby

"Not by modesty o'ercome,
Crowned with the Dozen, went contented home."

Friday. And to-night the Peers made a third important alteration in the Bill, by re-inserting the clause for permitting Votes to be given in writing. There are two sides to this question. The Voting Paper would enable quiet folks to record their suffrages, without being mobbed, shoved, squeezed, jeered, hooted, bonneted, and pelted. This would be well. But, on the other hand, it would simply place every corrupt voter in the hand of the briber, and every dependent voter in the hand of the intimidator. Weighing the benefit against the evil, up flies the former and kicks the beam; and though the Lords carried the clause by the large majority of 114 to 36, out it will have to go. And then, after an episode of excitement which made it rather probable that Lord Grey and Lord Derby would fling down their gauntlets, draw their falchions, and darkly close, as in the brave days of old, the Reform Bill went through Committee, and the Report was fixed for the Monday, and the Third Reading for the Tuesday, for are not the grouse waiting the death?

Touching my Lords the Commons, the record shall be brief. No Scotch Reform this year. No Bill for dealing with evil practices at Elections. Mr. Disraeli is decidedly of opinion that the British Museum collections should be separated. At present, he said, they were almost in warehouses. O for the good day when we shall see that straddling splitting old Giraffe staggering and swinging into infinite space!

A debate on the Parks Bill. Mr. Gladstone thought that the passing it would impress the people out of doors with a sense of wrong. Mr. Disraeli was highly in favour of public meetings, which were safety-valves, but did not see the sense of open-air meetings. The Parks were the recreation-ground of folks who had no country-houses, and did not go out of town, and it would be cowardice not to protect their interests. Mr. Bright, whose singular moderation all this Session makes some persons regard him as more Dangerous than ever, spoke strongly against this Bill. But it went into Committee by 133 to 88.

Nothing else that meant business for the country, or would give pleasure to the reader, occurred till *Thursday*. Leicester, as every one knows, is in Cornwall, and that county returns no Members who can attend to its affairs, so Mr. Peter Taylor, of the first place, took up some case of alleged oppression by Cornwall justices, but it was held on both sides not to hold water, and Mr. Henley described Mr. Peter Taylor as a Grievance-Monger.

Friday, Mr. Torrens's Artisans' Dwellings Bill was discussed, and Serjeant Gaselee said that the next thing would be that Parliament would be asked to find those persons clothes, horses, and carriages.

Lastly, there was a grave and earnest debate on the causes of the most frightful calamity which has ever befallen a nation under British rule. Three-quarters of a million of men, women, and children have died in Orissa, from starvation, because officialism could not make up its mind to let them have rice. It is not in this column that we discuss murder.

Take Care of Them.

In the course of a leading article on the Parks Bill, the *Times* remarks that "there is no fact so apparent and so beyond contradiction, as that Hyde Park, in common with the other Parks, has always been under keepers." Certainly; and to preserve order in the Parks, it is desirable that the followers of Beales (M.A.), together with their leader, should be under keepers too.

Practical Military Joking.—Playing on a new Cornet.



LOCKS ON THE THAMES.

Sculler. "JUST HALF A TURN OF THE HEAD, LOVE, OR WE SHALL BE AMONG THE RUSHES!"

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, *Toadley-in-the-Hole, Tuesday.*

LIVING, or I *should* say *vegetating* as I do in this secluded spot, far away from the excitements of the gay and giddy world, I take the *deepest* interest in all fashionable doings, and read with great avidity all the details in the newspapers as to movements in high life. From the state ball to the SULTAN down to LADY PEACOCK'S *matinée*, I find pleasure in perusing the names of the guests present, and in picturing to myself the gay and festive scenes which are so glowingly described. These descriptions are, however, not so frequent as they ought to be, and very often the reporter contents himself with giving a mere curt list of the company, and stating what kind of a party it was to which they went. In this case I am sometimes puzzled how to realise the scene, for as I have never "*moved*" myself in "*fashionable circles*" (I suppose that they who do so must, of course, learn how to *waltz*) I hardly know the meaning of the words whereby the various entertainments are defined. For instance, when I read, among the "fashionable arrangements," that LADY HUMGUFFIN'S "assembly" is fixed for Tuesday evening, I am terribly perplexed to guess wherein it differs from MRS. TADPOLE'S "evening party," announced for the same night. As I love all *titled persons*, I should naturally incline to give her Ladyship the preference, were I invited to them both. Still, it would be a great comfort to know which is considered the *genteelest* entertainment, and perhaps you can enlighten me on this important point.

Alas! my dancing days are over, yet I often love to fancy myself wafted to the ball-room, and mingled with the whirling throng. I am, therefore, much distressed that I do not know the difference between a "dancing party" and a *soirée dansante*. Moreover, when I see that MRS. POLKINGTON has issued cards of invitation for a "ball" on the eleventh, I wonder if her guests will be more gorgeously attired than if they were invited to LADY VALSEWELL'S "dance." Terms such as "small and early" tell more plainly what they signify, though I have heard that "small and early" means often "large and late." But I defy a constant reader, who lives *rurally entombed* in the seclusion of a village, to comprehend the subtle difference between a "dancing party" and merely a plain "dance." One no doubt would lose caste terribly if one betrayed one's ignorance on such important matters, and I hope you will devote a part of your *instructive* columns to supply the information so urgently required.

I beg leave to remain your constant reader and *subscriber*,

JEMIMA JONES.

Positive.

"YOU promised to send me your photograph, JOHN," pouted MARIA, "and you have not done so. You have not even written me one word."

"Dearest MARIA, then I have sent the picture," replied the smiling JOHN. "Read the advertisements. 'Silence is a *Negative*.'"

ECCLESIASTICAL FOUNDATIONS.

RESPECTING the Romish Church a writer in the *Times* justly observes that "it must ground its ascendency on spontaneous conviction." Exactly so; and the rather, as the time is gone by for trying to ground it on involuntary combustion.

Dry Work.

BEFORE Parliament breaks up will some Member of the House of Commons move for returns of the quantity of beer and other excisable fluids consumed at the (liquor) bar of that House. One would think it must be very great, considering that most of the speeches which Honourable Members have had to make, or listen to on the subject of Reform, have been thoroughly exhaustive.

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NOW is the time of year when excursions are made, and excursionists begin to abound. The delighted frequenters of the places most in favour are apt to speak of these visits as incursions, and to call the visitors incursionists.

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O rectors too ritualistic,
With albs and with chasubles fair,
With monograms monkish and mystic,
And incense that hangs on the air!
What means this maniacal passion,
As strange as the miracle plays,
Say, is it a tribute to fashion,
Supreme in these frivolous days?

We 've sown the strong storm democratic,
To reap the fierce whirlwind, perchance,
You come with your stole and dalmatic
To lead us another long dance.
The Church, in a cranky condition,
Is trembling at thoughts of a fight;
And now we 've a Royal Commission,
To tell us who 's wrong and who 's right.

Say, how shall we choose 'mid the number—
There 's Low Church, and Broad Church, and High?
Serenely at sermons we slumber—
Your modern discourses are dry.
Supposing, instead of the quarrel,
To settle what doctrines to teach,
You gave up this gorgeous apparel,
And found us some men who could preach?

There 's virtue, no doubt, in a vestment,
In changing the colour of stoles;
But robes, as you know, were at best meant,
To aid in the saving of souls.
Go, speak to the dark populations,
That linger in sadness and sin,
Let England be first among nations,
The noblest of battles to win!

The people may stare and may wonder,
Susceptible maids you enthrall,
While fierce is the *Record's* small thunder,
And cackle of Exeter Hall.
Embroider the faldstool and hassock,
And don't leave us thus in the lurch,
But stick to plain surplice and cassock—
And keep to the Protestant Church.

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Exoritur clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum."—Virg.

Soon as each act is at an end,
What clamour doth our ears offend!

Perhaps some notion may be formed of the miseries of life by witnessing its pleasures; and few people will deny that, if included with the latter, a visit to a theatre is not unmixed enjoyment. The jolting over the stones, the squabble with the cabman, the blackmail levied by the boxkeeper, put you slightly out of temper before you take your seat; and your happiness is not increased by finding you can hardly stretch your legs, or even sit in comfort. Then perhaps you have the luck to be seated next a Chatterer, who sprinkles the performance with a shower of his small talk; or a Hummer at your elbow fills your ear with nigger songs, while you are listening to Shakspeare. There is the further nuisance, too, that the band between the acts plays loud enough to deafen you, and drowns the conversation you perhaps wish to take part in.

Chatterers and Hummers it is difficult to silence, but a manager may surely bid his orchestra be quiet, without much lessening the liberty enjoyed by freeborn Britons. When I go to see a play, I want all my aural vigour to hear what may be said in it; and I don't want to lose my hearing through loud music in the *entr'acte*. The noisy braying of a band may sound perhaps delightful to the long ears of the gallery, but that is not a reason why the comfort of the stalls should aurally be sacrificed. When the drop-scene is down, soft music is permissible, though it well might be dispensed with; but it never should be loud enough to tire people's ears, or make their talking difficult.

At this happy time of year when every one leaves London, the theatres do little to amuse those who are left in it. Actors require rest, as much as most hard-workers, and August is the month when they can best be spared to take it. So the Stars cease to shine in the stage firmament of London: the Light Comedians get away from the bright glare of the foot-lamps; the Walking Gentlemen stretch out their weary legs upon the beach; the Heavy Fathers sink up to their noses in the sea, while the General Utilities employ themselves most usefully in throwing pebbles into it.

Some four or five theatres, however, are still open, and lingerers in town may either go and cry at a new play at the Princess's, or laugh at a burlesque which has been roared at in the Royalty for above two hundred nights. The play would be just twice as good if it were half as long, and it would be far better still if written in good English instead of in bad Scotch. The plot is borrowed from the German; and, if there were any real need to make their conversation unintelligible, instead of Scotch the actors might as well have talked High Dutch. Shakspeare was too wise to make *Macbeth* speak Scotch. Imagine *Banquo's Ghost* appearing, with slow music on the bagpipes!

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REASONING BY ANALOGY.

Cissy (who has lamed her doll) to Mamma (who has sprained her ankle). "WHY DO YOU WALK LIKE THAT, MAMMA?"
Mamma. "BECAUSE I HAVE HURT MY FOOT, CISSY." *Cissy.* "AND *DID ALL THE SAWDUST COME OUT?*"

PUNCH TO MANCHESTER.

MY DEAR MANCHESTER,

ALL your own fault that this acknowledgment did not appear last week. The fact was that I had not recovered from my own excitement and your hospitality. I don't know that I have recovered yet. I feel about equal to giving you a receipt, with as much fun in it as usually goes to the composition of such a document.

A good notion that—a Happy Thought—as one of my young men would say.

London, August, 1867.

Received of Manchester the sum of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS *for the* BENNETT *Fund.*

£1,000 : 0 : 0 *Punch.*

Flatter myself that's a business-like document. We understand one another. Why need I say more? I will not.

Won't you; but you just will.

* * * * * * * *

The remark in italics and the asterisks seem to call for an explanation. I had better give it in the words in which it was given to me. It *was* given to me, I may emphatically say.

"Anything so lazy and shabby in my life I never heard of, and I could hardly have believed it even in you though you do delight in doing everything contrary to the custom of the rest of the world and civility and good feeling. But after what you told me of the extraordinary kindness of Manchester—told me, I say, for of course you could not take me, I should be in the way, there would be smoking in the saloon carriage and a hundred other reasons, though I believe I could have gone as well as possible, and you know how desirous I was to see a cotton mill; but let that go by, not that I have forgotten it, but after the extraordinary kindness you described to me, to go and send a stupid dull receipt like that, is simply being rude for the sake of being rude. You told me that your whole party were received like princes, shown every sort of hospitality public and private, that such an audience as never was assembled in Manchester came to see you act, and that the applause was rained down upon all of you as if you were personal friends of everybody in the house. You said—I don't suppose it was merely said to tease me, though you are quite capable of it—you said that after the performance you were entertained at a splendid supper at the Queen's, and the leading men of Manchester came to do you honour, and stayed up till I don't know what o'clock—you admitted half-past four; and precious nonsense you for one must have talked to them by that time, I suppose, though some of your young men are gentlemen and accustomed to be up late, and I hope made amends and did not sit yawning. Then you said that the receipts coming to nine hundred and sixteen pounds, a gentleman generously drew a cheque and said, "Make it a round thousand," and is nothing to be said to him? Is nothing to be said to that Committee which worked so indefatigably for you, and whose influence made the affair so successful, and is nothing to be said to the ladies in the houses where you stayed, and who must have had a nice time of it, at least where you were, *Mr. Punch*, with your eternal cigar and your irreverences. I hope to Gracious you did not teach any of their dear children slang, or any of your wild notions. Is not MR. KNOWLES to be thanked—I'm sure you told me that, like MR. WEBSTER, he had given you the theatre, and that all his officers worked with you in the heartiest manner. You said so when you came home, and it isn't because you have cooled down that all that ought not to be acknowledged. Women are said to be ungrateful, but their ingratitude is nothing to man's. If you had done what was right, you would have said all this last week, but you were ready with your excuse that acknowledgments were being made elsewhere, and that you wished to come in with your record of Manchester kindness when other things had been said, but I believe it was sheer indolence, and I am confirmed when I see the shabby remarks you were going to make if I had not looked over your shoulder. Writing is not my business, or I should like to express my feelings as to what Manchester did, but of course you would say——"

"Dearest JUDINA. As thou sayest, so let it be. I remit your words to Manchester, and endorse all which are not directed at myself. Let Manchester flourish!"

85, *Fleet Street.* PUNCH.



PUFF AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Puff. "NOW, PRAY ALL TOGETHER."

All. (*Kneeling.*) "BEHOLD THY VOTARIES SUBMISSIVE BEG,
THAT THOU WILT DEIGN TO GRANT THEM ALL THEY ASK;
ASSIST THEM TO ACCOMPLISH ALL THEIR ENDS,
AND SANCTIFY WHATEVER MEANS THEY USE
TO GAIN THEM!"

Vide "*The Critic.*"



WISHES.



One night a fairy visited me. I am generally wide awake, but was asleep then. She touched me with her wand. What would I? I would a wishing-cap. (Having in my mind's-eye that of *Fortunatus*.) No more? No more. My request was granted. I possess a wishing-cap. Alas! I had forgotten to ask that my wishes should invariably be realised. I wish all day. Whisht! botheration! I note down some of my wishes:—

Wish when I'm going to catch a train, that I could get a fast cab.

Wish my umbrella wouldn't wear out so quickly.

Wish I could dance the new waltz step. *She* can—with somebody else.

Wish I hadn't told the lady of the house that I should be very happy to be introduced. (Miss Gawky.)

Wish I could fight as well as the Champion of England for the sake of cabmen.

Wish boots were never new.

Wish old women wouldn't get in the way. (Driving or walking.)

Wish I could pack my portmanteau without leaving something behind.

Wish they'd alter the stalls at most theatres.

Wish there were no sermons of more than twenty minutes' duration.

Wish the organ-men would understand me when I say there's some one ill in the house.

Wish I could see a policeman.

Wish I'd brought out my latch-key (when I haven't). Wish I had no relations except pretty cousins in carriages. Wish my uncle was like the uncle in farces, who says, "Take her, you dog, and (*turning to grip the bailiff*) as to that matter (*meaning some few thousand pounds worth of debts*), why—why—hang it! I'll settle it." (*Bailiff touches his hat, and retires to the back of the stage.*)

Wish the Loveliest Woman ever seen would ask some one what my name is, or would send a footman. [I know a long story about an opera-box, lovely woman, footman sent, carriage, blindfolded, supper, private chaplain, secret history, mystery, never again—wish all this, without the blindfolding.]

Wish that Someone, quite unknown and therefore not to be regretted, would leave me £4000 per annum, or say £5000.

Wish that on my breakfast-table one morning I could find a note announcing this, suddenly—£5000 per annum. Wish I may get it.

Yours, Fortunatus Junior.

"GENTLEMEN, LOOK OUT!"

"At times the jupe itself even is caught up on each side as high as the waist *à la camargo*, and is secured with piquant-looking braces, which, after being crossed behind the back, fasten at the shoulders with smart rosettes."

They have appropriated our jackets, they have invested in our waistcoats, and now they are shouldering our braces. (How can braces be "piquant?") But one article is left to us—the "residuum" of manly attire; and a beautifully coloured engraving of that—we say it with inexpressible sorrow—we trow, Sirs, you will shortly see in the ladies' fashion-books.

Very "Poor Players."

The "Distinguished Amateurs" announced that in consequence of their "great success" at the Holborn Theatre, their performances would be repeated at the St. James's. If this is their great success what must their failure be! Too awful to contemplate! We should like to see their salary list, and account of expenses for the two weeks. Blessed is the Beneficent Society if it expects nothing, assuredly it shall not be disappointed.

AWFUL SWELLISM.

1*st Swell.* Haw—What d' ya think a' th' division on th' Simla Court Martial?

2*nd Swell.* Neva knew a sim'la disgrace.

A RAILWAY LEGEND.

As I walked forth, with roving eye,
And desultory tread,
A taxed-cart I observed, hard by
A certain broker's shed.
Past days that vehicle recalled.
Upon its back, behold,
In characters of chalk was scrawled
The notice, "To Be Sold."

In life's bright morning that hath been,
And can return no more;
Upon a doctor's carriage, seen
In waiting at a door,
To vex the minister of health
Intent, in idle game,
With frolic hand how oft, by stealth,
Used we to write the same.

Thou humble, but commodious cart,
Thine owner, who was he?
Thought I, and wherefore did he part,
From choice, or need, with thee?
Perhaps he was some tradesman small,
Who fondly did invest
In rotten shares, and lose his all,
Sold up, and dispossessed.

As thus I mused, the screech of steam
Came wafted on the gale;
And, distant as that warning scream,
The thunder of the rail.
What ships have struck on yonder rock!
The sentiment was mine;
How glad I am I hold no stock
Of that insolvent line!

But, if the mountain of its debt
Were only cleared away;
Its sharers might be happy yet—
No doubt that it would pay.
And money meanwhile idle lies,
A drug at two per cent.!
That taxed-cart might instruct the wise
How cash might well be spent.

As creditors, when small men fail,
Their goods and chattels sell:
Just so they might put up for sale,
Great companies' as well.
Yon bankrupt line whilst banks contain,
To buy, sufficient gold,
Chalk every carriage in each train
Thereof, with "To Be Sold."

HYGEIA AND HYMEN.

Doctor Stark, the Scotch Registrar-General, has published a report, containing some statistics by which he considers it to be proved "that bachelorhood is more destructive to life than the most unwholesome trades, or than residence in an unhealthy house or district where there has never been the most distant attempt at sanitary improvements of any kind." There are jolly bachelors who will be convinced by the extremely strong language of this statement that Dr. Stark is stark mad on the subject of statistics. But it may be that he speaks the words of truth and sanity. The terrible destructiveness of bachelorship is easily accounted for. No cause more powerfully tends to shorten life than excess in eating and drinking. Nobody can deny the proverb that what is enough for one is enough for two. It is still more certain that what is enough for two is too much for one. The generality of bachelors eat and drink as much as they can afford. When they marry they are obliged, for economy's sake, to share their meals with their wives. Hence, as husbands, they consume half the quantity that they ate and drank when they were single. Health and longevity result from the moderation of which the necessity is imposed on the great majority of men by marriage.

Notice of Question.

Mr. Whalley will interrupt the last Act of the Reform Drama to ask the Home Secretary whether he is aware that large coloured bills were posted all over London, announcing that "a Mass Meeting" would be held in Hyde Park on the 5th inst.



THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

(HOW OUR FOREIGN ARTIST UNDERSTANDS THE ENGLISH.)

Lord X. "MY DEAR MR. BOURRIQUET, I FEEL VERY TIRED; I WILL TAKE A LITTLE NAP IN THIS KIOSQUE. WILL YOU IN THE MEANTIME SPARE ME THE TROUBLE OF BUYING SOME ARTICLES AT THE EXHIBITION?"

Mons. B. "WITH THE GREATEST PLEASURE, IF YOUR LORDSHIP WOULD POINT OUT THOSE YOU PREFER."

Lord X. "I LEAVE THAT TO YOUR GOOD TASTE."

Mons. B. "VERY WELL; BUT HOW MUCH AM I AUTHORISED TO SPEND?"

Lord X. "OH!—SAY—200,000 FRANCS!" [*Great astonishment of Mons. B.*

SPEECH-DAY AT COLWELL-HATCHNEY.

(*From our Special Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent.*)

EARLY in the morning before the break of day, we were all in our different positions among the chimney-pots, waiting for the muffin man's bell to summon us to the scene of carnage. Dislodged from this position, a small body, three foot nothing in his boots, took up a commanding situation, and defied the President to his false teeth.

He was received with cheers. Flags waving and every one in green and gold gaiters, with legs of mutton and trimmings in their furbelows. When we were all seated, including the man who had only one leg to his chair, the speeches began. In order to make the proceedings as brief, and as little tiresome to his Lordship as possible, we had all the speeches at once. I send you a condensed report.

Speech from MARK-JULIUS-RACINE-AUBER-CICERO-DEMOSTHENES-MOLIERE—TERENCE-ANTONY-ROWLEY-BUCKSTONE-HERMIT-on-last-Derby day-when-I-lost-a-lot-of-money—*alias* JONES (*Spoken by gentlemen too numerous to mention*).

Scene from EUCLID, Prop. 1. Act 2. *By the Head Colwell-Hatchney Students.*

Selections from "WARREN's Blacking." *By old Colwell-Hatchneyites, with their usual brass band and hounds.*

Before weighing, 2 lbs. were allowed; but as each brought his own saddle, bridle, spoon, fork, and a mug, pudding alone was wanted to complete the ceremony. I have now found out where the Head Master keeps his greengage jam. He won't know soon. I send you my own Prize Poem, it was written some years ago, only owing to the inclemency of the weather, has never known a day's happiness for years. Parents both orphans, and no living relations worth mentioning, except an odd grandmother or two in the purlieus of Westminster. A most distressing case, and one that ought to harrow your feelings with steam. I've seen 'em, and a very good idea it is, only plough shares are not in my line. I've taken out a poetic licence, so make allowance for the goodwill and fixtures. Here it is. I call it

MOLDAVIA.

Repulsive tyrant, o'er whose knotted shoal
Mock auctions flee and hover in the gloom.
Never! or in my own abode
I'll know thee and proclaim the monster free!
Would'st thou—(*Put this in the next line, if you like.*)
Oh, handless craftsman, loving fool,
Living by rote who'd live to rule,
Suspended in meridian Bool. (*I coined this word—expressive.*)
Lavoosky! (*Name of a Pole.*)

Shout then bandannas to the weary!
Scream to the leary!
Hail, for I love you deary!
Toodledumdoodledumday. (*Drums.*)

And so he fell: and India was free.
From north to south from land to land and sea,
(*Whatever you like in this line, as long as you end with*) ME.
Excelsior!

Farewell. Farewells and Firearms! And why not? Isn't it beautiful? We are all in tears. Farewell!

And thus ended a charming and delightful day, calmly and rationally spent. The Fireworks left early. The Visitors went off after the fireworks, and, we hear, caught 'em up on the road.

COMMEMORATION RECOLLECTIONS.

The dews begin to linger,
On the Christ Church meadows laid.
Every spire 's a ghostly finger,
Every wall a fringe of shade.

Cooks their fellow'rs are regaling:
By the window flits the bat:
From the area, through the paling,
Steals the surreptitious cat.

"The Broad" is all deserted:
Its walk is still and bare,
Where I and Laura flirted.
What silly things we were!

Night is queen of Oxford city,
Her turrets and her stones.
All is hush'd, except a ditty,
Doleful from the rooms of Jones.

I know his gift for suction,
At the tankard or the cup;
And I draw the sound deduction
That Jones is liquoring up.

For the voice of Jones the fellow
Sounds as vague as voices will,
When the brain begins to mellow,
And the man begins to fill.

Oh! prithee Jones the tutor,
Be moderate in thy tipple:
Cease to drain the frequent pewter,
Cease to make the flagon ripple.

Jones, the Don, his thirst is slaking;
But the night is nearly gone,
It is hard that my awaking
Should be caused by Jones, the Don.

That my bosom should be harried,
That I cannot sleep my sleep,
Because his throat is arid,
And because his flagon deep—

That my mind should be disgusted
By this vile nocturnal chorus,
Because his Port is crusted,
And because his system porous.

I grudge not aught that dear is
To Jones's way of thought,
Whether it be wine of Xerez,
Or the subtler juice of Port.

I rejoice that Jones is happy:
For happy Jones must be,
When his brain is growing sappy,
And his heart is growing free.

But his voice *will* haunt my fancies,
While borne in Memory's train
Once again I dance my dances,
And upset my friends again.

Once again, amid the revel
Of the theatre above,
My binocular I level
At the face of her I love.

Once again, through Memory's vista,
I seem myself to see,
In the bower where I kiss'd her,
And where she I love kiss'd me.

While through the Johnian gardens
The air blew soft and scented,
And the Chris—I beg their pardons—
The Orpheus minstrels went it.

But through theatre and dancing,
Through my Laura's very tones,
Through each sound and sight entrancing,
Thrill the dreary notes of Jones.

Hark! a fall the ceiling shaking!
The usual percursor
When sleep is overtaking
The mind of Jones, the Bursar.

Silence reigns. I cease enlarging
On the cause of Jones, his fall.
Comes a vapour from the margin,
Of my candles. (*Locksley Hall.*)

They die. In rhymic verses
I put my feelings neatly:
And, till waked by Jones's curses
Proceed to slumber sweetly.

NON COMPOS AND COMPOS.

Mr. Punch will not presume to deny the law thus laid down in a recent judgment by Sir James Wilde:—

"A person who is the subject of monomania, however apparently sensible or prudent on all subjects and occasions other than those which are the special subject of his apparent infirmity, is not in law capable of making a will."

But *Mr. Punch* will take the liberty of asking what any one of Her Majesty's Judges, presiding in an Assize Court would probably say to the argument, advanced by a prisoner's counsel, that a person who is the subject of monomania, however apparently sensible or prudent on all subjects or occasions other than those which are the special subject of his apparent infirmity, is not in law capable of committing a crime?

Mr. Punch, in asking this question, knows very well how conclusively it may be set aside by the snub, in lieu of the answer, that every person who does a criminal act ought to be punished for it whether he is capable of committing a crime or no. To be sure. Expediency is everything in these days. Bother abstract justice, and blow consistency.

CONTROVERSIAL ANATOMY.

There is in the *Athenæum* a masterpiece of dissection, the subject thereof being a volume of essays by Dr. Manning and other ecclesiastics of Dr. Manning's kidney. This anatomy looks very like the handiwork of a demonstrator notoriously dexterous in slitting up bundles of paradoxes. He thus walks, as medical students say, into one of the soft parts presented to his scalpel by the titular Archbishop of Westminster:—

"Dr. Manning thinks that the greater number of the ritualist teachers secretly mean ultimate Romanism; and that only a few mean to keep people away by a real substitute. 'The number of those whose good faith is doubtful'—that is of those ritualists who are *not* Romanists at heart—'is not great.' Does Dr. Manning really think that it is *good* faith for a person who has subscribed the articles and declared himself a *bonâ fide* member of the Protestant Church—so described in its legal title—to make use of the means and revenues of that Church to promote what that Church avowedly condemns? When we next hear Romanists charged with the doctrine that faith is not to be kept with heretics, we shall listen to their indignant denials with, 'Yes, yes, we know you want to keep *faith* with us, but not *good* faith.'"

By this incision our anatomist undoubtedly lays bare a morbid appearance, the like whereof has before been detected and pointed out by other explorers. But, oh, never let it be forgotten that all these spots of disease are strictly local; that they are not connected with any constitutional evil affecting the body in whose members they occasionally occur. In plain words, when Dr. Manning represents good faith towards the Church of Rome as identical with bad faith towards the Church of England, he must be understood to speak merely as a private doctor, and not with any authority. Certainly with none at all! Nor is it possible to see how the declaration of any other such private doctor can be any more authoritative than his own. Hence we learn how impossible it is for Protestant bigots to prove anything against Popery out of the mouths or the books of Popish prelates. Hence we also learn how equally impossible it is to take anything whatever that any one of those prelates themselves may say about it for granted.

Apparently, then, there is no knowing what Popery is except from the mouth of the infallible Pope himself. But some of the Pope's own people say that the very Pope is not always infallible. They tell us that he is only infallible when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*. How are we to know that he is infallible then? We can have only his own word for it, and we are not yet sure that we have got that; so that, for aught we know, the whole of what is vulgarly abused under the name of Popery may be a mere accumulation of the opinions of private doctors. If Protestant bigots will only leave off denouncing the creed of a large portion of their fellow-countrymen until they understand what it really is—they will have to wait.

OUR PROSPECTS.

We foresee the day when everything will be done by electricity. Clerks of the Houses of Lords and Commons will be telegraph clerks. Debates will be wired, and each telegraph desk will be a kind of alphabetical piano on which the speeches will be played, and by this means the charms of oratory will be intensified, and an instructive amusement will be provided for the Strangers' Gallery. The telegraph clerks will have to attend in place of the Members, and every Member will have his own private telegraphic piano, except in cases of coalition. The Sovereign of a hundred years hence will never open the House in person, but send his boots. The journals will contain all the news of the following day, and cheap evening papers will struggle to get two days ahead of them. Naval and military success will depend entirely upon respective electrical resources; and if nations ever should come to blows, the blows will be given in the air, for by that time we shall have balloons fitted with iron turrets and huge guns on swivels.—*The Prophetic News.*

Knight Thoughts.

When Alderman Waterlow heard of his new dignity, he instantly began to quote—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.

With regard to the other Sheriff, if Lord Derby had in accordance with precedent paid *Mr. Punch* the compliment of consulting him, he would with pleasure have answered—"*Licet.*" The well-merited prize has followed the great Rose Show too tardily.



PERHAPS.

Stout Fashionable Party. "WHAT GUYS THEY MADE OF THEMSELVES IN THOSE DAYS, AUNT!"

Slim Old Ditto. "FASHION, MY DEAR! I SHOULD NOT WONDER BUT *We* SHALL BE LOOKED ON AS *PERFECT FRIGHTS* IN FUTURE TIMES!!"

QUID NUNC?

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

MANY of your very young men might perhaps be glad to know what is a Quid nunc. Sir! I was a Quid nunc when it was a distinction to be a Quid nunc. I am in my sixty-fifth year and (at present) a bachelor. Every man now who can count ten is really a Quid nunc, though my hair-dresser would probably stare in respectful astonishment if I were to address him by that title. My well-conducted coachman could scarcely hold himself erect on his box, if he were not regularly posted up with the latest intelligence at Tattersall's. The most united family take as much interest in the divisions of the House, as those Fellows of Brazen-nose, who are quite at home when wrangling. Parliament has become in its strictest sense a "diet," with which millions appease their mental hunger, though having in my hot youth been accustomed to a more stimulating regimen, I sometimes fancy it rather farinaceous.

What is the Budget? A Cabinet pudding. And the Estimates? Not infrequently a hash. An excellent digestion has the political gourmand. A royal speech affords him as rich satisfaction as a goose at Michaelmas. A strong opposition supplies him with curry and a liberal ministry with sweets. Our foreign policy constitutes his dessert.

But *Mr. Punch*, can you fancy by any twist of imagination a feminine Quid nunc? Well, Sir, last week I was sipping my chocolate at the Crystal Palace when I heard a very tall young lady with an eye-glass say to a very short young lady with an eye-glass, "Have you seen the evening paper?" "No!" was the reply. "You should read the money article, Escobedos at 15 dis." "Impossible." "Fact. What will you do?" "Do? Unless Papa buys me a new dress I must dye!"

Poor thing! she did not look as if she deserved so sad a fate.

Pall Mall. PAUL P. BOODLE.

A NEW LINE FOR A TALENTED ACTRESS,

On her Retiring to take a Holiday in the Country.

KATE TERRY tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi!

TO MR. WHALLEY.

FOR some days past we have searched the newspapers through, and have not, with some very paltry exceptions, met with the name of MR. WHALLEY. "O WHALLEY, we have missed you!" was the burden of our song. Is the Member for the borough of St. Peter in want of a subject? Here is a hint for him—a hint of which, if he will but make use, he may deliver himself of such a speech as will put to shame all his previous efforts, including even that of the notable night when he demanded of the House a lighted candle and two policemen in order to look for GUY FAWKES in the popishly decorated crypt of the House. This brings us to the middle of our song. *Has* MR. WHALLEY *seen the Drinking Fountain now in the course of erection near the Statue of* CANNING, *at the corner of Great George Street, Westminster?* It has a very papistical appearance. There are little images all round the top. Will it be merely water for public use at that fountain? Our reliance is on MR. WHALLEY. More of this anon.

The Bench and the Bar.

SAYS JAMES to JUDGE BOVILL,
Your practice is novel.
JUDGE BOVILL exclaims,
Shut up, MR. JAMES.

A GENERAL ORDER.

IF aides-de-camp as a rule are expected to obey the "hints" of the wives of their chiefs, like SIR WILLIAM MANSFIELD'S in India, the sooner aides decamp the better it will be for them.

THEATRICAL NEWS.—We sincerely hope that MR. BUCKSTONE is *not* playing "To Paris and back for five shillings," out of compliment to MR. SOTHERN'S recent expedition.

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"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

Chief Clerk in H.M. Deputy-Assistant-Secretary's Inland Parcels Revenue Office. "HULLO, MR. DUMBLEDORE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? DESPATCHES?"

Dumbledore (*who plays in the Civil Service Amateur Orchestra*). "NO, SIR, IT 'S MY DOUBLE BASS CONTRE-FAGOTTO, SIR! WE 'VE A REHEARSAL TO-NIGHT, SIR."

Chief. "AH, JUST SO; WELL (*sees an opening*), YES, S'LONG AS YOU DON 'T KI' UP A ROW HERE, YOU KNOW, 'R ELSE WE'D RATHER YOU HAD *FORGOT* IT, YOU KNOW." (*Retires chuckling.*)

BEATITUDE MADE EASY.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

O SYMPATHY with others' joys!
That 's what we ought to feel, my boys.
He who has that can want no more;
He 's happy howsoever poor.

Entranced in the mesmeric state,
'Tis said that some participate,
In taste, of what another eats;
And share his drinks as well as meats.

If you could sympathise like that,
An Alderman might gorge green fat,
Yet not enjoy it all alone;
For you might make his gust your own.

You could rejoice when gourmands dine,
And quaff the best of every wine,
For so they 'd be obliged to do
Not only for themselves but you.

Beyond the pleasures of a meal.
All others' gladness could you feel,
Envy would in your bosom end;
Your rival 's self would be your friend.

What if, preferred, he gain your Miss?
Imagine his domestic bliss.
Be conscious of it if you can;
Then will you be a happy man.

But sympathy should never go
So far as sharing others' woe;
For whilst that hurts you, it doth not
At all alleviate their lot.

Let me not taste the sable draught
Which by mine ailing friend is quaffed,
Nor of his leathery chop or steak,
With sympathetic sense, partake;

Nor share my blessed rival's ire
When Madam's bills his patience tire,
Or when she, with her whims and pets,
His poor philosophy upsets.

Nor yet his care about his wife,
Such as he 'll feel in after life,
When she will be a rose o'erblown,
And I right glad that I 'm alone.

HOW ARE YOU AT ROMSEY?

THERE is in Hampshire a town which owes some celebrity to being situated in the neighbourhood of Broadlands, late the seat of PALMERSTON. In the adjoining districts it is also noted with a distinction derived from the circumstances of its situation, from which it is named Romsey on the Mud. Another peculiarity relative to Romsey renders it necessary for you to mind how you ask agriculturists and others thereabouts if they have been there. "Going to Romsey" is a local phrase for getting drunk. In this saying, perhaps, Romsey is named merely on the strength of its beer; but, on the mildest supposition, the Temperance League and the United Kingdom Alliance will no doubt coincide in the opinion that it is a place in which there may exist special need for the delivery of discourses such as those mentioned in the subjoined paragraph culled from the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"TEETOTAL LECTURES.—MR. DUNN, 'the converted clown,' lectured in the Town Hall on Wednesday and Thursday evenings to very large audiences."

Let us hope that the exhortations of MR. DUNN, the converted clown, will not have been altogether lost upon the clowns, converted or unconverted, of whom not a few, having stalked in from the surrounding farms, were probably included in his audience at the Romsey Town Hall. It is not impossible that he may have almost succeeded in persuading some of them to reduce their consumption of malt liquor by a barrel a week or so. Our Hants contemporary does not report the discourses of MR. DUNN, but only states that:—

"The lecture was each evening begun with prayer, and at intervals several temperance melodies were sung."

Some of these melodies were, perhaps, sung by the lecturer himself. We can imagine an ex-clown, turned lecturer on teetotalism, producing a great effect in favour of total abstinence principles, by singing, in disparagement of spirituous and fermented liquors, and in praise of water, tea, and slops, serious parodies of *Hot Codlings* and *Tippety-witchet*.

SAYINGS AT SPITHEAD.

Reviewing the Review.

SAYS BEN to me, When NELSON fought
Our ships were hearts of oak,
By canvas then they came to port,
And not by steam and smoke.
We knew not then no Armstrong gun,
Of which I hear such praise:
Yet many a tough sea-fight we won,
In them old-fashioned days!

Says I to BEN, Tho' ships may change,
And sail give way to screw;
Tho' guns be made of longer range,
Our tars are still True Blue!
And should the dogs of war break out,
Full soon you 'll find, I says,
That British tars have hearts as stout
As in the good old days!

RUINOUS EXPENDITURE.—The extravagance of the ladies in their dress is growing more and more fearful, judging by a Price List (wonderfully illustrated) one of the articles in which is the "Gemma," or "Jewelled" Jupon!

A PLAGUE AND ITS CURE.



It would certainly have been considered, in the good old times of classical education, that any one guilty of confounding Virga with Virgo deserved the former. This observation relates to the Latinity of a morning contemporary, in whose columns the other day appeared a paragraph thus commencing:—

"The Miraculous Statue of the Virgin Jessy.—The *Journal de Liège* publishes the following communication from the town of Hasselt, dated August 8th:—'Our town is going to have a strange spectacle. The Récollets Fathers are preparing for Thursday next a great religious ceremony, the solemn crowning of the miraculous statue of the Virga Jesse.'"

Perhaps, however, in the heading above transcribed, "Virgin" is not to be taken as a sub-editorial translation, and "Jessy" is not a correction of a supposed misprint. Possibly "Virgin Jessy" was intended for a sort of juke. Still, even if that is the case, there is some reason to doubt the joker's knowledge of the precise distinction between Virga and Virgo with respect to the statue named Virga Jesse. Never mind. Attention is rather due to facts than words touching the statue so called. Our Belgian contemporary proceeds:—

"The crowning of this statue, which is in the Church of the Récollets, will take place in the Grand Place, on an altar raised specially for this occasion, in the presence of M. de Mérode and several prelates."

It must have been pretty fun to see M. de Mérode and his associates exhibit themselves thus playing with an ecclesiastical doll. Of course those right reverend gentlemen were duly dressed out in their canonical frocks and petticoats, to the great delight and admiration of their feminine spectators. Their playing, however, was somewhat serious, being actual doll-worship. The *Journal de Liège* proceeds:—

"According to the *Constitutionel de Limbury*, which receives its information from the reverend fathers, the occasion of this crowning is as follows:—First. Last year the cholera was approaching Hasselt, when, thanks to a procession through the town, in which the miraculous statue was carried, the terrible disease disappeared, and God did not permit it to make a single victim amongst the people. Second. This year the cattle disease has caused great destruction amongst the animals of the distillers. The inhabitants in their despair had recourse to the Virga Jesse, and the same day at the same hour that the statue of the Virga Jesse was transferred to the middle of the church, the fearful ravages of the cattle plague ceased."

Hereon asks the Liège journal, "Is not this sufficient to have the Virga Jesse crowned twice instead of once?" adding, with more respect to municipal than monastic persons:—

"It is conceivable that the Récollets, who have an interest in the spreading of error and superstition, in order the more securely to establish their influence, should be of this opinion, but what is inconceivable is, that our communal council should publicly and officially countenance the reverend fathers. They have, in fact, unanimously granted a subscription of 700 fr. towards the expenses of the *fête*, thereby giving a sanction to the pretensions put forward on behalf of the statue."

Which pretensions, according to the *Journal de Liège*, were falsified by the facts of the case; the register of the Town-house showing that after the procession of the statue no less than twenty-six persons died of cholera, and that the cattle plague only ceased when it had been stamped out by the slaughter of 1400 animals for which the Government had to pay 800,000f. compensation.

Astonishment is naturally expressed at the countenance given by sober town-councillors to fetichism which none could be expected to encourage but superstitious monks. May it not, however, be a mistake to suppose that the Récollets, in paying religious honours to a statue, were actuated by superstition at all? May we not, with good reason, rather suppose them to be quite convinced that there no longer ever happens any such thing as miraculous interposition? Surely they, and the Belgian prelates with M. de Mérode at the head of them, feel quite sure that there is now no longer any fear of that, when they venture to crown an image on an altar in the chief square of a town by way of thanksgiving for deliverance from plague and pestilence.

A PETITION TO PARLIAMENT OUT-OF-DOORS.

Where is the Honourable House?
All out of doors;
Gone, mostly, blazing at the grouse
Upon the moors.
Thither, likewise, the Peers repair,
In quest of sport.
Commons and Lords, for change of air,
Alike resort.
They've massacred the Innocents,
Whom now the game,
Which they are bagging, represents—
'Tis served the same.
After long legislative toil
Those heights they range;
Pursuers of the feathered spoil,
And bless the change.
'Tis well that England still contains
Some forest space,
Which birds may haunt; some hills and plains
For beasts of chase.
How fast those creatures disappear,
Oh, sad to see!
The Badger, once so common here,
Now where is he?
Reynard the Fox, too, would be—where?
Ay, where indeed?
Did not horse-worship make men spare
His sacred breed.
Almost unknown is now the Kite,
That used to sail
Aloft, a once familiar sight,
With forkèd tail.
The Buzzard has become as rare;
In country walk,
Seldom you see now, cleaving air,
The Sparrowhawk.
The good old Raven's reverend croak
Is scarcely heard.
The noble Bittern is, by smoke,
A banished bird.
The soil which landed poulterers own
Must know no brood,
Forsooth, of vermin; bear alone
Things meet for food.
"All that a morsel from our feasts
Can snatch away
Destroy," the churls cry; "Kill all beasts
And birds of prey."
The Philistines! Alas, for woe
To see broad lands,
Whilst woodcraft dwindles, falling so
Into their hands!
The commons narrowing day by day,
What grief to mark;
And how vile builders do away
With chase and park!
No more of your detested Bills,
Destroying these;
Ye Legislators, on the hills
Who snuff the breeze!
England's few wilds that yet remain,
Pray you, protect.
Chimneys enough do foliage stain,
And air infect.
Wherefore should "Progress" be allowed
This land to spoil?
A house you would not overcrowd—
Then why the soil?
Preserve the greenwoods and the flowers
Our fathers knew—
Preserve the game, ye landed Powers,
And vermin too.

Must be His.

A Book is announced with the title *On the Preservation of Commons*. If, as we suspect, the article has dropped out before the last word, this work must be the production of the Member for Calne, who can't take a cheerful view of the future of the House.

"The Round of the Restaurants."—Beef.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

YES, the Reform Bill is Law. On *Monday August 12th*, the Lords having received back the Bill with all their amendments (except the Representation of Minorities clause) struck out by the Commons,

The PREMIER said that nothing ought to be done to imperil the success of so important a measure: therefore,

He remarked that the Commons had agreed to the Minorities clause. He did not like it, and deprecated the extension of the system:

He ridiculed the Commons' reasons for rejecting the other amendments, but said that nothing was to be gained by insisting on them, especially as that course would lead to a conference, to which the Commons were thought to object, because they would have to take off their round hats while the Lords sat with cocked hats on:

He hoped that LORD SALISBURY would not press a motion in favour of the Voting Papers, which at some future time would receive the assent of Parliament.

LORD SALISBURY wished that the Commons had given better reasons for their refusal of his device.

LORD STANHOPE trusted that Voting Papers would one day be made obligatory. He hoped that the passing of this Bill would not induce those who were afraid of its results to abandon politics.

LORD CLANCARTY was thankful for the Bill, and wished for Voting Papers in Irish elections.

LORD HARROWBY thought it a great feat to have obtained from a democratic assembly an admission that Minorities had a right to be heard.

LORD RUSSELL entirely approved of the course of the Commons in regard to the amendments. It was now too late to enter into a discussion of the principles of the Bill. He hoped that every Lord and Commoner would do his best to make it work well for the country.

LORD WESTMEATH—the solemn pageant would not have been complete without the jangle of the Wise man's bauble—proposed that at any Irish election the throwing a stone at Her Majesty's troops should be tantamount to reading the Riot Act, and that the soldiers should immediately shoot the Irish generally.

LORD CHELMSFORD did not offer to embody this suggestion in a clause, but put the questions of agreement with the Commons.

These questions were carried *nemine contradicente*, and THE REFORM BILL WAS COMPLETE. All that was needed to transform it into the Reform Act was the following remark by the Clerk of the Parliaments:

La Reyne le veult. This remark was made on the afternoon of Thursday, August 15th, 1867, in the presence of a few Peers and about forty Commoners, among whom were MR. DISRAELI and MR. MILL. There was a full moon, the rain had fallen heavily all day, after a violent thunderstorm; it was the anniversary of the death of QUEEN PHILLIPPA, 1369, and of the battle of Chevy Chase, 1388; the wind in London was S.W.; consols closed at 94¼ for money; it was the *fête* of the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON, and *Mr. Punch* had for dinner green-pea soup, salmon and tartar sauce, stewed oysters, curried eggs, saddle of mutton, green-gage tart, lobster mayonnaise, and olives. He is unaware of any other great coincidence connected with this important day.

The work has occupied Parliament since the 25th February. *Mr. Punch* has no doubt that in the course of a few days some stupid person, with leisure, will have informed the papers how many nights of debate there have been, how many speeches, how many divisions, how many times the mace has been removed, in sign of committee, how many oranges speakers have sucked, and how many times the report of the debates, stuck together in single column, would go round Westminster Hall. These statistics, utterly useless, are dear to fools. All that the present public, or the public of posterity, can want to know about the Reform Bill of 1867 will be found in these columns.

The Reform Act makes the week somewhat remarkable, certainly, but it will be known, in future times, for something far more remarkable. It was the GREAT WHALLEY WEEK.

Whether the hot weather, which has a peculiar influence on certain of his quadrupedal fellow-creatures, excited the GREAT WHALLEY, whether the laughter of the House had been too much for him, or whether a little notice from MR. BEALES had worked him up into a conviction—opposed to that of the rest of the world—that he was Somebody, are high, great, and doubtful questions. But that the GREAT WHALLEY distinguished himself this week is certain.

Monday. He asked an absurd question of the wrong person.

Tuesday. He blundered a question which he put to MR. HARDY, and he asserted that jurors perjured themselves in murder cases.

Wednesday. His only recorded offence was his non-resignation of his seat.

Thursday. He was in his glory. He had on a previous evening asked leave to bring his patron, BEALES, under the gallery, and BEALES brought in DICKSON, and it would seem, somebody else, without the SPEAKER'S leave, so WHALLEY was severely rebuked, privately, by MR. DENISON, who very properly had no idea of BEALES'S whole tail being brought into the House by WHALLEY. To-day WHALLEY made speeches on the subject, and the Commons roared—business was interrupted—MR. DISRAELI had to interfere, and the SPEAKER, this time, rebuked WHALLEY publicly for his unbecoming and improper proceeding—but he persisted, bawling that he had a right to be treated like an English gentleman. We cannot think why he said this, but he has various hallucinations. Was this all? Nothing like it. The same night he showed more zeal for his patron, and declared that while his, WHALLEY'S strength lasted, he would do his best to talk down the Bill for preventing BEALES and his lot from holding meetings in the Parks. Was this all? No. As has been said, he had on a former evening brought BEALES into the House. From the House BEALES went away and made a speech unfairly abusing two of the speakers whom he had heard. One of these was LORD ELCHO, who called attention to the fact that men ought not to come into the House, listen, and go away and tell falsehoods. BEALES told WHALLEY to apologise, and WHALLEY excused him on the ground that he was engaged in "moderating the excitability of a body of men than whom he, WHALLEY, had never in his life seen any more respectable." *Mr. Punch* assures his readers that the last sentence is Essential, and has not, by typographical accident, slipped out of a letter from Colney Hatch.

Friday. He was prostrate, melancholy, and only equal to a lament that he had not been allowed to bore the Ecclesiastical Titles Committee.

Having described the GREAT WHALLEY WEEK, we return to

Monday. An Indian Debate. MR. AYRTON proposed certain alterations in our mode of governing India, and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE introduced the budget for that Empire. It is not satisfactory, but might be worse. But one mistake is radical. We treat India, which for Government purposes should be only a geographical expression, as a unity, instead of as a collection of kingdoms, each requiring special treatment.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Factory Acts Extension Bill, for protecting women and children. It will do much good, but deals only with large workshops, and therefore will require amendment, which LORD SHAFTESBURY promised. The Birmingham Chamber of Commerce protests against this relief to the helpless. Mammon considers that this is not a time to interfere with the manufacturing interest.

LORD SHREWSBURY asked whether the Government would not defend MR. EYRE from further persecution. That gentleman had served his country to the best of his ability, and was an ill-used man. The Colonial Secretary admitted MR. EYRE'S merits, but thought that while any legal proceedings were pending, Government ought not to move. It seems that some civil actions are being brought, whether at the instance and expense of the Committee of Persecution we do not know. It is a bore for MR. EYRE, but in the end he will be saved harmless, presented with a testimonial, and appointed to a new government, with the approbation of English society.

The Parks Bill has been talked down by a small but resolved Minority, chiefly composed of those who hate that Minorities should be heard. At this period of the Session, a Minister is in the hands of any persons who choose to jabber away the hours. After a good deal of jabber, avowedly spouted to hinder the Bill, MR. HARDY gave it up, though a majority of 86 to 31 was with him.

Wednesday. A useful Bill for regulating traffic, street-dogs, cabmen, betting-men, vans, coal waggons, and other evils, made progress, and was discussed in Committee. It passed later. Among its merits, it enacts that as London cabs are now worse than ever, and London cabmen more dishonest, the sixpenny fare shall be raised to a shilling.

Thursday. The London, Chatham, and Dover Arrangement Bill was passed in the Lords, with some pleasant comment on the conduct of that Eminent Religionist, SIR SAMUEL M. PETO, Member for Bristol.

WHALLEY—Parks—Traffic, occupied the Commons, who were therefore suppressing nuisances all the evening.

The Scotch Reform Bill was withdrawn.

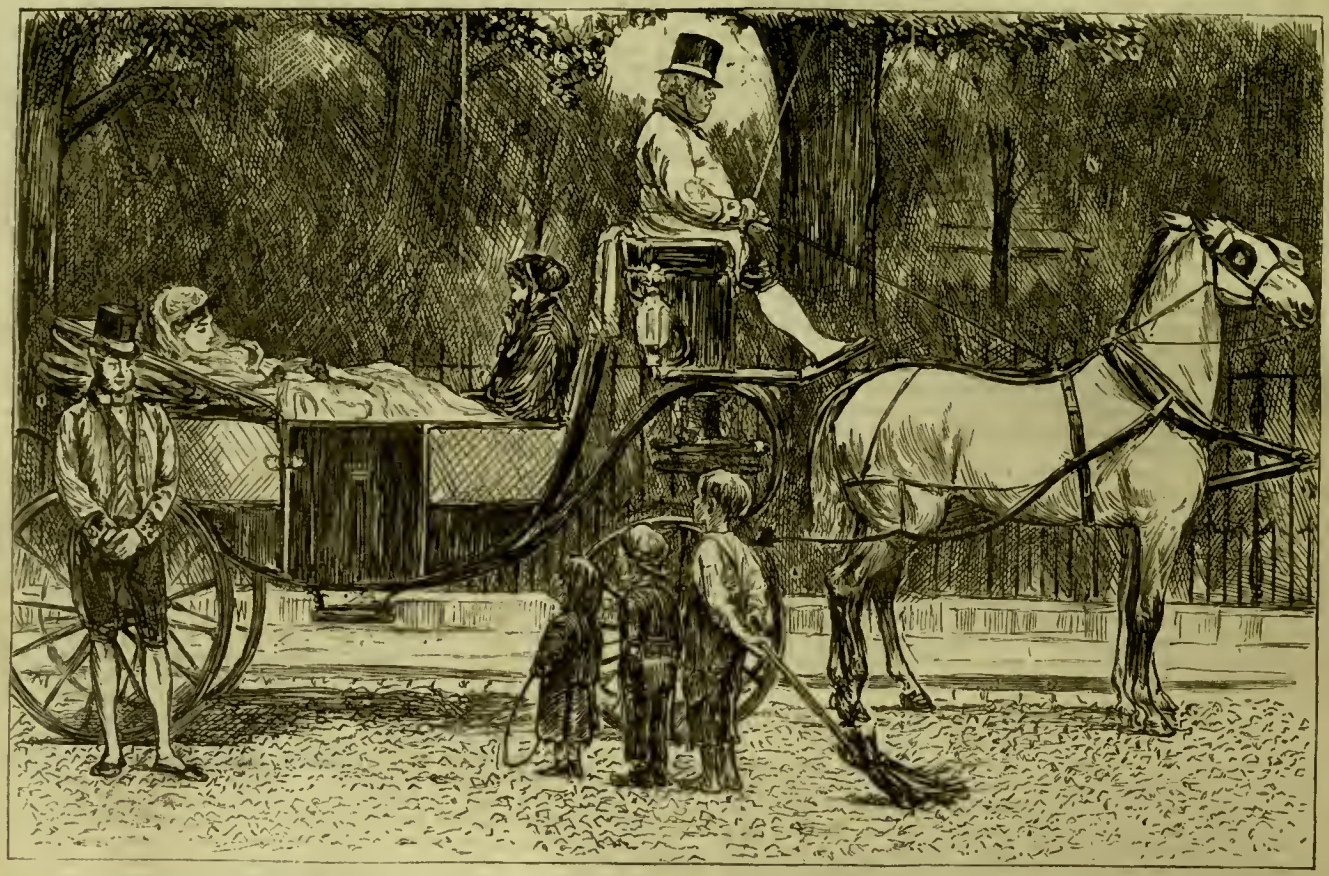
Friday. We passed the Bill for removing the Charter-House School out of London, and allowing the governors to sell the site to the Merchant Taylors, who find their school inconvenient. Hollow, Boys, if there's anything to hollow about.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER threw up the Private Bishops Bill, sooner than accept the Lords' Amendments. He said that it was a mistake to suppose that the promoters wanted to found bishoprics on the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. All mistakes are regrettable, but for this one there are extenuations which—ha! ha! ha! SIR ROUNDELL, you are a wag, though, as *Old Dornton* says, "you don't look it."

That eternal Ecclesiastical Titles Committee. MR. NEWDEGATE and MR. WALPOLE got upon it, and there has clearly been a muddle. The Protestant Association petitioned to be examined, but somehow their demand never reached the Committee, which has heard nothing but Popish evidence. Still, MR. WALPOLE thinks we know enough, inasmuch as MR. HOPE SCOTT, of Abbotsford, has been heard, and this learned convert is supposed to know everything about Catholicism.

"Courage, lads, I see land," as PLATO, or somebody said, when near the end of a book.

BERKELEY SQUARE. 5 P.M.



THE weather is warm as I walk in the square,
And observe her barouche standing tranquilly there,
It is under the trees, it is out of the sun,
In the corner where GUNTER retails a plum bun.

How solemn she looks, I have seen a mute merrier—
Plumes a sky-blue, and her pet a sky-terrier—
The scene is majestic, and peaceful, and shady,
MISS HUMBLE sits facing: I pity that lady.

Her footman goes once, and her footman goes twice,
Ay, and each time returning he brings her an ice:
The patient MISS HUMBLE receives, when he comes,
A diminutive bun: let us hope it has plums!

Now is not this vile? When I tickle my chops,
Which I frequently do, I subside into shops:
We do not object to this solemn employment,
But why *afficher* such material enjoyment?

Some beggars stand by—I extremely regret it—
They wish for a taste. Don't they wish they may get it?
She thus aggravates both the humble and needy,
You'll own she is thoughtless, perhaps she is greedy.

AN INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Do Bridegrooms, as a rule, write their own marriage advertisements? And if so, are they usually written after the wedding breakfast? It must require some nerve to take the pen in hand when one has been returning thanks, and drinking champagne with the bridesmaids. We can't help fancying that the writer must have been in a rather lively mood, when he sat down to pen this notice, which appeared in the *Evening Standard* of the seventh:—

"WEST—EYRE.—July 31, at the Registrar's Office, Kingstown, Co. Dublin, AUGUSTUS GEO. WEST, Esq., late of the 76th Regiment, to SARA EYRE, niece of the DUDLEY PERSE, of Roxboro, Co. Galway, and grand-niece of MRS. WADE, of Blomfield, Mullingar, Co. Westmeath. After the interesting scene the happy couple were received at the hospitable mansion of MRS. M. G. DENNIS widow of the late LIEUT. COLONEL M. G. DENNIS, O.B., and sister of the bride, by a select society of the converted."

A marriage by a Registrar is by no means as a rule a very "interesting scene;" and we confess a wish to know what made this wedding an exception. Had the "scene" any dramatic details, or *dénoûment?* Did the bridegroom lose the ring, and was there any thrill of nervous apprehension lest the office door-key might be used by way of substitute? After the dramatic excitement of the scene, we fear the breakfast must have somewhat proved an anti-climax. As a rule, "select society" is insufferably dull, and we hope that there was plenty of champagne to enliven "the converted."

"SEA-GOING MONITORS."—From the Royal Naval School.

SPECIAL! URGENT!! IMMEDIATE!!!

MR. PUNCH,

I WRITE to you under the influence of the greatest excitement. I am fresh from the top of a Brompton and Islington omnibus. We have just cleared Hyde Park Corner. What did we see? A ladder reared against the equestrian effigy of the late and the great DUKE OF WELLINGTON! A rope thrown over the body of his steed! You will not be surprised when I tell you that the moment this welcome sight met our gladdened vision, we all, my fellow-travellers and myself, rose to our feet, gave one long, one loud, one apoplectic cheer, and then sat down again. We could talk of nothing else all the rest of the expedition. Is the long-expected, happy day come at last? Is the statue coming down? Please to communicate instantly with the First Commissioner of Busts and Statues that we may make extensive preparations for a general illumination.

Yours hysterically,

A DAILY SUFFERER.

Not a Doubt About it.

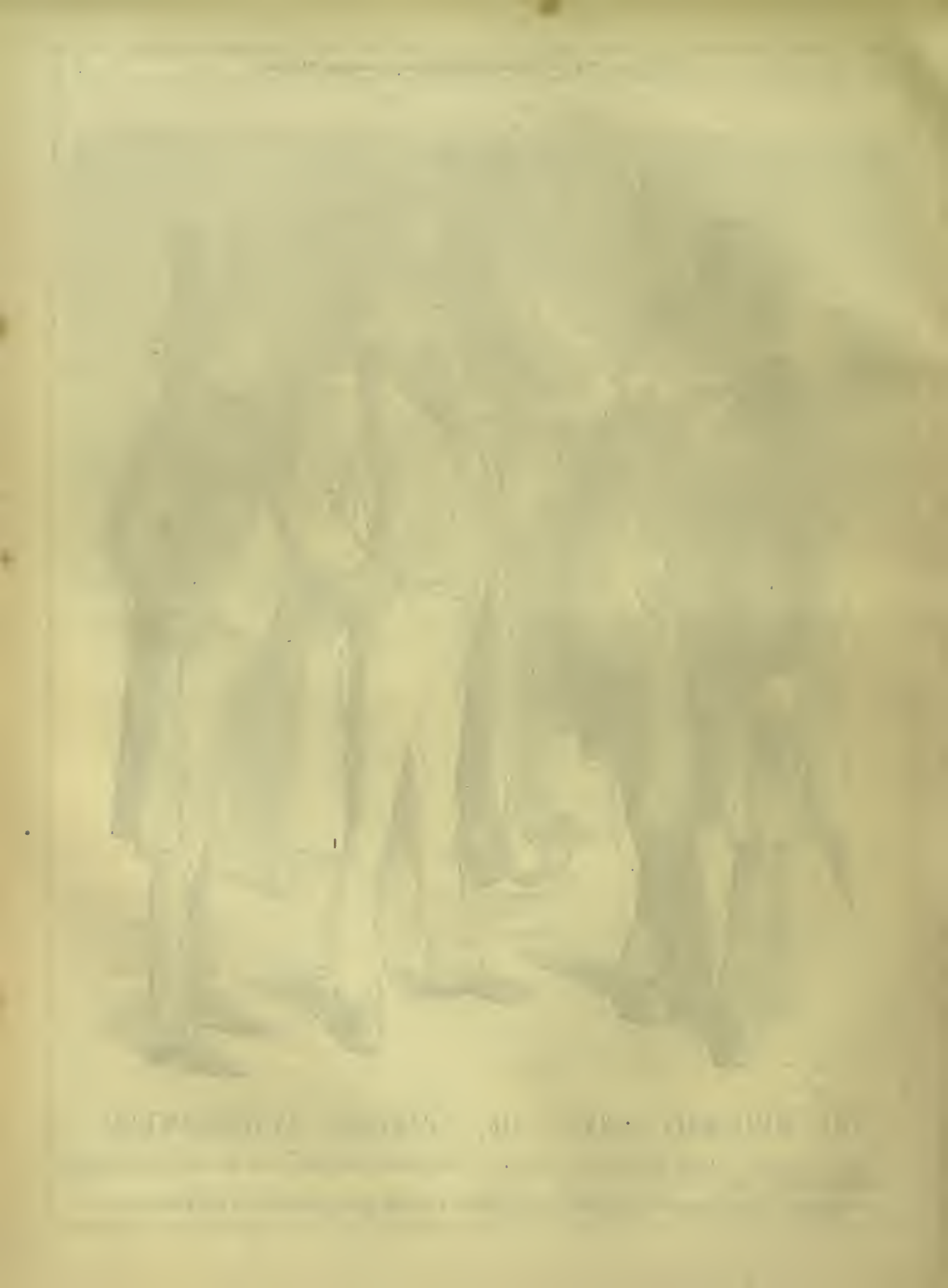
ANOTHER new Magazine is announced to be edited by MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Of course he will write a tale in it. Time and a shilling will show whether his new story has a Bishop and a Dean, but with certainty we may predict that it will contain capital Chapters.



THE WHITEBAIT DINNER; OR, "PARTIES" AT GREENWICH.

Derby. "GOING TO 'THE TRAFALGAR,' ARE YOU? WHY NOT DINE HERE? ALL IN THE SAME 'SHIP,' YOU KNOW, HA! HA!"

Gladstone. "HM! WELL! ALL THINGS CONSIDERED, I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE INVITED US."



A HINT FROM THE WHITEBAIT.

Dizzy, whose Caucasian glory
Doth all Eastern lore enfold,
Well thou know'at th' Arabian story
By Scheherezadè told,

How the enchanted fish, defying
Breadcrumbs brown and yellow yoke,
From the pan, where they lay frying,
Words of truth and warning spoke.

Gammon deem it not and spinach,
Nor proclaim it "like a whale,"
If from whitebait's mouth at Greenwich
Mr. Punch unfold a tale.

At the Ship the Official Party
Gaily round the table drew;
In vacation prospects hearty,
Red-tape fetters broken through.

Blood of innocents and martyrs,
Life-blood of birth-strangled bills,
Left these Ministerial Tartars
Free to eat and drink their fills.

Not a face you there might question
Told how as a burden sate
On the Cabinet's digestion
Humble pies that it had ate.

On no conscience of the bevy,
In so far as looks betray,
All too hot or all too heavy,
Weight of broken pledges lay.

None had guessed those diners hearty
Late had gone *volte-face* about,
Coolly turned their coats and party
With "*hey-presto!*" inside-out.

But the gods above they knew it,
And the little fish below:
To the waiters the winds blew it,
E'en the mud-larks seemed to know.

Blushed, while on the watch for coppers
On the hard they held their stands,
Felt the mud where they took croppers
Clean to Ministerial hands.

Souchés had their watery zest had;
Fishes boiled, and stewed, and fried,
Fishes plain and fishes drest had,
In their weary round, been tried.

And the appetites were waning,
Seeking whets *à l'Indienne:*
Of monotony complaining,
Ministers grew moody men.

When to still official pishes,
Charm official taste and smell,
In were borne those loaves and fishes
Folks in office love so well.

Crisp and hot as they had fried them,
Lay the whitebait, *sautè* quick,
With the brown-loaf squares beside them,
Thinly sliced and buttered thick!

Eyes official gleamed and glistened,
As the pleasant piles they view;
Ears official longed and listened
For the President's "Fall-to."

Sudden, as with hand officious
Quartermaine the covers stirred,
Came a whiff of scent delicious,
And a silv'ry voice was heard.

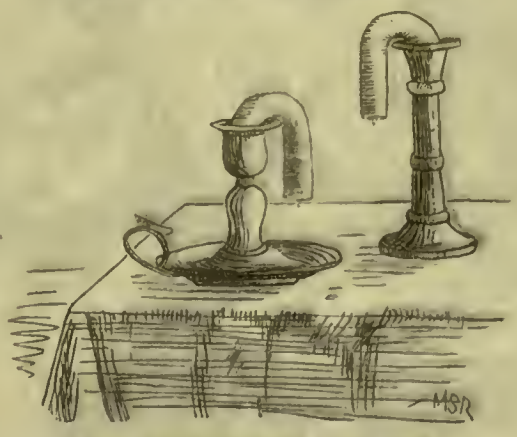
'Twas the Whitebait's chosen squeaker—
Mute as fish are known to be,
Every tribe has still a speaker
For its sessions under sea—

"Call not, pray, the query fishing,
If, my swells, I ask you why,
Not content the Whigs with dishing,
You still dish our harmless fry?

"When we're served upon your table,
Who that white is black make clear,
How we ask can we be able
Still as *white*bait to appear?

"But if Radical and Tory,
Black and white, henceforth are one,—
If for England's future story
Party's little game is done,—

"With a white and not a sad atone
Mark the day when party's floored,
And invite John Bright and Gladstone,
Mill and Russell to your board."



Wednesday, August 14th, 1867.

TURNED AWAY FROM THE TOWER.

Mr. Punch,

There was a time when you could walk into the open apace about the Tower of London, and wander around that historical edifice at your own sweet will. Now, for some years, at the entrance thereof, has been posted the odious notification—"No Thoroughfare," and you cannot enter to inspect the outside without paying to be shown over the in. You yourself, Sir, would actually be barred in the exercise of your former freedom of way. But this exclusion is not all. The other day, having, with some children, gone the round of the Tower show, conducted by a beefeater, I, as soon as that bore had relieved us of his presence, took them to see the specimens and relics of old artillery arranged at an outer corner of the building. Presently a soldier came up, and told your correspondent, very civilly, to be sure, that we were doing what we could not be allowed to do unless accompanied by a warder. On inquiry, I ascertained that this new prohibition had been in force three months, and that it was dictated by the authorities.

Now, Sir, the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower is, I believe, Lord de Ros, or, as the schoolmaster said, Lord *de Rore*, to give him his due. Lord de Ros comes *de Roribus* that came in with the Conqueror; therefore authorities subordinate to his Lordship are the authors of the recent edict which expels the public from the precincts of the Tower, and they decreed it without his knowledge. You, of course, discern the logic of this argument. Lord de Ros is noble; the edict is churlish. It could have been none of his; it must have been the ordinance of niggardly and presumptuous underlings and Jacks-in-Office. If you will publish this letter, the knightly De Ros will, doubtless, have the uncourteous regulation, which those fellows probably dared to promulgate in his name, incontinently rescinded, and cause the knaves themselves to be soundly whipped, and imprisoned in the most uncomfortable dungeon of the Tower Moat.

The open space surrounding the Tower may not be an eligible place for Reform demonstrations, but if the public are to remain excluded from it, the Government might as well close Kensington Gardens. I note, *Mr. Punch*, with very great dissatisfaction and disgust, the daily increasing curtailment of the right of way belonging to us from time immemorial, and acquired by

User.

Black v. White.

A woman-hater of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance declares that the substitution of brown for blonde complexions and tresses, is bringing Black-bait into fashion instead of White-bait.



PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING WITH YOUR FAMILY.

Excited and Anxious Parent. "Now, we've Five Minutes more; is there anything else you want?"

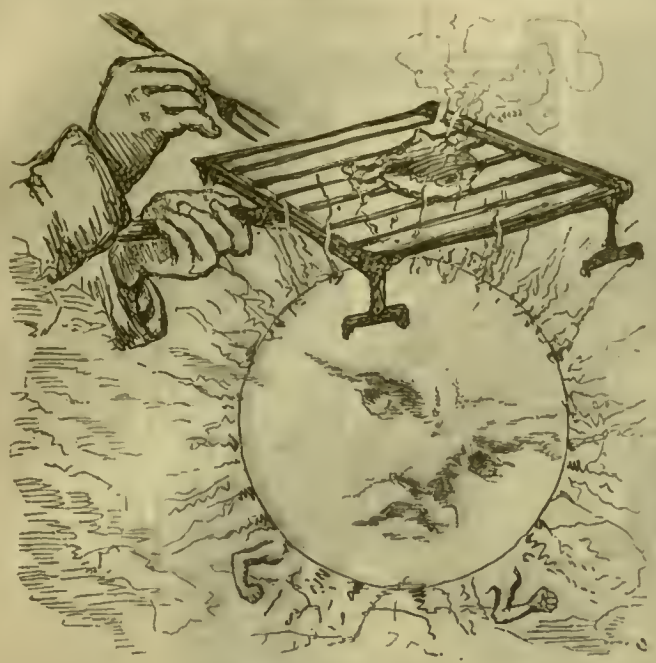
Considerate Daughter. "Only *The Times* and *Punch*, and *The Post* and *Once a Week*, Papa dear; and see if they are going to move the Luggage again, and then you can come and have your Luncheon, you know!"

HYMN OVER DISRAELI.

(After the elevation to the Drawing-room of Members of the Female Faith.)

Loquitur, The last Tory:—

I have lived long enough, having seen one thing, that our State's at an end.
Ghosts of all things that have been, be near me now and defend!
I am weary of day and of morrow, of Members who laugh or who weep,
Of Members who sigh and sorrow, of Members who sneer and sleep.
Sweet is the sound of his voice to the neophyte in the House;
But for me, I prefer for choice the noise of the whirr of the grouse.
I am sick of voting. The railways burn deep and chafe. I am fain
To hold Workhouse Bills a nuisance, and the mention of Parks a bane.
They say we Tories are ceased, cast forth, wiped out in a day,
From our thrall are their limbs released, from our chains the world, say they.
New Members will stand for the City, with arms that have broken the sods,
Who are practical, more's the pity, the low infatuate clods!
We and the clods are at strife, and I dwell in the midst and think
Of the joys of our former life, and the winks that we used to wink
When the douceur jingled sweetly to the landlord keen to win
For the palm, that handled featly, the gold that should bring us in.
Those boroughs gloriously rotten, as medlars rotten and sweet,
As the wind they will be forgotten. They will melt in the dust like sleet.
Settlement! not at all! This Bill will not make an end
Of the ranters that rave and bawl, of the masses that ruin and rend.
Bright is a man of gore, and Beales is a block that abides,
And Reform is a sea without shore, and the State is a ship without guides.
Though the Lords may abase them before you in spirit, O profligate boors,
I kneel not, neither adore you—but, shifting, turn to the moors.
All delicate things and pleasant, all lovings of clique and of cast
Are flung overboard for the present, and become as things of the Past;
Where, beyond explaining at all, and between the remote two stools,
"Resolutions" sink to their fall, and the hope of the Cabinet cools.
Where the Sphinx of the age is heard, clad with mystery as with wings,
And speaking incredible words, and looking unspeakable things.
While, fathomless hour by hour, with purpose inscrutably furled,
He rolls by the lightning power of his satire the wave of the world.
Traditions stand naked in sunder before him: the creeds flee away:
By his followers behind him the franchise is taken and snared as a prey:
At his touch the "checks" and the varied restrictions are crumbled or fled:
His Bill has passed and been carried. It will not come back to him dead.
Cranborne grew pale at his notions: the valour of Peel was bent,
He quailed with a new emotion—he heard, he faltered, he went.
All fell beneath thee but Lowe; and he, with misery dight,
A male *Cassandra* of woe and ruin and travail and night.
But I turn to the fresh moors still, and there will abide to the end—
Gillies, and grouse, and hills be near me there and befriend.
Forgetful of chafings of nations, of Mexican throb and throe,
Of Foreign and Home relations, of war and of ward I go.
Forgetting the Marquis who moons till reporters cease at their art;
Whose silence is more than all tunes, whose sleep overflows in each heart.
The moors are more than the cares that toss the mind of the House,
For they give sorrow that wears, but the fields give gladness and grouse.
I will therefore away, I wot, for the season; though well I know
I shall shoot as my father shot, and miss as he miss'd—even so.
For the charge of powder is little, wherewith we blaze for a span,
And the nerves are broken and brittle, that move this corpse called man.
My friends, I will bore you no longer, as you laugh not, neither weep,
Are you drinking claret, or stronger? Good heavens, they're all asleep!



BROILING HOT.

CAP AND BELLS ON SCIENCE AND ART.

Did Mr. Bernal Osborne ever hear of such a person as *Dogberry*, and such a speech as—"But, masters, remember that I am an ass: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"? May *Punch* inform him that it is *Dogberry* who speaks that speech—the same *Dogberry*, who, when about to examine one he has to deal justice to, proclaims, "We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here 'a that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a *non com!* Only get the learned writer to set down my excommunication——"

Bernal Osborne has got several "learned writers"—short-hand writers in the Reporters' Gallery of the House of Commons—to set down *his* "excommunication" of Mr. Cole and the South Kensington Museum, and the Grant for Science and Art, and the result is, that Mr. Osborne, flattering himself that he is the Momus or the Thersites of the House of Commons, has proved himself its *Dogberry* and has written himself down "an ass" in the largest capital letters.

Bernal "spares for no wit, I warrant you." He understands that this department of Science and Art, with a Museum, and Art Schools, and Professors, and Grants of Money, is a project for inspiring the people with what are called "æsthetical ideas." Here conceive, please, a comic stress upon "æsthetical," accompanied by what actors call a "mug," which gets a laugh from some barren Members of the collective wisdom, who have always heard that Bernal Osborne is "dooced good fun," and dutifully pay up their guffaw at the first bit of "gag" from the funny man. Bernal, having "got his laugh," goes on. "Whatever the merits or virtues of this country, the people were very unimpressionable in matters of Science and Art"—and, therefore, it is absurd to try to impress them? Is that Bernal's logic? That's about it. His opinion is "that the greater portion of the money spent in improving taste finds its way into the pockets of the people who were driving a very snug trade in æsthetics." Here another comic "mug," and another laugh from the gallery, and a feeling here and there, among the emptier vessels of the House, that Science and Art generally are a swindle, their official promoters rogues and robbers, and æsthetics something to be ashamed of. Encouraged by the laughs, Bernal, as low comedians will, goes on writing himself down A.S.S., with increased enjoyment. "He was directly against the Grant. He had never known that any people had ever acquired taste by Government Grants." Has he ever known a people with taste, and a Government that laughed at Science and Art, and scouted the idea of spending money on them? "In Rome they had no public grants, yet look at their beautiful works." Who paid for these works, eh, Bernal, but the Emperors; and where did *their* money come from? "And look at the horrible results we had achieved." Well, look at them, and to what end? To laugh down every attempt to give the instruction and spread the examples which may lead to better things? Is that Bernal's logic?

"His honourable friend spoke of the great excitement caused in the West of England by the show of objects lent by South Kensington; but Wombwell's Menagerie would have created equal excitement." "*Laughter*" notes the reporter. Of course. But what is the inference? Are we to conclude "Art=wild beasts," in the eyes of the West, or in the judgment of Bernal Osborne? And if the former, again we come back to the question, are we therefore to have no expenditure for Science and Art? But Bernal must have more laughs, so he goes into particulars. "There was an Inspector-General with a salary, and occasional inspectors at £3000, and there was a grant for taking the Brompton Boilers to the East End of London, in order to improve the architectural taste of the people of Whitechapel! (*'Hear!' and Laughter.*) He found £2,500 a-year for Professors, and from his experience of professors in that House he had acquired a great horror of them." Very probably. Suppose we asked the professors in that House the effect of their experience of Bernal Osborne? He goes on, hit or miss, "Not satisfied with £2,500 a-year for Professors," (of course, all professors are humbugs and rascals, who draw their salaries without earning them,) "the department had put down an additional £100 a-year for a professor, who gave his services as Dean. He should like to know what were the services the Dean had to perform? He had only time to take a bird's-eye view of these items, because before coming down to the House he did not know they would be brought on." You see Bernal is "such fun"—he can get a laugh out of anything with so little trouble! A "bird's-eye view" is enough for him. He requires none of the bother that people have to give themselves who consider reasons, and weigh public needs, and take objects into consideration, and inquire about results.

"At all events he had no hope. That House would vote anything. (*A Laugh.*) He spoke to the future and reformed House of Commons." No, Bernal, stop at your "laugh." Don't go too far. *You* speak to the future and reformed House of Commons! Surely not, if the future House of Commons is, as they tell us, to include more representatives of the working-men, more of those who best know the needs of the people, in the way of education, and art, and science; more of those who, when serious matters are in hand, are least likely to be tolerant of catchers of barren laughs, and jokers of cynical jokes,—more of those who, when they come for reasons, are least likely to be satisfied with broad grins. "He hoped they would be a little more industrious in looking after votes, if they did not knock the whole thing on the head. He doubted whether they would not knock a great many things on the head. (*Renewed Laughter.*)" One thing, I think, Bernal, they *are* likely to knock on the head. Men of *your* kidney, scoffers at all that lies beyond the rule "Eat, drink, and be merry"; depreciators of all that rises above their own purblind ken; scorners of a science they are innocent of; mockers of art they are unable to appreciate.

"How far was Parliament to go with these enormous grants"—(the total amount is £162,000)—"for implanting taste in people who had no taste?" On this Colonel Sykes,—staggered, no doubt, at the buoyant enjoyment with which Bernal reiterates this depressing assurance!—interpolates an indignant "What?" Bernal is down on him at once. "He was not speaking of the Scotch. They *had* taste—they had a taste for leaving their own country and not going back." (*Much laughter.*) Whether at the *naïveté* of the Colonel on taking Bernal *au sérieux*, or at the novelty of the joke, or at the readiness of Bernal's impertinence, we are left to find out.

Colonel Sykes had no such clever "retort" ready for Bernal, but proceeded to take him seriously to task for talking such nonsense. As if Bernal was worth reasoning with! Colonel Sykes never *could* see a joke. Nor can Mr. H. A. Bruce, nor even Henley, who followed Colonel Sykes's lead, in recalling Bernal to reason. But Bernal went too far even for the toleration of the House when he asserted that Nottingham had no School of Art. He provoked a loud "Yes, there is," on the spot, and a formal exposure of his ignorance or impudent mistatement in a letter since published in the *Times*, showing not only that there *is* a School of Art in the town Bernal misrepresents, but what it has done and is doing for the arts of design by which Nottingham mainly lives and thrives. Bernal, not a bit abashed at being pulled up, for saying there was no School of Art in Nottingham, went on, "The building there was in such a dilapidated state, that he had been applied to for assistance, which having regard to purity of election, he had no intention to give." (*Laughter.*)

Laughter—at what? At the dilapidation of the Nottingham School of Art? Or at the rich idea of asking Bernal for a subscription towards any such good purpose as its repair? Or at the still richer of Bernal's "regard for purity of election?" Altogether Bernal may be said to have had a grand day in supply on Science and Art. We never remember him in worse fooling. Often as his jokes are misdirected, and the laughter they win a thing to make angels weep, we cannot recall an occasion on which his shafts flew wider of wisdom's mark, or where the laughter that greeted them was more brainless and deplorable.

Feat Unique.—The performances of our sportsmen this August have not been very brilliant, with one remarkable exception—a great gun of Macmillan's has been successful in "Shooting Niagara" at Chelsea.



THE RACE NOT YET EXTINCT.

Country Excursionist (just landed at G. W. Terminus). "Could you inform me what these 'ere Busses charge from Paddington to the Bank?"

Dundreary (with an effort). "Au-h, po' m'Soul, haven't an Idea-h! Never wode 'n one in m'Life! Should say a mere Twifle! P'waps a Shilling, or Two Shillings. 'Don't think the Wascals could have the Conscience to charge you more than Thwee Shillings! 'Wouldn't pay more than Four! I'd see 'em at the D-D-Doo-ooce!"

NOES AND AYES.

A Parody.

(With Kind Permission of the late William Cowper, Esq.)

Between Ayes and Noes a strange contest arose,
The Reform Act had set them unhappily wrong,
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
Who carried the measure we've wanted so long.

So Chief Baron *Punch* sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning,
And the *Star* was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of spleen, and small classical learning.

"In behalf of the Noes it will quickly appear,
And your Lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find
"That the Liberals have always been highly sincere.
"And have talked of Reform measures time out of mind."

Then holding the document up to the Court,
"Your Lordship observes it applies to 'The People'
Whom Tories have always distrusted, in short,
Declared bitter foes to the sceptre and steeple.

"Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose,
('Tis a case that has happened and may be again)
That the Tories were faced by no critical Noes,
Do you think we should hear of Reform measures then?

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows
With a reasoning the Court will never condemn,
That the Ayes have been forced to Reform by the Noes,
And therefore all credit is owing to them."

Then shifting his side for a backhanded blow,
He pleaded in jest on behalf of the Ayes,
But missing his point, and abusing Bob Lowe,
He made the Court yawn, and quite ready to rise.

So his Lordship decreed, in a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear without one "if" or "but,"
That each party might claim the Reform as its own,
And the *Star* must abstain from endeavours at *wot*.

"LIGHT THE BEALES-FIRE."—*Moir.*

We like promptitude. The hat is already being got ready, and is to go round for the Noble Beales. He has carried the Reform Bill, saved the nation, made Mr. Walpole cry, and brought Lucraft to forgive Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. So "one of his people with an obedient start" jumps up to tout for a testimonial to the Noble Beales, and proposes that Ten Thousand Pounds shall be raised. He may put our name down for eighteenpence towards that amount—we have had quite value received in fun at the Noble Beales's expense. On second thoughts, we may make it one-and-ninepence, beyond which amount it would be ostentation to go—as we apprehend will be thought by the majority of subscribers.

Not a Bad Hit.

If at your next Croquet party the girls are splendidly handsome and draw off the attention of the men from their game, carelessly quote old Herrick, and say that it is a case of "A lawn .... thrown into a fine distraction."

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"A SLIP O' THE TONGUE."

Yachting Biped. "Then you'll look us up at Primrose 'ill?"
New Acquaintance (gentlemanly man). "Oh, yes—near the 'Zoo,' isn't it? We often drop in and have a look at the Monkeys!"

SONG BY AN OLD SAVAGE.

Dearest girl, for the high cultivation
Of your form, take all possible care,
But oh pray to your mind's information
Of attention do pay a small share!
In a few years, without satisfaction,
On your toilet you 'll lavish your pains:
Beauty goes, and a woman's attraction
Then entirely depends on her brains.

While you still keep the figure and features
Which men gaze on with joy and delight,
You may say what you will, pretty creatures,
'Twill be taken for clever and bright.
Such delusion is owing to Cupid,
That no word can be uttered amiss,
Though entirely unmeaning or stupid,
By the lips that appear made to kiss.

When her mouth's lines of grace have got broken,
Eyes grown dim, cheeks are faded and blurred,
By a woman if nonsense is spoken,
Man perceives that her speech is absurd.
'Tis the waist that has ceased to be slender,
'Tis the ankles that no more are slim,
When she talks any folly, that render
All that folly apparent to him.

Persevere, then, with earnest endeavour,
Still those fugitive charms to enhance,
Study dress as intently as ever,
With a view to display and to dance.
But read books, too, that make the mind stronger,
When your good looks have vanished away,
And you can't please the eye any longer,
That you then may have something to say.

Bordering on Diatraction.

"The Queen on the Borders." An agreeable variation from the usual announcement of Her Majesty being on the Slopes. We might have been certain that she would be welcome to Floors, which made a great floral display, and beg to suggest that, from its pre-eminence at the present time, it ought to be known as First Floors.

I SEE THEM DANCING!

I see them dancing on the Mill,
In Bridewell garb. I see
Among rogues dancing, dancing still,
Dishonest Tradesmen three.
I see, &c.

Three out of fifty-eight are they,
For weight and measure short,
All fined, and those three couldn't pay,
At Tower Hamlets Court.
I see, &c.

Dance on, dance on; I've steeled my breast;
That vision I can bear.
I only wish I saw the rest,
All of them, dancing there.
I see, &c.

IMPORTANT WORKS IN THE PRESS.

The Drinks of London, from Coculus to Cooper. By a Consumer.
The Edinburgh Englishman. A Journal for Cockneys in Scotland.
Burns. An Essay on Scottish Poetry and Petroleum. By a Northern Light.
The Life of a Dog. By a Man who has lived one.
In and Gone to Bed. By the Author of "Out and About."
Red Rufus, the Rugged Ruffian of the Ruffled Shirt. A Simple Story for the Young.
Easy A-Head, or Westminster Wins. A Work for the People.
Uncivil Engineering. By a Thames Embanker.
The Lions. An Epic Poem in four Attitudes. By Sir E—— L——.

A GREAT COMING DOWN.

Mr Punch,

Last week I wrote to you in a manner expressive of profound joy. This week I address you in a manner indicative of the deepest disappointment. I had seen a ladder and a rope on the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington at Hyde Park Corner, and I naturally concluded that these were the premonitory symptoms (as its neighbours at St. George's Hospital would say) of the decline and fall of that wondrous work of Art. I was wrong. All hope is over. The ladder and the rope are gone, but the statue remains *in statu quo*—I openly avow that this is an appropriation of a joke hoary in its antiquity; indeed, when a very little boy, I remember being warned that nothing had been left unsaid or unsung about the statue—nevertheless, I shall quote in reference to its present position a piece of Latinity that you may have heard before—*Sedet æternumque sedebit.* Something I suppose was wrong, and required to be repaired, perhaps in the Duke's bust. I know I was ready to bust with rage when I found out my mistake. I have one hope left. I hear that the new Parliament will pull down and level everything. If it will only lay its democratic hands on this huge ugly bronze that I am compelled to pass twice every day, I will get an order and go and hear Beales speak the first time he addresses the House.

Yours (for the second time of asking),
A Daily Sufferer.

A Little Game that Don't Pay.

By the judgment of Baron Bramwell, the operative tailors have lost the game of Picquet they have been carrying on with their masters, and had better now pocket their losses, give up play, and go to work again.

We know not whether Sheffield has many "Wise Saws," but she certainly has very foolish Sawgrinders.

DIFFICULTIES OF GAME-PRESERVING.



Surely these are bad enough while the young broods are in the coops, and afterwards when they are turned out in the plantations. But they are worse still when the birds get into the hampers, and have to face the poachers of the railway station. Our "Old Preserver" sends a hint how to baffle these clever operatives, which *Mr. Punch* reproduces for the benefit of any of his friends who may be sending him grouse or black-game from the heather, or partridges from the stubbles. Please fasten the lid of your hamper with strong twine, and seal the ends of it with your seal. And so you may defy the poachers of the station, and the stoats and weazels of the goods train, and the parcels' office.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU I.

Ab amicis meis libera me.

I write the title bitterly, sarcastically and *àpropos* of a foot laid up on two chairs, a slipper of soft pocket-handkerchiefs and linseed hot. Yes, all through my friends: using the word not in its widest sense, but as describing a circle within a square (no fashionable square with a circle of accidental acquaintance, but a mathematical ideal), which shall include all relations, acquaintances and friends, excepting those four intimates in the four angles with whom I would trust my money or my life—my life or my money, I don't know which to put first when speaking of friends. To take my life is no temptation to anyone—to take my money might be: but as a rule I have very little more in my pocket than suffices for my modest daily wants (I can rough it on *Potage à la Reine* and venison) at the Club, and the waiter's change in postage-stamps.

By the way. What becomes of these postage-stamps given in change? They get mixed up with the fluff mysteriously accumulated in the waistcoat pockets (or other pockets, but *say* waistcoat) and disappear, leaving not even a trace of the gum behind.

The term Friends now comprehends the old English gossip and neighbour. Gossip was an excellent word. As to neighbours, anyone, rich or moderately well off, resident in London, might ask, without offence, "Who is my neighbour?" it being a rule, with few exceptions, in this vast city, never to know the dweller "next door."

When the postman leaves a letter at my door, the number being mine but not the name, *I* can't tell him where the gentleman, who turns out to be the "next door," lives. The servant can, though. The domestics have a club, I imagine, in the neighbourhood, where they talk over all our affairs (yours and mine, the masters' and mistresses') when they go for the supper beer, or are out "running a arrand."

By the way. Who ever saw John Calves "running a arrand?" Walking, many a time—running never. There is an old shambling individual attached to the square who runs on all Calves's arrands, and undertakes all such low work as getting cabs, taking parcels to a tailor's and so forth, for pints of beer and occasional coppers, while Mr. John lounges in the little club-room near the bar of his favourite haunt, negligently awaiting the return of his emissary, while master—ha! ha!—is fuming and fretting in a white tie and stiff collar behind a window-blind, wondering "why the doose that fellow isn't quicker."

However, away to your pleasures and your duties, ye master-servants and servant-masters, a twinge in my foot reminds me that I intend to write about my friends. I begin with my Hearty Friend. I open my photographic album and offer you his portrait. It is through him that I am here—through him that I am laid up. "Thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother," as the song says, only for "My Mother" read "My Hearty Friend," and there you have it.

Behold him here: age uncertain—not thirty-five, over twenty-five. Dress—easy: beard and moustache. To return to that song I was quoting just now, "*We met, 'twas in a crowd,*" when somebody operatic was singing something operatic, written by a young musical friend of mine, (I have his picture further on in the book, "Number xtyfour in the Book," as the worthy Paddæus Greenus would say. *By the way*, does he say it now? *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in* Evans) in the front drawing-room (Lady Dilly Tarntie at home, you know. Toosday—Moosic) while we were perspiringly listening to the dulcet sounds on the landing.

"Beautiful!" says my Hearty Friend to me, winking.

"Yes, very good," I reply. Being hot and crushed I am very nearly speaking the truth, and saying that that conceited young gentleman with a tenor voice (which is effective just as far as I can reach with my arm) is a humbug, only that I don't know who may be standing at my elbow. Hate giving pain to anyone. And, after all, what is it to me whether young Jakes de Cantor is a humbug as to his voice or not? Let Society's detectives find him out—it's not my work, specially as I hear old Smiler, the well-preserved literary and musical professional pet of the Kensington and Brompton *salons*, praising De Cantor.

Another and a slier wink brings us, my Hearty and me, to the deserted refreshment, where the attendant mixes us an iced drink, and we forget our trials above in the pleasures of the sideboard below.

My Hearty Friend asks when I am going out of Town? I don't know. Soon? Very. Too hot for London. Where? Again I don't know. Dieppe? Perhaps. Scarborough? I've never been to Scarborough. Torquay? Oh, no. So we run up the gamut; from *sea* to *sea*, as my Funny Friend (picture further on) would say.

I suppose, says My Hearty Friend, it'll come to Brighton at last; it always does.

I dispute this conclusion. I am tired of Brighton. I know Brighton by heart. It is London over again. You have to dress at Brighton, (as if you hadn't anywhere else—*proh pudor!*) You meet everyone at Brighton. It is so glaring. So hot: baking. Excursion trains spoil it on Saturday and Sunday. One can't be quiet. Hearty Friend agrees. Carried *nem. con.* Anywhere but Brighton. * * * * *

Here we are. Brighton.

We meet on the pier. Hearty Friend five times as hearty by reason of the sea air, and myself.

"Hullo!" says he.

"Hullo!" says I.

"Thought it would come to this," says he. "It always does." This sort of remark annoys me, because it seems as if I hadn't come here of my own free will. "Well," says he, presently, "writing anything new?" This sort of question, if your profession *is* literature, *does* annoy one, and it's this heedless sort of hearty fellow who always puts it. He thinks it shows that he is interested in you, although he doesn't care whether you are writing or not, whether it's "*new*" or not, (as though you wrote an *old* thing over and over again: the absurdity of his question is too much; if he does it again I shall remonstrate,) because *he* won't buy it, *he* won't read it, or if he does, he'll only remark that the illustrations to the book were first-rate (why doesn't he say the *advertisements* at once?) and at this moment even, as he puts the question, his attention is occupied with a small sailing vessel in the offing, (being a little uncertain as to the whereabouts of the offing, say, "out at sea"), so that he doesn't hear your modest answer of "No, nothing in particular," by which I mean, that though I am preparing a work which will startle the world and make my name for ever, yet it wouldn't interest *him* in his present mood, and is on subjects too lofty and sublime for a man who can't rise above a boat in the offing (I'll ask a sailor where the offing really is) or dirty boys going up to their knees in the waves.

"You want shaking up a bit," says my Hearty Friend. "Get up early: bathe in the sea. Walk. Ride, and go in for exercise." He says he'll take it upon himself to make me as right as a trivet. He invites himself to supper with me so heartily, and accepts his own invitation so readily, that it really sounds as if I'd asked him to come. He settles his own time, "10.30, after the band on the pier has finished, and we've had a walk."

My object is quiet (which I obtain by going to the Old Ship Hotel, whose proprietor, Mr. Arthur de Bacon, sends from his doors all street musicians with instruments of torture) and health, in order to pursue my studies with a *mens sana in corpore sano*.

How I have attained my object up to the present time will appear from this first sketch of my Hearty Friend.

By the way. I went on the beach and asked a boatman, a regular tar, where "the offing" was. He didn't know. He asked another. *He* shook his head. They consulted a third. None of them knew, but suggested that it was a fine day for a sail, and proferred their services in a boat. I hesitated; if we went out very far we might see the offing. But there's not time enough before dinner. After this they wanted something to drink my health. Another day, my good men, when I go out to the offing.

Consistency.—A respected contemporary and neighbour recently wrote that "the Irish questions should be treated in a manly way." Boldly carrying out its own views, it last week headed a column "Hibernia Redivivus."

THE STAY AT HOME.

AUGUST.

LET others brave the treacherous ocean,
And tempt the smile of summer seas,
And for the peristaltic motion
Of lower viscera woo the breeze:
Their state I picture, hear the murmur
Of ocean, in my garden chair,
And from the base of terra-firma
Conceive the qualms I do not share.

Let others, not so greatly daring,
The sea-side watering-place essay:
From shingle-beach, at ocean staring,
Doze through the lazy length of day.
A better game in garden shade is
To fancy lodgings by the sea,
Their bugs, their bills, and their landladies,
And thank my stars they fret not *me*.

Let others toil o'er hill and heather,
With aching back and dripping brow,
Parched throat, and tongue as dry as leather,
To chase the wild "pack's" whirring row:
To realise such joys I 'm able
In fancy, but in fact I 'm not;
And so prefer upon my table
To find the grouse by others shot.

Let others, duly armed with MURRAY,
Circular-notes and passports yare,
O'er continental regions hurry,
Climb Alps, through galleries gape and stare:
Submit to whiskered courier's fleecing,
And harpy hosts of the hotel,
I 'll roam abroad my club-room's peace in,
And read the tales that travellers tell.

Let others seek the joys of Paris,
Or pace the *Exposition's* round,
Crowd restaurants, where meagre fare is
At monstrous prices to be found:
In stuffy theatres feel yawny,
Or woo the shade of boulevard limes,
Paris I 'll do in Galignani,
My *Exposition* in *The Times*.

In toil let others take their pleasure,
At home, abroad, by land, o'er seas;
My life by wiser rule I 'll measure,
And take my pleasure at mine ease.
Like mine own gods Epicurean,
Cool drinks I 'll quaff, my 'bacca blow,
And from its smoke's blue empyrean,
Watch wretched tourists' toil below!

CHANGE OF HAIR FOR LADIES.

MY DEAR MISS BROWN,

YOUNG ladies, as a rule, have little time to read the newspapers, at least such is the excuse when I ever ask my daughter to tell me what *The Times* says on the subject of Reform, or other interesting topic. "Tatting" is to her far more important than *The Times*, and politics of no account compared with the piano. A newspaper is History, and journalists Historians; but young ladies, if they ever read, prefer a trashy novel to the best of leading articles.

However, *you* and most young ladies are now at the seaside, where there is nothing else to do but eat and drink and bathe, and go to bed, and then get up again. So after you have taken your dip into the sea, you doubtless take a dip into the columns of *The Post*, or other fashionable journal. Perhaps, then, you have seen this interesting paragraph, which has lately filled a corner in nearly every newspaper that ladies ever look at:—

"The last freak of fashion is to give the *coup de grâce* to the pearl-powder, white lead, and rouge that have so long reigned. Even belladonna is to be discarded, and 'golden' hair will shortly be as rare as the real auburn tint of nature, if not still rarer. The decree has gone forth for black hair and bronze complexions, and these will, no doubt, be shortly very numerous."

I can sympathise most heartily, my dear MISS BROWN, with the pleasurable pride which this announcement must have caused in you. At length, then, you and your fair sisters—no, I don't quite mean *fair* sisters—have the happiness of hearing that light hair is out of fashion. The Venus of society must now be a brunette, if she would be most beautiful in the eyes of Paris. Golden opinions are no longer won by girls with golden hair. "Black hair and bronze complexions" are to reign in favour henceforth. To be deemed a beauty now o' nights one must be next door to a negress.

Well, every dog has its day, and every girl should have hers also. The blondes have had their innings, and it is but fair to send the brunettes to the wicket. I wish them all success, provided they play fair, and never try to win a husband by bowling underhand at him. There was something underhand in the pearl-powder and rouge to which the blondes so much resorted, and foul play may be practised on the side of the brunettes, if we may put faith in the following:—

"The destructive nature of the chemical agents usually employed for dyeing the hair black is well known to our readers. To give a lady of fashion the complexion of a gipsy, nothing is needed but a little walnut juice, and we have reason to know that this has already found its way to the toilette-table. It has at least the negative merit of not being so dangerous as some of the poisonous cosmetics that have preceded it."

A pot of pickled walnuts is not a very pretty adjunct to the toilette table; but some ladies would descend to the use of any ugliness to add to their attractions. You, my dear MISS BROWN, are happily quite dark enough by nature to be fashionable; and as you had the sense to wear your own complexion when it was out of fashion, you deserve the fullest compliments that now can be bestowed on you. But will MISS WHITE be equally sagacious, do you think? Having failed to win a husband by wearing her light hair, will she abstain from dying it jet black that she may gain one? Then, supposing that next season the mode again should change, and blondes be in the fashion! How sorry will MISS WHITE be that she vainly tried to vie with the attractions of MISS BLACK, by using walnut juice and lead-combs!

Fashion is a weathercock, and varies every day, and woe betide all those who dye in order to be fashionable. Yet, no matter how absurd, fashion always has its votaries. Were mermaids' hair in vogue, green chignons would ere long be as plentiful as cabbages. Some ladies will do anything in order to be stared at. I should not feel surprised to see a girl's hair dyed sky-blue, as a capillary attraction. *La Femme à la barbe*, when her charms begin to fade, will perhaps make a sensation as the Female Bluebeard.

Although cautioned almost daily against using "dangerous dyes" and "poisonous cosmetics," silly ladies still continue artificially to alter the colour of their hair, and smear their skin with pigments. Like desperate gamblers, they "stand the hazard of the dye," and shut their eyes to all the consequences. I wonder that they are not warned of the perils of their course by the wrecks they see around them. You can hardly turn yourself in any "fashionable circle," without seeing what sad havoc art has played with nature. Faded hair and spoilt complexions make girls of five-and-twenty look nearly twice their age. By trying to be "beautiful for ever" a woman may depend on being hideous for ever. Premature grey hair will doubtless soon come into fashion, and early wrinkles and crowsfeet will be considered quite becoming. Art will struggle to supplant the exhausted charms of nature; and when the use of noxious dyes has quite destroyed the colours which are natural to the hair, lovely glossy brown and black will be considered out of fashion, and fresh charms will be supplied by beautiful mauve curls, or bright magenta chignons.

There are masculine fools alive, no doubt, as well as feminine; but most men, I imagine, will agree with *Signor Benedick* that, if a girl be worth the marrying, her hair may be what colour it pleaseth Heaven to give her. Moreover, they may think that the inside of the head stands a chance of being neglected, when inordinate attention is paid daily to the outside. A girl who dyes her hair is a sort of a she-pirate who sails under false colours, and I strongly advise bachelors to give her a wide berth, in order to avoid the risk of being captured by her.

You, my dear MISS BROWN, are far too sensible to need advice on this or any matter connected with the toilette: but if my good friend *Mr. Punch* will kindly print this letter, other ladies than yourself will have the privilege of reading it, and MISS WHITE may take the hint that walnut juice, when used for pickling a brunette, will clearly not preserve her from the fate of being laughed at.

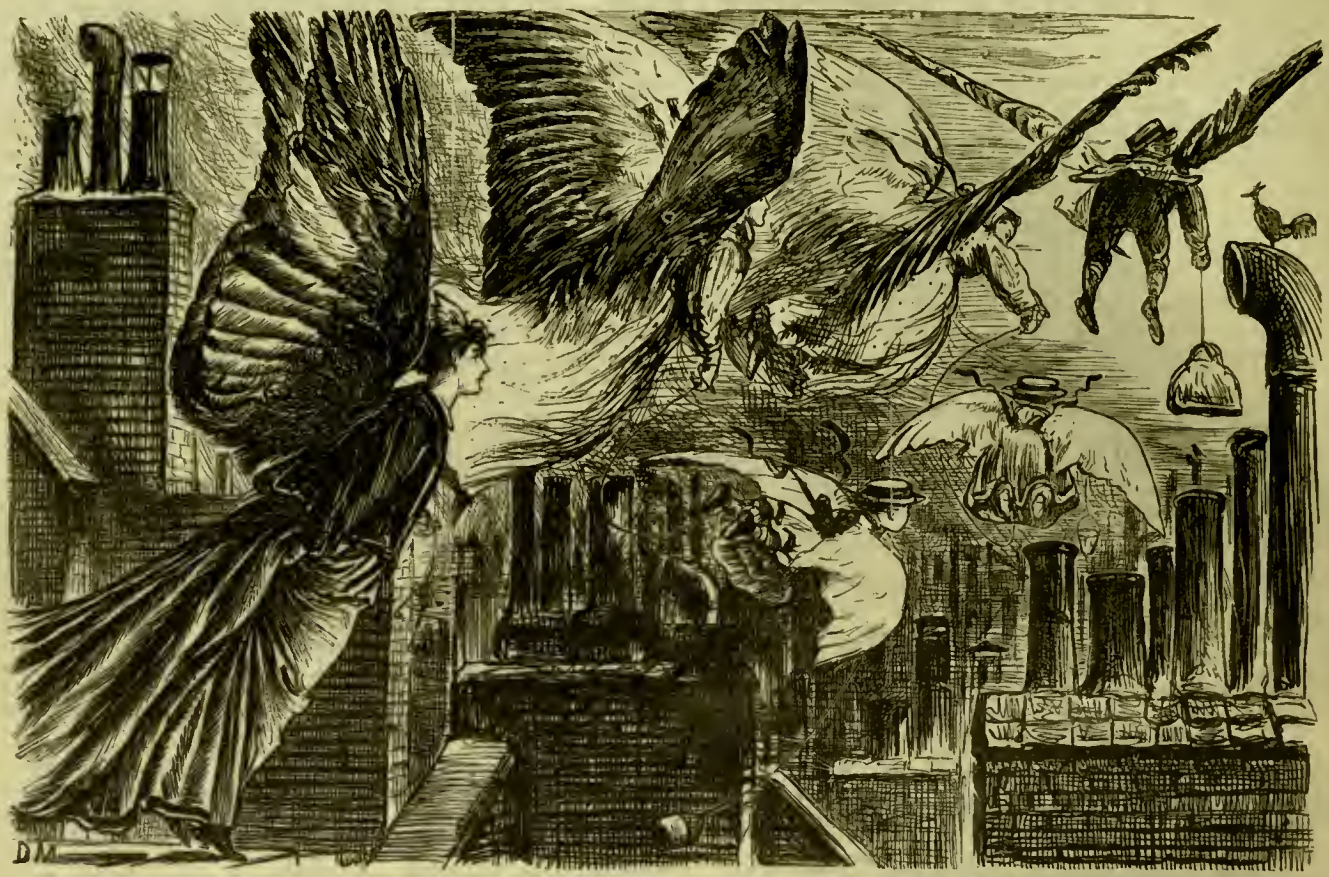
With the assurance of my most distinguished admiration for you, and every pretty girl who has the courage to be natural, believe me, yours sincerely,

SOLOMON SOLON SMITH.

Marriage in High Life.

Lo, yonder the Temple of Hymen,
Saint George's by Hanover Square!
High Priests in the nuptial knot tie men
And women of quality there.
A couple, gentility's flower,
To splice there are oft two or three;
As though it took much parson-power
To tether grand dame to grandee.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.



MR. AND MRS. TITWILLOW. P.P.C.

THE PENNY-A-LINERS' GATHERING.

MARCH, march, Penny-a-lining lads,
Get all your pencils and flimsy in order!
After the QUEEN, across Tweed-dale and Teviot-dale,
JENKINS and Co. have gone over the Border!

Come from the desks where at "slips" you 've been slogging,
Dens where you scribble, slap-bangs where you dine—
Come, as "our own," or "our special," still dogging
Royalty's steps, at a penny the line!
Then, march, march, &c.

Who is the QUEEN that her head she should shelter
From prick of your pencil, and quip of your quill?
Where is the harm to bepuff or bepelt her
With fun, or lip-loyalty, fulsomer still?
Then, march, march, &c.

Fond of small scandal and gossip of great ones,
Strong is the strain of the snob in JOHN BULL:
Why should the papers not toady the state ones,
Sales when it quickens, and fills columns full?
Then, march, march, &c.

Privacy's privilege is not for magnates,
"Followers" of Queens, if not maids, are "allowed;"
Flunkeydom fidgets, and snobbishness stagnates,
If their least doings are not sung aloud.
Then march, march, Penny-a-lining lads,
Get all your pencils and flimsy in order,
After the QUEEN in her progress through Roxburgh,
JENKINS and Co. have gone over the Border!

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—*Note.* Always have your hair cut very short in the hottest weather.

DOUBLE-BASS.—Two Glasses of Bitter.

BURYING THE HATCHET.

IT is pleasing to read that no time has been lost by our leading statesmen in showing that the political Millennium has arrived, and that those whose doctrines have hitherto been most hostile are, now that Reform is accomplished, prepared to fraternise with the utmost amiability. We see by the *Morning Post* that on Monday week MR. BRIGHT entertained at the Reform Club a select party, among whom were LORD DERBY, LORD GROSVENOR, LORD ELCHO, MR. DISRAELI, LORD CRANBORNE, MR. WARD HUNT, MAJOR KNOX, MR. ROEBUCK, and the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and that on Tuesday, the eve of the prorogation, MR. DISRAELI had a dinner at Grosvenor Gate, at which were present, in addition to some leading Conservatives, both the Members for Birmingham, MR. HADFIELD, MR. JAMES WHITE, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. LORD DERBY had intended to conclude the Session with a grand banquet in St. James's Square, and the intention was carried out, though the noble Earl was prevented from presiding. LORD MALMESBURY took the head of the table, and was faced by EARL RUSSELL; MR. BRIGHT, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, THE O'DONOGHUE, LORD AMBERLEY, MR. PETER TAYLOR, and other distinguished Liberals being present, in addition to a large party of Ministerial supporters. Toasts, of course, are exploded in all societies superior to churchwardens and costermongers, but MR. GLADSTONE begged for a single exception to the rule, and in a most graceful speech proposed the health of the Cabinet, coupled with the hope that they would never forget the principles which placed the House of Commons at the head of the Ministry. MR. DISRAELI neatly replied that he hoped never so far to forget himself. A Reform banquet is to be given at the Agricultural Hall, and MR. BEALES has made it a condition of his attending that the Parliamentary leaders on both sides shall be cordially invited. All this is as it should be.

Sea-Side News.

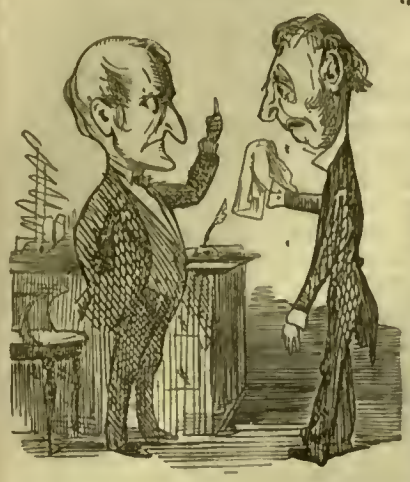
A WAITER, at one of the hotels of a fashionable watering-place, lately decamped with the entire silver and plate laid for a breakfast party. It is said that he also ate all the toast, and "left not a *rack* behind."



PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE DEAD SEASON.



BOOBIES AT BOSTON (U.S.)



"Boston is a pretty place," the Yankee song says, "And so is Philadelphy." Particularly Boston, however, one would infer from the subjoined item of intelligence:—

"Evil Effects of Boat-Racing.—A Boston religious paper proposes to abolish the Annual Boat Races between Yale and Harvard, for the reason that they destroy good feeling between colleges, interfere with studies and foster dissipation."

Boston, indeed, must be a pretty considerable place to contain a number of sanctimonious spoonies large enough to support a paper capable of proposing to put down the manly sport of boat-racing. These miserable creatures probably belong to the tee-total section of fanatical nincompoops. Are there any such in England? The United Kingdom Alliance may be with too much reason suspected of containing members who would like, if they were able, to do away with the Oxford and Cambridge annual boat-race on the Thames on the ridiculous plea that it destroys good feeling between the two Universities, and interferes with the studies of the undergraduates, but for the real reason that it occasions large quantities of beer to be consumed at Putney, Barnes, and Hammersmith.

RUBENS AND REMBRANDT

VERSUS

ELCHO AND AUCTIONEER.

Lord Elcho is *Mr. Punch's* good friend at Wimbledon, and a pleasant, courteous, kindly gentleman anywhere. He is an enthusiastic and excellent Volunteer officer, and has a reputation for connoisseurship in Art. He had better take care how he airs that reputation in the House of Commons. There is no place where connoisseurship habitually talks more nonsense, and where Art has sorer reason to cry "Save me from my friends!" And if ever that cry should have been heard, it was when Lord Elcho was attacking the authorities of the National Gallery for cleaning the *Beaumont Rubens*, and for buying the *Suermondt Rembrandt*. Nobody knows better than *Mr. Punch* the danger of trusting fine pictures to common cleaners, or the ruin that is usually involved in so-called "restoration." But nobody knows better, also, the conceited ignorance of the connoisseurship that talks of the dimness of dirt and the brown-incrustation of old varnish or liquorice water, as "the mellowing hand of time," or the "exquisite tone of the painter's final glazing."

Mr. Boxall and Mr. Wornum have had the courage to brave this talk, and the power to persuade the Trustees of the National Gallery that it may and ought to be braved in the interests of the great painters and the great public. They have had most carefully removed, under their own watchful superintendence, the darkened linseed oil with which Sir George Beaumont (who relished "a bit of the brown" in a picture, as Dr. Johnson did in a roast fillet of veal) had bedaubed the magnificent Rubens landscape, which he bequeathed to the National Gallery. Not a touch of colour, nor an inch of restoration has been allowed. The foul oil has been removed, nothing else; and the picture has been restored to its original splendour of green trees, and glowing grass, and evening sky of azure and gold, and tender distance of etherial blue. And this blessed transformation from Sir George Beaumont's "mellowness" to the great Antwerp painter's pristine splendour of nature, Lord Elcho was ill-advised enough to talk of in the House of Commons, as "a reduction from a glowing Rubens to a cold blue picture." Why the operation is the very reverse. It is the resurrection of a glowing Rubens out of Sir George Beaumont's brown mud-bath. Lord Elcho will not dispute the authority of the late C. L. Leslie, as profound and capable a lover of his art, and as unimpeachable a witness to fact in connection with it, as ever lived or wrote. Mr. Coleridge quoted the passage in the House for Lord Elcho's benefit; but it was not printed, and its purport is incorrectly rendered by the reporters. *Mr. Punch* supplies it:—

"Much has been said," writes Leslie in his *Handbook for Young Painters* (p. 218), "about what has been taken *from* the pictures in the National Gallery, but nothing about what has been put *on* them. I do not believe that anything injurious has been added to them since the establishment of the gallery, unless it may be oil varnish, which has become more yellow; but about the beginning of the present century it was not unfrequent for the possessors of old pictures to have them *toned*, as it was called. *The noble landscape by* Rubens, *then the property of* Sir George Beaumont, *was saturated with linseed oil to prevent its scaling from its panel, and this was suffered to dry on the surface. There is, therefore, under the deep yellow coating which now covers it, a fresh and natural picture, the picture* Rubens *left, and which the world may never be permitted to see again.*"

Happily, since Leslie wrote, the direction of the National Gallery has fallen into the hands of one who adds courage to his reverence for old Art, and thanks to that courage, we have been permitted once more to see Rubens's château as Rubens painted it, and not through Sir George Beaumont's mask of linseed oil. For this good work Mr. Boxall is now hauled over the coals by Lord Elcho, who has allowed himself to echo the charges of some persistent assailants of the National Gallery direction, into whatever hands it falls. It is a case of eyes against prejudice, of nature *versus* convention, of Rubens against Beaumont, of the summer's green and blue and gold against the varnish-maker's brown. Let all who remember what the picture was go and see what it is; and let them do homage to the courage that has prompted and sanctioned this work of rightly called restoration.

Lord Elcho was not happier, we venture to think, in his attack on the picture of *Christ Blessing Little Children*, bought for a Rembrandt, from the Suermondt collection at Aix-la-Chapelle. Even if an eminent auctioneer *have* assured Lord Elcho that the picture would fetch nothing at Christie and Manson's, that may prove a good deal as to the judgment of bidders at Christie and Manson's, but it proves nothing as to the merits of the picture. Here, again, we appeal from Lord Elcho and his auctioneer to eyes that can recognise, still more to hearts that can feel, expression. Let them go, and study the face of that Christ, who tenderly lays his hand on the head of the child, the mother who checks the child's wandering attention, the group of men and women who press curiously round the Master.

The Master's face may be homely, the hand may be ill-shaped, the child may be an ugly little Dutch toddler, the mother a common, unlovely Amsterdam housewife, the surrounding gazers the veriest Holland homespuns ever painted; but look at the depths of sorrowing tenderness, infinite love, ineffable yearning, in the expression of that face, and the action of that hand! Look at the perfect mastery of childish character in the central little one, the mingled awe, veneration, and faith in the mother, the play of emotion, variously shaded curiosity, impatience, doubt, belief—in the crowd. And when you have looked, long and well, do not consult Lord Elcho's auctioneer about the value of the picture; ask your own hearts, is not this the work of one of the greatest geniuses that ever recorded humanity and divinity upon canvas, and what genius of this calibre is to be found in the school from which this picture comes, except Rembrandt?

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

For persons like ourselves who know nothing about business, the money market news is often full of mysteries. Here, for instance, is a puzzling morsel of intelligence:—

"The general rate for the best bills out of doors is 1¾ per cent."

We know less about arithmetic than even about business: else perhaps we might be tempted to propound a rule of three sum to the following effect:—If the rate for the best bills out of doors is 1¾ per cent., what per-centage would be given for a bad bill rated indoors? In our ignorance we wonder what is meant by bills being rated out of doors. Are bills affected by the open air, and have they a different value when paid somewhere within doors, or somewhere else *al fresco?*

A Hint to Publishers.

Advertisements ought to be more explicit. A musical friend of ours, an enthusiast about the Opera and Opera singers, seeing the announcement of the contents of a weekly periodical headed "Industrious Lucca," instantly sent out for the number, in the belief that it would give him some gossip about the famous Pauline, and perhaps state the sum total of her earnings during the past Season. His disappointment may be imagined when he found that the article was all about an Italian city and its works and buildings, and had no more to do with Pauline Lucca than it had with *Pauline Deschapelles!*

MALMESBURY'S ENGLISH AGAIN.

His Lordship says to *The Times*, "Having more than once described it as mine *proprio motu*, I shall feel obliged to you to publish this statement." Your Latin is unexceptionable, my Lord, but your English is less convincing. Do you mean that *you* repeatedly stated what you object to? Then why say that you did?



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MRS. TODDLES, HAVING BOUGHT A SEWING MACHINE, "MAKES UP" FOR HER HUSBAND A NEAT SUIT FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

MISADVENTURE CALLED MANSLAUGHTER.

A Talk between Two Fellows.

1*st Fellow.* How dry the papers are!

2*nd Fellow.* So they ought to be. So is the season.

1*st F.* Yes, but it does lighten now and then, and rain cats and dogs.

2*nd F.* Which the journals report.

1*st F.* At the greatest possible length. There is little else in them than accounts of provincial concerts and accidents and offences.

2*nd F.* There was an accident and offence in one reported the other day in *The Times*, the poisoning by laudanum sold in mistake for tincture of rhubarb at Leicester.

1*st F.* Ah, yes, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the shopkeeper who made the blunder.

2*nd F.* Quite right; and I hope he'll be convicted, and get penal servitude.

1*st F.* Well; but a blunder is not a crime.

2*nd F.* It is worse, as you must know. People who make fatal mistakes ought to be hanged, to encourage others to take more care.

1*st F.* And then they would in the first place take care of themselves. Is not this just what happened in the case at Leicester? When the tradesman discovered that he had sold laudanum by mistake, what did he do? Did he send for a doctor?

2*nd F.* No, the brute. As the report says, "Instead of promptly calling in medical aid, he resorted to his own skill in medicine, and suggested the propriety of giving the child a powder and a little antimony wine."

1*st F.* Exactly so; and why? He knew that in cases of death occurring through the inadvertent sale of poison, coroner's juries usually return a verdict of manslaughter against the vendor. He knew that if the child died without the knowledge of a medical man, the cause of its death might escape discovery. This was a strong temptation not to send for one. It is a temptation which every chemist and druggist, or any other man who by defect of sight, failure of memory, or involuntary absence of mind, has made a slip endangering life, is placed under by the fear that, if it is found out, he will be sent to take his trial for felony.

2*nd F.* What a selfish beast any one must be who could yield to such a temptation!

1*st F.* Is not Society just as selfish in enforcing responsibility for its own mere safety, with a view to precaution alone, and irrespectively of right or wrong? Society, as represented by coroners' juries, with the concurrence of others who ought to know better, seems to have adopted the truly cynical plan of punishing men as dogs are punished with regard to mere acts, and regardless of motives. When responsibility is shirked and people are suffered to die, by the self-preservativeness to which retribution void of justice solely appeals, does not the vindictive selfishness of Society defeat its own end?

2*nd F.* There may be something in that.

WANTS EXPLANATION.

Mr. Punch,

In the course of the entertaining Debate on Science and Art that cheered the last hours of the House, the mysterious expression, "Democratic Jewellery" was used, I believe, as a quotation. What does it mean? Are we going to secure Beales's rings and Dickson's studs (we have heard of his chargers) and enshrine them, neatly labelled, in a glass case in the new People's Museum at Bethnal Green? Or do Ministers intend to select from the Paris Exhibition, with the assistance of Mr. Layard and a Committee of Experts, the most exquisite gems that money can procure, and present them, with a complimentary address beautifully engrossed on vellum, in the name of the nation, to the leading members of the League, their wives, and daughters? I write in some agitation, and shall be relieved if you can assure me that I am wrong in both my interpretations of this obscure phrase "Democratic Jewellery." Your obedient Servant,

A Blue Coat and Buff Waistcoat Man.

ECHO FROM SHEFFIELD.

Beales and Co. are getting up a dinner to "the chiefs who led the Van." What about those who ought to be in it?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Zeus be lauded, we have got to the end of the Alphabet and of the Parliament simultaneously.

Monday, August 19. The Ritualistic Commission, after twenty sittings, managed to come to the report just in time to enable the excellent Primate of all England to announce the fact, but not in time to permit the Bishop of Shaftesbury to tear the document to pieces before the House of Lords. This arrangement was as neat as a pin, and ran like one into Lord Shaftesbury,

Who, in withdrawing his Anti-church Millinery Bill, said he should not comment on the delay, but he was sure that the country would. Twelve hundred and twenty petitions had been presented in favour of the Bill he was obliged to give up. He made some strongish remarks about apostates from Church principles.

The Archbishop said that the questions for the Commission were of the greatest importance, and had demanded time, and that the Members had been honest and steadfast.

The Bishop of London bore testimony to their earnestness, and hoped that when Lord Shaftesbury read the report he would duly appreciate it. *Mr. Punch* inclines to make a picture of Lord Shaftesbury performing these two acts, and is deterred only by the consideration that an artist ought not be called upon for a work of terror at this languid period of the year.

In the Commons Mr. Newdegate signified that next year he should make a motion bearing on the present system whereby folks who are sentenced to the drop are let down so very much easier. But where is the Bill for amending the law of Capital punishment, and classifying offences?

The Masters and Servants Bill was said by Lord Elcho to have been immensely improved by the Lords, whose amendments were accepted. It contains no provision that housemaids shall not wear chignons and shall wear caps, which is regrettable, but while Mrs. Myddleclasse imitates the Marchioness of Manylands it will be difficult to prevent Miss Mænial from imitating Mrs. Myddleclasse.

Very few people in London slept this night. We passed it in wandering about our houses, blinking at the lightning flashes, crying out "O, I *say*," and telling one another that thunder seldom did any harm. And, as the schoolboys elegantly put it, Jupiter Pluvius descended plop.

Tuesday. Royal Assent to a heap of Bills, among them the London Traffic Bill, which if the City sets its face against, the City will get something else in the face from a hand not more remarkable for the kindness with which it can pat than for the vigour with which it can smack.

Wednesday, August 21, 1867, the Session came to an end. The daily journals did us out of the usual three or four smart leading articles, and gave us a summary of the Session. In revenge *Mr. Punch* will do the same. *Toby*, bring us a goblet of iced seltzer with some brandy. Now, a cigar out of the ivory box. Now, a light. Now, pull the footstool nearer. Now take down The File. Now copy the first line of every Essence. Shall *Mr. Punch* be the only one not allowed to shirk real work? We 'll see.

Toby *writes:—*

Abominable, truly, was the weather—
Benjamin, on February 11th, did not explain Conservative—
Complaint against France in both Houses—
Difficult, disagreeable, and discouraging was Disraeli's—
Eventful have been the hours since *Punch*—
Flaring up suddenly, Lord Russell—
Great Cry in the Commons but less Wool—
However slowly, Reform is making safe—
In the opinion of Colchester, our soldiers—
Judicious speeches by Peers on Spain—
Knights of the shire, and humbler, met after Easter—
Lords were petitioned on Church Millinery—
Lord Derby announced that Luxembourg—
Monday, May 20th, Lyveden complained that Canning—
Now, we are reforming like fun—
Only because the Peers have neither—
Parliament resumed, and Disraeli addressed—
Question in Lords whether County Courts—
Russell, Earl, came to the front—
Somebody who can write English to the Volunteers—
Tell me, dear *Mr. Punch*, writes a lovely—
Unquestionably July 15th will be a date in history—
Valiantly did the Peers, pillows of the State—
When the Cat is absent, the Mice indulge in—
Xiphilinus epitomised D. Cassius, *Punch* Parliament—
Yes, the Reform Bill is law—
Zeus be lauded, we have got to the end—

Very well copied, *Toby*, take an almond-cake. You were going to observe that a certain letter occurs twice, and to compliment your master upon the far-sighted prescience which told him that he should want twenty-seven initials.* Never mind compliments, dog. A few hours, and you shall be cooling your paws in the sea-waves, and your lord shall for a space emulate the happiness of the Hermit of Prague (confessor to the niece of King Gorboduc), "that never saw pen and ink." Meantime, go and buy the Speech. Derby sent us a copy, but we have packed soap in it for our journey. So. Is it worth putting into rhyme? No, but verse is as easy as prose. Write, Toby, write.

"Farewell, farewell," (so Chelmsford's song
Before his Sovereign's throne arose)
"Released from labour grave and long
'Tis sweet to bid the Session close.
There 's peace around us, though a cloud
Gave menace of a morning dread,
When Prussian stern and Frenchman proud
Might meet to punch each other's head.

"The savage King who sways the lands
Beside the sea where Pharaoh died
Still keeps your brethren in his bands,
But we will tame his felon pride.
For we have passed the word to men
Who know how soldier-work is done,
That they shall storm his strongest den,
And kick him till he roars like fun.

"The Fenian fire broke madly out
And shone on Erin's features pale,
But soon she crushed the rebel rout,
And rogues unhung pick hemp in gaol.
With great Columbia, calm and wise,
We change a boon—no statesman's trick:
The scroll that bears your loves and sighs
Shall now be only charged a kick.

"And fair Reform, (celestial maid)
Has smiled on thousands, thanks to you.
I trust the wide foundation laid
Beneath the throne is sound and true.
I trust that those whom you invite
To this new function, great and high,
Will show they prize the holy right,
And use their mind and mind their eye.

"Of banded men strange things are told,
And shame it is such things should be:
How murder bares his arm for gold,
And English labour is not free.
'Tis well such deeds are dragged to day
Though scandal on our realm they bring.
And scarcely needful, I should say,
That you must stop that sort of thing.

"For other work accept my thanks:
For kindness to the sick and poor,
For stopping, where the engine clanks,
More work than childhood should endure.
And thanks to you who have not bid
My sails to moulder, swords to rust,
Nay rather each retrenchment chid—
O thanks for downing with the dust."

Chelmsford in Propriâ Personâ.

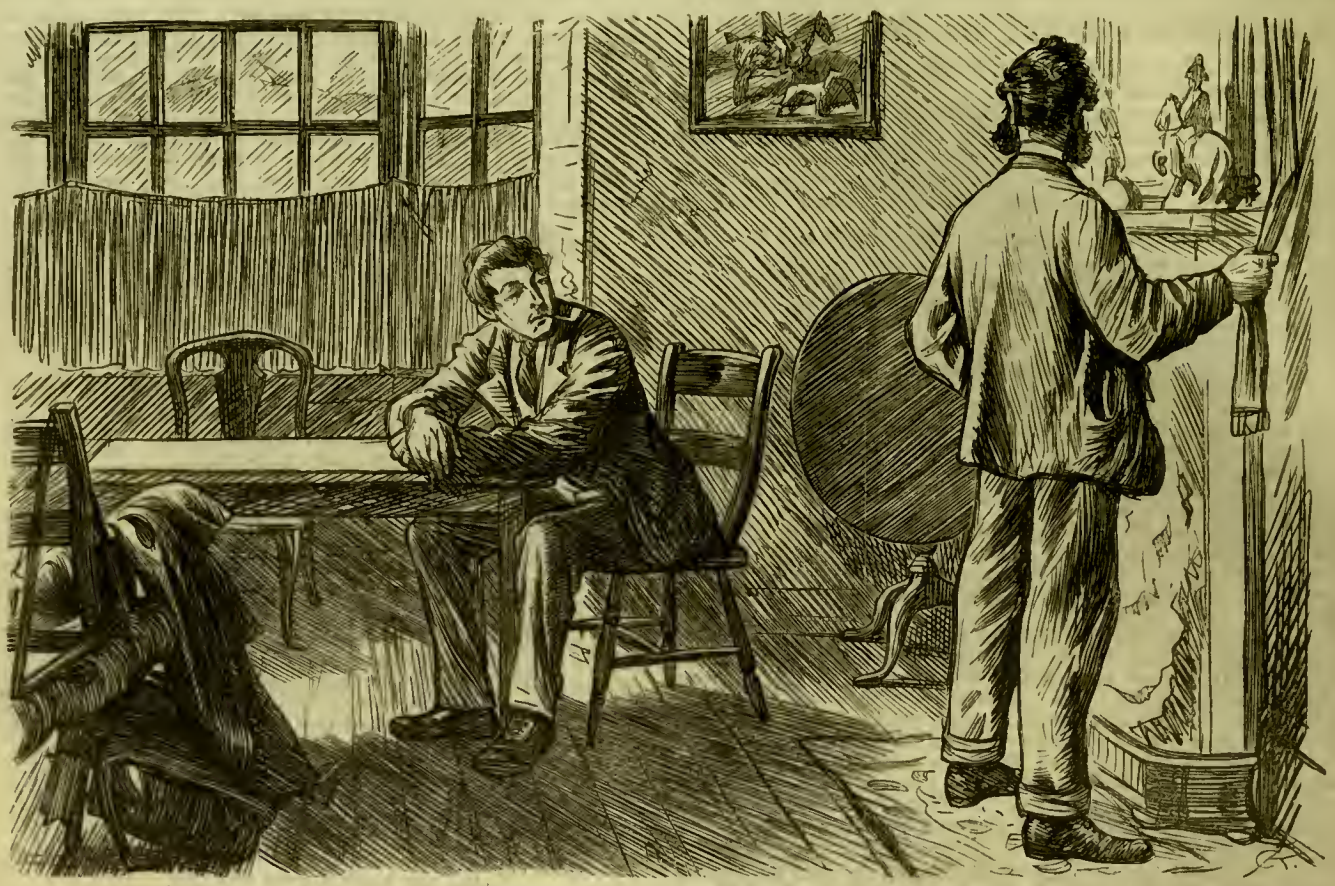
Farewell, farewell, the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tones with you,
And 'twere a lark to raise a cheer
As, when a sailor, I could do.
But in this robe so rich and gay,
Of course I mind what I 'm about,
And have no further thing to say
Than two respectful words. Get out.

Now, Tony, a Hansom, and in with the portmanteau. Jump about, dog. ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ, ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ.

* *Note.* That *Mr. Punch* may be regarded as "nobly wild, not mad," let him say that this alphabetical whim was adopted in order to give fresh play to a pencil that was not destined to aid us long. *Vide* its last work in the Initial for March 11.

A Fugitive Thought.

Considering the number of persons who are advertised for in the Second Column of *The Times* as having run away from their homes and friends, it might be as well to head that part of the paper, "The Flying Column."



HARD UP ON A WET DAY.

Richard. "WHAT ARE YOU RINGING FOR, BOB?"
Robert. "THE BEEF!"
Richard. "YOU 'RE NEVER GOING TO EAT BEEF AGAIN, BOB, ARE YOU? WHY IT ISN'T HALF-AN-HOUR SINCE BREAKFAST!"
Robert. "WELL, I'M NOT EXACTLY HUNGRY, BUT ONE MUST DO SOMETHING!"

PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE DEAD SEASON.

(INSPIRED BY A SIMILAR TRANSACTION IN SHAKSPEARE.)

The Ghost of a Thames Salmon rises from a tank in the "Zoo."

Ghost. Let me be published in *The Times* to-morrow!
Read how they caught me in my youthful prime
At Sunbury, and bore me here to die:—
Be cheerful, *Judy,* for the future shoals
Of Wapping fish prices must lower by half—
Great FRANCIS BUCKLAND come and pickle me!

The Ghost of Sea-Serpent the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was sighted, my Atlantic body
By Armstrong guns was punched with deadly holes:
Dream of the Mermaid and of me; I die—
Serpent the Sixth says *au revoir* and dies.
Penny-a-liner, be thou copious!
Yankees that prophesy an end to kings
Enrich thee with my tale! Live and Liquor!

The Ghost of the Oldest Inhabitant rises.

Ghost. Let me be published in *The Post* to-morrow!
I that could read small print without my specs,
And walked a mile the day before my death!
To-morrow in the papers study me,—
"Death of a Centenarian," it will run:
My offspring, sons and grand and great-grandsons,
Will all in order numerated be;
Good penny-a-liner! Dine and flourish!

The Ghost of the Toad in the Coal rises.

Ghost. Sleepy and ancient, sulkily I wake,
And in a Yorkshire coal mine end my days!
A senior at the Deluge, here to die!
O pick and miner! Why did ye awake
A toad so happy in his carbon cake!

The Ghosts of the two young Gorillas rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins landed at the Tower,
And perishing untimely in the "Zoo,"
Soothed by DU CHAILLU in their closing hours—
Thy "poor relations" say farewell and die!

The Ghosts of divers Lususes Naturæ rise.

Ghosts. Let us appear provincially to-morrow!
Two-headed calves at Pomfret! Calved but to die!
The bi-tailed sheep! the blackbird glossy gray!
The five-legged fawn! the shower of frogs in France!
Four children born at once, alas, to die!
And I, thine ancient friend, the round of all
The papers doomed to go—Enormous Gooseberry!

[*The Ghosts vanish.* KING PUNCH *starts out of his Dream for Norway, the Paris Exhibition, the Spa at Scarborough, &c.*

EXPLANATION.

MR. W. G. WILLS, the author of *The Man o' Airlie,* writes thus:—

"In the allusion in *Punch* to my play at the Princess's, your critic has made an unintentional misstatement, which will do me an injury if not corrected. He says the plot is borrowed from the German. There is simply no resemblance in incident, motive, character, or meaning; save in one leading idea in the fourth Act; *viz.*, the old man's return to his friend, who in the German only *informs* the audience that he is famous. The statue scene is wholly my own. The great central scene in the German is where the hero, whose tragedy is damned, fancying a friend has written a bitter review, *insults his friend's bride by embracing her, and is expelled in disgrace* with a laurel-bush staff in his hand."

Was *Mr. Punch* altogether wrong?

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"BY THE CARD."

Pedestrian. "HOW FAR IS IT TO SLUDGECOMBE, BOY?"

Boy. "WHY 'BOUT TWENTY 'UNDERD THEAUSAN' MILD 'F Y' GOO 'S Y'ARE AGOOIN' NOW, AN' 'BOUT HALF A MILD 'F YOU TURN RIGHT REAOUND AN' GOO T' OTHER WAY!!"

THE RITUALISTIC REPORT.

YOUR Majesty's faithful Commissioners, appointed to inquire into Ritualistic Practices, have the honour to inform your Majesty that they have not done so.

For reasons with which they need not trouble your Majesty, they abstained from making any report at all until Parliament had dispersed. They may, however, just mention, that they considered it would not tend to the peace of the Church to have disagreeable Parliamentary debates on the subjects in question.

They now beg to state that they have asked several persons what they thought of the new Vestments, and that the Commissioners have arrived at the important discovery that there are different opinions on the topic.

They are strongly of opinion that it is Expedient not to give offence.

They therefore unhesitatingly say, that where persons are aggrieved by the ritualistic Vestments, those persons should be enabled to obtain Redress.

The name of MR. WALPOLE, subscribed to the report, will be a sufficient guarantee to your Majesty that no uncalled-for joke is meant in the last word of the preceding paragraph.

The Commissioners are quite unable to offer the slightest hint as to the means whereby such redress should be obtained, but they beg to disclaim in the strongest manner the idea that the Bishops of the Church ought to be troubled to inquire into the doings of clergymen. If parishioners are aggrieved, they should take action for themselves, if able to afford it.

The Commissioners need not add, that where a minister can induce his flock to assent to Vestments, or any other novelty, interference would be objectionable, inasmuch as no principle is involved in church matters, and, as has been said, the question is one of Expediency.

They conclude by expressing to your Majesty their conviction of the great value of the Commission, and of the satisfaction with which all good persons will hail this conclusion of an important controversy.

Note on Reform.

THE Constituency, under the new Reform Act will include no Compound Householders at all, whilst, on the other hand, it will include a considerable number of simple ones.

A COMPETITION WALLOW.

BY inexact pronunciation a disagreeable idea is suggested in naming a Competition Wallah. Prize pigs in clean straw at the Fat Cattle Show are all very well, but such competitors have competed in nothing worse than obesity. A Competition Wallow is a sight which an extreme predilection for the grotesque alone could enable a man to tolerate. No woman, perhaps, but here and there a farmer's wife, would willingly endure the spectacle of a physical and regular Competition Wallow.

There is, however, a wallow of the competitive kind, to a nice moral sense perhaps even more repugnant than any such competition occurring in a stye can be to the most delicate physical perceptions. People may compete by wallowing in ignominy worse than any litter.

Is it possible to help feeling that in industrial rivalry, exhibited in a trial of practical skill in the art of breaking safes open and picking locks, there is somewhat partaking, morally considered, of the nature of a Competition Wallow? This question is suggested by an account in the *Times* of a contest which took place at the Great French Exhibition the other day between two exhibitors, strong-box manufacturers, an Englishman and an American. The latter had published a challenge, backing his "burglar-proof safe" for a sum of money against any other safe in the Exhibition; the safes to be respectively subjected "to a test by experts." His challenge was accepted by the Englishman, and the trial, of which the anticipation excited intense interest, came off on the appointed day. Three German "experts" were employed to attempt the English safe, and the same number of inexpert Lancashire men "who represented brute force rather than intellect" had the job of trying to break open the American one. The German skilled operatives in burglary beat the English workmen rather than the American safe beat the English one, of whose superiority the *Times'* correspondent says "there can be no two opinions." He remarks that:—

"There was a strong international feeling excited. The Yankees were going to 'whip' the 'Britisher' again. In 1851 we were whipped in yachts, and didn't a Yankee pick the Bramah lock? And now they were going to do it again, 'as sure as your 're alive.'"

It is this sort of enthusiasm about burglarious expertness, and glorying in it, connected with testing the safes, that gives that trial the character of what leave is taken to call a Competition Wallow. No blame whatever, of course, can be imputed to competitors in the contrivance of securities so needful as SIKES and jemmy proof-safes, for bringing their several inventions to the test, but does not a certain compunction of taste suggest that the operations needful for such a purpose had better, like those of anatomy for instance, be performed, if not in private, yet at least without very ostentatious publicity? Is there not something undignified to a ridiculously high or rather low degree in the scene which the visitors to the "World's Fair" at Paris are thus described as witnessing whilst the German "experts" were exercising their skill on the English safe?—

"In the meantime the Lancashire men were working on MR. HERRING'S safe. They were separated from their rivals by a curtain, and the spectators could see both sets of operators at once."

The picture above presented reminds us of the double scene that sometimes, in the course of a criminal drama, delights the higher orders (that is to say, the audience in the gallery) of an inferior theatre. It exhibits an illustration of the World's Industry having very much the reverse of that noble and elevating character which such industry is commonly extolled for. Therefore must not the proceeding which it represents be regarded as a competition in a sort of struggle analogous in some measure to wallowing?

The French Army.

THERE are two baths in the Camp of Chalons, "for," says the Special of the *Times*, "the floating camp population." Which "floating" includes, we suppose, the swimming and diving population—the population which can neither float, swim, nor dive, has, of course, to put up with wash-hand basins.

THE CROPS AND HARVEST OF 1867.

To the Editor of Punch.



SIR,—Having just concluded an agricultural ramble through Long Acre and the rest of the United Kingdom, I feel that I am in a condition to report to you upon the aspect of the crops, and the prospects of the harvest and of the young people who intend to get married, broadcast, when the busy time is over.

And first I will speak of the cereals (the *Cornhill* pre-eminently). If you strike the average of the last quarter of a century—and you may do so with perfect safety, for it cannot return the blow—you will be satisfied that the wheat crops (white wheats especially) are not likely to prove so good as they were in 1844, but better than those of 1855: in some places they are heavier than in others, and in others they are lighter than in some, but much depends on the sowing machine, an assertion that must be taken *cum grano* in all quarters. The wheat-ears on the Brighton Downs I ascertained were remarkably fine, and may be expected to alight on the tops of the bathing-machines in dense flocks, enveloped in vine-leaves. In many of the districts which I traversed, sometimes on foot sometimes in a jaunty car, I found that rogues in grain still pursued their nefarious calling and chaffed strangers unmercifully. One buffoon who called me a wiseacre, I was compelled to knock down with the only weapon which was at hand—the staff of life. It goes against the grain for me to comment with severity on any class of my fellow-countrymen, but *rusticus expectat* a good dusting, and he shall not be disappointed. As some compensation, however, I will admit that the corned beef I had for luncheon at the "Haycock" at Wheathampstead was very much above the average of previous inns.

In some counties I was made uneasy by constant references to a "strike" of corn, but I was assured that it had nothing to do with the measure adopted by the Tailors. So I resumed my journey happier, playing on my oaten pipe one of the Corn Law League Rhymes, with variations adapted to the present abundant epoch, and thinking the while of GOLDSMITH and his German flute. At intervals of ten minutes I went among the "stooks" and recited HOOD'S *Ruth* to the farmer and his household, who were very affable and offered me refreshment, it might be table-beer, it might be slightly acidulous cider. Thrashing, I found, had not commenced, except in isolated cases of notoriously bad husbandry, calling for magisterial interference. Grinding operations are expected to be unusually energetic, particularly for the Civil Service and India. At the town of Mansfield (Notts) I inquired for the celebrated "Miller": he was not known, but at an adjacent village the baker, who was loafing about, introduced me to the *Miller and his Men*, who expressed themselves as open to an engagement and reason; so I gave each of them a copy of MILL'S *Logic*, an instance, I submit, of admirable presents of mind. Near a place called Cropredy I made minute inquiries about the harvest, and was shown a crop ready, under a "sickle moon."

"All among the Barley" I spent several days, and all my money, and I never passed a pleasanter solstice, in a suit of Tweed which I procured at Berwick. Constant mention of the "Chevalier" convinced me that the STUARTS still have their adherents in these Isles. I got a little confused in some well-meant attempts to distinguish between "bere" and "bigg" on the Sandy soils of Scotland where, and notably in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the Forthcoming crops are unusually promising, even more so than in the Caledonian Road. I had some intention of going into the brewing business, and went as a preliminary step to Malton, but as my friends and creditors prophesied, or rather vaticinated, that I should make a mash of it, I merely crossed over to Kent to look at a brewing "plant" which I had heard of in the hop districts there.

"Coming through the rye" I met a body of opulent farmers (no other "corpus," I positively assure you) who made such wry faces when I asked them about the probable yield, that auguring unfavourably from their looks, I did not bore them with further painful questions. Generally, I was told that the clays were the best, and so I found—on smoking them.

As to Oats I felt great disappointment at not finding any at Oatlands (*lucus à non lucendo*, as we used to say at Whippingham), but in more oatlandish places they looked pretty well, indeed they said that they felt pretty well. But I heard sad complaints of the prevalence of the wild species, and the Tartarian Oats I myself saw growing in dissipated profusion did not remind me of Grains of Paradise. I regret to add that in Nottinghamshire the rural population were not so polite as I could have wished, insisting that I did not know "owt" about it, and not seeming to care a straw for what I said. But their hospitality in the matter of oat cake was lavish.

Some corn has been "lodged," but the farmers are hopeful that this will not prevent them lodging something with their bankers after harvest. On the whole I am of opinion that Ceres (dressed in maize) may be expected this autumn with her Cornucopia fairly full.

A few words about the root crops. If politics were not rigorously excluded from this letter, radically speaking—and all parties agreed with me on this point—I should say that they—the root crops, not the politics—were above the average, and the ground. A celebrated Swedenborgian in cords and turnip tops, who was good enough to take me (in patent leather boots) over the whole of his farm of nine hundred acres (how I suffered on those arables! my brow is prematurely furrowed) showed me some of the finest Swedes I have ever met, but to Mangolds he betrayed a rooted aversion. Carrots may be going out in London, but they are certainly coming up again in the country. The prospects of pea-soup appear to be good, according to the latest despatches from Turin, kindly favoured by MR. PEABODY. Beans (with bacon) may be expected next summer as usual; and the potato flower will be fashionable this winter, worn both in bonnets and the hair. I intend to invest largely in potatoes, and believe they will not prove a bad spec.

Everybody I discovered had made hay while the sun shone, and the last load was carried on Hay Hill just before sunset. *Sweet Kitty Clover* had married young Meadows since I was last in the neighbourhood; the seed lands looked anything but seedy; and the cropping, particularly in the Millbank and Pentonville districts, was as close as ever. Lucerne I could not look at without visible emotion, reminding me as it did of Switzerland, where I ought now to be, instead of in Islington, negotiating for a Harvest Home on a scale of unexampled splendour at the Agricultural Hall; and trefoil I confounded in some inexplicable way with tinfoil and the graceful necks of Champagne bottles. By a parity of reasoning tares got mixed up, in my mind, with tare and tret. I have only ink enough to add, that there will be good stubbles for the 2nd of September. Yours, rurally,

Farm Street, Aug. 31. ARTHUR YOUNGER.

P.S. If anything further crops up, I will write to you again.

ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

More Bishops.—The next African Episcopos is to be a black man. This is the first concession to the cry of Moor Bishops.

Rural Deans.—The number is to be increased by ten who are to have the superintendence of our cathedral choirs. They are to be entitled *Tooral-Rooral Deans.*

Prebendaries.—It is a mistake to suppose that a Prebendary is bound by his office to carry the Bishop on his back to church whenever called upon so to do. A Prebendary (in answer to a correspondent we state this) has not necessarily two humps on his back. Our esteemed correspondent is thinking of a Dromedary.

Cathedral Stalls.—These are the Church's rewards, and are always full. Early application is necessary. Ask at MR. MITCHELL'S, or any Librarian in London, where stalls are kept, and before taking one request to see a plan of the cathedral.

The Mongers of the Borough.

WE had not been aware of the tendency among prosperous tradesmen to commit suicide. But in a clever letter in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, about Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School in Southwark (reform much wanted), the writer says, "The Borough is not a pleasant place, and the first thing a shopkeeper does *who is getting on in the world* is to *get out of it*."

With the first proposition we agree. The Borough is not a pleasant place. But we think a well-to-do tradesman had better live even there than make himself a subject for the coroner.

A LONG WAY REMOVED.

OLD SINGLETON is constantly congratulating himself that he has no near relatives. He has some distant Cousins, but they are all in New Zealand.

ICOLMKILL TO THE RESCUE!



It is not true that the Ionic order of architecture derived its name from Iona, an island, one of the Hebrides. This remark may be instructive to snobs such as those whose offences are recorded in the annexed paragraph:—

"'PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT MONUMENTS.'—IONA.—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* thus writes concerning the Iona monuments:—Having recently visited that hallowed spot, I was grieved to find many of the ancient inscribed tombstones worn with footmarks and otherwise defaced. Hordes of ragged children were clambering up the ruins; naturalists (unnaturalists rather) were picking the cement for the sake of ferns, &c., and one visitor was chopping off a block of stone, doubtless to be carried away as a relic—another pounding with his umbrella at the features of a recumbent effigy, with the characteristic remark, 'Rum old things, ain't they?' In the name of the great Founder of Icolmkill, and of his pious fellow-workers and successors, I plead for the better protection of the ruins of Iona."

O DR. DONOVAN, that phrenology were as trustworthy, in its practical application as its extreme professors maintain! Then the Government might be induced to establish a coastguard of phrenological experts commissioned to prevent all excursionists from landing in Iona, unless endowed with a reasonably well developed organ of Veneration. "Rum old things, ain't they?" 'ARRY, who probably was the maker of this speech, knew not that he was perhaps insulting the effigy of MACBETH, or a better man than MACBETH, one of the heroes and kings—Scottish, Norwegian, or French—whose dust underlies

"Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles"—

—as the Wizard of the North (not PROFESSOR ANDERSON, 'ARRY) says in his Poem concerning the Lord thereof. As to the naturalists who picked away the cement of Columba's Cathedral in culling cryptogams, every one of them must have been a wretch who would not scruple to "peep and botanise upon his mother's grave," and, if there was a mycophagist among them, no doubt he is quite ready to regale himself on an esculent fungus which has grown in that situation. The spoiler who chipped off a block of atone to serve for a relic, might, if that was what he wanted, have followed the example of the poet and archæologist above quoted, as set forth in the letter wherein he tells JOANNA BAILLIE—fortunate JOANNA BAILLIE:—

"To ballast my letter I put in one of the hallowed green pebbles from the shore of St. Columba."

A pebble from the shore of St. Columba sufficed the bard, but nothing less than a stone from the walls could content the blockhead. Could not the Archæological Society manage to get a little statute enacted for the protection of Iona's sacred ruins, carved and inscribed tombs and effigies, from mischievous brats, botanists, relic-hunters, and 'ARRY. A Beadle, with a good whip would suffice to deal with the minor offenders: the others should all be made liable to a heavy fine, with the alternative of twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour.

A VOICE FROM CLAPHAM.

SIR,

How did the following statement escape the notice of the *Record?* I copy it from the *Times*, August 27th:—

"CAPTAIN GORDON, Superintendent of the Military Stores, was on Sunday in consultation with SIR JOHN PAKINGTON and the various officials of the War Department in Pall Mall, &c."

On Sunday when they ought all, of course, to have been at church. And what is the "War Department" in Pall Mall?" is it a thin disguise for the smoking-room of the Rag and Famish, which, Sir, is I believe the name for the Army and Navy Club?

Why doesn't the General Commander-in-Chief of the Church Militant in England (I allude to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY) put a stop to this sort of thing? He does not, and therefore I have seceded from the pew of my forefathers and have joined the Clapham-Junctionites. I am, Sir, Yours piously,

THOMAS HOWLER.

"COOLIE LABOUR."—Fanning yourself.

"PAS POUR JOSEPH."

Adapted from the at present popular English lyric by L'EMPEREUR FRANZ-JOSEPH, *and sung by Himself to himself, with great success during the recent Imperial Meeting at Salzburg.*

*** *Ladies and Gentlemen,—Your kind indulgence is requested for the Imperial French translation of the English argot.*

N.B. The expressive dramatic business of the Chanson is, wherever it occurs, in brackets.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON I'm very glad to see,
*Aussi l'*IMPERATRICE with smiles so charming!
And let all European Powers know that there won't be
The slightest cause for drilling or for arming.
I'm thinking all the while,
Do I mistrust his smile?
There's not a wink, a glance, a shrug, that shows if
He means to stick by *me*,
Or what's his real policee,
Mere talk won't wash
For FRANCIS-JOSEPH.
Lav'ra pas,
Lav'ra pas,
Non!
Pas pour JOSEPH!

We chat away the morning with our seltzer and cigar,
Our conversation light as is our claret.
We talk about the Exhibition in the *Champs de Mars*,
We've no reporter there—no paper Parrot.
He's ordered in a lot
Of powder, guns, and shot,
He hasn't told me yet, and Heaven knows if
He means to join with Russia
Or to go to war with Prussia,
Or else to fight with
FRANCIS-JOSEPH.
Va! Allez
Vous promener
Nez! [*Avec les doigts in extenso.*
Pas pour JOSEPH!

We drive about, we ride about, and to the theatre go,
All which is very pleasant and amusing;
We dine, sit up to smoke and sup, returning from some show,
And talk on topics many and confusing.
And after this to bed,
Where to myself I've said,
As twixt the sheets I place my royal toes, "If
You think to humbug *me*,
On vous vous trompez, cher LOUIS."
C'ne lavera pas
Non! pas pour JOSEPH.
Lav'ra pas,
Lav'ra pas,
Non!
Pas pour JOSEPH!

DECORATED CHEATS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I TRUST that under the circumstances I may be pardoned for obtruding my own concerns on your attention. It is not to my taste generally to court public attention, but I find that my modesty is really prejudicial to my interests. For instance, on looking over the awards given to wine merchants in the Paris Exposition of this year, I find that a bronze medal has been awarded to a certain wine firm in Cette, for "imitation wines," and that in another instance, a gentleman from the same town engaged in a similar occupation has been awarded "an honourable mention."

I, too, Sir, am interested in the fabrication of "imitations," but my efforts are directed rather to money than to wine: in short, I have a great idea that a good business could be done in imitation Bank Notes. I can assure you they can be produced at twopence each in any quantities; but hitherto I have had the fear of the police before my eyes. Hearing, however, that "imitation wines" have received the favour of the great National Exposition under Government patronage in France, I am induced to believe that the art of falsification is not by any means criminal. Do you think, *Mr. Punch*, that if I were to send a few specimens of Bank of England fivers (imitation) that they would be too late to obtain the attention of the Jury on Specie? I may not aspire to a bronze medal, but perhaps a false bank-note may be as worthy of an "honourable mention" as an "imitation" of port or sherry.

Your obedient Servant,

Seven Dials. A FORGER (*sub rosâ*).



AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.

Young Ladies. "GOING TO MAKE A FLOWER-BED HERE, SMITHERS? WHY, IT 'LL QUITE SPOIL OUR CROQUET GROUND!"

Gardener. "WELL, THAT 'S YER PA'S ORDERS, MISS! HE 'LL HEV' IT LAID OUT FOR 'ORTICULTUR', NOT FOR 'USHANDRY!!"

A FAREWELL TO KATE TERRY.

SHALL they that have charmed us, beguiled us, bewitched us,
Pass hence with no guerdon of thanks and farewell,
For the mem'ries with which their true Art has enriched us,
The hours of delight we have owed to their spell?

No—let mole-eyed, hen-hearted, and snow-blooded scribblers,
Who write themselves "asses" in blame as in praise.
The vipers who still at the steel must be nibblers,
Who, blind to all good, call the sense of it "craze,—"

Fling the mud that soils *them*, and not those it is flung at,
The sneers that recoil on the pens whence they flow—
If their game please the slingers, it hurts not the slung at,
And envy and malice are wide in their blow.

Be ours the more manly and pleasanter duty
To offer our homage where homage is due,
At the fair shrine of Genius and Goodness and Beauty,
Of grace ever present, and Art ever true.

God-speed to KATE TERRY, who leaves all too early
A stage such as she are sore needed to grace;
It taxes philosophy not to feel surly
For the loss of that innocent sensitive face—

Where the ripples of feminine thought and emotion,
Of gladness's rapture, and sadness's shade,
Like sunshine and cloud o'er the surface of ocean,
With utt'rance and action in harmony played.

For the loss of that presence, still gentle and gracious,
And womanly ever, in act or repose;
The merriment chastened when most 'twas vivacious,
The grief that was rythmic, to height though it rose.

In a time of coarse cravings and coarser purveying,
When the craft of the stage 'tis a task to sustain,
Her delicate influence seemed a gainsaying
Of those who despaired of true Art and its reign.

She has passed from us, just as the goal she had sighted
From the top of the ladder, reached fairly at last;
With her laurels still springing, no leaf of them blighted,
And a future—how bright, may be gauged by her past.

From childhood through girlhood to womanhood toiling,
Un-hasting, un-resting, she went on her way;
Neglect ne'er discouraged, nor praise led to spoiling,
Right instincts, sound teaching, she felt, to obey.

Nor of bounds of good taste deem the rhymester unwitting,
If of privacy's curtain so much he withdraw,
As to peep on a life such an artist befitting,
Pure, gen'rous, unselfish—a fame without flaw.

May this rhyme, kindly meant as it is, not offend her;
And fragrant with flowers be the paths of her life;
May the joy she has given, in blessings attend her,
And her happiest part be the part of "The Wife."

Truly Base.

THE Americans want to buy the Danish possessions in the West Indies. Advocating the sale, a Copenhagen paper says:—

"The cession might, perhaps, be disagreeable to England, but no cause at present exists to take that consideration into account."

Ungrateful Danes. When we forgave them for giving NELSON the trouble of destroying their fleet; when we gave them such good reasons for not helping them against Prussia; and when we hold *Hamlet* as our first favourite in tragedy. Some folks have no sense of favours.

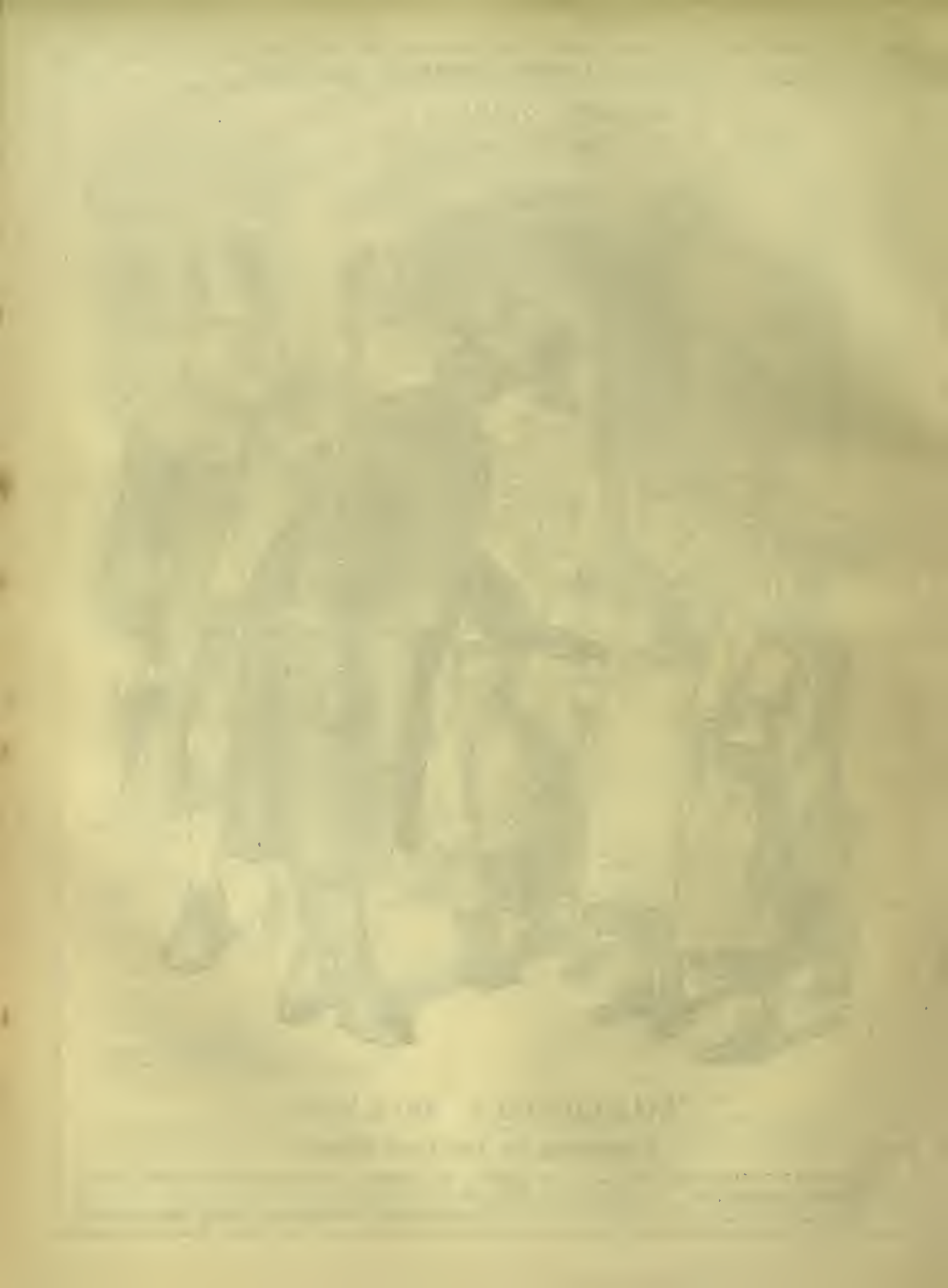


WILBERFORCE SECUNDUS

Emancipating the Poor Little Whites.

S. OXON. "YOU HAVE BEEN VERY GOOD AT SCHOOL, MY DEARS. NOW GO INTO THE GREEN FIELDS, AND ENJOY YOURSELVES." (BUMBLE *relieves his mind by making "ugly faces."*)

[*Vide* his Lordship's admirable Speech in behalf of "The Little Ones."



A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOK.)

TABLEAU I. (CONTINUED.)

CERTAINLY, "too many friends spoil the Brighton." This, *by the way*. The key-note for my harping, and so I lay aside the tuning-fork, having reached the proper pitch. (*Pitching* into some one, as my Funny Friend would say, portrait further on.)

My Hearty Friend invites himself to supper at 10·30, and keeps his appointment. I hear him in the front hall, two or three flights of stairs down, and round several corners, asking, always heartily, for me. He knows the landlord, and addresses him heartily. He knows also what 's the best thing to be had out of the cellar, and suggests it very heartily. His heartiness is infectious, that is with those who don't see him often; it takes with the landlord and the waiters, who almost cheer him as he goes up-stairs. He meets a natty chambermaid on the stairs, and there is a laugh and a titter, and in another moment he is bounding up the last flight to my room. He bursts in as if but a little more and he 'd have had the door down. No obstacle invented by man shall keep him from his dear friend—me. He 's so glad to see me again; as if he had expected me to quit the place for ever, after meeting him in the morning.

He is soon seated—with a bump. I ask him not to bump at eleven o'clock at night, because the quiet people in the hotel don't like it. He begs my pardon, old fellow, so heartily as to make me say, "Oh, never mind," which sounds like an encouragement to bump again—which he does, by the way, after rising for the pickles. I point out that he needn't have risen for the pickles, as they are by his side. He says he is hungry, and the waiter, who has evidently been suborned by His Heartiness, ignoring me, the giver of the feast, asks *him* if he 'd like anything beyond what there is on the table? Heavens! there is beef enough to support twenty infant schools for a week. There 's chicken, ham, bread, butter, cheese, parsley (wish he 'd limit himself to parsley), and a tart. (Hope he 'll take tart, and I shan't see him again for some days, probably: knew a man once who took pastry late at night, and—I forget what happened to him—awful: his hair never curled again, I believe.)

"You couldn't get us some ox-tail?" he suggests slily to the waiter. I am on the point of saying, "Oh, no, he couldn't," and adding something about "the bar being closed," only I don't think they keep ox-tail in the bar. Before I can come out with my answer the waiter replies that "he thinks he could," this also slily, as if he was going to perform a conjuring trick. The waiter quits us, briskly. In his absence I try to depress His Heartiness (I give him His Heartiness as a title, you see; I think my Funny Friend, picture further on, would have said that), by hinting the great improbability of ox-tail being forthcoming. "Well, then, old boy," says he, as heartily as ever, "we 'll have something else hot." However, in a whisk of a napkin, so to speak, returns the waiter with the soup: conjuring trick finished, no deception, no false bottom, no mechanique, no *spring* soup (as my Funny Friend, picture further on, would say. *By the way*, try all my indifferent and doubtful jokes as if perpetrated by my "Funny Friend") but genuine ox-tail.

"Might manage a cutlet, hey?" says my Hearty Friend to me.

We might: but *I* don't care for cutlets—at night.

"What do you say to a *filet de bœuf?*" he goes on, as if this was a brilliant notion. "That 's your style, eh?"

I tell him that it is not my style, and, generally, that that is what I say to *filet de bœuf*.

The waiter, however, has (conjuring again! quite an entertainment by the waiter; dare say he 'll do ventriloquism soon) produced cutlets from somewhere in a dish. My Hearty Friend supposes I won't take any, having just now expressed my dislike for them.

"As they 're here," I say, "I 'll take one." Meaning, not that if they weren't here I would take one, but privately that as they have been served up at *my* expense, I may as well get what benefit I can out of them (by being dyspeptic all night and worse in the morning), and attack them voraciously, finishing by winning the supper stakes (as my Funny Friend would say) easily, by one cutlet and a half ahead.

"Now then," cries His Heartiness, wiping his mouth, "for the Champagne."

The waiter is ready with a wine-card. I explain, that as I always myself drink *vin ordinaire* at 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle, *I* don't care for Champagne myself. "But of course I add, if he likes, why——"

He *does* like; oh *doesn't* he! What 's a bottle to my Hearty Friend? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Pints he scorns. A good dry Champagne he wants.

I suggest the *Crown* Champagne, a cheap wine, good for cups and evening parties, or something at 4*s.* 6*d.* per pint. I try to keep the wine list to myself, so that he may not see the names and the prices; but he is behind me in a second, so is the waiter. They 're both in a plot. It ends in the driest and dearest, half-a-guinea a bottle. It appears. He invites me (He! invites *me!* ha! ha!) to join him.

"Well," I say, yielding in this matter, as in the cutlets aforesaid, "I will take a glass, as it is here."

It *was* a strong wine; a *very* strong wine. It *must* have been *a very powerful wine*. My bill presented to me lately mentions three bottles and one pint of the same. I do not recollect the last bottle and a half, but on the other hand feel some delicacy in disputing it.

As to having whiskey hot after this (as my bill asserts we did) I couldn't have done such an absurd thing, I 'm sure I couldn't. I don't know what my Hearty Friend had; I do *not* know, I say, what *he* had. Perhaps *he* went in for whiskey-and-water, or he for whiskey and I for water.

There is also "glass broken and one chair mended" in my bill. My Hearty Friend danced and did gymnastics, imitating the strong man (I have a faint recollection of it) at three in the morning, or some other hour in the morning. I believe he wanted to bathe in the sea with his clothes on. Did I?

What I *do* recollect (because the next day brought it with my Hearty Friend to my recollection, is that I promised him I would go and have a dip in the sea at *seven o'clock in the morning*. Seven o'clock!!! Two hours before my usual time of rising! He said, "that was the hour for bathing; so fresh, do me good, wake me up, strengthen me, give new life," and so forth, until I became as hearty as he, and promised to accompany him *if he 'd wake me at a quarter to seven*. What an idiot I was. Why did I put a strong Champagne in my mouth to steal away my brains?

Well——

CONVERSION BY BARLEY.

It happened, when last I to market did go,
I met in the High Street wi' Temperance JOE,
By which means I axed un to come over here,
And said if 'a wood that I 'd gie un some beer.

He come, and had dinner, but never a drop.
Sez he, "I drinks no beer beyond ginger-pop,
Or quenches my thirst wi' a swig o' eold tea;
If thee 'st do the same t'ood he better for thee."

"Good beer, drunk in reason, don't do us no harm.
Come, JOE," I sez, "have a look over the Farm."
"I 'm willun," sez JOE, and wi' that out we strnts.
I show'd un the rye, and the whate, and the wuts.

"Now look at that grain crop—what is it, dost know?
That there, ripe for harvest." "'Tis barley," sez JOE.
"Four acres," I said, "fine as ever you see,
And well you med fancy wuth zummut to me.

"'Tis barley, of all aarts and speeches o' grain,
As brings to the farmer most profit and gain.
There 's moor land put under 't than ever before,
Of so much advantage it is to the grower.

"Yo' see, JOE, that barley 's a sart of a thing,
Don't need be no wuss for wet autumn or spring.
'Twill do if 'tis sowed at beginnun o' May,
For whate at laste two months too late in the day.

"A raythor wet harvust don't do it no ill—
A little rain 's wanted the corns for to fill.
A mellow free pickle the malsters desires—
Dost know, now, JOE, what for they barley requires?

"Of barley, friend JOSEPH, like that in full ear,
Malt 's made in the fust place, and next is made beer.
If beer wusn't meant for a Christian to drain,
What barley was made for I wish thee 'd explain."

Sez JOE, "There 's sitch sense in that sayun o' thine,
Thee well nigh persuad'st me the pledge to resign,"
I furder praised barley in that sart o' way,
'Till we at the Barley-Mow finished the day!

Heathen Mythology in a Christian Church.

(*Communicated.*)

"THERE is a *Precentaur*," I hear, "who sits in a stall in Gloucester Cathedral. I suppose he is the chief of the Centaurs, who, I always thought were fabulous half-bred people. That 's why they have stalls there, and why the desk hides the lower half of the Reverend Gentlemen. Sometimes they 're *quite hoarse* in winter."

THE UNIVERSAL WATCHWORD.—Tick!



"INCIDIT IN SCYLLAM," &c.

Ensign Muffles (alluding to his Moustache). "YOU SEE, SOME SAY, 'WEAR IT,' YOU KNOW; AND SOME SAY, 'CUT IT OFF,' YOU KNOW; BUT IF I TOOK EVERYBODY'S ADVICE I SHOULD BE LIKE THE OLD MAN AND HIS DONKEY."

Sergeant O'Rourke. "YOUR'R HON'RR WOULD—(BUT NOT WISHING TO BE PERSONAL ABOUT HIS OFFICER'S AGE) THAT IS—LASTE-WAYS,—BARRIN THE OULD MAN, YOUR HON-R-R-R!!!"

CRIMINAL POPULARITY.

MR. WILLIAM BROADHEAD, ex-publican (and sinner), appears to be a great attraction still at Sheffield. The Magistrates most properly have closed his public-house, but they have not annulled his liberty by refusing him his licence. MR. BROADHEAD is at large, with other unconvicted criminals, and has not left his pothouse bar for the bar of an Assize Court. As a proof of his exceeding popularity at Sheffield, the other day a placard was posted in the neighbourhood, stating that a "fête" was going to be held, and that the famous MR. BROADHEAD was "expected on the ground."

We wonder how much MR. BROADHEAD was paid for his attendance, and whether he did anything to entertain the company, more than simply walking round to show himself to their delighted eyes. Perhaps he sang a comic song, introducing the old street cry of "Flare up and join the Union," and told some funny stories of the way in which poor saw-grinders who would not join the Union had been fired at or burnt out. No longer having his own pot-house at which he can exhibit himself, MR. BROADHEAD may be heard of soon as starring in the provinces, and giving public entertainments, in company perhaps with his accomplice, MR. CROOKES. The latter villain will exhibit "the identical air-gun" with which he shot his victims; and, as a climax, the two worthies may parody the last scene in *The Miller and his Men*, and end their entertainment with a Sheffield "blowing up."

Among the "interesting additions" to the Chamber of Horrors, the public surely would delight to see "The Famous MR. BROADHEAD, as he appeared when planning a Murderous Trade Outrage;" and they would doubtless flock in crowds to look at MR. CROOKES's air-gun, as their fathers of old crowded to see MR. THURTELL's gig.

Continental Gossip.

BARON BEUST is taking warm baths at Gastein. It is hard that a politician who has managed to keep on amicable terms with everyone during the session should in the vacation have got himself into hot water. We hope he will come *well* out of it.

FORENSIC FASHION.

MISS FLANAGAN says, that if she were a man she should like to be a Queen's Counsel, because then she would have a silk gown.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

SIR,

BEING your Dramatic Critic, you expect something from me wherever I am. Holding as I do the free and enlightened opinion, that personal presence is not an essential to criticism, I send you my notices of what I imagine must be going on in Town judging, that is, from the daily papers which arrive at Shwyngll on the Rhrllmr (a Welsh river) twice a week.

Let me begin then with Covent Garden, under the sole direction of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, I mean MR. J. R. Natural mistake, seeing that LORD JOHN has so often "made overtures." There's a band of 100 performers, headed by SIGNOR BOTTESINI, who used to play on the Violoncello.

A wonderful fellow
For Violoncello.

I cannot give you a strictly scientific account of the Programme, but suffice it to say, that JOHANN STRAUSS's overture to *La Gazza Ladra* is nightly encored; *The Courtois Union* (a workhouse madrigal) is redemanded by everyone. That CHERUBINI's *La Danse d'Amour*, written expressly for MESSRS. WINTERBOTTOM, MASTER BONNAY, and MLLE. SAROLTA, is in every way worthy of the Composer's reputation. It is pleasant to see JOHN STRAUSS when he waltzes and polkas, and is greeted with acclamations. He must find it very hot work.

London is out of Town, and therefore no wonder that *The Great City* has gone to Liverpool.

People are roaring with laughter at MONSIEUR BUCKSTONE in *To Paris and Back for Five Pounds*. MR. SOTHERN will re-appear here in a new piece entitled the *American Cousin*.

MISS AMY SEDGWICK (so fresh and unchanged she ought to be MISS SAME-Y SEDGWICK) has filled the Haymarket. I mean the people have filled it: she attracting.

MISS KATE TERRY has been making her adieux. Parting is such sweet sorrow that we could say good bye for five hundred nights more.

The Adelphi is "to be let" during September; why not *let it out*, and make a little more room in the stalls?

The Olympic.—The Grasshopper is going on hopping. The Sisters WEBB should have made a Pastoral Lyrical drama of it, and called it the *Grass-Hoppera*.

Strand Theatre.—When the Strand Company is away the PAULS will play. By the way, if all our entertainers would unite together, we might get something like an *Opéra Bouffe*.

New Royalty.—I have a vague idea of its being the 100,000th night of everything and everybody at this little House. Generations will come and go, and still will *Pretty Seeusan* say No, and *Captain Crosstree* will be the Veteran DEWAR's name. *Meg's Diversion* is, as heretofore, the name of the first piece, but it should be called *Meg's never-say-Dieversion*.

The Circus in High Holborn.—I like to see the epithet "High," as the West-end clubbers until lately considered everything in that part as Low Holborn. But the *Théâtre de Parry*, with the first horse, Scud, cleared away that impression. The second horses at the Amphitheatre are now doing their best. There is a "Vanishing Act," which, of course, every one stops to see. There is a daring balloon flight, which as I haven't seen it, I will forthwith describe. The grooms bring in a large balloon. They inflate it with gas. Then enter MADAME GÉRARD on horseback. She dares the grooms to let the balloon fly. They, maddened by her taunts, let it go. It ascends, breaks through the roof, and disappears. Whereupon MADAME GÉRARD canters round the ring, bows gracefully to the spectators, and retires. Thus ends the "Daring Balloon Flight," according to *my* ideas of how *I* should have it done. MR. RYDER, the tragedian, does not appear here.

Let me compliment the *Britannia* upon its appropriate Bill. BRITANNIA rules the waves, and commences with the drama of *The Sea*. This is suggestive of summer, of excursion trains, Brighton, Ramsgate,

Margate, &c., and hot broiling sun everywhere. So, to relieve you from the heat, this play is followed by *The Champion Skaters*. This reminds you deliciously of the top of Mont Blanc, GUNTER'S, Serpentine in December, and TORTONI'S in Paris. To conclude, says *Mrs. Britannia* in her programme, with *The Last Man*. The last man in town, all others having gone to the first piece, *The Sea*. Again let me compliment the Britannic management, Hoxton, (where *is* Hoxton? on the Coast anywhere?) on its admirably chosen amusements for the people.

Adieu, Sir, I go to bathe in the Consonantic Welsh River.

A SCANDAL FOR THE SULTAN.



No doubt it is well, for one reason, that the SULTAN has gone. If he had remained here, he might possibly have had explained to him a certain letter addressed to the Editor of the *Times*, on the subject of "Oakum Picking." For those who are acquainted with the details of prison discipline, it will suffice to quote the bare statement subjoined:—

"Sir,—I read, two or three days ago, that some paupers, who had received temporary relief, were sent to gaol for fourteen days, with hard labour, because they had not picked 2 lb. of oakum in the day."

But other people may need the following information:—

"Now I am certain that those who imposed the task, and punished the wretches for its non-performance, have not even the smallest notion of what they were doing. I know, from my occupation, something about oakum picking, and I venture to assert that if a thousand persons who have never picked oakum before, nor been taught how to do it, for it is almost an art, were given the task, it would be found that, exert themselves as anxiously as they might, the average of them could not properly pick more than 1 lb., unless the oakum were very soft and favourable, and that not one in the thousand persons would be able to pick 2 lb. in a day."

Had the SULTAN become cognisant of the foregoing remarks, they would doubtless have dissipated a belief which he has perhaps taken away with him. What is the Turkish for "Walker!" "Gammon!" and "All my eye!" Have we not borrowed a term nearly their equivalent from that language in the word "Bosh!" Because one or another of those incredulous exclamations would, had the SULTAN been acquainted with England's treatment of England's poor, as above exemplified, escape instantly from his mouth if anybody were to observe in his presence that England was a Christian nation. The SULTAN knows enough of Christianity to enable him, had he known the case in question, to know better than that.

There is something else that the Grand Turk would probably have said, if his interpreter had read him the preceding extracts, with this in addition:—

"I am aware that practised hands, such as able young men with hard hands, and who have had months of imprisonment, probably, can pick double the 2 lb.; but these are very exceptional instances, and I know that 1 lb. would be found to leave the unpractised hands very little, if any, time to spare in a day, now that daylight has become so materially shortened."

The SULTAN'S observation would naturally have been that the Justices who doomed the paupers to imprisonment and hard labour in their ignorance of what oakum-picking is, ought to be sent to prison, and have a fortnight of it themselves, in order to be furnished with the necessary enlightenment on that subject.

The Pan-Anglican Synod.

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S *Pastoral played to the Bishops on the Pan-Anglican Pipe.*

IT is an excellent thing for the in'ard
Man to attend our Pan-Anglican Synod.
Chorus of Ecclesiastics. It is an excellent, &c., &c.

THE PROGRESS OF CRUELTY.

A PERSON who last week suffered the extreme penalty of the law is stated to have been a Guardian of the Poor, and to have received a Testimonial for his conduct in that incapacity. Knowing these facts, it is difficult to be surprised at the rest.

HOW TO WORK ON A WOMAN'S FEELINGS.—Give her a Sewing Machine.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

BORN: 1794. DIED: 1867

STATESMEN and soldiers, authors, artists,—still
The top-most leaves fall off our English oak:
Some in green summer's prime, some in the chill
Of autumn-tide, some by late winter's stroke.

Another leaf has dropped on that sere heap—
One that hung highest; earliest to invite
The golden kiss of morn, and last to keep
The fire of eve—but still turned to the light.

No soldier's, statesman's, poet's, painter's name
Was this, through which is drawn Death's last black line;
But one of rarer, if not loftier fame—
A Priest of Truth, who lived within her shrine.

A Priest of Truth: his office to expound
Earth's mysteries to all who willed to hear—
Who in the book of Science sought and found,
With love, that knew all reverence, but no fear.

A Priest, who prayed as well as ministered:
Who grasped the faith he preached, and held it fast:
Knowing the light he followed never stirred,
Howe'er might drive the clouds through which it past.

And if Truth's priest, servant of Science too,
Whose work was wrought for love and not for gain:
Not one of those who serve but to ensue
Their private profit: lordship to attain

Over their lord, and bind him in green withes,
For grinding at the mill 'neath rod and cord;
Of the large grist that they may take their tithes—
So some serve Science that call Science Lord.

One rule his life was fashioned to fulfil:
That he who tends Truth's shrine, and does the best
Of Science, with a humble, faithful will,
The God of Truth and Knowledge serveth best.

And from his humbleness what heights he won!
By slow march of induction, pace on pace,
Scaling the peaks that seem to strike the sun,
Whence few can look, unblinded, in his face.

Until he reached the stand which they that win
A bird's-eye glance o'er Nature's realm may throw:
Whence the mind's ken by larger sweeps takes in
What seems confusion, looked at from below.

Till out of seeming Chaos Order grows,
In ever-widening orbs of Law restrained,
And the Creation's mighty music flows
In perfect harmony, serene, sustained;

And from varieties of force and power,
A larger unity and larger still,
Broadens to view, till in some breathless hour,
All force is known grasped in a central Will,

Thunder and light revealed as one same strength—
Modes of the force that works at Nature's heart—
And through the Universe's veinèd length
Bids, wave on wave, mysterious pulses dart.

That cosmic heart-beat it was his to list,
To trace those pulses in their ebb and flow
Towards the fountain-head, where they subsist
In form as yet not given e'en *him* to know.

Yet, living face to face with these great laws,
Great truths, great myst'ries, all who saw him near
Knew him for child-like, simple, free from flaws
Of temper, full of love that casts out fear:

Untired in charity, of cheer serene;
Not caring world's wealth or good word to earn;
Childhood's or manhood's ear content to win;
And still as glad to teach as meek to learn.

Such lives are precious; not so much for all
Of wider insight won where they have striven,
As for the still small voice with which they call
Along the beamy way from earth to heaven.



THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

Nurse. "OH! MISS NELLY! WHATEVER *ARE* YOU ABOUT!"
Miss Nelly. "I 'M ONLY DIPPING DOLLY, LIKE THE BATHING WOMAN DIPS ME!"

HOLIDAY EXERCISES.

FOR YOUNG LADIES AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHEN THEY HAVE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

HISTORY.

1. What other reasons have you for calling CHARLES THE FIRST the finest king that ever lived, besides his having been *so* handsome?
2. On account of what instances of wisdom, piety, morality, and self-command in the history of MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS do you always write her down as your "Favourite Queen"?
3. Should the proved fact that WILLIAM WALLACE burned a school with all the children in it, prevent your calling him a darling?
4. Having seen MR. FRITH'S picture of CLAUDE DUVAL, do you think the latter ought to have been hanged?
5. Should you have liked to call on KING RICHARD THE FIRST, your "Favourite King," after he had lunched on the Saracen's head?
6. Show the true mirthfulness of the Merry Monarch, in taking a pension from France, and letting our ships be burned in the river?
7. For what other reasons than that he was ugly and religious would you have hanged that monster OLIVER CROMWELL?
8. State the national humiliations and atrocious legislation endured by us under WILLIAM THE THIRD, which induce you to regard him as a hateful hook-nosed wretch?

THEOLOGY.

1. Do you think that curates are sufficiently awake to their duties as croquet players?
2. For what reason would you have the sermon omitted?
3. You regard the High Church as aristocratic. Give a second reason for this view, in addition to the fact that Patristic means Patrician theology.
4. Distinguish between a moveable feast and a pic-nic.
5. Why would you not be married on a Friday?
6. State whether you are a Ritualist, and if so, whether the persons who educated you have since been removed to an asylum.
7. Are you aware that when in Scotland you are a Dissenter?
8. Do you not think that a bishop's wife ought to have a title?
9. If you were a parochial clergyman's wife, should you think it wiser to insult your Dissenters, or to treat them with silent contempt?
10. Show that though there is no objection to complaining loudly if a preacher gives you an extra ten minutes, it would be vulgar to express impatience at being detained at the Opera until 1·30.

POETRY.

1. Do you see any good in poetry except as words for music?
2. Is not *Paradise Lost* a bore?
3. Who was DANTE, and do you not think that he will live chiefly through M. GUSTAVE DORÉ'S engravings?
4. Is not a great fuss made about BYRON, and does not your cousin CHARLES, in the Artillery, write every bit as good poetry?
5. Should not rhythm be pronounced as if spelt rhyme, as the two words mean the same thing.
6. Is not English poetry far inferior to French?
7. Do the following words convey any ideas to your mind: HERBERT, SPENSER, COWLEY, HERRICK, COLLINS, GRAY, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, BROWNING? Have you noticed any such words on the backs of books in your papa's library?

From the East.

THE SULTAN has had his first ride behind his new locomotive, inaugurating a new line of policy in Conservative Islam. The Turkish ladies are also about to adopt Parisian fashions, and, in this age of steam, are going to take to long trains.

FROM OUR PARISIAN YOUNG MAN.

THE French newspapers talk about the expense of the New Grand Opera here. Cost what it will, it will be opened after all, for a mere song. And it has beaten the New Grand Hospital in the race for the finish, SIRE.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.



Cabby (disputes the fare, and insists on having FITZBELGRAVE'S *name and address —the latter has not his Card-case).* "WH' THERE 'S WRITIN ! WHY DIDN'T YER SAY 'S Y' VOS A ONEDICATED MAN ! IF YER 'D 'A'ARST ME, I 'D A' DONE IT FOR YER ! !"

THE FREE KIRK RAMPANT.

AULD PIRIE, Sabbatarian chiel,
An' DOCTOR BEGG, for Scotia's weal,
Sair dread frae Sunday steamers feel:
'Tis varra wrang !
They fear the kintra to the deil
Is like to gang.

Morality will stan' or fa'
As folk observe the Sabbath law:
They wi' the Free Kirk doctors a'
That point maintain,
Wi' logic that a fule wad ca'
Baith sound and plain.

Spain, Dutchland, Italy, and France,
Where sinners on a Sunday dance,
Are—could a mon wi' truth advance?—
Of a' lands sunk
In vice beyond redemption's chance;
Of a' maist drunk.

Hech BEGG, ye Sabbath's champion stark,
Ye 're nae dumb dog that winna bark,
Ye say as bad as Sabbath wark
Is recreation.
BEGG, ye 'll become a man of mark,
For admiration.

An', BEGG, ye said ae ither thing,
Wilk far and wide is like to ring,
While tunefu' bards your praises sing,
An end, about,
For servants ye proposed to bring
Of "Sabbaths out."

O BEGG, and sae ye fain wad blot
That ae wee pleasant weekly spot
Whilk brightens the puir slavie's lot,
Ye babe o' grace !
To stay hoo mony hae ye got
In sic a place?

A SHOCKING THING TO THINK OF!—A Galvanic Battery.

THREATENED STRIKE OF CURATES.

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Times*, signing himself "AN OLD INCUMBENT," measures are in course of being taken to institute a Curates' Union, likely to be followed, in the natural course of things, by a Curates' Strike. These are striking times. There seems to be a contagious principle in operation among working-men, which impels them to strike. It has now attacked the working-clergymen. The strike of the journeymen tailors will perhaps be succeeded by a strike of the journeymen parsons.

For the contemplated strike of the curates there is that to be said, which is more than any one can truly say in justification of some strikes on the part of workmen—the demands of the curates are not altogether unreasonable. They are thus stated in a document, quoted by the "OLD INCUMBENT:"

"Curacies are to become permanent; curates to have a proper independence; to be protected from arbitrary and despotic 'treatment, whether episcopal or other;' curates to be on equal footing in spiritual matters with the incumbent; to be the incumbent's assessor in things spiritual; the equality of priests; the right to celebrate at certain times; a system of promotion by seniority; the equalisation (according to population) of the stipends of incumbents; the moneys of the various charities to be thrown into a common fund."

But whether a strike is an expedient likely to enable the curates to obtain their ends, is what may be doubted. It is true that the clerical employers would be unable to combine on their part, and have recourse to a general lock-out. No rector or other incumbent could possibly shut up church, unless, indeed, the bishops joined in the combination of the master-parsons, and unless also the lock-out were permitted by public feeling. The former of these two conditions would, to be sure, be probable enough under the latter. As regards the adequate remuneration of the curates, it is against the episcopal body more particularly, that the strike would, if it prevailed, take effect. The curates' increase of stipend would have to come out of prelatical profits. Then, too, incumbents would be unable to import curates from abroad, where, besides popish and Greek priests, there are, according to established church law, no ordained clergy. And, if there were any, they would mostly labour under the disadvantage of being unable to speak English.

On the other hand, the Curates' Union would find it a hard matter to enforce its decrees on its own members; still more to coerce non-unionist curates. What steps do they meditate taking for those purposes? Do they think to ratten a refractory or contumacious associate by abstracting his surplice, or secreting his set of lithographed sermons? Have they any idea of stationing pickets at church-doors, with a commission to taunt, abuse, intimidate, annoy, or thrash reverend knobsticks? Are they prepared to go any farther in the way of assailing offenders against their union rules than by peppering them with the pop-guns of paper warfare, and blowing them up in print?

On the whole, the prospects of a Curates' Strike do not appear to be very hopeful. If it were so general as to create any serious amount of spiritual destitution, the bishops would have it in their power to ordain agricultural labourers, able to read and write, and, in the last resort, constitute them labourers in the vineyard. They could, indeed, consecrate their own footmen, and those of other people, if the footmen were willing to become servants of the church; but very few of them would be—well aware that they should, by so doing, better themselves in nowise.

"Six to One and Half-a-dozen to the Other."

THE famous Cretan blockade-runner *Arkadi* has been burnt by the Turkish cruiser *Izeddin*. One feels tempted to apply to the ships, captains, crews, and indeed all parties to the great Candian quarrel, Greeks and Turks alike, BYRON'S famous line from *Don Juan*,

"ARCADES AMBO,—*id est*, blackguards both."

NOTE BY A SPIRITUALIST.

UNBELIEVERS jeer at our tables dancing and chairs talking in action, yet no one has ever yet cast a doubt upon the annual "Speech from the Throne."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU I. (CONTINUED.)



IN a weak moment, after supper, during the smallest hours of the night I agreed to bathe in the sea, early, provided that my Hearty Friend would call me. This I said relying either upon his being too tired to get up, or upon his forgetfulness.

The Morning. At some hour I awake; suddenly, as if I'd been jerked into a state of supernatural wakefulness. Wonder what the time is? Will look at my watch. I postpone looking at my watch. Feel one moment as if I could get up and walk, or ride, or take some violent exercise. Somehow I shut my eyes. On opening them again, with difficulty this time, and not at all as if jerked into any state of wakefulness, I feel too tired to do anything. Look at my watch—8·15. Shall get up at 9·15, that gives me an hour more—second sleep always the best. Thank Goodness (think to myself as I turn on my side for a snooze) my Hearty Friend has forgotten all about his confounded bathing. *I* can't get up. If he had come when I first woke I could have jumped out of bed and into the water (so to speak) at once. But now—here I drop off to sleep.

A thumping at my door—a shouting—a halloaing. My Hearty Friend has burst into the room.

By the way, in hotels always lock your door, not so much for protection of goods as against being called in the morning by a boisterous friend: you can defy him, from under the bed-clothes, when the door is locked.

I pretend to be more drowsy than I am, in order to excite his compassion. I have a vague notion of appealing to him that he wouldn't rouse a man when he's down. I say, dreamily, "Hallo, it's you, is it?" as if I'd forgotten all about him.

He thumps the bed. (Hate a fellow thumping the bed when I want to go to sleep.) "Now, then," he bawls, "get up!" I would give him sixpence to go away. "Hallo! hallo! hi! hi! hi!" He is heartiness itself this morning. I ask him "Not to make a row," and call him "old fellow," under the impression that this will conciliate him. He won't be conciliated by anything less than my getting up and bathing. "What sort of a morning is it?" I want to know, as if my decision to stop in or go out depended upon the state of the weather.

"Lovely," he returns, striding to the window and tearing the curtains open. A great part of his heartiness is violence—mere violence. I hate having the sun let in before you're prepared for it: result, biliousness. I say, "Do shut the curtains." He won't, so I silently appeal to him by closing my eyes, and disappearing under the counterpane, where I feign sleep.

"Poof!" he snorts, pretending to be overcome by the closeness of the atmosphere. "How the deuce you can sleep without the window open, I don't know." Whereupon he opens the window.

"Now then," says he, impatiently, "come along." In five minutes, I tell him, I'll be with him. (I think to myself, that if he once gets outside the room I'll whip out of bed, lock the door, and have another hour's doze.) He bothers five minutes. I pay no attention, thinking to disarm him by feigning sleep. Not a bit; he will, he says, pull the clothes off. I remonstrate, clinging to the sheets. He tugs at them—so do I. (If I ever again ask my Hearty Friend to call me in the morning, I'm——but never mind.)

I beg him to leave me, and I'll get up—not he. He expresses his opinion that "I'm not half a chap." With only a sheet remaining (he has pulled all the other things off, anyhow) I try to snuggle into the pillow again, and show him how really sleepy I am, and how very cruel and unfriendly it is on his part to tear me away from my bed, and perhaps make me ill for the day.

He says he won't stand it any longer, and barbarously drags the sheet off. I clutch at it—it has gone. At this moment I hate him, and if there were guards with halberds and arquebusses outside, I would clap my hands, and order my Hearty Friend to be taken to the deepest dungeon. Or, I could now (even in this costume) commence an action at law against him, and carry my appeal (still in this costume) to the Lords, if necessary—I get up grumbling. Being up, I have doubts as to whether I'll bathe or not. My Hearty Friend is practical, and says, "Get on your boots." I drag myself through my trousers and into my boots. I am becoming more drowsy. If he would only retire *now* I'd go to bed again, though I know the sheets and blankets would be most horribly uncomfortable.

"We won't bathe in the sea," I say. He replies that we will, and that any other bathing is unhealthy and bosh. He is *so* dreadfully hearty this morning, and I am so feeble. He points out to me that I am wasting all the morning. I submit that BRILL'S is the place to bathe. [A *Brill*-iant idea, as my Funny Friend, whose picture is further on, would say.]

"BRILL'S be blowed," replies my Hearty Friend; "all vapouring, and only five feet of water in the deepest part." He adds that I'd better bring my towels, comb, and come along (or *Comb* along, as my Funny Friend would say—dreary time to make a joke, when you're half awake and going to bathe against your will). As he knows all about it, I take on his recommendation my towels and comb; though, as I call to mind former days, the machines used to be provided with such necessaries.

I want to dress for the day. He won't give me time for anything but slippers, trousers, and coat. I am to dress when I come back. I don't know what I look like—I feel like a beggar. I protest, suppose we meet anybody? "They won't notice you," he says—this is unsatisfactory. "Come along!" says he—and we come along accordingly.

I point out to him that the machines are on the left, while we are going towards the right. This is ruin to slippers, I've had to cross a watered, muddy road, gravelly, gritty pavement, down hard burning stone steps on to a shingly beach.) He despises machines; a boat, he says, is the only thing to bathe out of. That's why he told me to bring towels. I can swim, he supposes, as a matter of course. Oh yes, of course, but not having bathed in the sea for years I am not quite certain of how I might get on in deep water. Oh, all right, he says. The boat is ready. The command given by the boatman (a blue gentleman in enormous boots) is to go to the seat near the 'starn' and hold on. I did get near the starn, my Hearty Friend was safely seated in the starn; but I didn't hold on, at least not at the right time. The boatman, who had been waiting for a wave, which arrived sooner than the wave which I was watching, suddenly launched the *Maria* into the sea, and sent me against my Hearty Friend's knees. [It was, I think, at this moment that I gave the first blow to my foot, alluded to in number one of this series, which has caused me to lie up and look over my photograph book of friends.] My Hearty Friend laughed; had I fallen over, he would, I believe, have laughed more. We are rowed out.

"Good bathing, here?" asks His Heartiness. "About sixteen foot o' water," answers the grumpy mariner. He was very grumpy. He only spoke when spoken to; except once, when a mate of his passed in a fishing-boat; and he smiled once, it was almost a grin, when I *did* get into the boat again after finishing bathing.

By the way, he was a man of no information. I don't mean that he wasn't well up in *Buckle's History of Civilisation*, *Montalembert's Western Monks*, *Macaulay's Essays*, and such like works, but that on matters connected with his own profession, he was singularly uncertain, to say the least of it. I like obtaining information from these sort of men, and asked him, while drying myself, "If it was deeper out there by the new pier, than here?" He didn't know. "How deep was it there?" He couldn't say. "Was there a band to-day on the pier?" It wasn't, in his opinion, unlikely. "At what time?" Didn't know. Made use of the opportunity, and asked him, "what the sailors called 'the offing.'" The what, sir? "The offing." Ah! he didn't know. "He's heard of the offing?" He evidently thought he was being chaffed, as he became more grumpy than ever, and shook his head.

Our Bathe. My Hearty Friend plunged in boisterously, head-foremost; splash, bash, whish, wetting me, and all the clothes I've taken off. He is up again shaking his head, blowing, and expressing his opinion that "it (*puff*) is (*puff*) first (*poo—poo*—blowing out salt water like a Triton without a conch horn) rate. Come in!" this invitation is to me. Will my things be all right? won't blow away? Boatman returns, "All right."

Can he steady the boat while I jump in. He can, he says, but he doesn't. I think my swimming is all right; I feel it coming back to me. In order to prevent disappointment, I announce my intention of not going in head-foremost. "Come along!" shouts His Heartiness from the sea. I am standing on the stern seat holding on to the bulwarks or gunwale (I *mean* the side of the boat) in the attitude of the Greek slave tying his shoe, or some statue of that sort, only I haven't got a shoe on to tie. The boat lurches, and how I go in I don't know; it seems to me as if my knees touched the water first, and my nose last; but I can't be certain. Underneath with bright green all about me, except for a few floating things like red fungi, which I remember are jelly-fishes. My swimming *is* all right, gradually, but I am painfully aware of being flustered at first. I feel I shall never get to the boat again. I am exhausted and inclined to throw up my hands and go down among the jelly-fishes. "Hi!" this to the boatman. My breath is going. A minute more and the jelly-fishes will gloat over me. I grasp his oar; nearly upsetting him and his boat too. I don't care: I must breathe. "I haven't," I explain to the boatman, clinging to the blade of the oar, "bathed (*gasp*) in the (*gasp*) sea (*gasp, gasp*) for years (*gasp, gasp, gasp*)." I let go the oar, and announce my intention of coming in. "How?" "Steps," says the boatman. My

Hearty Friend is in over the steps, quickly, laughing, jumping, shouting, and rubbing himself with towels.

Getting *out* of a boat is difficult enough to any one unaccustomed to it, but the difficulty subsides into nothing when compared with getting *in*.

I lay hold of the steps naturally enough. They swing against the boat and my fingers are pinched. Hearty Friend laughing above. Boatman with indication of smile on his face. Neither offer any assistance. "Come up," shouts His Heartiness. My legs won't go up the steps; it seems as if they would not come near me at all. They are dragged forcibly under the boat. I think of the jelly-fishes; they are expecting me. Thoughts flash across me of people sucked under paddle-wheels, of sharks, conger-eels, and jelly-fish again; the ends of the steps catch my waist. A few seconds more I must give it up and disappear, perhaps, for ever; food for the jelly-fish. "I say," I cry, "*do* bear a hand."

The boatman puts out his hand over the side, I grasp it in the clutch of agony; if I go he shall come too. Now then for a death struggle with the steps. The boatman tugs at me. I tug at the boatman. Either he comes over, or I come in. My legs move from under the boat, I somehow grapple with the rowlock (I could hold on with my teeth to anything now, so desperate have I become), and find myself on the first bar of the steps. "Don't upset the boat," cries my Hearty Friend, who has had to hold on to the opposite side during my gymnastics. The last difficulty is getting my legs over the side. Another clutch at the boatman with one hand (don't let *him* go in a hurry) at the seat with the other, and I tumble over on my knees,—anyhow, no matter how. I am, thank goodness, in the boat. All the power has gone out of my legs. I can't stand upright. Every quarter of a minute I am in danger of suddenly disappearing over the side into the sea. I sit, quite wet, on my clothes. My Hearty Friend has used nearly all the towels, and has made all the seats damp. I like having a comfortable room to dry oneself in, washhand-stand, soap, clean linen and so forth.

"Don't I feel fresh?" inquires my Hearty Friend. "No; I am tired. I have hurt my toe, it is all red; I have bruised myself all over, and I feel sleepy, hot and uncomfortable. "Lor!" says my Hearty Friend, "you ought to do this every morning. Pick you up in no time. Now, I say, dry yourself quickly and dress. Don't be all day." I *can't* get myself dry quickly, or, for the matter of that, at all; so give it up, and tear my socks in pulling them on; everything seems to stick and be dragged on with difficulty. My hat on the top of my wet head is very uncomfortable. My slippers are full of sand and are wet. On reaching the shore, the boatman waits for a wave to take us in. When it comes it takes me in who had been watching it on "the starn," wetting me through. At this I detect the second smile on the boatman's face. We disembark. I am quite lame. Will we want a boat to-morrow morning? inquires the man. His Heartiness says, "Yes; same time." I say "yes," too, to put my Hearty Friend on the wrong scent. Not again, if I know it. He eats a hearty breakfast; everything he does is hearty, except this making me bathe, and that 's heartless.

I have lost my appetite, My foot is swollen. The doctor calls. When he hears of my bathing among the jelly-fishes he says that 's it; they 're poisonous sometimes, that,'s the danger of bathing out of a boat, except you make it a rule never to go among the jelly-fishes. Must lay up for two or three days, and this is how I have commenced my sea-side holiday with my Hearty Friend, whom I here anathematise, and all jelly-fishes.

He has left, so I now turn over to photograph number two, my Gloomy Friend.

SOMETHING TO SEE.

EVERYBODY knows that there is nobody in town now, excepting some two millions and a half of miserable people, who either have had their holiday, or else have to do without one. It is a sad fate to be confined in London in the middle of September, when one's relatives and friends are nearly all of them away, and one hardly has so much as a theatre to go to. Prisoners in town when every one is out of it should have some rational recreation provided by the Government. They might be suffered to amuse themselves by pulling down the Monster Statue which disgraces Hyde Park Corner, or blowing up the Pepper-boxes which make Trafalgar Square so hideous.

Some such fun as this may be supplied to London captives, in the dull days of September, by the enlightened wisdom of our newly reformed Parliament. Meanwhile, as only some three theatres are open now, and there is nothing new at any of them, we really should be thankful to MR. HOWARD PAUL for opening the Strand with a "Novel Entertainment." For this well-timed act of charity to our poor prisoners in town, he may fairly claim the title of HOWARD, the Philanthropist. Having seen the *Streets of London* for the eleventh time at least, and smiled their twenty-second smile at MRS. ROSALIND SCOTT-SIDDONS, and roared their sixty-seventh roar at the burlesque of *Black eyed Susan*, they can go and see the opera of *Faust*, performed by MR. PAUL in some four minutes and three-quarters, and they may hear how his wife imitates the vocal MR. REEVES, which, in one respect, she fails to do, seeing that she never disappoints the public.

THINGS NEW AT THE "ZOO."

Go, people, and pay all
To see the she-Gayal
That BARTLETT has brought from the Indies;
And the wolves from Thibet,
Which mammals we bet
Will raise in their den fearful shindies.

The Arctonyx snout
Is the newest thing out,
The first ever heard of in London;
A Panolia deer,
Fresh to this hemisphere,
Awaits you, your beer and your bun done.

There 's a Pigeon that sings,
And one with bronze wings,
Polyplectrons and likewise a Loris;
A Monkey—men tell us
To call it Entellus—
The charge but a bob at the door is.

There are Demoiselle Cranes
To be seen for your pains,
With six or eight more of the Tortoise;
And a Hemipode ends
This list of new friends
The *Marian Moore* lately brought us:—

No, stay, there are Pelicans—
Rhyme to them Helicon's
Verse-helping fount might supply us;
But a New River draught,
Teetotally quaffed,
Is all the *liqueur* we have by us.

So then *Floreat "Zoo,"*
Both old beasts and new;
And when you have seen all its treasures,
Take an ice or a tartlet,
And thank MR. BARTLETT
For adding so much to your pleasures.



HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

(Query in Advertisements, as thus:)

TO BE SOLD, a bargain, a most disagreeable and undesirable DETACHED COTTAGE, in the charming neighbourhood of Piddinghoe, Sussex. There are three excellent reception rooms, damp and mouldy in summer and flooded in winter, seven bed-rooms, two *with* fire-places, three smelling of mice, but all low and inconveniently small, with little windows, Good Kitchen, swarming with black-beetles, scullery ditto, out-house and wash-house filled with rats who come out even in the day-time, a Paddock of no use, all broken down, Three Acres of Garden, limey soil, River near, and the village sewerage also. The present tenant will be glad to get out of it on any terms. He believes the Landlord would part with the lease for a fair consideration.

THE WEATHER.—A "close morning." To-morrow morning is the closest at present.



WHAT NEXT!

Mistress. "FOR GOODNESS GRACIOUS SAKE, MARTHA, GO AND TAKE THAT RIDICULOUS THING OFF, DO!"

Martha (*"which I were well aware it were my New Bonnet she were eluding to"*). "WELL, THERE, MUM, I DECLARE, MUM, I GIVE MY MILLINER HORDERS TO MAKE IT PERCISELY SIMILAR TO YOURN, MUM!!"

AN UNREPORTED SITTING AT DUNDEE.

A SUBJECT of national importance occupied the time and digestion of the Section of Economic Science and Statistics, during the meeting of the British Association this last week at "Bonnie" Dundee. For the first time in culinary history the world-renowned Dundee Marmalade attracted, from philosophers and *savans*, the attention it so richly deserves. After a protracted debate on the topic of game preserves, the Section (whose President was a Duff, but anything *but* a duffer) investigated this, perhaps the most fascinating of fruit preserves, and spent several hours in discussing the choicest samples that the local manufacturers could supply, served up on toast, on the ordinary household bread alone, and relieved with butter, on shortbread and every species of Scotch cake, in pastry, as the basis and ground-work of an admirable pudding (encored twice), and in forty-three other different ways*. Papers were read full of interesting details and figures, showing the increasing popularity of what may be looked upon as one of the staple manufactures of Dundee, particularly amongst the studious undergraduates at our Universities; its adulteration by unprincipled traders, carrots and turnips meeting with the severest censure; its enormous consumption (far exceeding that of Butter-Scotch) a calculation being made that if all the pots emptied in 1866 were placed end to end, they would extend from Dundee to London, and back again; its influence on Vegetarianism, its chemical analysis (ozone being largely present), its sanitary properties as a dietetic, and lastly, the gross ignorance which leads many even of its warmest admirers to speak of the fruit from which the golden dainty is prepared as "civil," instead of Seville, oranges. Many interesting facts were related by the lady members present. All the most celebrated receipts were duly weighed and compared, and the fullest particulars as to rind, and juice, and the proper proportion of sugar copied into capacious notebooks. It may be a comfort to MR. WHALLEY, in his lonely hours, to hear that all the members of the Section, after they had done full justice to the agreeable confection, were candid enough to avow themselves Orangemen to a man, with the exception of one Associate, who owned that, having in early youth, had powders administered to him in this luscious disguise, he was unable to overcome his aversion to it—his antipathy being so great that the mere sight of orange blossom obliged him to have recourse to medical advice.

Privately it was noticed that on the evening after the Section had dealt with this fruitful topic, the consumption of whiskey exceeded the average, and from this circumstance the inference was drawn that marmalade has a tendency to produce dyspeptic derangement; but it is right to add that this deduction was made by certain malcontents in the India trade, deeply interested in the importation of what may perhaps be considered marmalade's most formidable rival—preserved ginger.

* See an excellent little treatise by the Bishop of the Orange River, entitled *Fifty Ways of Eating Marmalade.*

A SHARP INFLICTION.

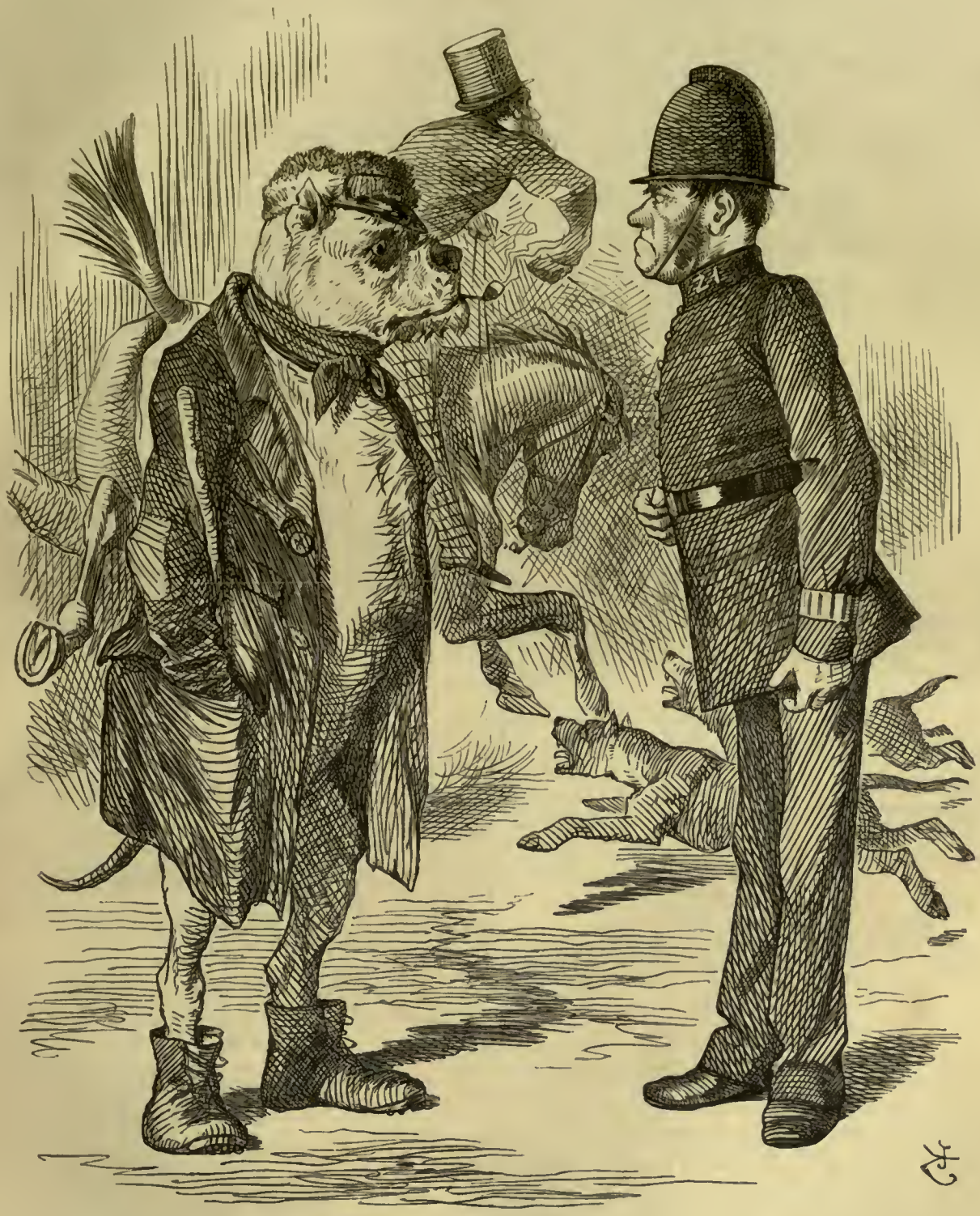
NEWSPAPERS announce, for the information of those whom it may concern, namely, persons accustomed to transmit explosive goods by rail, that, for sending lucifer matches thereby from Ludlow to Brecon, contrary to bye-laws, a fine of £20 has been imposed on MR. THOMAS ARTER, of the first of the above-named places, and of Kington, Herefordshire. Manufacturers and others had better, in future, mind what they are about, lest they, by committing THOMAS ARTER'S indiscretion, become partakers of TOM ARTER sauce.

Military Query.

By a Simple Cymon Civilian.

I HEAR, Sir, of a General of Division; is there a General of Multiplication, or a Colonel of Subtraction? What does a Generalissimo equal? Twenty Generals?

A MAN OF LOW EXTRACTION.—A Cheap Dentist.



CAVE CANEM, OR DOG(BERRY) LAW.

Canine Vagabond. "SHALL BITE IF I PLEASES. CAN'T CONWICT FOR A FUST OFFENCE, YER KNOW."



A VERY BAD JOB.

(*See the "Times," of Wednesday, September 4.*)

Oh, cruel *Times*, to go and grope
In a Blue Book as cruel,
For your hard-up dead-season fire
By way of finding fuel!

To drag thereout a cosy nest
Of harmless sinecurists,
And offer it a holocaust
To prating, prudish, purists!

Why leave the beaten path, thick strewn
With the dead season's traces,
To brand three lucky men whose lines
Have fall'n in pleasant places?

With centenarians to record,
Toads-in-coal, piscine showers,—
*The viper that bolts weasels whole,
The pike that "browns" devours:—

With all that for quotation yearns,
In proud provincial journals—
With all the Yankee nuts to crack,
Rich in dead-season kernels:—

With fruit, crops, tourists' grievances,
And social ills to howl of,—
Two harmless sinecurist swells,
And a Lord, why fall foul of?

What had Lord Truro, or Le Blanc,
Or Villars Meynell done,
That thou, oh, *Times*, should'st show them up—
Three job-masters in one?

Was't that some briefless barrister,
Flat leaders doomed to brew,
When fain peak, pass, and glacier,
He had been free to "do,"

Felt savage, thinking of these three
Paid but to take their pleasure,—
Seven thousand pounds per annum shared,
To feed their lucky leisure?

Was't private wrath or public zeal
Most served to make him sore?
Was't that he loved the jobbed-for less,
Or the job hated more?

Boots not to ask: the job is there,
The show-up true and telling,
And Truro, Meynell, and Le Blanc,
Stand like trees marked for felling!

"Middlesex Registry or Deeds,"
A pleasant place art thou—
Nay more, three pleasant places rolled
In one great job, I trow.

Five clerks, four under, one their chief,
And ten for copying paid—
Of Middlesex's registry
For lands bought, leased, conveyed,

Do all the work, and take in fees,
Twelve thousand pounds and more;
Whereof three thousand they retain,
And pay seven thousand o'er

To the three blessèd Registrars,
Who sit, aereue, on high,
Like gods of Epicurus, perched
Above our workday sky:

Who toil not, but take toll of men,
Hard-labouring men below,
And smile as murmurs and complaints
From their inferiors flow.

So sit Lord Truro and Le Blanc,
And Meynell, each a god,
Their work, to pocket quarterly
Five hundred pounds and odd.

While Deputy, Clerks, Clients, all
Earn and pay fees below,
To feed the unseen and mystic three,
That take, nor earning know!

Those mystic three nor Deputy,
Client, nor Clerk hath seen;
But through the valet of my Lord
Revealèd they have been.

For once a quarter he appears,
And for the unseen three,
Three cheques receives, their quittance leaves,
And that is all men see!

Oh, favoured office! happy state,
Where grow from deeds and dockets
Three sinecures, such as of old
Supplied birth-favoured pockets,

Ere Joseph Hume arose to save
Candle-ends and cheese-parings,
To cut down pensions, places, jobs,
And triumph in small sparings.

Oh, cruel *Times*, thy hand forbear,
Nor this unique example
Of a job like our fathers' jobs,
Out of existence trample!

The Mammoth's frame and Mastodon's
We in museums cherish;
Then shall this Mammoth-sinecure
Unwept, unpitied, perish?

This Mammoth, that like Mammoths found
In bergs Siberian sticking,
Still shows, complete, hair, teeth and claws,
And bones well worth the picking!

* See Viscount Folkestone's and D. F. Chernside's letters to the *Field*.

THE WEATHER, THE CROPS, AND THE COUNTRY.

There has been a good deal of weather about lately.

There was some very bad wethers in Sussex, but the Inspector had them killed at once.

A lady, who has taken to farming, has separated the beans from the other vegetables, on account of their being "so broad."

A French Bean has been hired by an agriculturist in the neighbourhood of Colwell-Hatchney, to give lessons in his native language.

A labourer in the north, who began his iniquitous career by robbing his master of pig-iron, has now been transported for pig-steeling.

Farmers are saving up their money to buy sewing-machines for next year. Women are to be employed on the work, who will chiefly be engaged in sewing tares.

A Kentish agriculturist has composed a new harvest song, with an appropriate chorus; the burden is—

"*Hop* light Loo,
And sow your pretty wheat."
Chorus. "*Rye* fol de riddle."

A gentleman farmer, who is something of a logician, writes to us to say that he considers the due springing up of the corn after the sowing of the seed, to be a clear illustration of the "Doctrine of *Corn*-sequences."

FUNEBRAL FINERY.

Among the "*toilettes ravissantes*" to be seen at a French watering-place, a Paris newspaper describes this sweetly pretty novelty:—

"Le bas de la jupe orné de têtes de morts, imprimées sur la mousseline."

"*Cette fantaisie funèbre*," as the writer nicely terms it, might be thought somewhat appropriate, if the wearer were in mourning: and, as novelty is charming, we may see death's heads embroidered, not on the skirt merely, but all over the dress. Crossbones might be also used by way of decoration, and coffins might be deemed a fitting kind of ornament for a funeral costume. As a check upon their gaiety, the Egyptians used to set up a skeleton in their banquet rooms: but if we chanced to sit at dinner by a lady in a dress with a *tête de mort* embroidery, we doubt if our politeness would be able to prevent a laugh at her bad taste.

A Pottle of Poetry.

It is said that an Italian poet has written a poem of nine hundred lines on strawberries. Could not portions of it be sung to a hautbois accompaniment?



WHAT A MISTAKE!

Aunt. "HAVE YOU BROUGHT MY GLOVES, POLLY?"
Polly. "YES, AUNTY, AND YOUR LONG CURL, TOO, WHICH WAS LYING ON THE TABLE."

THE EISTEDDFOD.

SIR,

I APPEAL to you. Why did not they give *me* the prize for *my* poem? Here it is: I call it simply

MY WALES!

Land of my birth All Hails!
My own, my lovely Wales!
The morning sun is rising
The Larks are on the wing,
Then hear me, O Ancient Country, the enterprising
Bard who now sings—
Gentle Zitella, list!
My charms thou canst not resist.

Land of Hills and Vales,
My own, my own Wales!
Upon the sea there sails
Ships which come often to Wales.
Blow, blow, ye gentle gales,
Aud waft me to the shores of Wales.

Strike harps! the Saxon shudders
Down in his craven heart.
For us in the land of sheep and udders,
Steering by means of rudders,
Where shrubs and flowers are budders,
Never more to part!
List to the Muse's tales,
Heroic rhymes of Wales.

Sweet Muse, empty tearful pails,
When on metheglin she regales,
Laugh while the Saxon rails,
My own, my ancient Wales.

Mermaidens comb your tails!
Wardens unlock your gaols!
Victory! never fails,
My own, my beloved Wales!

Clang then the cymbals!
Dance all ye nimbles!
Discard for this day your thimbles
Maidens of sunny Wales!
Cast away your bales
Ye merchants drop your sales,
And one cheer more
Now and before
We seek the climes of Wales.

Take from me my pen
My ink and then
Leave my hands and nails
I'll write and sing of Wales.

I remain, Sir, Yours,
THE CHIEF BARD MORGAN.
Who plays on the Organ.

N.B. If the above isn't rhyme, I don't know what is. M.

New Bishopric.

WE read that an ecclesiastical society is "taking measures" for a new bishopric in the North of Europe. Of course they are measuring how "high" his Lordship will be.

A DEEP THOUGHT (BY A TIDY PERSON).

WHY is the Tide called the Tide? Is it, *Tidus à non tiedendo*, because it is never still.

FIFTY NIMRODS WANTED.



RACKSHOT, OLD BOY,

WHILE I am lounging away life as passively as possible, having no more active occupation for my holiday than smoking a cigar the while I sprawl upon the beach, and "putting" now and then a two-ounce stone into the sea, you are stalking along, sunk up to your middle in the heather, and blazing at the grouse from breakfast till near bedtime.

I am fond of grouse myself, when they are nicely cooked, but I don't much envy men the privilege of killing them. I hardly see the fun of taking a long journey, and walking oneself daily well-nigh off one's legs, in order to bag things which you can buy as well in Bond Street. If I had any taste for shooting, I should content myself with killing cock-sparrows from a trap, which would entail less labour than having to walk after them.

But you have sporting tastes, and yearly go to Scotland for a rattle at the grouse, before you settle down to slaughter your tame partridges in Stubbleshire. Then, when the birds get wild, you have your pheasants to destroy, and thus are kept amused until the 1st of February. After that, your gun lies idle for nearly seven months, and hardly a day passes without your being bored by having nothing you can bang at. You will surely, then, feel grateful if I hand to you an invitation I received the other day, to join a shooting party who are promised two months' sport in the beginning of next spring. *Tiens, mon brave, la viola:*

"CHASSE DU LION.—Appel aux courageux chasseurs de toutes nations pour chasser de pied ferme, en Algérie, le Lion, la Panthère, et autres animaux, sous la direction de M. PERTUISET, Tueur de Lions."

There, my noble sportsman, there's some noble sport for you! Although your heart is in the Highlands, it must beat a little faster at the prospect thus held out to you. Fancy your delight in "affronting" in broad daylight His Majesty the King of Beasts! And see, you are to have that privilege positively twice a week:

"Deux grandes battues spéciales pour le Lion auront lieu chaque semaine, avec le concours de 100 à 200 rabatteurs indigènes: il sera expressément défendu de tirer sur tout autre animal que le Lion. Les chasseurs amateurs seront réunis par groupes de trois; plus ou moins, suivant les circonstances, à l'exception de M. PERTUISET, qui se fera toujours un plaisir d'occuper seul le poste le plus dangereux."

A battue of tame pheasants will seem a tame affair compared to one of lions, where it is specially "defended" to kill any smaller game. By the way, it would be awkward to "affront" a brace of panthers, or a couple of hyænas, on one of these same special lion-bagging days. Rather trying to the nerves it would be to see them near you, and to know it was "*expressément défendu*" to let fly at them. If I were M. PERTUISET, and had the "pleasure" to be placed in a remarkably "warm corner," I should run away as soon as I thought nobody was looking at me. So there might be some advantage in being left quite "*seul*." One could not well get out of it, if one were in a "*groupe de trois;*" at least, it might tax one's invention to explain one's absence creditably on sixteen "special" days. Of course, "*aux courageux chasseurs*" such fears may seem ridiculous. But not being used myself to shoot at lions *en plein jour*, instead of doing so "*de pied ferme*," I am afraid I should feel rather shaky in my shoes.

To timid men like me, and my old friend *Bully Bottom*, "there is not a more fearful wildfowl living than your lion." Yet, if I joined this little shooting party, it would not be by lions merely that my nerves would be upset:

"Une chasse aux sangliers, hyènes, panthères, porcs-épics, linx, chats-tigres, chacals, etc. etc., aura lieu deux fois par semaine, avec le concours d'une nombreuse troupe de rabatteurs; ces jours-là, les chasseurs auront le droit de tirer sur les animaux indistinctement."

There seems a charming air of certainty in M. PERTUISET's arrangements, as though he kept his lions, panthers, boars, and other wild beasts caged in separate preserves, and had them ready at a moment's notice to be taken out and shot. Every Monday, say, and Thursday, a few lions will be flushed; and on Wednesday and Saturday the keepers will put up a brace or two of panthers, with half a dozen porcupines, some lynxes and hyenas, and a score or so of tiger-cats, to make up a good bag. Fifty chasseurs are invited to invade these happy hunting grounds, and as each is to be armed with two guns and a revolver, the preserves must be well stocked to provide sufficient sport. Each chasseur is to bring "*un habillement complet de chasse, d'après le modèle qui sera donné.*" So I picture you, *mon ami*, in a pea-green velvet tunic, tightly belted at the waist, dragoon's boots, spurs, red jockey cap, gloves reaching to the elbow, with a game-bag three feet square slung dangling at your back, and a hunting-horn encircling you from shoulder to hip. In this delightful dress you will be handed to posterity, in "*un volume illustré contenant le récit de ces chasses,*" which M. PERTUISET will publish when he returns to France. Moreover, further to induce you to join his little party, and included in the paltry sum (£180) which you must pay for doing so:

"Une medaille en bronze, rappelant ces exploits cynégétiques, sera distribuée à tout souscripteur faisant partie de l'expédition, au revers de la médaille seront gravés les noms de chaque chasseur. Un journal de Paris, disposant d'une grande publicité, insérera chaque semaine un compte-rendu détaillé des chasses, d'après les notes envoyés par un historiographe attaché à l'expédition."

Living after AGAMEMNON, the heroes who are brave enough to shoot with M. PERTUISET will need no *vates sacer* to record their valiant deeds. They will see their names paraded and bepuffed in a cheap paper, and will each get a brass medal to testify their pluck. Is not this enough to tempt a man to seek a sporting reputation, even at the lion's mouth? Nervous as I am by nature, I yet sigh to see myself *décoré* with the new Order of Valour conferred by M. PERTUISET. Besides this, he is promised in big letters, "BONNE NOURRITURE ET MATÉRIEL CONFORTABLE;" for Frenchmen like good feeding, even in the field. Moreover, listen to this:

"M. PERTUISET, afin d'assurer un grand succès à cette première expédition, dans les chasses au Lion seulement, fournira aux chasseurs des balles explosibles foudroyantes."

Does not that brave chasseur, the renowned *Baron Munchausen*, tell a truthful little tale of how he once contrived to blow up a wild beast? Having fired his final bullet, I think he threw his powderflask straight down the animal's wide opened throat; then, cleverly injecting his flint and steel and tinderbox, he struck a spark, and caused such a terrible explosion, that the beast gave up the ghost. Doubtless M. PERTUISET's "*balles explosibles foudroyantes*" will cause a similar effect; and the "*volume illustré*" which he intends to publish will contain some faithful pictures of exploded lions, quite as marvellous as any that *Munchausen* could invent.

Wishing you success if you accept his invitation, and daily a good appetite for the *bonne nourriture* supplied, believe me, yours serenely,

BENJAMIN BROWN.

P.S. If the newspapers record the feats of these French lion-killers, I presume that the reports will be penned by penny-a-liners.

BEALES OUT OF PLACE.

THE great Celtic Easter festival was called "Beltane," properly "Beal-tan," the fire of Beal or Baal,—a Celtic eponym of the Sun-god. The object of the present Irish tour of the Reform League leader seems to be an autumnal anticipation of this Easter ceremonial in the slightly altered shape of "BEALES-tin," or a whip for the BEALES subscription in Dublin. But that cock won't fight, not even when backed by the O'DONOGHUE. The Green Isle is not so green as to take BEALES for its guide or its hero. What the "boys" who filled the Rotunda, and didn't listen to BEALES, want, is not "Reform" but "Revolution;" and they are honest, if foolish, enough to say so, "clane out."

The only "Reform" of Parliament they are likely to combine or subscribe for, is one that should "Reform it off the face of the earth," and *Their* League is not the Bealesian, but the Fenian.

BEALES had better keep to Trafalgar Square, and the Sussex Hotel, and be content with his Hyde Park laurels. He isn't at all of the calibre fit for "the Phaynix,"—either the Park, or the Bird.

SISTER CONFESSORS.

CONTRADICTION will probably be given to the statement contained in a newspaper paragraph, according to which:—

"A correspondent says that some stir has been caused by the fact becoming public that the patients in St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital at Clewer are asked, if not required, by the Sisters who attend upon them, to practise confession."

It is probable that ladies devoted to a work of charity would mind their own business and not the parson's—if the confession of any of their patients were the parson's business and not solely that of the Roman Catholic priest. Nobody can for a moment suppose that they ever take upon themselves to confess anyone, although very likely they are often the unwilling hearers of confessions which the combination of enthusiastic piety and benevolence with personal attraction cannot but frequently cause to be made to the young lady in whom it occurs.

The Two Greatest Bores of the Day.

THE Metropolitan Underground Railway and the Mont Cénis Tunnel.

WHAT RUTH FOUND THE CRITICS AT THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Ruth-less.

'HERE'S SPORT INDEED!"



MR. GRIFFIN, OF THE C.C.S., AND ENSIGN GREEN OF THE C.R.R., HAVING COME TO CEYLON IN THE SAME VESSEL, ARRANGE THAT WHEN THEY CAN GET LEAVE OF ABSENCE, THEY WILL GO TOGETHER "TO HAVE A POT AT THE ELEPHANTS." IN DUE TIME THEY GO, AND FOLLOWING THEIR TRACKER, AT LENGTH DISCOVER THE ANIMAL.



THE ANIMAL DISCOVERS THEM.



THEY ESCAPE UNSCATHED, BUT A LITTLE REFRESHMENT BECOMES NECESSARY.



COMING IN SIGHT OF A HERD IN OPEN GROUND, THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF OBSERVING "THE YOUNG RUNNING PLAYFULLY AMONG THE HERD, THE EMBLEMS OF INNOCENCE."—*Vide* SIR EMERSON TENNENT.



HAVING ARRIVED WITHOUT DISCOVERY IN THE MIDST OF A HERD, MR. GRIFFIN FIRES, AND TURNING ROUND TO TAKE ANOTHER GUN SEES NOTHING OF THE GUNBEARERS BUT THEIR HEELS.



HE IS PURSUED, AND KNOWING THAT THE BEST THING UNDER SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, IS TO TURN SHARP ROUND, DOES SO, AND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE ABOVE POSITION. *In medio tutissimus ibis (?!)*



MR. GREEN TURNS UP IN THE NICK OF TIME, SHOOTS ONE, AND THE REST RUN AWAY. *Extract from* MR. GREEN'S *Diary*:—"GRIFFIN EXECUTED A PAS SEUL, WHICH FOR ORIGINALITY OF CONCEPTION, COMBINED WITH BRILLIANCY OF EXECUTION, HAS PERHAPS NEVER BEEN EQUALLED."

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"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Thirsty Soul (after several gyrations round the Letter-box.) "I sh 'like t' know wha'-sh-'e good 'f Gen'lem'n-sh turn'n Tea-Tot'ller 'f Gov'm'nt (*Hic*) goes-h an' cut-sh th' Shpouts-h o' th *Pumpsh* off!"

A FASHIONABLE REFORM.

Now Reason in a measure reigns
O'er female dress; some girls, with feet
And anklea gifted, and with brains,
Wear skirts that do not sweep the street.

The wearer thus her brains doth show,
Exhibits feet and ankles too:
Without her dress held up, as though
On purpose to afford the view.

Now you can see a form of grace,
Whose outlines were before concealed;
Draped, simply, and, besides the face,
With judgment other charms revealed.

Old times return, emotions old
Back with sweet recollections bring;
The dull blood feels, in winter's cold,
As though revisited by spring.

Our very youth, serene through smoke
And self-sufficient as are they,
With some sensation may be woke
By damsels clad in meet array.

Ye fair ones, blest with minds and souls,
Effect just one amendment more;
Discard those chignons from your polls,
And you 'll be objects to adore!

MANSLAUGHTER *À-LA-MODE.*

We learn by a contemporary, more enlightened than ourselves in fashionable matters, that among some other striking novelties of costume:—

"A steel dagger is sometimes worn stuck in the belt, and a small sword is thrust transversely through the chignon."

So to carry on the war against poor bachelors and widowers, Venus now is borrowing her armaments from Mars. What with daggers at the waist and small swords in the chignon, our *élégantes* must surely be able to look killing.

"Letters of Credit."—I.O.U.

THE CONFESSIONAL UNCONTROLLED.

The following extract from the evidence of the Rev. Edmund Clay, M.A., incumbent of St. Margaret's, Brighton, before the Ritualist Commission, is commended to the attention of parents and guardians:—

"I was requested to visit a person in great distress. She was a widow lady who had come down to Brighton. . . . She told me that she was very much alarmed for her general condition; that she was in the habit of undergoing severe penances, which had been imposed by a clergyman, but not a clergyman in Brighton. He was a clergyman then officiating in London. She gave me one instance: the night before she spoke to me she had kneeled on a marble slab bare-kneed for four hours repeating certain penitential psalms and prayers, which were imposed as a penance in consequence of her having confessed to some sins of temper or infirmity of that sort."

There is a certain article of apparel, which, though generally supposed to be distinctive of Ritualist parsons, has not even once been referred to by any one of either the examiners, or the witnesses in the Commission on Ritualism. It is not, indeed, a vestment of the ceremonial kind; but tailors are wont to call it a vest. They call it, however, something more. To the word vest, tailorish for waistcoat, they prefix the initials "M.B." The species of vest, or waistcoat, denoted by those letters, and with a peculiar and personal significance by the second of them, is worn, or would be worn, by the sham confessor who had the brutality to impose on his poor humbugged penitent the cruel penance above described.

Taking, however, the "M.B." waistcoat as simply the badge of a party, and not as the token of an individual, and regarding it as an "M.B." in the sense of an "M.R.," or Mock Romish waistcoat, every sensible man must see that it is high time the bishops, or the legislature, should look after its wearers. This is no suggestion that the Mock-Romanists had better be placed under restraint, and confined in waistcoats of a closer kind than the "M.B." It means that if they are permitted to play the part of Father Confessors, they should be subjected to the same regulations as those which govern the priests whom they imitate. Even genuine Romish Confessors are not necessarily to be trusted; must, some of them, have now and then done such things as those of which Dr. Newman's witnesses accused Dr. Achilli. What may not possibly be perpetrated by some of their unsupervised apes, allowed, like the one above referred to, but unfortunately not named, to practise, in secret, on the weakness and impulsiveness of penitents of the softer sex?

A BLACK BUT BRIGHT FUTURE FOR IRELAND.

The *Mechanics' Magazine* says that it is certain that various mineral substances are now in process of formation or development—that the formation of stone, for instance, is as apparent as its disintegration; and that:—

"So, also, we know that coal is being formed from peat. The intermediate stage is lignite or 'brown coal,' which in turn becomes coal."

By the time, then, that all our coal is exhausted, if that time is distant enough, perhaps Irish peat will have turned into Irish coal. Irish peat-bogs are possibly inchoate coal-mines, and the Emerald Island may be destined to become the Isle of Black Diamonds. Then, when the speciality of Newcastle shall have sunk into oblivion, the proverbial phrase for a superfluous presentation will very likely have passed into that of "carrying coals to Donegal." Set to work, therefore, you Ministers and Statesmen, as hard as you are able, to devise some means of conciliating Paddy Whack; since consideration for Posterity, in particular as to coal, suggests justice to Ireland.

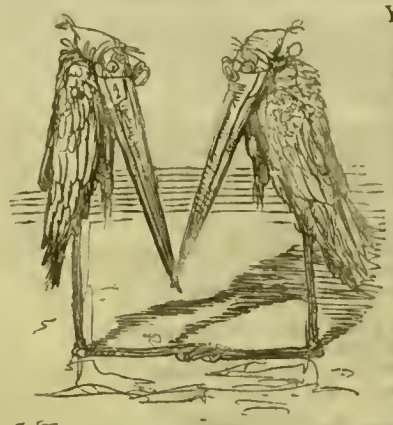
The Worst Horse Winning.

Great scandal has been caused at Paris by the rapid progress of the new Opera in comparison with that of the new Hospital. Considering the orgies enacted in the *Salle d'Opéra* at the Carnival balls, one might call it a race in which *Hôtel Dieu* is being beaten by *Hôtel Diable.*

A FEW FRIENDS.

(IN SEVERAL TABLEAUX FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU II.—MY GLOOMY FRIEND.



MY Gloomy Friend strolling by the sea catches sight of me at my window, laid by the heels in consequence of bathing among the jelly-fish aforesaid. He stops and exclaims slowly, "Hul-lo!" from the pavement. He sees that something is the matter with me, and announces his intention of coming up. He comes up. He is very tall, and his voice is double-bass, so low that it sounds as if he was always giving a ventriloquial imitation of the man in the cellar. He appears at the door of my room, and then his voice, as to speak, follows, coming up after him. He has the air of the *Ghost* in *Hamlet*, regarding the world generally more in sorrow than in anger. His tones are measured and musical, inducing sleep in the listener.

I can't rise to receive him, having my leg on a chair, and my foot swaddled.

I address him as cheerfully as possible—for one can't help being slightly overcome by his height, and depth of voice,—making light of this attack of jelly-fish. He stands in the door-way and says (that is, the man in the cellar says), that he 's sorry to see me like this? (I should like to butt him in the middle of his waistcoat and make him speak quicker.)

I tell him "It 's nothing," but somehow begin to realise its importance. "Gout?" he inquires. No, not gout, I inform him, feeling partially sorry at being obliged to disclaim any tendency to gout. I have a sort of hazy idea that only Dukes have gout.

"Erysipelas?" he supposes, with the air of one who 's right this time, and won't guess again. I am a little indignant with him for this supposition. Such a drop from gout to erysipelas: from the palace to the hospital. So I explain to him that "It 's a curious thing; the sting of a jelly-fish;" and I continue my lecture on the subject, as if the foot didn't belong to me, but was a surgical model, illustrating the effect of jelly-fish on the human toe. He is not astonished at all: it is not "a curious thing" to him: in fact, it 's far from uncommon, he says, and wonders why you don't oftener hear of fatal cases, as the jelly-fish sting is most dangerous. I say, "I don't think it can be very dangerous." He begs my pardon, but it *is*, very. (The bass voice from the cellar says this impressively.) I force a smile, and tell him cheerily, "'Twill all be right in a day or two." He "hopes so," (that is the man in the cellar, or under the chair when he 's seated, "hopes so") but he adds, with great deliberation, that I ought to be very careful. *By the way*, his gloominess arises mainly from a mistaken notion of expressing sympathy with misfortune.

I enforce the fact on him that "I *am* taking care;" and determine in my own mind to take more care than ever. In order to prove my own solicitude for myself, I tell him that I am in the Doctor's hands. This doesn't cheer him up at all: he only wants to know (lowest note in the bass cleff) "What Doctor?" I tell him defiantly, as daring him to name a better; which however he does at once. "Oughtn't to have gone to TIPKIN," says he, naming *my* man, "you wanted BUNBURY for this sort of thing." The thought of my mistake in consulting TIPKIN instead of BUNBURY makes him more gloomy than ever. I have half a mind to apologise to TIPKIN when he comes again, and say, "I 'm very sorry to have troubled you, but I want BUNBURY." Before, however, getting rid (mentally) of TIPKIN, I ask, "Why BUNBURY?" Just to give TIPKIN a chance.

"Well," says a sepulchral voice from somewhere, "TIPKIN 's a humbug." This is unsatisfactory. I say, for my own comfort, that all Doctors are alike. I feel I 'm wrong there. My Gloomy Friend points to BUNBURY as a brilliant exception. BUNBURY, it appears, would have had me all right in a day. (TIPKIN 's been two days already). BUNBURY wouldn't have poulticed, not he, being apparently above such treatment. (TIPKIN is, so to speak, all poultice.) BUNBURY goes upon the dieting plan. So does TIPKIN, I exclaim, scoring one, as it were, for poor TIPKIN. "Not the *right* dieting system," says my Gloomy Friend: "*his* system," he goes on to explain, "does more harm than good." He calls me to witness my own condition, how I 'm lowered in two days. [I give TIPKIN up: I wish I could shake him off and call in BUNBURY. *By the way*, I might be "not at home" when TIPKIN calls, and give his medicines to the boots to do what he likes with. They may be useful to him: for his children, if any.] "TIPKIN," my Gloomy Friend, more *basso profondo* than usual, supposes, "has sent you lots of draughts." "He has," I admit, beginning to look upon TIPKIN as nothing better than a swindler. "And he 'll send a lot more, of course," says His Gloominess, as if communing with himself over a melancholy future. I admit again that TIPKIN has expressed his intention of so doing. [I am getting savage with TIPKIN, and when the medicine *does* come, hang me if I don't think I 'll send it back again to him with my compliments, and ask him to take it himself.] *By the way*, I needn't take it. "But," the voice from the tomb reminds me, "you 'll have to pay for it." He dares say, merely to prevent utter despondency on my part, that it will be all right in time: only he advises me if I "find myself getting worse to send for BUNBURY," which I promise to do.

He now returns to his first theme, and expresses his opinion that what I 've got is incipient gout, aggravated by the poison of the jelly-fish. Is the jelly-fish poisonous? I ask, for I own I am startled by that word. He looks up at me with calm, pitying surprise. "Poison?" says he, smiling gloomily, "of course." He commences an explanation of the different kinds of jelly-fish. Did I fall among red ones, or white ones? or green ones? Were they long and filmy, or wide and almost opaque bodies? Red I think and filmy, is my answer; though I don't like admitting they were "filmy." I feel somehow that all their sting lies in their being "filmy." "Bad," he says, in his lowest tone; my knell. I follow my own coffin, in imagination, to the nearest churchyard. Epitaph, "Killed by Jelly-fish." During my meditation he is silent. Then he rises as if to go, and the voice of the man in the cellar comes up a step or two, as he rises towards the ceiling (he must be six feet three) and hopes he 'll see me better soon. I apologise for not getting up and he replies, "No; not on any account; you *must* be careful." But he doesn't leave me. He stands silently at the window regarding the passers-by. He sees excursionists packed into a sailing-boat and foretells some accident. He is of opinion that many things "oughtn't to be allowed." Pleasure-boats for excursion parties being one of them. A nurse with a child passes, and he points out to me how the little boy (or girl) is tending towards being bandy-legged. To make him lively, I attract his attention towards some more children toddling about, with their shoes off, in the sea. "How happy, how careless!" I exclaim, sentimentally. He is sadly indignant with their attendants, or parents. This is also a thing which "should not be allowed." Why? I ask. "Do you not know," he returns (bass cadence in a minor key), "that it is in this way the seeds of rheumatism are sown?" I am aghast. It was only the other day I was encouraging some little nephews and nieces to run for halfpence into the waves. When they are old and rheumatic they will curse my memory and turn my picture to the wall. Street-niggers, bands, organs, beggars, all "oughtn't to be allowed." Here I agree with him. I suggest that we may soon see all such nuisances rigidly prohibited by an Act. This prospect does not satisfy him. He is very gloomy over it in fact. "Break up these bands of niggers," he says, "disperse the organmen, stop fiddlers, and men with dogs, ponies and monkeys, and what then? Why you cast on the streets a swarm of idlers, and feed a revolution." His views of literature, the stage, art, society are all of the same colour. Everything wrong everywhere. Hotel charges "shouldn't be allowed," he thinks, and thence, arguing from the price of a glass of soda-water and sherry at a large hotel, he prophesies the gradual commercial decline and fall of the British Empire. After all this I feel inclined to pity everybody, pay my hotel bill if possible, draw my money out of the bank, sell most of my valuables, pack up a bag and go to some elevated spot on the Continent, where I can watch the decay of my mother country, and spend a shilling a day at the most.

By the way I *have* heard of some place in Switzerland near a snow mountain and a lake, where you can live like a prince at a hotel for two francs a day, and ride on a donkey. The latter included in the charge. Shall go there. Wine of the country two pence a bottle.

He has not gone when luncheon is brought in by the waiter. My Gloomy Friend reminds me that I ought to be very careful in my diet. He will not, he says, take anything himself, luncheon being an unwholesome meal. On the waiter's laying him a plate, however, he sits and helps himself freely to pressed beef, rolled tongue and pickles, observing, after looking at his watch, that it was later than he expected, and therefore he shall make this his dinner. This is overheard by the waiter, and I find "one dinner" entered in my bill, as taking place at *my* luncheon time. By the way he is very anxious to know if it isn't my hour for taking medicine, and begs me not to defer that ceremony on his account. I assure him that the prescribed moment has not yet arrived.

He becomes dreadfully gloomy on the subject of pickles, which leads him to speak of the adulteration of food. This of course is "a thing which shouldn't be allowed." After eating and drinking for three-quarters of an hour, he settles himself in an arm-chair, and a solemn voice, *now* from the deepest dungeon below the castle-moat, requests a cigar. It is brought. He surveys it mournfully. He doubts its goodness, inveighs against the price of all tobacco, and smokes it down

to a mere stump. "Isn't it my time for medicine?" he inquires. No, it is not. He is making me irritable. As if I couldn't take care of myself. I get him to talk of mutual friends. "What's become of TWYRTLE?" I ask. He gives a gloomy smile, and it being cheerful for him, I look forward to some amusing intelligence of TWYRTLE. "Ah, poor TWYRTLE," he says, "married two years ago (*slow puff from cigar*); sad thing (*puff and watching the smoke*); took to drinking (*puff*); wife gone!" This is his news of TWYRTLE. I am shocked. I try SAM HENNIDGE. What became of OLD SAM? Haven't seen him for years. "Ah!" he replies. "Poor OLD SAM [*long puff for silent consideration of* OLD SAM'S *life. At last he remembers it*]. Fishing-hook gave him a slight scratch a few months since (*puff*); dead now" (*smoke out of his nostrils*).

We are both silent. I suppose he'll go and slowly gossip of *me* to some other acquaintance as "Poor So-and-So; sad thing; been among the jelly-fish; can't last long," and so forth. I am depressed: wish he'd go. *By the way*, in future not at home to Gloomy Friend.

He departs at last, having been with me four hours. He has not laughed once, I think, in his attempts to be sympathetic. [Not very *simper*-thetic, as my Funny Friend would say—picture further on.] His last words (at the door, but voice down several steps) are, "See BUNBURY—he'll put you all right." His final recommendation decides me. I began with TIPKIN, and I'll stick to TIPKIN: and the sooner he cures me, and gets me out of the place where my Gloomy Friend is stopping, the better for my general health and spirits.

Note.—Next morning. TIPKIN is a trump. Have a photograph of myself done, "Cured in an Instant!" And in good time too, having received an official communication (I hold, as you know, a Government situation, and have a character to keep up) which compels my personal attendance in the North.

By the way. In the North I shall be all alone. Ask some one to stay with me. To whom do I owe a dinner? or any civilities? Refer to Photograph Book. Ha! there's my man—lively, not hearty (thank goodness), full of anecdote, witty, seen life. Capital companion in the North. So I write to THOMAS GRIGG [name under portrait of my Funny Friend.]

Ah! if I had but known—but——

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE PILLORY.

THERE are not a few reflecting persons who lament the abolition of the Pillory. They think, if that structure were still in being, it would form an admirable frame for the face of the small tradesman, but great rogue, who is addicted to the use of false weights and measures. It is their opinion that such a face, so framed, would form an excellent subject for a photograph to be distributed amongst the rogue's neighbours, and that it would also present a suitable target for volleys of eggs, constituting a merited ovation.

That the moral exposure, at least, of every such rogue is extremely desirable, nobody will deny or doubt except himself and his fellows. Towards this no good at all is done by the mere enumeration, with respect only to their several callings, of a lot of rogues who were brought to justice and fined. Nobody derives much gratification, or any advantage, from the simple announcement of a list of anonymous rogues. In every case of convictions for cheating of any sort, a nominal catalogue of the offenders ought to be made public, and moreover their addresses should be given as well as their names, for the information of those who, without it, might deal with them, and perhaps not take the precaution of looking very sharp after them.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in recommending to journalists in general for imitation, the excellent example furnished by the *Morning Post* in publishing, on Thursday, September 12, a full, true, and particular Return, made to the vestry of St. Pancras, by MR. GEORGE COLLINS, foreman to the Weights and Measures Committee, of persons amerced in penalties incurred by them for using false weights and scales in that parish. It will be found in Page 2 of our fashionable and serviceable contemporary, column 4, at the bottom. Note these points. The addresses as well as the names of all the cozeners, together with the particulars of their several frauds, are carefully specified, so as to enable their neighbours and all other persons in any danger of becoming their customers, to know whom they have got to trust to—which, of course, they will do no farther than you could throw a bull by the tail.

This for That.

WHAT a ludicrous change the alteration of a single word would sometimes make! An evening paper remarks that "They (the upper classes) must, at whatever cost, and with whatever labour, inoculate the constituencies with their own ideas," &c. Try the substitution of vaccinate (the more modern practice too) for "inoculate."

NEW MEANING.—The Art of Model Farming should now be classed under *Mechi-nism*.

BY THE SEA.

(*A Grumble of September.*)



WELL! London may be dull,
With the dulness of September;
Or dark and suicidal
With the fog-wreaths of November.
But the dulness of her autumn,
And her winter's miserie,
Are lively to the dulness
And suffering—by the sea!

With the snobs on the parade
I'm not inclined to mingle:
I can't get up Platonics
With the nurse-maids on the shingle.
I'm sick of the hot cliff-walk,
I'm tired of shrimps at tea;
Bored to death with barrel-organs
And brass-bands—by the sea!

And if such out-door pastimes
And pleasures leave me weary,
Indoors, at Sea-View Cottage
Existence is more dreary.
Where the only thing that's living,
Is the sharp F or flat B,
About the flabby pillow
At our lodging—by the sea!

They tell me sea-air's tonic;
They bid me seek the briny;
Dip my head till I am stifled,
Rub my body, till I'm shiny.
But I've no taste for sewage,
Diluted though it be,
And that's the sort of brewage
Supplied us—by the sea!

The papers come in late,
And the letters go out early:
The butcher is extortionate,
The poulterer is surly.
The fish comes down from London,
And stale is apt to be;
The fishers they hook human flats—
Not flat-fish—by the sea.

'Gainst the cheating of the natives
My day is one long struggle:
They've ta'en to highway robb'ry,
Since they have ceased to smuggle;
And their harvest is the season—
And the crop they clear is *me;*
And I'm grist between the mill-stones
Of the millers—by the sea.

If longer here I linger,
WINSLOW knows what I *may* be!
I may mope into an idiot,
Or maunder to a baby:
Become a human jelly-fish,
Or sea anemone,—
As soon in an aquarium
Exist, as by the sea!

My wife may call me selfish,
And read me Caudle-lectures,
On my private grounds for bolting
Indulge in harsh conjectures:
Blest if I stand it longer—
In town to-night I'll be,
Better London in September,
Than a week more by the sea.

THE LATE RISING IN SPAIN.

SPAIN is asleep in more ways than one. We have heard enough of her "late rising." When shall we hear of her "early rising?"



RAMSGATE SANDS.—No. 1.

IT IS LOW WATER—THE WEATHER IS MOST INVITING. THE TITWILLOW NURSEMAIDS HAVE GONE TO BATHE. THE TITWILLOW TWINS, WHO ARE OF AN INVENTIVE TURN, HAVE DISCOVERED THE ART OF MAKING CHEESES IN THE WATER, AND MUCH PREFER THE ARTICLE TO CHEESES ON DRY LAND. MRS. T. FEELS LIKE A HEN WHO HAS HATCHED A BROOD OF DUCKLINGS.

N.B. THE FIENDISH-LOOKING, BLACK-BEARDED INDIVIDUAL WHO IS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE OF THE NEAREST TWIN IS ONE OF MR. T.'S MANY BOSOM FRIENDS. HIS NAME IS MR. PIP. THE OTHER RUSHER TO THE RESCUE IS, OF COURSE, MR. TITWILLOW HIMSELF. (*Vide page* 120.)

THE DAY OF CONGRESSES.

'Tis a wonderful world, and more wondrous will be,
Now liberty everywhere loosens each tether,
Solidaire, if not solid, now men boast to be,
Their heads—if too oft, by the ears—laid together.
The chaff out of fallacies ought to be threshed,
And the back-bone of truth be made notably stiffer,
Now theories of all sorts are fearlessly clashed,
Creeds and crafts, all in Congress, agreeing to differ.

In Dundee the philosophers, cosmic and collegy,
Have swept through all nature, from *od* to *ozone*,
Electro-, Zoo,- Meteor-, Ge-, and Bi-ology,
Flint knives, koeken-middens, and breccia of bone.
Pro DARWIN or *contra*, for man or for monkey,
Each school 'gainst the other loud sounding the charge,
While LUBBOCK to man makes induction the *one* key,
And takes all the orthodox points in his targe.

And if seekers of truth have to loggerheads gotten,
On the past and the future of nature and man,
No wonder the workers for bread should not cotton
Exactly, in Congress when met at Lausanne.
If in French, German, English, a Babel have grown
Round amalgamate logs and humanity's right,
'Twixt ideas and tongues each to other unknown,
Till the gath'ring of brothers dissolved in a fight.

Nor, if toilers for wages and searchers for reason,
Find Congress means meetings to differ all round,
Need it cause *Punch* amaze, if, considering the breeze on,
The Pan-Anglican Synod should stormy be found.

For the Bishops' whole Bench if NATAL prove too many,
If CLOSE clinch S. OXON, and GLOUCESTER MCNEILE,
If *Record* and *Guardian*, like cats of Kilkenny,
To the tail eat each other, in proof of their zeal.

'Twill be but to follow the striking example
The Genevan Peace Congress the Church has just set,
Where each on his neighbour's toes made free to trample,
And his neighbour with interest paid off the debt.
Till the preachers of peace, in a general quarrel,
Broke up, after choosing Italia's Mars,
GARIBALDI, for chairman, to point peace's moral,
As, the leisure to make preparation for wars.

MUSIC OF THE VERY FUTURE.

THE *New York Times* (cited by the *Era*) supports a good cause by an argument of which we fail to see the overwhelming force. The cause is the right of a dramatic author to be protected from theft. In proof that such theft is easy, the *New York Times* says,

"MOZART is said to have written out the whole of one of MENDELSSOHN'S overtures after a single hearing."

There may be concealed and latent power in this statement, and we simply own our ignorance of its value. We scorn to adduce against it so Philistine and churchwardenly an answer as is implied in mentioning the received belief that MOZART died in 1791, whereas the composer whose overtures he wrote out was not born until 1809. Let Art be discussed on higher grounds. Will the *N. Y. Times* explain?

THE GREATEST *ACHIEVEMENT* ON RECORD.—COLONEL PEARSON'S.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

MOTHER CHURCH. "AH! NOW YOU ARE MY OWN DEAR PROTESTANT BOY AGAIN!"

A PLEA FOR VERMIN.



MR. PUNCH,—You noticed, no doubt, some remarks made at one of the late sittings of the British Association by the REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, on the indiscriminate destruction, with a view to the extermination, of that part of our fauna commonly stigmatised as vermin. According to the report of the reverend naturalist's observations:—

"He said he had no good opinion of the gamekeepers, for he thought they were the most destructive of all vermin, so far as regarded the game of this country (*Laughter*, and *hear, hear.*) He stated that he had travelled in Tunis, Sahara, and America, and in all these countries birds of prey abounded to a degree of which they had no conception in this country. He one day counted not less than sixty-seven birds of prey in Tunis, and it really swarmed with game. By extirpating from their doors birds of prey, they had engendered disease among game."

Here, Sir, is something in support of a plea that has been advanced in your own columns on behalf of the majestic eagles, the noble falcons, the gallant hawks, the venerable owls and ravens, the queer badgers, and the humble but interesting hedgehogs, polecats, stoats, and weazels. Hear the REVEREND TRISTRAM out:—

"When he was young falcons used to be seen on the Cheviots, and had no they been driven from their mountains and moors, he was quite certain that these birds would simply, by the operation of natural laws, have destroyed those birds in which the disease commenced, and might have prevented the grouse disease in the epidemic and destructive form it had now assumed. It was well known that birds of prey always attacked the birds which rose last, and were the weakest, and therefore the spread of the disease was prevented."

All this looks very much like proof of the wisdom evinced by our ancestors in fining people heavily for stealing hawks'-eggs. Would it not be desirable to revive the old English laws in so far, and, farther, to punish any one for shooting a hawk as severely as for shooting a partridge?

Reference to the wisdom of our ancestors reminds one, by the rule of contrary, of their descendants' folly. That, doubtless, is instanced in the existence of sparrow-clubs, notwithstanding your repeated demonstration that the destruction of sparrows is the preservation of caterpillars.

Sometimes, Sir, I am inclined to question whether the argument for cherishing sparrows, and birds and beasts of prey, might not be pushed to greater lengths than most people would imagine. Servants are usually expected to destroy spiders. But spiders destroy flies, and I, for my own peculiar part, think them very pretty creatures; thus ornamental as well as useful. Then flies, in their turn, doubtless eat up much dirt, in the shape of refuse organic matter. So I doubt if it is judicious to set *papier moure*, or syrup, to kill flies. One kind of creatures that are in some degree mischievous serves to keep the other under; and whilst they all do more or less harm, they all, or nearly all, do more or less good. All, or nearly all, I say, because I have not as yet been able to discover any good that fleas do; not to mention other parasitic insects. But the saint of old that refused to rid himself of any of those guests, because the present life was the only one they could enjoy, had probably another reason for affording them cover and food. Very likely he thought that in causing the irritation with which they must have continually vexed him, they were performing the office of subjecting him to a merited, and (spiritually) wholesome penance. On this point you can consult FATHER IGNATIUS, who, as I perceive by his photographs, has not entirely shaved his head—or had it shaved. But what physical benefit such things as the inhabitants of chignons, and our minute occasional bedfellows, can confer on man or womankind, I am at a loss to conceive. Therefore I am not at present prepared to go quite so far as to uphold the adoption of *laissez-faire* with all manner of vermin. On the contrary, only the other day, having awoke with tingling sensations about my wrists, and having, when daylight came, discovered the causes of them, I had my bed taken to pieces, and sprinkled plentifully with insecticide powder. Hawks are called vermin in these days, and there is a hawk named a hobby; but, loving hawks as I do, I would not ride a hobby to death, by pushing a theory to extreme consequences. I shall therefore persist in the use of insect-powder as often as it may be required, which I hope will be very seldom. To deprecate, however, the employment of powder and shot, for the purpose of extirpating birds of prey, proved as they are by the truly reverend naturalist, MR. TRISTRAM, to be game-preservers, will be the constant endeavour of

Yours truly,

WHITEBROWN DE SELBORNE.

BLACK AND WHITE.

HAVE our excellent friends of the "Black Country," who found so many crows to pluck with *Mr. Punch*, when he ventured to call attention to the state of education and culture in that dark realm of coal and iron, weighed, marked and digested the Report of M. SCHNEIDER, on the institutions for the advancement, education and comfort of the working-men and their families employed in the great works at Creusot, of which M. SCHNEIDER is the guiding heart and head?

If not, *Mr. Punch* earnestly begs to commend to their serious reading that noble evidence how the masters of the works at Creusot understand the great law that "Property has its duties as well as its rights.' Where shall we look for a Creusot in England?

M. SCHNEIDER's report has left *Mr. Punch* blushing.

What the Creusot firm have done to develope and encourage the good elements of man, woman and childhood amongst their workers in coal and iron, shows that Black need not be so very Black, if only intelligent and far-sighted men will apply their energies to making the best of their workpeople, as well as making the most of their money; if they will recognise that besides "hands" there are such things as "heads" and "hearts" to be thought of, and provided for, in great centres of industry, and that a due and practical recognition of this truth will go far to wash the Black Country white.

A DOUBLE-EDGED SAW.

MR. PUNCH,

THERE is, I grant you, partial force in the argument, alleged as a reason why men, even though not opulent, may venture to marry, of the proverb which says that what is enough for one is enough for two. In general, no doubt, if a man eats and drinks enough to satisfy him, he eats and drinks at least twice as much as will do him good. There are, indeed, many men in whose cases it might truly be said that what is enough for one is enough for half-a-dozen. In so far, this might be urged as a plea for polygamy; but, eschewing Mormonism, let us rather say that it would be a justification for marriage with a prospect of a family.

But, Sir, surely your penetration has enabled you to see that the saying that what is enough for one is enough for two cuts both ways. The fact is not only that the quantity of food and drink which is enough to content one man, is, as a rule, enough to maintain a man and wife, and, in some instances a family of six children to boot. It is also, nowadays, true that the drapery which is not more than extensive enough to enable one woman to follow the fashion, is more than extensive enough to clothe two, or perhaps three women comfortably, and as amply as good taste would require. Is this a consideration, *Mr. Punch*, much calculated to encourage men in moderate circumstances to undertake the pecuniary liabilities which, in these times, they must necessarily incur by contracting matrimony, unless with an heiress or a relict in possession of an adequate jointure. I have, Sir, the speciality of being your old friend,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

An Appropriate Present.

THE Licensed Victuallers have given a lifeboat (called "The Licensed Victualler") to the National Lifeboat Association. They could not do less, considering the number of persons they have caused to be half-seas over.

IF "IFS" AND "ANDS" WERE *POTS* AND *PANS*.

Pan-Anglican Synod,
Let's hope thou art not,
A sign the Church Anglican's
Going to *Pot!*

The New Monthly.

THE forthcoming magazine, *Saint Paul's*, is not, as its title might imply, what is usually styled a religious periodical, but it will be well adapted for family reading from its close connection with VIRTUE.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

THE writer of the letters in the *Times*, advocating "The cordon training of fruit trees" as adopted in France, is to be decorated for his pains—he is to receive the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.



RAMSGATE SANDS.—No. 2.

IT IS HIGH WATER. BY THIS TIME MR. PIP HAS GOT SLIGHTLY TIRED OF THE TWINS. THE NURSEMAIDS ARE STILL BATHING. MR. PIP TO MR. T., IN A FIENDISH WHISPER, "I SAY, T., WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A WEEK IN PARIS, YOU AND I, YOU KNOW?" TITWILLOW ANSWERS,——(*La suite au prochain numéro.*)

SAYINGS AND DOINGS AT DUNDEE.

MR. PUNCH,

CRADLED in the lap of physical science, and nursed in the arms of natural philosophy, I, ISAAC NEWTON BACON, to whom in buoyant youth soap-bubbles suggested prismatic colours and the soaring kite told the story of FRANKLIN and electricity, I, whose unofficial hours in methodical manhood are passed in the society of *Diatoms*, and the investigation of the Fauna of Rutlandshire (cold as a glacier to the FLORAS of Belgravia), and who look forward to an age of *Algæ* and fresh-water snails, have day by day and *Times* by *Times* watched, in my enforced confinement in a Public Department in London, the proceedings of the British Association in congress at Dundee, and ask leave now to dwell briefly on one or two points which seem to require further elucidation in the pages of your scientific periodical.

In Section A (Mathematics), "the proceedings opened with the reading of the report of the Lunar Committee." How are we to understand this announcement? As meaning that a Report was made by a deputation of learned men, sent by the Royal Society of the Moon (including our old friend the Man in the Moon), to ascertain the truth of the rumours that have reached our luminous neighbour as to the almost universal acquaintance with the wonders of nature and discoveries of science displayed by the upper and middle classes in this planet, to the exclusion of such useful studies as the Grecian Mythology, the composition of Latin Hexameters, and the functions of the Amphictyonic Council? Or have some of our rising philosophers been mixing with the best circles in the Moon (at the modest outlay of only £120 I was delighted to perceive) and learning something of the Penny Readings, Patent Laws, Album Portraits, Coloured Fountains, and general scientific progress of that distant and little known nation, with whom we hope to have in the course of a few years, at least bi-monthly communication by means of balloons and aërial transports? Or is it all moonshine?

I was sorry to find that the "behaviour" of the Aneroid Barometer had formed the subject of a paper (but not at present of an interview with the stipendiary magistrate), as I had always considered it a well-conducted instrument, not exhibiting the mercurial temperament of its brethren, and to be thoroughly depended on at a "pressure." My confidence in an esteemed philosophical friend being thus rudely shaken, possibly never again to be restored, the shock that I felt was all the greater when I read that "PROFESSOR HERSCHEL said it was too bold to say that every shooting star was a comet—they were more likely the dissipated parts of comets." Eccentric I may have thought these "luminous meteors" to be, but "dissipated"—I hope nobody will encourage them by watching anxiously for their appearance next November. For my part I intend to keep all my daughters in the drawing-room the nights these fast young sparks are expected to arrive, and shall not allow them to go out even on the balcony.

Shooting stars remind me that "in Section D a discussion took place on the grouse disease,"—a natural topic in Scotland, but the connection between the Advancement of Science and the mortality amongst grouse I have failed to discover, after a restless night of anxious thought, mingled with dreams of crumbs and bread sauce—"and on the desirability of arresting the destruction of native birds of prey." If the Section will devise some sure means of "arresting" the plunderers of boxes and hampers of "native birds," they will by so doing confer more happiness on mankind than by any amount of figures showing the comparative sums spent on gin-and-water and whiskey-toddy by the peoples of England and Caledonia; and they shall never want "an elegant luncheon" wherever they go.

And as luncheon has *some* connection with excursions, I am not, I think, out of order in informing you that "on arriving at Errol the excursionists found machines waiting to convey them to Fingask." What machines? I can think of nothing but bathing-machines, unless as the party was scientific, they made an experimental trip with some of MR. BABBAGE'S Calculating Machines?

Here is a useful hint to workhouse officials. "PROFESSOR ROGERS stated that at Oxford the guardians of the poor reduced the number of paupers from 3,000 to 300 by simply enforcing that all persons received

into the workhouse should be thoroughly washed." Nothing like the union of soap and water for paupers!

From a paper which treated of the manufactures of Dundee (the omission of all mention of marmalade was unpardonable), I derived the bewildering information that there "are also many persons engaged in the public calenders." Does the Master of the Rolls or the Deputy Keeper of the Records know anything of these industrious Northerners, or of the works upon which they are engaged? Are they early historical notices of *Jute*land?

Finally, it may interest your multitude of fair (and brown) readers to know that amongst the votes of thanks passed at the close of the Dundee Meeting was one from the grateful milliners of the place to the Committee for selecting their town as the scene this year of the operations of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, "the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" having all been new for the occasion.

ISAAC NEWTON BACON.

N.B. (North Britain, of course). Grants of money were made for various scientific objects; amongst them one of £25 for "Fossil Flora." Was she a stony-hearted beauty, and where can this lovely petrifaction be seen?

Leibnitz Villas, Humphry Davy Road,
Lower Banksia.

THE BIRD AND THE BABY.

LET the Baby squall, Ma'am,
Cruel? Not at all, Ma'am.
Musical I call, Ma'am,
Children's shrieks and cries.
Little chest expand, Ma'am,
Give what lungs demand, Ma'am,
Don't you understand, Ma'am?
Proper exercise.

But the other day, Ma'am,
While I was away, Ma'am,
Late in bed I lay, Ma'am,
As I sometimes do.
To my great delight, Ma'am,
Down-stairs—out of sight—Ma'am,
Scream with all their might, Ma'am,
Fancied I heard two.

"One against the other,
Crying for their mother,
Sister strives with brother;
Twins," I thought, "are those."
But, when I descended,
And the row had ended,
They were, who contended,
What do you suppose?

Of the two I heard, Ma'am,
One turned out a bird, Ma'am,
'Tis a fact absurd, Ma'am;
But the truth I tell.
Parrot, green and yellow,
Like an infant fellow,
Trying to outbellow
Other baby's yell.

BROWN should have been there, Ma'am,
Babies he can't bear, Ma'am,
Parrot's neck he'd swear, Ma'am,
Ought to have been wrung.
"Baby," with a curse, Ma'am,
To all pets averse, Ma'am,
"Gag," he'd tell the Nurse, Ma'am,
"Make it hold its tongue."

He, now, he's a bear, Ma'am,
No, we're not a pair, Ma'am,
I don't, I declare, Ma'am,
Hate small girls and boys;
Would not children shoot, Ma'am,
That they might be mute, Ma'am,
Am not such a brute, Ma'am;
Partial to their noise.

ANSWER TO A QUERY.

No. SIR ISAAC NEWTON was not called "The Laughing Philosopher," until he discovered gravity.

RITUALIST THEATRICALS AT SHOREDITCH.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Report of the Ritual Commission, a full-dress fancy service was held on a Friday evening lately, in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch; a locality in which it may be supposed that peculiar facilities for the display of taste and judgment in ecclesiastical costume were afforded by an abundance of establishments for the sale of antique vestments, sometimes irreverently termed old clo'.

The altar was handsomely lighted up with no less than fifty wax candles, besides two large candelabra, one north the other south, in addition to a long row of tapers on the rood-screen, and a profusion of gas jets into the bargain. It was also tastefully decorated with flowers, exhibiting a scene, at least, fully equal in brilliancy to anything of the kind ever witnessed at the Horticultural Gardens. The occasion of these embellishments, and the devotions which they graced, was a sermon to be preached by DR. GRAY, Bishop of Cape-Town, within the Octave of the Dedication *fête* of the sacred edifice.

Romanising commenced at eight o'clock with a procession, accompanied by a processional hymn. Precisely as the first note thereof resounded, there issued from the vestry, at the north-east corner of the church, a youthful figure, arrayed in what might by the uninformed spectator have been taken for female attire; a bright red robe, having over it two slips of cambric, one in front and the other behind. This smart dress, however, proved to be not that of a girl, but of a young gentleman. It was, in fact, a gown and surplice. The wearer bore on high a large golden cross, and after him marched a band of surpliced choristers, two and two, in gay apparel; several of the younger ones being like the cross-bearer, clad in red and cambric. The procession included three clergymen, one of them a D.C.L., who wore a crimson and scarlet hood, which was greatly admired. The Bishop, in full episcopal robes, came last but one; and a deacon, shouldering a large white flag, figured with a cross, brought up the rear. The procession moved from east to west along the north aisle, and then from west to east up the nave to the altar; thus not exactly down the middle and up again. Arrived at their destination they all took places according to their rank, and a musical performance commenced with full chorus, wherein the leading parts were sustained by the REV. D. B. F. LITTLEDALE and the REV. H. D. NIHILL. "Nothing," an attendant, was subsequently heard to remark, "couldn't be no finer than NIHILL."

The evening's festivities were brought to a close with a discourse, delivered, according to announcement, by the Colonial Bishop. It was preceded by an invocation, whereat the whole of the reverend gentlemen and chorus, together with most of the company, crossed themselves *à la Romaine*. Before its commencement a dramatic incident occurred. Who should make his appearance but FATHER IGNATIUS, *aliàs* the REV. MR. LYNE, with above two hundred members of his congregation, men, women, and children, walking in procession at his heels! They had come to demonstrate their gratitude to BISHOP GRAY for the short way which he endeavoured to take with BISHOP COLENSO. At the same time the theologians of Shoreditch made a demonstration of their controversial knowledge, which is probably not exceeded by that of IGNATIUS himself. They also came to beg the Bishop's blessing; and went, to receive it, down upon their knees. The effect was excellent. Roman Catholics were never better acted.

After a few minutes' silence, IGNATIUS and his followers made their exit. Having finished preaching, the Bishop gave a separate benediction to the party present; and the whole concluded with a recessional canticle. It was not over till past ten o'clock.

CELTICANA.

AT the Welsh Eisteddfod (all the faculties, including the medical faculty, required for the right spelling of this word) there were "ninety-seven competitors for the best *Englyn* (stanza) on the 'Weathercock.'" The fact is not generally known, but will now be universally notorious, that The Right Honourable B——N D——I, and several of his colleagues were amongst those who were vain enough to think themselves competent to write on the Weathercock. LORDS CARNARVON and CRANBORNE, and GENERAL PEEL declined the competition.

Some surprise has been expressed that in the swarm of prizes given at the Festival not one was offered for the best Welsh rabbit. The head-waiter at EVANS's informs us that he would have been proud to act as judge.

Bill Sykes in Velvet.

A SWINDLER who adopts an *aliàs* may be politely described as "a gentleman who changes his name for property."

FROM NEWINGTON BUTTS.—Of all gatherings an archery meeting is the most fashionable, for there you are sure to meet the whole of the bow *monde*.



COUNTRY STUDIES.

BEWILDERING POSITION FOR SHY YOUNG CURATE (IN LAVENDER GLOVES) AT HIS FIRST SCHOOL FÊTE!

A SINGULAR USE OF SOAP.

WHAT very curious discoveries are made—in the newspapers at any rate—during the dull season! Here is one for instance:—

"Californian papers state that there is dug out of the mountains of the Sierra Nevada Range a better material for beds than has been hitherto available in the markets of the world. It is the soap-root, which grows enveloped in a very tough and supple fibre, resembling somewhat the husk of cocoa-nut in colour and appearance, but nearly as tough as whalebone. The first work is to put the roots through a picker similar to a thrashing-machine, which is run by horse-power. This separates the fibre into a hair of eight or ten inches long, which is placed in a large vat or steamer till it becomes flexible, and is free from all gummy or glutinous matter. The natural colour is brown, but it is often coloured black, and an expert would find it hard to tell it from curled hair."

If this discovery be genuine, the phrase of "How are you off for hair?" will soon be an equivalent for, "How are you off for soap?" Vegetable hair-dyes have been commonly in vogue, and now they will be followed by vegetable hair. Heads of soap-root hair will soon be found in use, as well as beds of it. Made as it is to curl, it will doubtless look becoming, and we expect that soap-root chignons will soon be quite the fashion. Cleanliness at least will be secured by the invention: for with regard to soap-hair we need hardly ask the question, "Will it wash?" We would, however, warn the ladies who make use of it, that they be careful not to wear it when they go to bathe. Soap-hair, dipped in water, might, perhaps, melt into lather, and rude persons might laugh to see a nymph emerge like Venus from the sea, with no chignon but a quantity of soap-suds on her head.

Your Attention is Requested.

IT is surprising that in all the various and conflicting communications made to the papers respecting the Abyssinian Expedition (LORD LONGFORD is not to be envied) no reference has been made to a work which ought to be a leading authority on the subject. It was published last century by a writer of the name of JOHNSON, and is entitled *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. It may be consulted in the British Museum.

ROOTS AND FRUITS.

AMONG the current news is a paragraph announcing that:—

"Pine-apples made from turnips in Paris are said to be delicious; the turnips are saturated with an appropriate syrup, which confectioners know very well how to manufacture: the pine-apple is destined to become a success."

Turnips converted into pine-apples may be mentioned with a particular exactness, as some of the fruits of chemistry. The root is converted by chemistry into a fruit. Other roots will, perhaps, with the help of that science, be made to undergo a similar transformation. The tuber of the *Solanum tuberosum* will thus, possibly, be turned into an apple, of a quality far excelling that of the potato-apple; so that *pommes de terre* will be almost indistinguishable from the produce of orchards, and walnut-leaf and ash-leaf kidneys, for example, will be metamorphosed into nonpareils and ribstone-pippins. At dessert we shall be presented with orleans or magnum-bonum plums apparently, which are, in truth, Jerusalem artichokes in a chemical disguise. Bananas will very likely be produced, by the same means, from parsnips, and pumpkins still more easily changed into melons. Nature finds the vegetable cells, and chemistry has only to fill them with the syrup. All these factitious fruits will, no doubt, be the very best that can be had for love or money, next to the originals. It is probable that turnips turned into pine-apples retain a turnipy flavour, and that chemistry does not entirely subdue the Swedish nature of the Swedes. The turnip made into a pine-apple is, however, a great improvement on the monster turnip that generally turns up about this time.

Epitaph by a Lady.

ENCUMBRANCE sore long time I bore
Derision was in vain;
But when short skirts became the mode,
They eased me of my train.

RITUALISTIC CHURCH WHERE THE BANNS OF MARRIAGE OUGHT ALWAYS TO BE PROCLAIMED.—St. All-banns.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.



HARD UP ON THE MOORS.

Anxious Wife. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BRING *SOMETHING* HOME TO-DAY, DEAR! THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING FOR SECOND COURSE!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU III.—A RELATIVE.—NECESSARY PREPARATIONS FOR EXHIBITING TABLEAU OF "MY FUNNY FRIEND."

I HAVE a character to keep up: I intimated that much in my last. Government required inspectors under the new Olfactory Act for the Better Regulation of Registers (Chimneys), and Prevention of Infantile Overworking. The first part of this Act affects the consumption of smoke, the second the consumption in children. [I said *this*, not my Funny Friend—portrait coming.] Thus I am placed by a wise and enlightened Government in the position of a superior chimney-sweep, with a travelling commission to look up all the factory chimneys in my district, combined with the office of a doctor with powers to make little boys put out their tongues (not rudely, but salubriously and politely), extend their arms to have their pulses felt, and to ask questions of them to which their answers must be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, or else they'll catch it.

I mention these particulars in corroboration of my assertion that "I have a character to keep up." I only have to keep it up in the North, when I come South I am another creature. In the North I am practical, severe, yet affable: in the South I obtain the name of a genial trifler. I come South, like a swallow, for my holidays. Hence my stay at Brighton, hence my Hearty Friend, hence my being laid up, hence my Gloomy Friend, and after play comes my work.

How I obtained my present position as Olfactory Inspector has considerably puzzled my friends, but so has the policy of MR. DISRAELI. I have heard good-natured people remark on my incapacity for business in general, and this in particular. What do I know of chimney-registers, of the law of patents, of measles in little boys, and of the amount of smoke required to be consumed at a pressure of so much on the square inch, and the lubrication of wheels within wheels as an economical process in manual labour? That is what my friends (all photographed) ask? What is my reply when questioned point blank? I say, "Never mind," simply *that*, like EDGAR POE's Raven over and over again—

"Quoth th' Inspector,
'Never mind.'"

(The Raven said "Never more" on a door.)

Still I was nettled by these insinuations. It was not nepotism that put me where I am, as I am nobody's nephew.

By the way. What a first-rate title for a novel, *Nobody's Nephew*, by the author of—what?

As I was saying, no nepotism directed my individual case. There was an examination to be passed, and I passed it; passed it well too, leaving it (so to speak) several miles behind me on the road, and staggering the Examiners. There were several competitors, they may be going on at it now for all I know, so cleanly did I walk away from them. A regular *Achievement* or *Hermit* among the Examiners. The subjects were French (including a conversation *vivâ voce* with an Examiner whom I was obliged to correct several times), Latin (CICERO, with questions as to what his præ-nomen was, where he lived, when he lived, how he liked it, and so forth); Greek, in which I gave them my theory on the particles, and History of England, from JAMES THE FIRST to WILLIAM THE THIRD, which I had at my fingers' ends, with dates on my nails in ink. We topped up with Arithmetic up to Compound Fractions, and that finished it. After this I was selected as duly qualified to inspect and report upon the Chimneys of the Northern Factories, under the new Act. "Ending in smoke," as my Funny Friend observed, to whom we shall soon come, after I've shown you one interesting picture in my collection.

In order that my situation as regards my Funny Friend may be thoroughly appreciated (I have been obliged to drop his acquaintance—let the reader decide between us) I must add that I am a bachelor. It is almost superfluous to say that I was born a bachelor. I was; and am.

I have, however, by me (so to speak) a Great Aunt. She is not greater than other people's aunts, only she had the advantage to be born some time before them, at least, before most aunts whom I've met. If it hadn't been for the fact of her being alive now, I should have always thought that great aunts existed only in portraits at

the South Kensington Museum, and were, in a general way, historical.

She is more hysterical than historical, a joke made by my Funny Friend,—only if you think it *very* good I don't mind telling you in confidence that I *did* make it myself, some time ago, all alone, originally.

My Great Aunt (of course I have her portrait in my photograph book) always ferrets me out, and comes to stop with me wherever I am. The great disadvantage of being a Government Official is the publicity it gives to my whereabouts, with reference I mean to my Great Aunt. I can't say to her, "I'm going to Kamschatka" when she has only to call at the Head Local Olfactory Act Office, Whitehall, to ascertain that I am looking after a Chimney at Stoke-ton-on-Twees. And if I do put her off with an uncertainty as to my next movements, she *does* call at the office, and when I arrive at Stoketon or Cokingham or wherever my duty calls me, there is my Great Relative sitting among her boxes, with her maid, (a middle-aged domestic in training to be a Great Aunt herself in another sphere) waiting for me at the station. [One more, and 'twould be *Macbeth* and *The Witches*. *Macbeth*, me.] She insists upon taking rooms for me: she won't go to a hotel: she comes professedly to take care of *me*, and on my word, I don't like to turn round on her, savagely, and say—— Never mind what I *would* say; if ever I *do* say it, it will be awful. My Great Aunt will wither under it. I can only writhe, alone, in the dining-room of the lodging-house, or growl, after my bath, in the bed-room.

It was through her (I may say so *now*) that I hit upon the expedient of having a friend down with me, as a sort of defence. As I said before, "THOMAS GRIGG is my man. Capital Companion for the North!" Yes, by the side of my Great Aunt I shall place a Companion Picture. * * * * * *

Here I am in the North at Cokingham.

My Aunt is there. At the station. She has got lodgings for me. Clean and inexpensive. Dinner is at five o'clock. A fly will take me down there. I surrender myself and am taken prisoner, between my Great Aunt and her elderly maid, placed in a fly, Great Aunt sitting belt upright as guard by my side, Maid on the box to look after the coachman and put a pistol to his head if he doesn't go straight (I mean it's that sort of idea) and myself helpless, as if fettered, lying back in the vehicle resigned to my fate. General notion, CHARLES THE FIRST going to the Tower: no populace outside hooting, and no public feeling. A thought occurs to me *àpropos* of fly windows, didn't RICH the Harlequin astonish a flyman by leaping head-foremost out of his hackney-coach into a public-house window, and then calling to him from the room? I think so. How I should like to astonish my Great Aunt by doing so now. One, two, three, bang through the window, and then have the blind to shoot up suddenly with, written on it,—well I don't know what should be written on it, something epigrammatic, like "Gone away," or "Out," or—but my Great Aunt says, "29, Bingham Street," Cokingham, here we are at our goal (a flash of melancholy humour suggests "Gaol"). I descend, handcuffed (morally), and am marched into the house, having of course had to pay the fly.

By the way. I often think, is my Great Aunt going to leave me anything in her will? Of course I don't wish her any harm; but sometimes she hints that I am her favourite nephew, and that what little she *can* leave (don't like the qualifications of "little" and "can," she——) but here I am in duty bound to interrupt and say, "Oh, no no, Aunt, don't talk of that," though I *should* like to make her produce all her legal documents, make her bind herself by dreadful oaths to give nothing to any one except me; and then just show me in black and white, how much I *am* to have, and no more nonsense about it. Then I can see whether it is worth while being civil to her any longer. For she is really an awful nuisance, and I strongly dislike a state of uncertainty. Besides I should like her so much better if I only saw her now and then; as it is I see her always *now*.

The landlady (she has since given me her portrait) says, "There's a letter for *you*, Sir," meaning me. I've stopped at her house before when inspecting the Cokingham Chimneys, and my letters are sent here generally.

It is from TOMMY GRIGG. He will come! to-morrow. My Funny Friend will come and free me from my Grand Auntuncular chains.

By the way. I must break it to my Aunt. Time for breaking it, after dinner.

I break it—gently. "GRIGG is coming," I say. She doesn't know GRIGG, and apparently doesn't want to. I describe him as a very dear friend, a very clever fellow, a most amusing man, in fact she, (my Great Aunt) I tell her will like GRIGG. She hopes so, and adds that I had better ask MISTER RIGG (I correct her—"GRIGG, Aunt") GRIGG to dinner. "He's coming," I say, as if I hadn't asked him, but had just gathered it from his note, "he's coming to stay." My Great Aunt receives the intelligence unmoved: either the blow has paralysed her, or she doesn't understand. Being "in for it," I go on. "He will stay here, Aunt." My Aunt immediately sees a difficulty with regard to beds. I try to show GRIGG in the most amiable light. GRIGG, I tell her, can sleep anywhere—he doesn't mind. (I have no foundation for this character of GRIGG—it is purely romance.)

"GRIGG needn't disturb *you*, Aunt," I say, though when I come to think of it, considering the subject, I don't exactly know what I meant.

"MISTER—MISTER," she begins, and I help her to his name, "MR. GRIGG can sleep out." He can—I give up GRIGG so far. "You had better take a bed for MISTER—for MISTER—" I won't help her to the name again, and she substitutes, "Your friend—for your friend, at the New Inn." Agreed: GRIGG to sleep at the New Inn, and be fed here. "You will tell him our hour for breakfast," says my Great Aunt, "and he will not stay late at night, because," she explains, "of the door." She leaves the dining-room: I am angry. Am I a child? Is GRIGG a child? Confound it, can't I do as I like? What'll GRIGG think? How will he like sleeping at the New Inn? I've got a great mind to write and put him off. Can't: he'll be here before the post would reach him.

By the way. Might telegraph—perhaps he's already started. No, it's too bad of my Aunt. Hang it, I'll go out and inspect a factory chimney, and see if they're working overtime, and if they are, by Jingo, I'll—I'll——

By the way. I *did* go out. After a short walk I recollected that I had a character to keep up in Cokingham, and that if I went knocking up a factory at an absurd hour of the night to know if the chimney smoked, they might think I'd taken to drinking. Sleep on it—GRIGG to-morrow.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT HOME.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1867.

OH, all among the barley,
How happy I can be!
With farming men to parley,
Exactly suits B. D.
I'll caper o'er the stubble,
I'll roll among the sheaves,
Forgetting toil and trouble
Among the rustic EVES.

(*Con expressione.*)
Forgetting toil and trouble
Among the rustic EVES.
My dolly* does remind me,
Of TENNIEL's cut engraved;
When I chucked babes behind me,
And DERBY cried, "Saved! saved!"

Oh, fill me up a rummer,
The best that barley yields—
Drink, "Commons in the summer!"
Drink, "Autumn in the fields!"
I see the harvest treasures,
I join in grateful rite,
Yet think of some past measures,
When everything looks Bright.‖
One toast I still have *for* you,
"The Lab'rers!" *verbum sat.*
So do not rise before you
Have all seen "my old HATT."†

He'll make a speech, he's got one,
His time if he may take;
Among my men there's not one
Than HATT more wide awake.
HATT hopes we'll all endeavour
To meet in realms of Love.
He's safe: a good HATT ever
Is carried up above.
So all among the barley,
As I sang recent*lee*,
With farming men to parley,
Exactly suits B. D.

* "A little girl here advanced and presented to the Right Hon. Gentleman a doll."—*Newspapers of Friday, September 20.*

† "The health of the Labourers of Hughenden, coupled with the name of HATT, who has been long on the estate," &c.—*Reported Speech of* MR. DISRAELI, *September 20.*

A Good Work for the Office of Works.

THERE is scaffolding about the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S statue at Hyde Park Corner. But alas! they say that it is only there to enable workmen to replace the plumes in the Duke's hat. Good MANNERS, here is a great opportunity for you. Have the *Cheval de Bronze* and its rider taken down, and agreeably surprise London when it returns to London. Do this, and it will be something on which you may with reason plume yourself, and be a feather in your cap.

CROWN FOR CROWN.



ONE good turn, they say, deserves another: so, let us say, does one bad joke. A joke of that description, a practical joke, was played the other day at Dinan, in Britanny, by one of our youth, an Oxford undergraduate. It was a very bad joke indeed, but still it was only a joke. It broke no bones, was played upon a statue, and did not the slightest injury even to that statue—offended sentiment merely, and outraged taste. On its perpetrator, however, brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, it drew down from the President of that Court an indignant reprimand of the profoundest gravity, the preface to a sentence of a fortnight's imprisonment. Surely the memory of DU GUESCLIN would have been sufficiently avenged, the honour of France amply redeemed, and the public fury of Dinan would possibly have been appeased, if the irreverent but puerile offender had been visited with a milder penalty, and one at the same time more suitable to the misdemeanour of subjecting a statue to an ignominious coronation. To have been punished in exact proportion to the enormity of his misconduct, he ought simply to have been served as he served the statue.

A NURSERY SAW.

(*New set for* MR. PUNCH'S *Grown Children.*)

LET LOWE delight to tackle BRIGHT,
'Tis what he 's born to do:
Let BEALES and POTTER growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature to.

But saw-grinders, and brickmakers,
Let not your passions rise:
Your Unions were never meant
For blacking knob-sticks' eyes.

Still less for "needling," "rattening,"
And cracking "blacksheep's" skulls,
And flinging powder-cannisters
Into each other's "hulls."

Thus to raise Union arrears,
And enforce Union laws,
Brings penal servitude on you,
And shame upon your cause.

Eating and Eating.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for a Conservative Banquet to be given at Edinburgh, in honour of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and in celebration of the passing of the Reform Bill. The partakers of this feast will enjoy a fare somewhat more substantial than the principles and professions which their leaders have just eaten.

A DAWDLE AT DIEPPE.

DEAR PUNCH,

"DID you ever send your wife to Camberwell," or any other quiet suburb, to visit her Mamma, and then selfishly yourself slope off and spend a week at a French watering-place? Don't say I recommended you to such a brutal act, but, if you feel tempted next season to commit it, let me hint that at Dieppe a man may spend a week without much being bored by it.

There are few sights to be seen, which I think is a great comfort; for I rather admire the tourist who stayed a month in Egypt without seeing the Pyramids. Indeed, except to bathe and breakfast, to dawdle and to dine, to dance and go to bed, and next day to get up again, there is nothing to be done that can be viewed as worth the doing. But Dieppe is for a dawdler a pleasurable place. Unlike most English sea-sides, it gives you a breeze blowing almost daily from the sea, with a larger share of sunshine than is common on our coasts. When you are tired of basking in it, and of sprawling on the pebbles, you can lounge along the harbour, and reflect upon your chance of getting any smelts for dinner. You will see them caught by hundreds by the fishers, who, like Hindoos, are the devotees of cast-e; but if you see them at the *table d'hôte* you will be luckier than I was. Then you may go to a French play, or at least, what is as good as one, may watch the squabbles of the women who tug vessels into port, or hear the farces which are played every morning in the fish-market, and laugh to see the white caps waggle to and fro, while their wearers wave their hands in horror at the offer they are really glad to grab at. Then you can saunter up the street, where the bathing-dresses swing, like scarecrows, overhead; and you can stand and feast your eyes at the ivory-shop windows, which, unless you leave your purse at home, are dangerous to stop at. Or you may stroll along the Plage, and see men of five-and-forty gravely flying kites—for who shall say the French are frivolous in their sports?—or you may go to the Casino, and hear a half-franc concert, which is really not so bad as many a half-guinea one you have been forced to sit through.

Here, while your ears are charmed with GOUNOD, AUBER and MOZART, your eyes will be enchanted with fashionable costumes. High-heeled shoes, short dresses and Chinese-shaped straw hats are chiefly now conspicuous for their presence at Dieppe, and good taste and simplicity are conspicuously absent. The costumes are as fanciful as at a fancy ball, and every lady seems to try to make herself as hideously vulgar as she can. Like a brute you may feel glad that you sent your wife to Camberwell, for in that slow-going suburb she will never learn to imitate the swellesses of France. At the sea-side they now change their dress at least six times a day, and I should think a fortnight's costumes for a fashionable lady would cover half-a-dozen acres, or be equal, if inflated, to the dome of St. Paul's.

There was a steeple-chace one Sunday while I was at Dieppe, and French ladies went in shoals to it, and English, too, in sprinklings. At present here in England the only sort of steeple-chace permissible on Sundays is hunting for a church where one may hear some new pet parson. But observance of the Sunday is a mere matter of latitude; and though many English ladies said they thought it a great shame to make poor wretched horses race in such hot sunshine, there were none who looked ashamed to see them made to do so. I noticed that the French folk cared but little for the sport, and I fancy the few betting-men who bawled out, "*Jer parie*," did not pocket many winnings by leaving their backslums in Birmingham or Brighton.

Besides dawdling, Dieppe is a good place, too, for dancing. After doing nothing busily for half-a-dozen hours, it refreshes one to go and do a little at a dancing place; and as this exercise has not yet lost its fascination for my legs, I often went to have five-pennyworth of waltzing. Lest my wife should hear of this, I had better say, perhaps, that a live princess was present at this half-franc hop, and that I plunged through my first polka with the daughter of a parson. Conceive the horror of a Claphamite at hearing that a clergyman had been seen at a Casino, and, moreover, even was attended by his wife and family! The sight is frequent at Dieppe, and it pleased me much to see it. A clergyman does good by "assisting," as the French say, at all harmless recreations, and excepting for the fact that it makes you very hot, the dancing at Dieppe is certainly quite harmless.

French boys like a dance as much as English mostly hate it; and a French girl at eleven is most thoroughly mature in all the manners of the ball-room. So a *bal d'enfants* is held each Tuesday afternoon, and it entertained me hugely to watch their small flirtations. Tastes nationally differ, and I had rather see my children dirty and digging on the beach, than decked out in their finery and dancing in broad daylight. A children's ball is doubtless a vastly pretty sight, but I think that bat-and-ball is a far preferable pastime for them.

Having expended a good deal in the course of my short absence from you,* I shall be very glad indeed to see your handwriting again—at the bottom of a cheque. Meanwhile, receive the most distinguished assurance of my welfare, and believe me, Your (in guide-books) extremely well

READ ROVER.

* As a rule Dieppe hotels are not remarkable for cleanliness, but they contrive to clean you out in a manner quite remarkable. At the Hôtel de la Charge, as my friend FUNNIMAN re-christened it, we had to pay four francs for five-and-twenty biggish shrimps; and at the Grand Otel day Bang, as I heard some Cockneys call it, the charge which was imposed (in every meaning of that word) for supplying us with "*lumière*" you will not think a light one—the price for half-a-dozen candles being four-and-thirty francs.

The Broad Anglican Rule.

(*Settled by the great English Pope.*)

"ON Sundays preach and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays—*if he will.*"

A GRAVAMEN.—The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and BISHOP OF NATAL (*according to the Denisonian view.*) His Grace and His Dis-Grace.



MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS. (*Vide Page* 131.)

"ABOARD THE ANGLICAN."

(*A Nautical Ballad for the Times.*)

'TWAS a driving bark on an ocean dark,
Blue Peter at the fore,
And she hailed another driving bark,
That, like her, laboured sore.

"Aboard the *Anglican*, a-hoy!"—
"Ay, ay! what ship are you?"—
"The *Roman Bark*, the Church's ark,"—
"What cheer?"—"Bad. Yours?"—"Bad, too!

"We've lost our course: our binnacle,
Compass and light, is floored—
Our sails out of the bolt-ropes blown,
And no spare suit aboard.

"There 's shoals that hide beneath the tide,
And rocks above that show:
The Ritual reefs, on our lee-beam,
Rational sands below..

"We've stuck like Britons to our pumps—
Stuck to them, p'rhaps, too long:
We've put our trust in lead and log—
A trust, perhaps, too strong.

"For pumps—though with the mitre marked
(The Anglican Broad-arrow)—
And lead and log,—whate'er their Church,
High or Low, Broad or Narrow—

"Are scarce the means to face the storm
Which sets us both careering:
More use, they say, in well-set sails,
Stout tackle and bold steering.

"But half our crew says, '*here's* the course'—
And t'other half says '*there*,'
And mates and captain, half by one,
And half by t'other, swear—

"And so we've signalled far and wide,
'*Pan-Anglicans*, a-hoy!'
Not to say how to work the ship,
Or show shoal-light, or buoy—

"But to decide what coat of paint
She'll look the bravest in,
To help to gild her figure-head,
And scrape her rudder-pin:

"And then we'll fall to saying prayers,
And nail the dead-lights to:
And if that doesn't save the ship,
We know not what we'll do!"

CONVEYANCE BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

AT Homburg, according to a letter in the *Post*, there has lately been going on a sale at the Château of all the porcelain, glass, miniatures, and dressing-room ornaments of the late Landgravine—the English PRINCESS ELIZABETH. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was one of the purchasers, and:—

"The KING OF PRUSSIA has also requested some to be put aside for him, and signified his intention of not paying for his lots, although all these things were left to the PRINCESS ALICE."

His Majesty, the KING OF PRUSSIA, in signifying his intention of not paying for the lots which he intended to take, took superfluous trouble. Who upon Earth would ever suppose that his most rapacious Majesty would ever think of paying for anything whatever which he could seize upon?

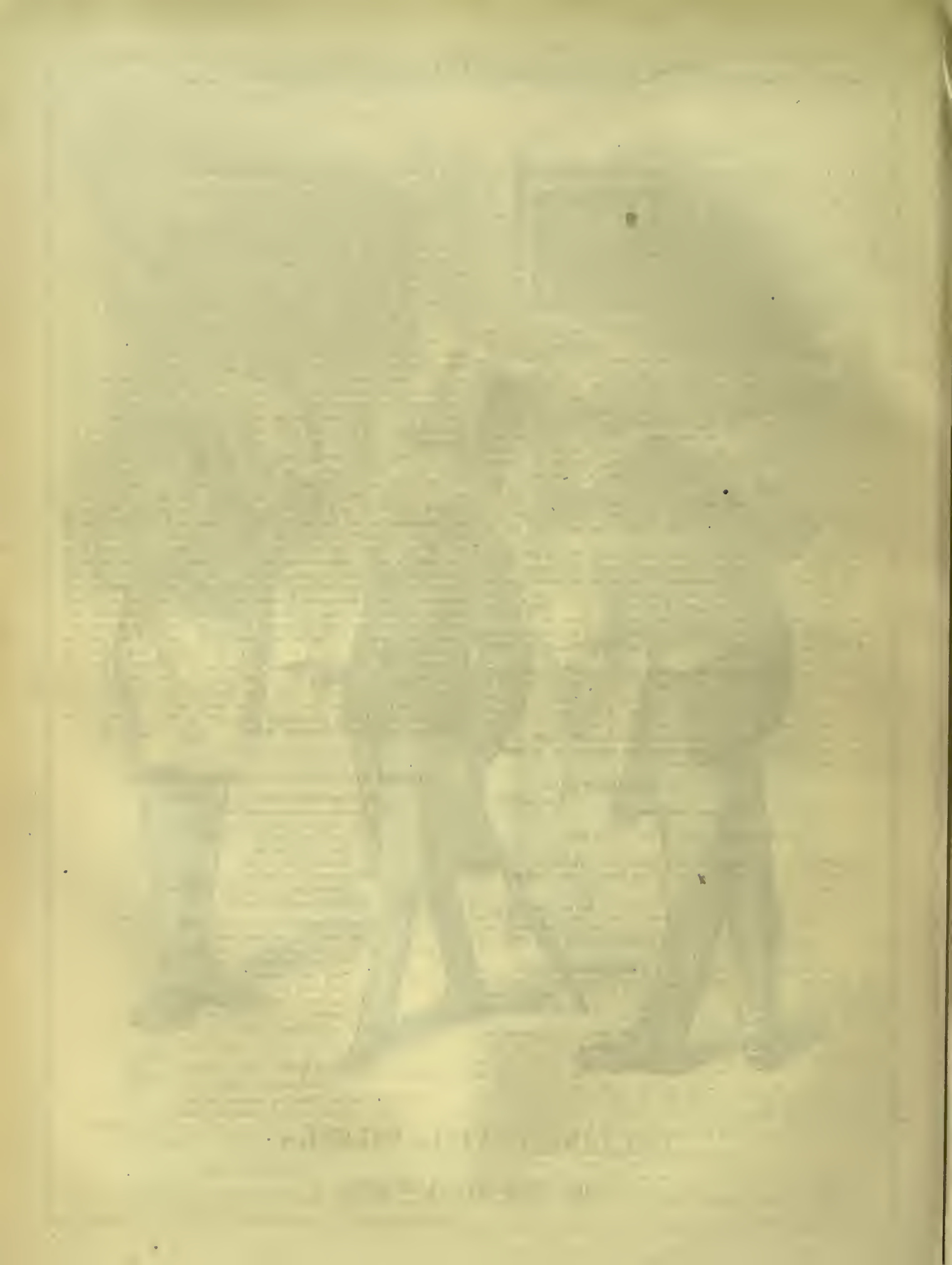
WANTED, A FATHER.

WHY is the Reform Bill like the new melodrama at the Surrey? Because it is *Nobody's Child*.



DECLINED WITH THANKS;

OR, THE RIVAL TOUTS.



FENIANISM AND HEMP.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR,

IT is too probable that the Fenians will find that they have provided MR. CALCRAFT with a job at Manchester. Otherwise, that officer will have only to sigh and say "CALCRAFT'S occupation's gone!" No murderer, however atrocious, can hereafter be hanged, if traitors convicted of murdering a policeman in the discharge of his duty escape the gallows. MR. CALCRAFT had, some time ago, to exonerate this world of a whole batch of murderous pirates. There must be henceforth an end to such exoneration, unless the world is in like manner to be exonerated of equally murderous Fenians, without limitation as to number; so that MR. CALCRAFT, unless he is going to be pensioned off without a successor, may confidently reckon on a job which will be tolerably extensive.

Treason, unattended with the circumstance of murder, in these dominions, will never, perhaps, bring a neck within a noose. Perhaps, I say, for there is no knowing what may not result from repeated provocation. It may be true that the Fenian convicts now undergoing penal servitude for their own part wish that they had been hanged. It may be satisfactory to some loyal but vindictive minds to reflect that if those rascals had suffered death, they would not at present be suffering something worse. But the sufferings of penal servitude are in a great measure inoperative, because unseen. When a villain is disposed of by MR. CALCRAFT, there he is, aloft, visibly in an unpleasant position. A Fenian in such a position would be a caution to Fenians, because they could see him. Imagination is requisite to enable them to apprehend the unpleasantness, which they do not see, endured by a Fenian experiencing prison discipline and convict labour. It may, therefore, possibly become a necessity, until Fenianism shall have been effectually discouraged, to put every Fenian we can catch to the purpose of a scarecrow.

Well, Sir; but then you make the brute a martyr, and so you would, to some extent, literally hang Fenians to encourage the others. Now then, *Mr. Punch*, for the suppression of Fenianism, suppose you employ hemp in its secondary form as I may say, otherwise than in that of a slip-knot, and than in the place of a cravat. What if you made it into whipcord, ninefold and knotted, and got CALCRAFT, or in preference a younger and a stronger man, to apply it to a region somewhat below the nape, in such wise as it is wont to be applied for the remuneration of garotters?

Dogged treasonable ruffianism, equally with dogged felonious ruffianism, would receive its deserts in the infliction usually allotted to bad dogs. In the presence of reporters, up to their business, a Fenian traitor, demonstrative of sensations excited by the 'cat-o'-nine-tails, would serve to afford a sufficiently intelligible warning to his confederates at large. The Irish-American Fenian, under those circumstances, would utter a most exemplary, and also a most musical, if most melancholy, Irish-American howl.

I am, Sir, playfully yours,

TICKLETOBY.

GOOD NEWS FOR BAD WRITERS.

IT is surprising what discoveries are made in the dead season. Here is one for instance, the account of which has recently been snipped out by the scissors of many a sub-editor:—

"WRITING SUPERSEDED.—MR. PRATT, of Alabama, is the inventor of a type-writing machine, lately exhibited to the London Society of Arts, which is said to print a man's thoughts twice as fast as he can write them with the present process. By a sort of piano arrangement the letters are brought in contact with carbonised paper, which is moved by the same manipulation."

Every author his own printer! What a happy state of things! No more struggles to write legibly with nibless tavern-pens: no more labour in deciphering the hieroglyphs of hasty writers. Literary work will be in future merely play—on the piano. The future LOCKE may write his essays by a touch upon the keys.

In this inventive age there really is no saying where discovery will stop. Now that authors are to put their thoughts in print with twice the pace that they can write them, perhaps ere long they will be able to put their works in type without so much as taking the trouble to compose them. A thought-hatching easy chair may very likely be invented, by the help of which an author may sit down at his ease before his thought-printing piano, and play away *ad libitum* whatever may occur to him. Different cushions may be used for different kinds of composition, some stuffed with serious thoughts, fit for sermons or reviews, and others with light fancies, fit for works of fiction, poetry, or fun. By a judicious choice of cushions an author will be able to sit down to his piano, and play a novel in three volumes twice or thrice a week, besides knocking off a leader every morning for a newspaper, and issuing every fortnight a bulky epic poem, or a whole encyclopædia complete within a month.

"DID NEWTON DISCOVER GRAVITY?"

(I QUOTE, in sorrow, the heading of an article in an Evening Journal.) Did he, *Mr. Punch?* If so, then am I no longer proud of the prefixes to my surname, for generations the distinction of our scientific family, a collateral ancestor having met SIR ISAAC at dinner, and helped him to marrow pudding. Nay, I regret the feeling of reverential awe, as of a pilgrim who has travelled far to worship some saintly tibia, with which I stole into the gallery at South Kensington, and beheld the effigies of the great philosopher (as I then deemed him); and thought of the manorhouse at Woolsthorpe, and the schoolboy's name cut in Grantham Grammar School, and the apple-tree, and dog Diamond, and the tobacco-stopper, and the pebbles on the sea-shore, and POPE'S couplet, and everything else I could recollect about my illustrious namesake to tell to that incomparable FANNY THOROTON, then under my charge and escort in the Exhibition. "Discover gravity" forsooth! Why was he not content with his *Principia*, and his Fluxions, and his Knighthood, and his Royal Society, and Mastership of the Mint, without being the cause to an anxious posterity of long faces, and serious looks, and excellent advice, and Income-Tax assessments, and cold dinners, and early hours, and accounts rendered twice a year, and domestic servants changed once a quarter, and everything else that is disagreeable, and synonymous with GRAVITY? Imagine what a cheery world it must have been to live in before this much over-rated Mathematician (as I am now constrained to think him) patented his disastrous discovery! "A mad world, my masters;" "Cakes and ale;" "Sport that wrinkled care derides, and laughter holding both its sides;" High Jinks; the conversion of night into day; no National Debt, no Congresses, no Reform Banquets, no cheap Sherries, no Vestries, no sitting for your photograph, no Comic Periodicals, nothing but Punch and long whist, and hot suppers, and top-boots, and post-chaises, and Gretna Green, and breakfast in bed, and general jollity and unlimited credit. He deserve statues, and monuments, and epitaphs, and new editions, and treasurings-up of leaves from the conceited apple-tree, and sentimental pictures about the destructive spaniel and the delicate tobacco-stopper! He, the man who discovered —GRAVITY! Rather let these honours be paid to the founders and inventors of pantomimes, and double acrostics, and meerschaums, and croquet, and matches that ignite only on the box, and a thousand other accessories to the due enjoyment of life. But I will not believe that it *was* NEWTON who brought this misery on his species. I will comfort myself with thinking that it was PASCAL, or WILLIAM THE SILENT, or ARISTIDES THE JUST, or BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or ZIMMERMANN, or the founders of the sect called Quakers, or perhaps the Middlesex Registrars; and until I am convinced to the contrary by evidence such only as a Court of Justice would accept, I shall forbear advertising that I have abandoned the name of which I am still so proud, and continue to subscribe myself,

ISAAC NEWTON BACON.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING IN THE CITY.

SIGH no more, dealers, sigh no more,
Shares were unstable ever,
They often have been down before,
At high rates constant never.
Then sigh not so,
Soon up they 'll go,
And you 'll be blithe and funny,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

Write no more letters, write no mo
On stocks so dull and heavy.
At times on 'Change 'tis always so,
When bears a tribute levy.
Then sigh not so,
And don't be low,
In sunshine you 'll make honey,
Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey, money, money.

The Rule of the River.

(As Deduced from a late Collision.)

THE rule of the river's a mystery quite,
Other craft when you're steering among,
If you starboard your helm, you ain't sure you are right,
If you port, you may prove to be wrong.

A CLASHING OF FANS.

IT is said that some ten Bishops of the Established Church will be absent from the Pan-Anglican Synod. Perhaps they are occupied with private pans of their own. Peradventure they have other fish to fry.



SERIOUS.

Cousin George. "LOOK HERE, COUSIN GRACE, IT 'S MY LAST HALF AT SCHOOL, AND IF YOU'LL ONLY THROW OVER THAT MAJOR PENDRAGON, I 'LL MARRY YOU AT CHRISTMAS!"

THE SEA-SIDE LIFE.

(*In Humble Imitation of* MR. POPE.)

HAPPY the man who pays his fare,
For Ramsgate or Llandudno bound,
Content a tourist suit to wear,
With felt hat crowned.

Whose work is done, whose bills are paid,
Who leaves behind him Town attire,
And gets new milk and eggs fresh laid
In Devon-shire.

Blest, who the fair crisp notes can find
A month at Scarbro' to defray;
Enjoying with a tranquil mind
Long sails by day,

Short whist at night, pastime with prawns
Combined, Fictions at will to read,
Strolls on the shore, and Croquet lawns,
With one (sea) weed.

Thus let me live, and lounge, and lunch,
Thus let me take my annual dram,
Steal from the Strand, and not e'en *Punch*
Know where I am.

A SUMPTUARY IDEA.

DURING the vacation Ministers will have time to consider and determine whether, in the ensuing Session of Parliament, they will bring forward any legislative measure for the abatement of Ritualism, and, if any, what. In the event of their resolving to propose an anti-Ritualistic enactment, perhaps they may think it advisable to discourage rather than absolutely to prohibit indulgence in excess of ecclesiastical apparel. For this purpose could they not, with advantage if not to the Church yet at least to the State, have recourse to the expedient of imposing a heavy tax on albs, copes, chasubles, atoles, and all other articles of Romanesque millinery?

"There is thy gold—worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell."
Romeo and Juliet.

A PLAGUE not confined to Abyssinia.—The Guinea-worm.

RECEIVERS OF STOLEN GOODS BY PRESCRIPTION.

IN the Court of Common Council the other day MR. GOVER, the Chairman of the Law and Parliamentary Committee, brought up a report touching property found in the possession of convicted felons, and concluding with the recommendation that "A certain sum of money should be handed to some of the applicants, and that the remainder should be left in the hands of the sheriffs, who had claimed it as the right of the corporation under an ancient custom." It appears to have been the opinion of some of the more respectable Common Councilmen that this custom would be more honoured in the abolition than the maintenance; for according to newspaper:—

"Considerable discussion took place upon this report, and in the course of the argument MR. MEDWIN, MR. RUDKIN, and MR. COX, urged their opinion that, inasmuch as the money and other property found in the possession of the convicted parties was clearly the produce of the robberies that had been committed, the just course to have taken was to divide it among the persons who had been robbed, and they argued that the system of allowing the sheriffs to take possession of the property of convicted felons, and in some way to apply it to the benefit of the corporation, was a disgrace to the City of London and also to the administration of justice, and ought to be put an end to."

The majority of the Common Council did not seem to see the cogency of the argument urged, as above, on the grounds of common honesty. At least they refused to acknowledge it; and an amendment, moved by MR. COX to the effect that the report be referred back to the committee for further consideration, was negatived accordingly. Perhaps, if some of the gentlemen who voted against MR. COX's amendment ever come to be robbed themselves, they will lament that they did not vote for it, so as to have protected their property from the Corporation of London by depriving that body of its precious "right under ancient custom" to receive stolen goods. No less aggrieved by those who withhold their property than they were by the thieves who originally stole it, they will be too likely to say, in their indignation and the bitterness of their hearts, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION.

MANY horrible inventions have been made in warlike weapons, but here is an invention which, although it is not meant for any warlike purpose, seems to us extremely horrible and threatening the peace:—

"The *Entr'acte* has an elaborate paragraph to the effect that two English inventors in the Rue Frsnçois 1er, Paris, have constructed a locomotive which is at the same time a steam-organ, and emits, while running on the rails and steaming vigorously, the March from *Tannhäuser*. This musical steam-engine, according to the same journal, was exhibited the other day to a select number of friends, and acted with perfect success."

What with all their puffing and panting and screaming and screeching, we have always looked on railway engines as extremely noisy nuisances, but they will be really quite intolerable when they add to these annoyances the nuisance of a barrel-organ. A locomotive playing the music of *Tannhäuser* must be as infernal a machine as that invented by FIESCHI. *Tannhäuser* in itself is a most horrible infliction, but what must be *Tannhäuser* when whistled by a steam-engine! Such an engine should be classed among the engines of destruction, for it would certainly destroy the peace of mind of all who listened to it. Surely the invention might be turned to military use. Any enemy that had the slightest ear for music would run away in terror from *Tannhäuser* on a steam engine! The Chinese try to terrify their foes by showing horrid monsters painted on their shields, but surely horrid sounds are equally alarming. Mortal engines whose rude throats do counterfeit Jove's thunder can hardly be more deadly than an engine which steams out the raucous music of *Tannhäuser*.

Nota Bene.

THAT the Pan-Anglican Sermons of the day were preached by one Bishop after another, cannot be used by High Churchmen as an argument in favour of the existence of Apostolical Succession in the Anglican Church.

MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

(*Vide Page* 126, *Woodcut*).



"AN affair of honour!" What a world of hidden satire, almost too deep even for tears, lies imbedded in these perennially significant words! It is with unfeigned sadness that we inaugurate the tale of MR. TITWILLOW'S adventures in Paris by so tragic a scene as that which our artist has depicted on page 126; and we deeply regret to add that our next illustration may possibly be more tragical, more terrible even than this.

It appears that MR. TITWILLOW, and his friend MR. PIP, who perhaps is more familiarly known in the TITWILLOW household as UNCLE PIP, or even U.P., arrived in Paris on the forenoon of Saturday, and breakfasted, as is customary abroad, on several courses, and wine of an ordinary sort. They then walked through the Tuileries to the tramway omnibus that leads to the Exposition. MR. T. was in a highly excited state, treading as he did again the *pavé* of his dear familiar Paris (where he had once spent a fortnight five years ago). While waiting for the conveyance, they found themselves in company with three cavalry soldiers, full grown, perfectly shaped, all of different sizes, and all shorter than MR. T. by several inches. This was but adding fuel to the flame. To touch his hat, bend low his form, and ask the tallest of the three for a light was with MR. T. the work of a second, for he is fluent in French, and quick at repartee.



Foreign tramways are peculiarly conducive to the rapid formation of acquaintance, and its subsequent development into familiarity, and even friendship, or love; but who shall say whether for good or for evil?

MR. T. found that his new friends were the COUNT DE CARAMEL, the VISCOUNT MASCHIN D'OSEILLE, and the BARON BOUCHETROU, all highly-educated men, although not of exalted rank in the army; the Viscount was a *brigadier*, and the two others but one step beneath him in the profession of their choice, namely, privates. They, on the other hand, discovered through the medium of UNCLE PIP, that they had made the acquaintance of MR. DE TITOUILLEAU, *gentilhomme anglais*, of Norman descent and principles.

They entered the Exposition together. The intelligent remarks of the three polished warriors and their modest assurance, seem to have exerted much fascination over MR. T. UNCLE PIP, however, who is if possible still more familiar with the Parisian dialect than his friend, appears to have formed a lower estimate of their mental attainments and worldly position: he even went so far as to suggest to MR. T. that "they should give the little beggars a glass of cognac apiece, and send them about their business." MR. T. replied, with pointed indignation, that it had never been his habit to treat *English* noblemen in that way, and muttered something about the tendency of his countrymen to make themselves unpopular abroad by their ungenial demeanour towards the aborigines, a line of conduct he, for one, should ever deprecate. UNCLE PIP then suggested another line of conduct, much more in accordance with T.'s liberal nature: namely, "to treat the little beggars to every possible spirituous liquor human ingenuity could invent, and make them as dr——: I mean intoxicated."

They found out the "*Buffet Américain*"—need we say more?—and returned to it again and again; moreover, in the intervals of their visits there, MR. T. treated his friends to the Tunisian *café*, where the Arab maiden sings, "*I would I were a Bird*," to her own accompaniment on her native concertina; and to the Neapolitan Tea buffet, where a picturesque damsel answered, "*Yes, Mynheer*," with a lurid flash of her dark Italian eyes, to MR. T.'s question: "*Parlate Italiano?*" They then did *chang* and *chungmow*, and *salloi dit casque de fer*, the dentist (who turned out to be a friend of the Viscount's), and BLONDIN, and the two-headed calf, and the winking virgin, and the pig-faced lady from Saletta—autographs, and all. In short, all the attractions that have made the success of the "Universal Imposition;" and all of them at the expense of MR. T. and his friend, for neither of the three musketeers had any small change, only notes and gold, which it would have been unwise to produce in so promiscuously crowded a gathering.

It was now getting late. MR. T. begged his friends would waive all further ceremony, and dine with him at the *Diner Européen*: they cordially assented. The dinner was pleasant, piquant and witty, as only dinners in Paris can be. Much wine was drunk, and Latin freely quoted on both sides. U. P. was the life of the party, and advised the three Frenchmen to come over to London, where each would be sure, he said, to marry an English Miss of wealth, rank, and beauty; confidences were made; it turned out each had already been passionately beloved by an English Miss of surpassing loveliness; what brilliant young French soldier has not! Original poems were recited, and all would have been perfect if MR. T. had not insisted on spouting a French Ballad of his own writing, called "*L'Onglay à Parry*," some lines of which stirred up the latent incompatibility of temper which has ever existed between the two countries. The Count emptied his wine glass in MR. T.'s face. The Brigadier Viscount cried, "*A bas les Anglais!*" The Baron, who was very drunk, said, "*Brigadier, vous avez raison!*" In a moment MR. T. had the Count by the ears, the only part of his person in sufficient relief for prehensile purposes, and rolled under him on the floor. Waiters interfered. UNCLE P. pulled the Count off his friend by the excessively-slack of his breeches, and deposited him on the Baron. The Viscount said, "*C'est une affaire d'honneur!*" The Baron, "*Brigadier! vous avez raison!*" It was a fearful scene! Affrighted women and pale men stood round,

> "And dark as midnight was the glow
> Of eyes, a-rolling rapidly!"

All the while UNCLE P. holding his friend firmly back by one of his sleeve-links, for TITWILLOW thirsted for his assailant's life-blood! Somebody was heard to say something about "*la morgue anglaise*"—who does not understand the fearful allusion? The ghastly building by the river-side! We did not know of any such place, having been especially provided for the accommodation of English visitors, but suppose the Imperial Commission have thought it necessary this year.

UNCLE PIP tried hard to pacify the three soldiers, and even offered to pay for their cab home; but unfortunately they do not manage these things thus in France. The French cavalry had been insulted, and



nought but blood could efface the stain. Cards and addresses had to be exchanged. The Viscount suggested that he and the Baron should call next day. The Baron, as usual, assented, but MR. T. being from the strictest part of Bloomsbury, and the next day being Sunday, fixed upon Monday for the interview. The party then broke up, UNCLE PIP and MR. T. walking home together, the latter sorrowful but firm. UNCLE PIP suggested instant flight—to the next hotel: but MR. T. would not hear of this—"he would drink the cup to the lees!" He begged UNCLE PIP to telegraph to England for the tallest, strongest, and fiercest-looking of his many bosom friends, who are all tall, strong, and fierce-looking. This was done. (*La suite au prochain numéro.*)



ARTFUL—VERY!

Mary. "DON'T KEEP A SCREOUGIN' O' ME, JOHN!"
John. "WH'OI BEAN'T A SOREOUGIN' ON YER!"
Mary (*ingenuously*). "WELL, Y' CAN I' Y' LIKE, JOHN!"

A PARAGRAPH FOR OUR PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

A SUBSTITUTE for the big turnip now in season, somewhat exceeding that curiosity in point of interest, is presented to the readers of the *Western Morning News* in—

"A REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—Exactly two years ago the child of a MR. MARTIN, an *employé* at the Plymouth Theatre, while playing outside his door, was run over by a waggon and killed. A carter, named PINNEY, was at the time supposed to have caused the death, and at the inquest a solicitor attended to watch the case on his behalf. It was not elicited from the evidence, however, that PINNEY was implicated in the affair."

No reason, observe, then, having been found confirmatory of the supposition that PINNEY had caused the child's death, or that he was even in any degree "implicated in the affair," still less of any suggestion that he had done so otherwise than accidentally:—

"One evening last week the son of the man PINNEY was playing in the road exactly opposite MARTIN'S house, when he was knocked down by a cart and killed. The strangeness of the coincidence, and the accident happening on the second anniversary of the first mentioned casualty, has caused considerable comment in the neighbourhood."

On the hypothesis that coincidence implies connection, there is certainly ground for comment in a case wherein there is every reason to believe that the coincident circumstances were unconnected. It is not, however, easy to understand how the comment in such a case could much exceed the remark that coincidence does not imply connection. The coincidence above described as remarkable seems remarkably slight. A death occurring on the second anniversary of another death is not much of a coincidence. The only coincidence to speak of in this instance is, that two deaths took place before one door. If the first death could justly have been laid at the man's door before which it took place, superstition might have appeared to derive some countenance from the fact that the second occurred there. It is to be hoped that this is a comment on the coincidence above related, which has generally been made by the people in the neighbourhood of its site.

THE SYNOD.

SIR,

THE term *Pan*-Anglican smacks more of heathen mythology than of the nominative case, neuter gender, of the Greek adjective. It becomes positively Olympian in its apparent signification when we remember that it might easily be alluded to as the meeting of The Graces.

The whole affair seems to have been singularly stupid, and their Reverences, generally being afraid to say too much on really important subjects, appeared more dense than they really were. Surely under these circumstances the Pan-Anglican Synod should have been held in the parish of St. Pan-*crass*.

On Friday the High Church Bishops dined at a Ritualistic "Ordinary." There was a great demand for pancakes. Every one paid for his own fish, and therefore for that day was able to call his sole his own.

I remain Sir, yours,
A MISERABLE SYNOD.

A Choice of Evils.

ON the arrest of the gang of City burglars the other day in Wood Street, we learn that the rascals were in possession of a bunch of skeleton keys that would open almost every warehouse in the street. This is pleasant intelligence. We have often heard that there is a skeleton in every cupboard. Query, whether this is worse than a skeleton-key in every safe?

A PERENNIAL NOVELTY.

MR. SOTHERN is announced to appear again as *Lord Dundreary!* A contributor, suffering heavily under the influence of the dead season, writes to say, that he won't say his Lordship is never "dreary," but he is certainly never "done."

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POOR PET!

"James, you 've put no Sugar in Monarch's Bread and Milk to-day! You see, he can't touch it!"

THE ARREST OF SINALUNGA.

"More in sorrow than in anger."

Sad and yet stern, a firm but reverent hand
Italy lays upon her hero's arm,
Whose love for her spurns Prudence's command,
And sees in policy less help than harm.

In sorrow, not in wrath, she bids him pause,
Reminds him how e'en love law's rule must own:
How subjects must be subjects, be their cause
The purest, holiest, e'er to patriot known.

With love that thus love's urging countermands,
Patience that quenches Passion's fev'rish fire,
She kisses, as she binds, the martyr's hands,
Who for the cause would kindle his own pyre.

She honours her great prisoner, and his crime
Of love too eager, hope and faith too strong
To wait the mighty aids of Truth and Time—
Sure helps—if slow—whose work endureth long.

A FEAT FOR THE REFORM LEAGUE.

The Reform League, the other day, at the instance of Mr. Beales, resolved on holding a meeting to express their indignation at the arrest of Garibaldi. This demonstration will doubtless exert some influence on Louis Napoleon, who has been the real cause of Garibaldi's arrest, by holding the Italian Government to the September Convention. With the view of compelling him to release Victor-Emmanuel's Cabinet from that compact, the Reform League, with Beales at the head of them, should go and hold their meeting on Garibaldi's behalf in the Tuileries Gardens. Such a demonstration under the nose of the Emperor of the French would not fail to have a due effect upon him, particularly if its authors threw down the Imperial railings.

The Zu-lulogical Difficulty.

The Bishops with regard to Dr. Colenso are like the celebrated Parrot—they don't speak but they "think the more."

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU III., MY AUNT.—TABLEAU IV., MY LANDLADY.—TABLEAU V., MY FUNNY FRIEND.

A Telegram from Grigg, announcing himself as due at ten o'clock. Before we come to his picture, oblige me by dwelling for a minute or two longer upon my Great Aunt, and upon our landlady at Cokingham, Mrs. Buzzyby. I have explained how that as Inspector under the New Olfactory Act, I have a character to keep up. But no one will be able to realise my position with regard to my Funny Friend (portrait coming) unless they look on *this* picture (my Great Aunt), and on *that* (Mrs. Buzzyby).

When the telegram arrives my Great Aunt is breakfasting in her bed-room: a habit to be reprobated in any one except my Great Aunt. If she'd lunch and dine there I shouldn't complain, as long as she didn't keep the newspapers with her all day. She descends gradually, reaching different stages during the day, until she alights (to put it in a fairy-like fashion) on the dining-room floor, at the dinner hour, punctually. After "partaking freely of the pleasures of the table," as biographers say, she re-ascends gradually to the regions of bliss above, being lost to sight after the first landing.

But Mrs. Buzzyby is a nuisance: a nuisance on account of her great care and interest in my welfare: and a nuisance on account of her thinking it incumbent upon her to preach up to me on every possible opportunity my duty towards my Aunt.

For instance, Grigg is coming. Mrs. Buzzyby is in a fidget for days beforehand. She makes a fuss about getting him a bed at the New Inn. She bargains with the landlord of that place of entertainment for Grigg's accommodation, to the material injury of Grigg's comfort. She bates the landlord down, until I am sure he hates Grigg, and will pay him no sort of attention. I say to her that I am sorry she should have been put to so much trouble.

By the way. I am always trying to save Mrs. Buzzyby trouble. I am always intensely polite and quiet in my manner towards Mrs. Buzzyby, having a character to keep up in Cokingham for one reason, and for another, because if I did not I feel that I should call her a meddling old humbug, and, in a general way, astonish her.

She wants to know whether "the gentleman," meaning Tommy Grigg, my Funny Friend [I haven't told my Aunt that he *is* my Funny Friend; I only qualified it by calling him a very well-read man and most entertaining companion] "would have some refreshment on his arrival, or not?" "Oh no, thank you," I reply, personating Grigg *pro tem.*, adding, in my own character, "it would be giving you so much trouble," thereby sacrificing Grigg's comfort to Mrs. Buzzyby's convenience.

"Oh, no trouble," says Mrs. Buzzyby meekly, 'as if laying the cloth was a martyrdom. I am on the point of taking her at her word for Grigg's benefit, when she resumes quietly, "I only thought that your Aunt would be so annoyed if she wasn't able to come down and receive the gentleman herself."

I explain that never for an instant had I contemplated making such a state affair of my friend's reception as the coming down of my Aunt implied.

Mrs. Buzzyby improves the occasion. "You see, Sir, your Aunt is no longer a young woman. She has to take care of herself. I am sure you wouldn't like her to fret or worry herself about trifles? would you, Sir?" I can only say "Of course not," and wish Mrs. Buzzyby at the deuce: yes at the deuce heartily. I adopt the plan of looking out of the window while she 's talking as a hint that I have had quite enough of her, and am not attending. She continues:

"I told your Aunt that I could make the gentleman" (hang the gentleman! I say to myself, beginning to be angry with Grigg) "a bed on the sofa in the drawing-room instead of getting him a bed at the New Inn—very respectable people, Sir, where they 'll only charge him two shillings a night, everything most clean and well aired—only, as I said, as your Aunt likes to come into the drawing-room during the morning, it wouldn't perhaps do, although it would be no trouble for me or Jane" (her little maid with red hands and thick shoes) "to clear away the washing-things—only, as I said to your Aunt, it certainly

would not be the comfort she's been] accustomed to, nor what *you'd* wish" (direct attack on me at the window), "I'm sure, Sir; for she takes care of you, Sir, like a mother; as I've often said" (to whom? I should like to know), "I've never seen any one so attached as your Aunt is to you, Sir." I say, as offhandedly as I can, "Yes, she is fond of me; and will Mrs. Buzzyby kindly send her maid with my boots?" This is my politc formula for, "I wish you 'd hold your row and bring me my boots, as I want to get away from you as quickly as possible."

"Your boots, Sir?" she returns, cheerfully. "I'll get them for you, Sir." She is away for a second, and comes back with my boots. "They are not very bright," she observes, condescendingly. They are not at all bright; in fact they have scarcely been touched. She will speak to Jane, she says; but I know well enough she will blow up the invisible Mr. Buzzyby, her husband, who cords the boxes, cleans the boots and knives, goes on errands in wet weather and at night-time, and of whose existence I should have been ignorant to this day had I not one evening, on coming home unexpectedly, fallen over him in the passage, when he begged my pardon and explained, after lighting a candle with a match from his waistcoat pocket, his domestic position.

By the bye, there will be a Cokingham Tragedy one of these days. A skeleton will be found at a knife-board in a back cellar, with a brush in one hand and a boot in the other. There will be an investigation, and a difficulty for Mrs. Buzzyby to get over. I've only once sat up late at the Cokingham lodging-house, and then I am sure I heard Mr. Buzzyby moving about. Coming out after the scraps, like the black-beetles. Of course I have no photograph of him. Poor Buzzyby, how many years is it since he last saw the sun? Does my Aunt know of Mr. Buzzyby, I wonder?

By the way. Apropos of Aunts and tragedies. What a capital name for a novel, *The Skeleton Uncle!*

My boots being on, I am about to sally forth to the station, to free myself from Mrs. Buzzyby and meet Grigg. But Mrs. Buzzyby has yet another question to ask me. "Will the gentleman want lunch?" "Well," I say, doubtfully, "I don't know;" and then I ask, as if Grigg's wants depended upon the capabilities of Mrs. Buzzyby's larder, "what is there?" "Well," she replies, "there *is* nothing. Your Aunt will have her chop up-stairs, and you not generally lunching at home, Sir," (hint to me that I am not playing fair if I come home to lunch to-day,) "you see I don't get anything in. There 's *our* dinner, Sir," meaning, I hope, poor Buzzyby's as well as hers, "and it would be *no trouble*, Sir, to lay the dining-room cloth, if you and the gentleman——" "Hang the gentleman!" I think; but I say, "Oh, never mind, I won't put you to any inconvenience. If we want anything before dinner, we can go to a hotel." I throw this out for her to say at once, "Oh no, she won't hear of it," and insist upon our lunching, if at all, at home. She only says, however, "Very well," in the meekest possible tone, as if resigned to any amount of contumely and injury at my hands.

I am so glad to get out in the open air. I walk through the town. I pass manufactory gates. Boys and girls who have come out to play tremble as they see the inspector. Elderly mechanics point me out to one another as one in authority. Young factory-women snigger and nudge each other as I pass. The masters, if about anywhere, and coming upon me accidentally, say "How d'ye do?" with great amiability, and hate me. Yes, out of Buzzyby's house I am some one, and Cokingham, as a manufacturing town, knows it. Even the chimneys smoke less as I pass, and pass the word to one another, "Consume your own smoke; sharp. He 's coming!" So I step proudly down the high street and across the market-place. Occasionally, when many eyes are upon me, I stop a small factory boy, and ask him, officially, "How old he is?" "Where he works?" and "When he works?" and put his answers down in a note-book.

People look at one another and whisper "that that man is doing his duty." Perhaps a county Member may be passing: he will inquire who I am: he will be told. Result a most favourable report to Government, and rapid promotion. This comes from having a character to keep up, and keeping it up accordingly. Are the "hands" gathered round a door laughing and chatting, meal time being just concluded?—they see me and the smiles vanish; we are all serious. I single out the biggest among them, and ask him "Who he is?" summarily. He acknowledges my official position at once, and answers straightforwardly. I put *him* down in my note-book. He winces at that, I know, and I should say is uncomfortable for the rest of the afternoon.

In fact, it will trouble you to find at Cokingham a greater man than I am; that is, as Inspector under the New Olfactory Act.

I am at the station. A large Factory Owner comes up to speak to me on a matter of the greatest importance. He wants to get an hour's more work out of his hands. I instruct him in the law. The law is inexorable: I am inexorable. The train comes in, but I must explain certain points under Cap. 1, Section A. He is all attention. "You see," I commence, "that, according to the present system, which, though merely tentative," (capital word "tentative," when you 're talking to a manufacturer,) "I am bound to say, is at present producing the most satisfactory results, I should not feel myself at liberty to represent to the Heads of My Department——"

Before I can say another word, I am staggered by what is called a "dig" in the ribs, and a voice exclaims, feigning the tone of a clown at pantomime time—

"Here we are again! I'm looking at you!"

I turn to remonstrate. It is Grigg. Grigg making himself knock-knee'd, his body all one-sided, his face distorted by a hideous grin, and all done to give a colourable representation of (as I said before), the clown at Christmas time. He sees I am (so to speak) taken aback, and prolongs his entertainment for the benefit of three porters (puzzled), a policeman (with the superior air of a man who has seen the real thing on the stage, and knows all about it), and a newspaper boy (in fits of laughter).

"How was you to-day, how are you yesterday, and how ain't you to-morrow?" he says, by way of salutation, and seizing me by the hand.

I can't apologise to the Owner of Factories; I can't disown Grigg; I can't ask the Owner of Factories why he doesn't laugh. He doesn't, that 's the worst of it. I can't pretend that Grigg is an official—a Member of Parliament, and so obtain some respect for him.

By the way. I might have said that he was Mr. Whalley, but I didn't think of it in time.

I am in a rage. I can't show it. I smile and say, "How do you do, old fellow?" and ask him to see after his luggage while I finish my *business* (emphasis on *business*), conversation with the gentleman (emphasis on *gentleman*, for the sake of the Factory Owner).

The Factory Owner, however, disappoints me by saying, "Oh, I see you 're engaged: it will do another time. Good day."—and leaves in a careless sort of way. He evidently thinks less of me (as an authority) since Grigg's arrival. And Grigg won't be impressed by the Factory Owner's manner towards me.

The sooner I tell Grigg that I 've a character to keep up the better.

Grigg's luggage is put on a fly. It is with great difficulty that I can get Grigg out of the station, where I am so well known. He insists upon asking the price of journals that have no existence, and lets the young man at the bookstall examine all his catalogues for a novel whose name Grigg nudges me to intimate he has just invented.

Coming through the ticket office he stops me with "I say, such fun!" and goes to the clerk's pigeon-hole, where he raps with a half-crown. The clerk appears. My Funny Friend only says, blandly, "How do you do, Sir? I hope you 're quite well," and leaves him, without the chance of a repartee. Coming out chuckling, he explains to me how funny this last practical joke was. I smile, and am glad at the prospect of getting him into the fly.

He will have me jump in before him. I do so. He shuts the door, and tells the driver, "To the nearest lunatic asylum." Roars of laughter from porters and policemen, who have lost all respect for me. Factory hands passing stop to laugh, and they 'll go and tell other hands.

I give the driver his proper direction, and Grigg takes his seat inside. He tells the people (from the window) not to cry as they 'll see him again, and blesses them generally.

Let me hope this is only a temporary exuberance of spirits on the part of Grigg consequent upon seeing me.

But two things are at present quite clear; viz., that My Funny Friend *has* arrived, and secondly that, more than ever, I have a character to keep up.

KING THEODORE.

Air—"*Brian O'Lynn.*"

King Theodorus sits out of the sun,
Trousers, or waistcoat, or coat, wearing none;
But he sports a cocked-hat which a Beadle once wore—
"'Tis a crown for a monarch," says King Theodore.

King Theodorus roars, dances, and raves,
When he gets into a rage with his slaves;
He kicks 'em *à tergo*, and cuffs 'em afore—
"Gorrawarragawraw!" bellows King Theodore.

King Theodorus put Britons in chains,
On his black hands if their blood has left stains;
Catch him, and then at his own palace door,
Aloft on a gallows hang King Theodore.

To All whom it may Concern.

"The Companies Act, 1867," contains full directions as to the winding-up of Evening Parties.

Reversing.—Making a Molehill of a Mountain—the Mont Cénis Railway.

AS "YOU WERE" AT THE WAR-OFFICE.



UCH administrative heads of the War Department, as General Routine, K.C.B., General Muddle, G.C.B., and their numerous assistants (Civil and Military) are working with the utmost energy at the preparations for the Abyssinian expedition. They have just countermanded three shiploads of stores, which were already on board the lighters, and are about to institute a series of experiments on the worms of Abyssinia, preliminary to fixing on the pharmacopœia which is to be supplied to the medical officers for the expedition. The Guinea-worm is not formidable, but the red Tape-worm threatens, we fear, sad sufferings and great loss of life to the expedition.

They are sending officers in all directions, at £3 3*s.* a-day and expenses, to buy mules. Such is the determination with which the search for these useful animals is followed up, that not only are these officers dispatched wherever there are mules to be found, but even to places where they are *not*.

There is one consolatory reflection—if the expedition should run short of mules, there will always be abundance of asses, in the chief military departments at home, which may be freely drawn on. They are already largely engaged in the transport work of the expedition, and seem, from all we can learn, to be doing it in the style that might be expected from this laborious though much abused class of animal.

MR. PUNCH ON A BROBDINGNAGIAN BARROW.

Never did Barrow on furnace make such a blaze, as Barrow-in-Furness the other day, when its docks were opened by Dukes, Lords, Honourables, and Right Honourables, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, Mayors, Magistrates, Magnates, Local and Municipal—in short by such an assemblage of big and little wigs as it was a triumph to have got together in the dead season.

But the occasion was certainly worth a crowd and a crow! A Barrow that has grown, one may say, from a barrow into a coach-and-four in ten years! A Barrow that has swelled almost within the memory of the youngest inhabitant from the quiet coast-nest of some five-score fishermen, into the busy, bustling, blazing, money-making, money-spending, roaring, tearing, swearing, steaming, sweltering seat of twenty thousand iron-workers, and the crime and culture, the dirt and disease, the hard-working and hard-drinking, the death and life, the money and misery they bring along with them!! A Barrow out of which they are tipping 600,000 tons of iron every year!!! A Barrow, big enough to hold a Monster-Iron-Mining-and-Smelting Company, with two Dukes among its directors, to say nothing of Lord knows who, in the way of Lords, and Lord knows how many millionnaires!!!!

Talk of the Barrows we read of from time to time as opened with great fuss and excitement in the North by a crowd of archæologists, headed by the Rev. Canon Greenwell—that most indefatigable of bone-grubbers—with such "finds" as a fractured skull, a ditto brace of urns, a few coal or amber beads, and a "ruckle" of sucked and split marrow-bones!

Here is something like a Barrow, at the opening of which you turn up two live Dukes—one of them a senior wrangler into the bargain—and the first of living orators. The occasion was the inauguration of the Barrow Docks. They, with the wharfs, basins and building-yards about them, cover hundreds of acres. Barrow, we are told, is to be a second Liverpool, Birmingham, Sheffield, Dudley, and Cardiff, all rolled into one. The day that laid the corner-stone of such an edifice was surely

"Albo dies numeranda lapillo"

—a day to be commemorated by a Glad-stone—and sweetly and sonorously did Mr. Gladstone Sing his prophetic Pæan; doing his suit and service to King Iron with a grace that might well make King Cotton—his Lancashire liege lord—jealous.

But we have not called attention to this biggest of big Barrows, because of its wonderful growth, its industry, the iron or the gold its miners, smelters, and forgers are making, its Brobdingnagian dividends, or its belching blast furnaces.

The master-spirit of its great iron-company is one Schneider. He has hitherto been known to fame among public men chiefly as an ex-M.P., turned out of his seat for Lancaster for gross and shameless bribery. He had seen so much done by energy and money that he probably thought the one as legitimate a lever into Parliament as the other. But he has been punished for his mistake. He has now an opportunity to repair it. His name is the same as that of the President of the French Legislative Assembly, the energetic, far-sighted, M. Schneider, whom *Mr. Punch* has already honoured as the head and heart of the admirably-conducted firm which has made the iron manufacturing district of Le Creusot, a model as yet to be imitated among the great English industries of the same kind. What is Le Creusot? It is at once a manufactory and a town—a manufactory that has grown into a town, a town that has gathered about a manufactory, and has of late been described, modestly and in bare figures, by M. Schneider himself, in a report to the Paris Exposition, as well as more summarily delineated in outline by a Correspondent of *Mr. Punch*, on January 12, 1867. He reprints that outline here, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, but especially for those who have read the account of the rejoicings at Barrow, and Mr. Gladstone's speech thereon.

"I read your reply to the Ladies of Wolverhampton on my return from visiting one of the great iron foundries of France, which, though under one proprietorship, is a small 'black country' of itself. I will tell you what I saw in that great French factory. I saw a town of 25,000 inhabitants, wholly built and owned by the miners and ironworkers themselves, who buy their land in fee simple from their employers as they require it for building. I saw 10,000 of these people, some few of them women, who do light out-door work, go daily to their duties, and 4000 of their children go daily to their schools. I saw drawings and attended historical and scientific examinations in the higher classes of these schools, which would have done credit to Rugby and Eton, and heard, with a longing wish, that it were so in England: how none were allowed to leave the school for the workshop till they could read and write well, and do some arithmetic; and I heard with no surprise that several of the higher boys have passed up into the school of Government Engineers in France. I saw the château of the proprietors standing in the very midst of this town of workmen, and, within it, assembled round the venerable founder of this great industry, a little society principally composed of the officials of the place, which in refinement and intellect would have done honour to any capital in Europe.

"I saw all this, Sir, but I did not see a policeman, or a soldier. I believe there were in the place (of course not near the areas) three of the former, but none of the latter; and finally, during a ten days' stay, I did not see a drunken man, though I once heard one."

And now for *Mr. Punch's* proposition. Suppose M. Schneider were to set himself in real earnest to wipe out the recollection of Lancaster by the redemption of Barrow? What if he were to prove himself the ditto of M. Schneider of Le Creusot, not in name only but in deed, and to make Barrow-in-Furness the Creusot of England, in morals, manners, civilisation, education, domestic comfort and culture, as well as in industry, energy and money-making? Here is a work worthy of the noblest ambition, the most determined energy, the highest intelligence, and certain of the richest reward—a reward not to be gauged by dividends, it is true, but beyond the measure of millions. Let there be two Schneiders known in the world for their noble conception and perfect discharge of the duties of a great captain of industry, and let one of them be an Englishman.

And when that second Schneider has done *his* work, let Mr. Gladstone go down and sing a second and a grander Pæan over Barrow—noting its growth, not in trade, wealth and industry, but in the blessings of a well-taught, well-mannered, well-ordered, cleanly and sober, happy, healthy, hearty population of working-men.

"Non Pan-Angeli, sed Pan-Anglicani."

There was a big Synod of seventy-two
Bishops so bothered they didn't know what to do:
So to do what was wanted they drew to a head,
Shut their doors, said their prayers, and—did nothing instead.

BABY-FARMING.

From the report of the inquest on an unfortunate infant, who died under the maternal care of a Baby-farm-keeper, named Jagger, we are led to the conclusion that some Britons are ready to sacrifice their children, as the Hindoos sacrifice themselves—to Jagger-naut.

A SINGULAR DUAL.

There has been a Bishop Smith announced very often during the recent Lambeth Pan-Anglican meeting. He is simply Bishop Smith, *sans* diocese, *sans* country. Surely this must be Smith and Elder rolled into one.



MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

Mr. T. utters his War-Cry ("Ha! Beauséant! To the Rescue!"), and Rushes Blindly on his Foe. (*Vide Page* 141.)

DOVES IN PEACOCKS' FEATHERS!

"A Wedding at a Friends' Meeting House.—A Wedding of a very fashionable character took place on Wednesday at the Friends' Meeting House, Quaker's Friars, Bristol, the contracting parties being Miss Mariana Louisa Rake, youngest daughter of Mr. Joseph Rake, and Mr. David Fry, youngest son of Mr. Jos. Fry. The nuptial party arrived at the meeting house in eleven or twelve carriages, several of which were driven by pairs of greys, with postilions in scarlet liveries. * * * The bride was elegantly attired in a rich train of white corded silk; small fashionable bonnet, almost confined to a wreath or chaplet of orange blossoms, from which fell in graceful folds a long veil of tulle edged with pearls The five bridesmaids were uniformly attired in dresses of white grenadine, the skirts of which were neatly edged with blue; white *crêpe* bonnets, trimmed with blue; and gracefully-formed peplum jackets, with blue trimmings *en suite*. Mrs. F. J. Fry, sister of the bride, wore an exceedingly handsome dress of pink satin, covered with white grenadine muslin; bonnet of white *crêpe*, with white forget-me-nots and ostrich feather, and bridal veil pending from the back. Miss Windham, a friend of the bride, wore a white grenadine muslin dress tastefully trimmed with pink; white and pink bonnet with flowers to match."—*Bristol Paper.*

Oh, weep for the hour
When to Hymen's Quaker-bower,
The Fry led the Rake, and the Rake drew the Fry:
The ghost of old George Fox
Must have burst his coffin-box,
And torn his straight-cut locks, such Friends' attire to spy!

For the gown of dove-hued silk,
And the kerchief white as milk
Folded meekly o'er the bosom, and close-plaited muslin cap,
And poke-bonnet, black or brown,
The virgin Friend to crown,
The plain grey shawl for shoulders, and white apron for the lap—

Lo, vanities abhorred!
A train of white-silk cord,
And, apology for bonnet, an orange-blossom's spray!
A tulle veil edged with pearls,
O'er a chignon and long curls,
Called "Kiss-me-quicks" or "follow-me-lads," in slang phrase of the day!

And five bridesmaids, Frys and Peason—
'Gainst Friends' rule, oh, carnal treason!
In dresses of white grenadine, the bottoms edged with blue—
White *crêpe* bonnets, azure-trimmed,
White silk peplums, azure-rimmed,
En suite for carnal persons, but "en sour" for Quakers true!

Rise, *fainéant* John Bright,
And these godless garments smite,
'Gainst apparel and its vanities thy mighty trumpet blow!
But ah—on nearer view—
Thou wear'st a collar, too,
And a brim of carnal breadth on thy hat hast stoop'd to show!

Oh, woe and well-a-day,
For Friends thus fall'n away
From the strait path in apparel to the carnal-minded road!
Farewell meekness, mildness, peace,
That with dove-hued robes must cease,
And with close-caps and poke-bonnets be in lavender bestowed!

An Indispensable Officer.

It is not true that Mr. Calcraft, the well-known Finisher of the Law, will be attached to the expedition which is in course of being fitted out against the King of Abyssinia. It is expected that no difficulty will be experienced in finding a hand fully competent to deal, if necessary, with that monarch in the event of his capture; and in the meanwhile the proceedings of the Fenians render it manifestly impossible that Her Majesty's Government can afford to dispense with the services of Mr. Calcraft at home.

The Fenian Handcuffs.

Mr. Jones, the indignant red republican member of the English bar, forgot that to let the birds once caught out of his nets is not the custom of a Fowler. Bravo, Mr. Fowler, and quite right not to be bullied.



A PAN-ANGLICAN WASHING DAY.

Chorus of Old Washerwomen. "THERE! TAKE 'EM AWAY—WE CAN'T BE WORRITTED WITH THEM THINGS."

"If the seventy-five members of the Pan-Anglican Synod have not a single word to say upon any of the great questions, theoretical or practical, which concern the very existence of the Church of England, their impotent caution and misplaced decency will do more to endanger it than any external attack with which it is at present threatened."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



THE LONG VACATION.

Dear Mr. Punch, *St. Boniface College, Oxford.*

As the persecuted victim of an iniquitous nuisance, I appeal to you for that protection and assistance which you are never known to refuse to the deserving object. I repeat that I am the victim of an iniquitous nuisance. I allude, Sir, to the Long Vacation. Who was the inventor of this detestable annual *justitium*, by which all one's friends and acquaintances are, for the space of four months, scattered over the face of the earth beyond any possibility of communication? Why this extraordinary annual diffusion of British youth over the highways and hedges of Great Britain and Europe? When all one's chums are employed in fishing, shooting, walking, or vegetating in the country, and all this at a time when there is positively nobody in town, what is to become, I put it to you, *Mr. Punch*, of the unfortunate individual who is neither sportaman, fisherman, nor pedestrian, and who is forbidden by his medical adviser to live in the country for more than three days consecutively? After passing a week in constant railway travelling, from London to Birmingham, and from Birmingham to London; after consuming three days in riding from Charing Cross to Brompton, and from Brompton to Charing Cross, I find even these occupations begin to pall, and myself driven back to Oxford on the dismal pretence of reading, and I have been for the last ten days enjoying the exclusive society of scouts and bed-makers. I am in a position fully to realise the emotions of the *Wandering Jew*, or *Childe Harold*, or the *Man in the Iron Mask*. My overwrought feelings have sought relief in some verses, which I enclose, as conveying a more vivid conception of the feeble state of mind to which I am reduced, than any other form of expression I could adopt. Do, *Mr. Punch*, lift up your mighty voice and exert your colossal influence to annihilate this preposterous system of Long Vacations.

And believe me, ever supplicatingly yours,

An Undergraduate, with every prospect of remaining so.

They talk of Long Vacations,
They prate of grouse and moors,
And sea-side relaxations,
And Continental tours;
Welsh mountain and Swiss valley,
Alternate changes ring;
With cricket and Aunt Sally—
You know the sort of thing.

Would I by mere volition
Could take a trip to France,
And at the Exhibition
Just take a flying glance.
Alas! nought but vexation
Such idle fancies breed;
For 'tis the Long Vacation,
And I 've come up to read.

I wander to the Union
In solitary plight,
In search of some old crony, one
With whom I might unite.
No sign of animation
I see, and weary say,
Oh! hang this Long Vacation,
And feebly turn away.

To-day I tried the river,
And pulled as in a dream;
And with a nervous shiver
I looked upon the stream.
The boats were unfrequented,
The Christ Church walks were bare;
The boatmen stood demented,
And gazed with wond'ring stare.

My scout observes my anguish,
With ill-concealed delight;
Observes my reading languish,
And said to me last night,
By way of consolation,
To fill my bitter cup:—
"Lor, Sir! in Long Vacation
There 's never no one up."

If I in Long Vacation
Again come up to read—
(What wild infatuation
Prompted the ghastly deed!)
May I be hanged instanter,
And burnt my cap and gown!
"Here, Jones! pack my portmanteau,
And I'll go back to town."

"PEN-AND-INK! PEN-AND-INK!"

Mr. Punch,

"Above all things, Sir, no zeal"—was it not that which your crafty old friend, the Minister, ex-Bishop, said to a 'prentice diplomatist? It may be thought by some that the gentlemen who preside over that excellent association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, would do well to inculcate the advice of Talleyrand on some of their subordinates. These vigilant people are certainly down very sharp on anyone they can catch in the least degree hurting an animal's bodily feelings. No longer will any stick do to beat a dog with. Mind how you beat a dog with any stick thick enough to make him howl. Beware of dealing with an obstructive dog as people were used to do when Shakspeare could put into the mouth of *Shylock* the lines wherein he tells *Signor Antonio*, you did subject me to such and such indignities:—

> "And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
> Over your threshold."

If you happen to see a stranger cur on your threshold, *Mr. Punch*, take care what you are about with him. If you do venture to spurn and foot him, do it gently. Kick him not, in any case, so that he yelp, lest an officer of the good Society above-named being within earshot summon you before a Magistrate, and his Worship fine you or even commit you to the House of Correction. Such are the cautions which may be occasionally suggested to you by certain Police reports—differing in their conclusion from the following:—

"At the Buckingham Petty Sessions on Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Harley, Rector of Turweston, Bucks, was summoned to answer a charge preferred by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for that on Sunday, the 18th of August, he did ill-treat, abuse, and torture a dog, by pouring spirits of turpentine on its hind parts. Upon leaving church after evening service on the day in question the Rev. Gentleman saw, on the premises of the rectory, a small dog which belonged to a man named Durham. He called his man-servant and said, 'Let us catch this dog and put turpentine upon him, and he will not come here again.' This was done, and the dog ran off in great agony. In defence, Mr. Small, Solicitor, contended that there was no intention to act cruelly, but simply to rid the rectory of the nuisance of dog trespass. The bench deliberated for a short time, when the Chairman, Mr. R. Fitzgerald, said, 'We have given this case our best attention, and the law in relation to it, and we have come to the conclusion that the law has not been transgressed by the act which defendant undoubtedly and confessedly did perform. We therefore dismiss the complaint, and I have much pleasure in informing Mr. Harley that he leaves this Court without a stain upon his reputation as a Christian minister, a gentleman, and a humane man.' The Rev. defendant then applied for costs, which the bench allowed."

At first sight this case may seem an additional illustration of the rather excessive zeal of the agents of the estimable Society aforesaid. The unction of a little turpentine applied to the root of a dog's tail, not wantonly but for the purpose of keeping the dog off, may appear a small matter, a mild incentive to make a stranger cur avoid a threshold. But of course the Magistrates, and let us hope the parson, were unlearned as to dogs, ignorant of canine idiosyncrasies, and did not know, what I am informed is the fact, that turpentine acts on a dog's skin as a most powerful blister. If then the Rev. Gentleman has been in the habit of applying that irritant to the roots of the tails of stranger curs, he will perhaps cease to do so.

The local application of turpentine to the canine skin, as above particularised, will cause a very little dog to raise a very great outcry as of "pen-and-ink." To regard that cry is quite right, and its wanton provocation merits punishment. But ah, *Mr. Punch*, what if half as much notice as that which is taken of a clamour of "pen-and-ink" could only be attracted by the groans of wretched people audible within the walls of such horrid places as that hell upon earth the Workhouse Infirmary at Cheltenham, described in last week's *British Medical Journal?* Wanted, a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Paupers! Is it not, *Mr. Punch?* Protect poor dogs from ill-usage by all means. Show any extreme of tenderness for donkeys; nay, let those who will, treat them with brotherly kindness. Let us, however, consider our own species in the first place. Could not a Society be organised for the protection of poor men and women against the brutal underlings of indifferent Guardians? I am, Sir, like yourself, a friend to all animals, but particularly the human

Animal's Friend.

P.S. It is only fair to Mr. Harley to extract from the *Times* of Saturday last the Rev. Gentleman's "explanation of the transaction:"—

"I had for a length of time been annoyed by the dog frequenting my premises, and I thought the application of a small quantity of turpentine applied on the back might cause him a moderate amount of pain and prevent his annoying me in future; a thrashing, I believed at the time, and believe now, would have caused much more pain, and nobody would have thought of accusing me of cruelty for that. The evidence of the veterinary surgeon was that turpentine would cause pain and irritation, but that the *effect would pass off in an hour.* * * * I am certainly sorry that I used the turpentine at all, as the action has exposed me to be the subject of so much exaggeration; but I did not do it with the slightest intention of torturing the animal, as I was particularly careful not to allow it to touch any tender parts. I simply wished to scare the dog away without doing him any real injury."

No Bookworm.

The Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, says the *Times*, has been closed. Why? Because the Archbishop of Canterbury contrived to get its maintenance transferred from his own hands to those of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Wherefore? Possibly because his Grace felt that he did not know what to do with a Library. This conjecture may be thought to derive some confirmation from the style of certain Forms of Prayer occasionally issued from Lambeth Palace.

Foreign Markets: Italian.—Red Shirtings down again.



PLEASURES OF PIC-NICS.

Aunt Jemima (who has been rather fidgety for some time, and hates dining out-of-doors). "Well, Girls, you may do as you like, but *I* don't intend Sitting upon Ants' Nests any longer!"

TO THE POET-LAUREATE.

Mr. Tennyson, Sir,

Shut up in an old and obscure country inn, I execrated the rain, the idiotic practice of leaving one's comfortable home, and men and things generally. The only book I could get was a volume of "Poems" by Henry James Pye, Esq., published in 1787 by Stockdale.

Mr. Pye, Sir, afterwards became Laureate.

I do not believe that you have ever read his works. At least I have observed no sign that they have produced any effect on your mind.

Therefore, Sir, I wish to point out to you how, some eighty years ago, proper and becoming poetic homage could be paid to a Royal Infant.

Early in the volume, Sir, in an Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, child of King George the Third.

Mr. Pye begins by stating that

"The fading beam of parting day
Forsakes the Western Sky,
Now shines Diana's gentler ray
With virgin Majesty."

From this elegant language you will infer that the poet means to say that it was a moonlight night, in further illustration of which fact he adduces a variety of phenomena, such as the silvery appearance on the water, and sad Philomela's pouring her plaintive note to the lunar orb, all perfectly refined and sweet. He then hears dreadful sounds, and a Form Divine appears on the sedgy brink of the Cherwell. The costume of this divine form is striking. It consists of an azure length of robe behind, which loosely wantons on the wind. His eyeballs, glowing like the vernal morning, shed benign beams. The poet, re-assured, begins to ask questions, and demands whether we are licking proud Iberia, or flees the Gaul at the dread alarms of the Marquis of Granby, or stalks the giant rage of war in India.

The Form Divine mildly snubs him for his bad guesses, and informs him that Mirth and the Muses now reign on Albion's shore, the former revelling, and the latter twining each fragrant flower to crown the hour—

"Which gave to George a Blooming Heir."

This Bloomer was his late Majesty King George the Fourth. Now, Sir, hear how your predecessor could undress—I mean address a baby.

2.

"Come, happy child, delight the land
Where Time shall fix thy throne.
O come and take from Freedom's hand
A sceptre all her own:
And when the sacred love of truth
Display'd, shall form thy ripening youth,
May every joyful Briton find,
The soul of George's godlike race,
With lovely Charlotte's softer grace
Attemper'd, in thy mind."

There, Mr. Tennyson, Sir. And you will not be surprised to learn that after a few hilarious observations, of much geographical merit, the Form Divine finishes—

"He said, and rushing from my wondering eyes,
On volley'd lightning borne, he sought his native skies."

I have double pleasure in transcribing these beautiful lines (a feat which I do not suppose has ever been performed before, except by the lamented Pye himself) because they will have an interest for you, Sir, and because they reveal to the present generation a fact of which the majority of us were ignorant; namely, that an Angel came down express to Oxford to congratulate England on the birth of George the Fourth, and to offer up a prayer that he might unite the merits of his godlike father and his lovely mother.

How Mr. Pye would have liked Mr. Tupper. I dare say Pye would have subscribed to the Testimonial.

Ever, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

Somewhere in Yorkshire. An Admirer of Loyal Poetry.

MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.—(*Suite.*)

(*Vide Page* 136, *Woodcut.*)



How utterly irrevocable is To-Morrow! and yesterday, how inscrutable!! and oh, how peculiarly and delicately situated (just between the two) is To-Day!!!

Mr. Titwillow spent the greater part of Sunday in writing long farewell letters to his wife, each of which was sealed and entrusted to Uncle Pip—to be delivered to her *only* in case of fatal mischance. He also wrote himself some epitaphs in English and French verse, and in one or two other languages he has scraped a passing acquaintance with. We hope to lay them before the reader at some future period, when the naturally painful feelings these events will excite in Bloomsbury shall have been somewhat softened by the healing touch of time. They are simple and unaffected, and breathe a truly gentle spirit (tempered with water).

On Sunday evening five bosom friends came trooping in—a stately sight; the shortest being only under six feet, and even he quite made up for the deficiency by his powerful breadth of beam. All graver thoughts were instinctively put off till the morrow, and a very pleasant evening was spent between them.

On the Monday the Viscount and Baron arrived at the hotel, punctual to the second; they were received in a large and handsome apartment, *décoré de glaces;* their faces had been washed as far as their close-fitting military stocks would allow; either this, or the serious nature of the business that had brought them, imparted a stiffness and formality to their demeanour that boded little good to poor Titwillow. The bosom friends drew themselves up to more than their full height in consequence. Just then a couple of Champagne bottles on the shelf riveted the Baron's gaze, and all sternness died out of his features: not so with the Viscount.

After the necessary introductions had taken place, and all were seated, a champagne cork was popped, and a proposition made that they should liquor up all round; but the Viscount refused to join in this demonstration, and a tear stood in the Baron's bolting eye as he said, "*Brigadier, vous avez raison!*"

A formal apology was demanded by the Viscount; but Mr. Titwillow (who was then engaged in writing a farewell letter to his wife in another room), had stated that he would sooner die than retract a line of his French ballad, every verse of which had cost him inconceivable pains on account of the difficulties of French prosody. Nothing was left, therefore, but to appoint a meeting and settle the weapons.

The choice of arms lay of course with the Englishmen, and the sabre was ultimately chosen as being the most likely weapon for Mr. T. to fluke with, on account of his complete ignorance of the same; he never having even beheld one unsheathed; it was furthermore settled that only cuts, not thrusts, were to be allowed: and the first drop of blood on either side to satisfy the cravings of honour. Then time and place were fixed: next morning, at six, on the fortifications near Passy: and the Viscount and Baron took their departure—the latter much dejected.

Next morning the six bosom friends rose with the lark, and superintended Mr. T.'s toilet; they made him put on three pairs of drawers of various texture, which Betty had packed up for him in her fear of sudden changes in the weather—and two underjackets of stout material.

After a light breakfast they took cabs, and went to the place appointed, picking up on their way a surgeon and two sisters of charity: they were already amply provided with sticking plaister.

The weather was fine—they were first on the ground—Mr. T. was sorrowful, but firm. Uncle Pip gave him a sup from a pocket-flask, which brightened him up. He muttered something about the Ramsgate sands, saying that—

> "*There* were his young barbarians, both at play,
> And *there* their dashing mother.—He, their sire,
> Butchered—in this uncomfortable way."

Quoting, of course, entirely from recollection. Presently, the three musketeers arrive on the ground, accompanied by the veterinary surgeon of the regiment, and other musketeers of the same rank and size as themselves. Polite bows are exchanged; the Count takes off his jacket. An even spot is selected—on the *talus* of the fortification. Mr. T., who has had another sup from the pocket-flask, exclaims that he will hear of nothing over twenty paces, as he has not come there for child'a-play.

Uncle Pip tells him paces are for pistols, not sabres; and Mr. T., nothing abashed, selects a sabre out of several that are presented to him; it occurs to him suddenly what a horrid instrument the sabre is, how heavy it feels in the hand, how dreadfully it is spelt, and how much worse it sounds in French than Engliah. He is now ready. Suddenly Uncle Pip, who generally wears a hard and glossy new Beaufort hat, takes the same off his own head, and puts it on Titwillow's. The Viscount and Baron instantly demur to this, saying it is not fair. Uncle Pip, however, whose ready wit rarely deserts him, observes that the Count has, on the other hand, the obvious advantage of possessing, in common with the rest of the French cavalry, a hard leather lining to that part of his trousers that usually comes in contact with the saddle.

The Viscount denies that this is an advantage, as no Frenchman ever presented himself but with his face to the foe.

Here Mr. Titwillow cries out, that if they make much more fuss about it, he 'll be hanged if he 'll fight at all, but throw up the whole thing in disgust.

The objection to the hat is instantly waived, the Count saying to Uncle Pip—"*Tant pis pour votre chapeau, milor!*"

He puts himself into an elaborately scientific position, eminently calculated to demoralise the timid. So does Titwillow—a long way off. They gradually steal upon each other, feeling the ground cautiously; the sabres meet, and a few rapid but unsuccessful cuts are made on either side; Mr. T.'s activity is really wonderful; judging from his movements, he seems to have an idea that he is on horseback. This is perhaps all the better. He retreats a few paces to breathe, and sharpens his blade between his foot and the grass. He is now thoroughly up to his work—suddenly he shuts his eyes, utters his war-cry ("Ha! Beauséant! to the rescue!!") and drawing his friend's hat firmly down to his chin, rushes blindly on his foe * * *

Just then our parcel unfortunately left.

(*La suite au prochain numéro.*)

THE TOWN LIFE.

(*In Humble Imitation of* Mr. Rogers.)

Mine is a house at Notting Hill:
The Indian's tum-tum smites my ear;
A crowd enjoys a casual "mill,"
With no policeman lingering near.

The thief attempts the chain and watch
Conspicuous in my spacious vest;
Their balls of brass the tumblers catch,
In soiled and spangled garments dressed.

Around my steps street-organs bring
The dirtiest brats that can be seen;
And boys turn wheels, and niggers sing
To banjo and to tambourine.

The dustman bawls; the beggars tease
When coppers are not duly given;
Whilst papers, flowers and fuses,
Annoy me six days out of seven.

Bread or Lead!

We understand that, a day or two ago, placards were found on several houses of the Faubourg St. Antoine with the following inscription, "*Le pain à douze sous, ou le plomb!*" Was the alternative of "*le plomb*" a menace or a request? If the latter, under a military despotism "*le plomb*" was likely enough to be readily given; if the former, still more readily.

A "LYON" SPIRIT.

Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, has changed his name to Lyon, or has prefixed the new title to his former, now appearing as Lyon-Home. Is *Lyon* correctly spelt? As far as sound goes, the marvellous Spiritualist had better have stuck to his *Home sweet Home*, and have dropped an addition which sounds like a remarkably unpleasant epithet.

FROM "THE MILLER AND HIS MEN."

Corn is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the better classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.



"BROTHER BRUSH."

Ship-Painter. "Nice Dryin' Weather for our Business, ain't it, Sir?"
Amateur (disconcerted). "Ya-a-s!"—— [*Takes a dislike to the place.*

PRIVATE TO POTTER.

Hawarden, Chester, Sept. 24.

My Dear Mr. Potter, (*Confidential.*)

I enclose you my letter to be read to your Committee declining to attend your banquet. I have tried to couch my refusal in the most respectful, that is the least plain and point-blank, terms. I hope I understand how to put things pleasantly. But, I really cannot consent to be mixed up with brass-bands, balloon-ascents, fireworks, fountains, and Mr. Worthington, the Star-diver. Besides I can't afford to quarrel with Beales, and I don't want to dine with him. If I accepted your invitation, I *must* do one or the other, perhaps both. The one course might be politically inconvenient; the other would certainly be personally disagreeable. So lest I should annoy either of you by countenancing the other, you will see my only alternative is to take my favourite "third course," and say "No," to one and the other. Pray accept this as the change, in plain English, of my letter to the Committee.

Heartily wishing that your speeches and your dinner may go off successfully, as well as the balloons, fireworks, and star-diver, I remain, dear Mr. Potter,

Yours most faithfully,

E. Potter, Esq. W. E. Gladstone.

P. S. Advise Worthington not to try a leap in the dark. It might provoke odious comparisons.

The Dinner Din.

It is in contemplation to solicit the Lord Mayor Elect to preside at a Public Meeting, to be held in the Poultry, for the discussion of the great question of the day and the *Daily Telegraph*—dinners for City clerks. His Lordship Elect would fill the chair with appropriate fitness, as he is Alderman of Cheap. Lord Derby, on account of his recent experience in "dishing," will also be invited to attend. The City companies are expected to subscribe liberally, particularly the Fishmongers.

AN ILL-USED ARCHBISHOP.

Ask him to pay his own librarian and keep his library in order, with only £15,000 a-year! Hasn't he Lambeth and Addington to keep up?

And why should he spend money on what he never uses? How often, I should like to know, has the Venerable Archbishop taken a book down from the shelves of that musty old book-room, since his institution to the province? Like Lord Palmerston, he has a great deal too much to do to read printed books. Even if The Fathers of the Church were not stale, and the folio divinity of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries out of date, the Archbishop has quite enough employment to keep abreast of the *Guardian* and the *Record*, to read long-winded protests of the Evangelical Clergy against Ritualising bishops, or the charges of Ritualising Bishops made in the teeth of protesting clergy and churchwardens. As for answering either, still less reconciling them, or judging between them, the Archbishop has no leisure for anything so laborious.

Suppose the Archbishop referred the question of the keeping-up of the Library and the payment of the Librarian's salary to the Pan-Anglican Synod? Here would be *one* practical question, at all events, for the *Septuaginta et duo* to deal with.

The suggestion to transfer the books to the British Museum deserves consideration. Perhaps there could hardly be a more appropriate place for these relics of middle-age learning and theological earnestness, than beside the remains of *other* extinct species—such as the mammoth and the mastodon.

A Conundrum.

Given, a Hairdresser, a plate:
When is the former like the latter?
The answer is, I beg to state,
This: when the Hairdresser 's a *platter*.

Medical Diet.—Doctors' Commons.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, October 5, 1867.

A DREAM AFTER GOOSE.



R. Punch,—Dreams, as a rule, are not interesting, but last night I had, I think, an exceptional one. I dreamt that, being an old widower, I had gone and got married, I knew not how, to a young wife, and rather wished I hadn't. That since the morning of my wedding-day I had somehow been staying in the country, alone. That I had returned to my bachelor's lodgings of long ago near Oxford Street. That I had left my bride with her friends in a street adjoining Bedford Square, at a house of which I had forgotten the number. That I questioned what she would think of that. That I wondered how I should be able to face my real wife in the Happy Hunting Grounds. That I went out for a ramble anywhere or nowhere, with my eyes shut by way of a freak. That when I opened them I found myself in the midst of slums, complicated with a subterranean tunnel, as I thought miles from London. That, however, I found a row of cabs, took a Hansom, and rode homeward, with the driver inside. Awoke on my visionary journey, and found myself at liberty, with nothing to pay. Imagine the joy of yours, undoubtedly a martyr to

Sage and Onions.

Michaelmas, 1867.

P.S. I had eaten two large helpings.

BULLETS AND BRAINS.

Our instructive contemporary, *The British Medical Journal*, says that Dr. Sarazin, a professor of the Faculty of Strasbourg, has, with the assistance of various surgeons, been trying experiments to ascertain the kind of effects produced by Chassepot rifle shots on the human frame. Dr. Sarazin instituted his experiments on certain "subjects"—of the animal kingdom of course—and from experiments:—

"The principal conclusions which he draws are:—That at short distances the orifice of exit of the ball from the body is enormous—from seven to thirteen times larger than the ball."

"'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door"; not quite: "but 'tis enough: 't will serve." Having had such a hole as that made in his body, a man is indeed pretty well "peppered for this world"; with a no small peppercorn. Moreover:—

"The arteries and veins are cut transversely; the muscles torn and reduced to pulp; the bones are shattered to a considerable extent, and out of all proportion with the dimensions of the projectile."

The time will perhaps come when Posterity will think that every one among their forefathers who willingly put himself in the way of incurring those lesions of his bones, muscles, and bloodvessels, for any earthly consideration, must have been a madman. Some thinking persons may even now wonder how anybody, except in the spirit and faith of a martyr, can choose to subject his muscles to the probability of being reduced to a pulp by a bullet unless his brains have degenerated into something of a pulpy consistence. The "nations who delight in war," that is to say, in inflicting the injuries above described on their species, at the risk of suffering the same themselves, must be very hard-hearted; but surely the hardness of their hearts is matched by the softness of their brains.

Occasional Reflection.

If cant and platitude,
Posture and attitude,
Could, to beatitude,
Show you the way,
O boundless gratitude
In depth and latitude!
How Shovel Hat it would
Bid you repay!

SAYING THE RIGHT THING.

"Alpaca Pomatum. Heads of families will find this one of the purest and most economical pomades ever introduced." This advertisement goes to the point. Comment is superfluous, and italics would be an insult!

A WORD FOR THE READERS.

Reading is a pleasure, to very many people; for instance, what can equal the delight of countless myriads in weekly reading *Punch?* But to many other people reading is a business, and a very dreary business: for instance, few employments are more wearying than that of a reader for the press.

To decipher scrawls and hieroglyphs, which authors call their "manuscripts;" to compare them with the proofs, which are delivered wet and sticky and redolent of ink; to correct a faulty sentence or a word which is mis-spelt; to put in proper capitals, and take out such italics as most clearly are redundant, though the author may not think so; to have a careful eye for noting all unevenness of print; to supply the missing commas, colons, and full stops: all this is dreary work, and dismally mechanical: but besides all this, the reader must have a well-stored mind, and be able to correct a mistake in a quotation, not in English merely, but in Latin, French or Greek. Moreover, he must mind his *p*'s and *q*'s, and other letters of the alphabet, and must know enough of etymology to divide a word correctly, when a syllabic separation is required to fill the line.

In dreary labour such as this, London readers, on the average, work for nine hours every week day, and rarely get more holiday than four days in the year. They sit in close, hot closets, where the jarring of the printing press is dinning in their ears. Their eyes are injured by late night-work beneath the glare of gas, and their brains are also weakened "by excessive application when publishers are pressing." Moreover, they are subject to "Consumption, cephalalgia, nephritis, hepatitis," and certain other ailments with formidable names.

Great work and little pay makes Jack a sad boy. To enable them to take a more cheerful view of things, the readers are requesting an advance of ten per cent.: the small addition of two shillings to each of their pounds. Readers are not savages, like sawgrinders, and the like; and as they have no trade union to help them to their rights, their employers run no risk of a blowing-up by gunpowder for refusing the advance. But they stand in imminent peril of a blowing-up by *Mr. Punch*, who, being a hard-worker himself, can sympathise with such hardworkers as the readers, who, he thinks, are hardly paid enough for their hard work.

A KINDLY WARNING.

A number of Dissenting Ministers met last week upon Lambeth Bridge, and having sung a hymn, and pelted the steamboats with walnut-shells, they passed a resolution that there ought to be a new Archbishop of Canterbury. Then they sang another hymn, and went away.

Well, that's a parable. Because nothing of the kind was done. Dissenting Ministers are generally too acute to put themselves in a false position.

But, according to Dr. Gray, Bishop of Cape Town, a large body of Episcopal clergymen, of high rank, have done something of the same kind, and with exactly the same right and authority. A conference of Bishops, he says, has decided that a new Bishop of Natal may be appointed, *vice* Dr. Colenso, whose arithmetical commentaries on the Mosaic history displease Dr. Gray.

The Primate and the Bishop of London have taken prompt pains to disavow Dr. Gray's statement, and to promulgate the dogma of his Inaccurate Conception of what took place at the Episcopal *conversazione*. But some Church folks are very silly, and may take Dr. Gray's allegation for fact, and proceed to act in the way he desires. We beg them previously to read our parable, and to be convinced that if they follow Dr. Gray they will be much worse off than the imaginary Dissenting Ministers. Not only will their proceedings be inoperative, but the law officers of the Crown may have something to say to them. We don't make and unmake Bishops at tea-parties, whatever may be the opinion of the Spoons.

JUSTICE, HER SCALES, AND OTHER PEOPLE'S.

"Weights and Measures in Holborn.—Yesterday nine persons trading in the Holborn district were fined before the Justices of the Special Sessions held at Freemason's Tavern. Mr. J. Fysh Pownall, in the chair. One licensed victualler, one beer retailer, one flour and corn dealer, one cheesemonger, two greengrocers, one chandler, one potato dealer, and one dealer in rabbits. The *maximum* fine was £1 15*s.*, and the *minimum*, 5*s.*—*Wednesday's Times.*

A minimum of five shillings! Ah, Mr. Pownall, why didn't you make it a pound-all? And please why don't you give us the "names, weights, and colours" of the deriders—who laugh Justice to scorn, and falsify her scales on the sly?

Change of Name.

Barrow-in-Furness, noticed lately for its Dukes and Docks, has extensive iron and steel works. Ought it not to be called Barrow-in-Furnace?



A BAD SEASON.

Sportsman. "I CAN ASSURE YOU, WHAT WITH THE RENT OF THE MOOR, AND MY EXPENSES, AND 'WHAT NOT,' THE BIRDS HAVE COST ME—AH—A SOVEREIGN APIECE!!"

Keeper. "A' WEEL, SIR! 'DEED IT 'S A MAIRCY YE DIDNA KILL NA MAIR O' 'EM!!"

DUPANLOUP ON GARIBALDI.

AT Malines, the other day, M. DUPANLOUP, the Bishop of Orleans, delivered himself of a discourse abounding in examples of French ecclesiastical eloquence. The better portion of the Bishop's oration, in other parts savage, looks remarkably analogous to the poetry of motion as ordinarily exhibited in a ballet. Its flourishes and turns of rhetoric read, so to speak, like spoken steps and capers and twirls; and, tripping it as it were upon the tongue, the Right Reverend orator at times appeared to throw himself, after a fashion, into the attitudes, and to affect the graces of a *danseuse*. All this was very pretty—a remark, however, which will perhaps be deemed hardly applicable to the following passage relative to the Italian Liberator:—

"GARIBALDI is a Liberal. In an allocution to the students of Paris he said, 'My friends, my children' (for he assumes at times a paternal tone, he administers the sacrament of baptism in the name of the Fatherland), 'my friends, my children, the sacerdotal vampire must be extirpated; the heads of the priests must be smashed against the street pavement.'"

These words are copied from the *Tablet*. No doubt, then, they are those of BISHOP DUPANLOUP. Are they also the words of truth? Is it a fact that GARIBALDI ever told anybody that the heads of the priests must be smashed against the stone pavement? Not long ago the journals reported him, in answer to some popular shout of "Death to the Priests!" to have cried "Death to no man." Doubtless the BISHOP OF ORLEANS believes the story which he relates to GARIBALDI's prejudice, because he has heard it. With the generality of his school, he is perhaps rather apt to believe what he is told; may be a little over-inclined to credulity—on the right side, as he thinks it, and against the wrong. But let M. DUPANLOUP ponder one consideration which, at least, would surely have withheld GARIBALDI from saying that the heads of the priests must be smashed against the street pavement. If that were done, GARIBALDI, with his ideas of the priesthood, must think that the pavement would get the worst of it.

A RITUALISTIC KING.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

A SHAKSPEARIAN SENSATION.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies:
Whether this statement harsh, this phrase uncouth,
Be gentle SHAKSPEARE's, or but forgeries,
I cannot say,—not, were I to be hung.
But they are given as his, so let that rest;
And be congratulating chorus sung
Unto CHARLES EDMONDS, who has been so blest
As to discern, in ancient chamber flung,
A second copy of the poem old,
Neglected tomes of priceless worth among:
The *Passionate Pilgrim*. 'Tis not to be sold,
But, SHAKSPEARE's lovers, come along with me
To WILLIS'S AND SOTHERON'S. There it be.

EYESORE AND MYSORE.

POLITIC was the recognition of the adopted child of the RAJAH OF MYSORE. Splendid was the Durbar whereat the ceremony was performed. Blackguard were certain Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Welshmen (let us make the burden light by distribution among the possibles), who "drank too much, threw champagne bottles among the crowd, and bonneted every native who came in their way." If these Cads had been caught by THEODORUS, of Abyssinia, we should have been ill inclined to give their gallant comrades the trouble they are about to take. But cannot Authority mark these fellows for the least agreeable services and stations, and for deprivation of all leaves and indulgences for a protracted season. Will any Indian correspondent favour us with their names, not "necessarily" for publication?

THE FOUR FIRST *COUNSELS* OF THE CHURCH.—DR. TRAVERS TWISS, DR. LUSHINGTON, COLERIDGE, Q.C., BADDELEY, Q.C.



END OF MR. TITWILLOW IN PARIS.

We left Mr. T. Rushino on his Foe with Blind Fury. Suddenly he hears a well-known Voice calling him by Name again and again. He stops in his Onslaught. A firm Hand seizes him by the Wrist—the Sabre drops from his Grasp—he opens his Eyes. Lo! The Foe has disappeared, so have the Bosom Friends. He beholds a well-appointed Ramsgate Tea-Table—he sees Prawns! The Sight enchants him. The Twins are gone to bed, oh Happy Thought! Truth gradually dawns upon his Agitated Mind. He feels it is Sunday Evening; that he has had an Early Dinner; that he has Partaken freely of the Walnuts and the Wine—— Need we say any more?

THE BRAVE LITTLE MAN.

"Earl Russell, being asked to receive the Irish Reform League, replied that he would do nothing of the kind."

Well said, little Earlie; a proper remark:
Don't bother with bosh when you 're out for a lark;
Snub the Pats as you snubbed the Beale-Potterish clan:
We always declared you a Brave Little Man.

We 've got the Reform; why should Potter and Beales
Pester you, Bright, or Gladstone to come to dull meals?
And we 'll see to ould Erin as soon as we can;
Meantime, let 'a be quiet, my Brave Little Man.

Mr. Punch feels it pleasant to say you addressed
To Lords and to Commons advice of the best;
You told them, quite frankly, their properest plan
Was to work the Act fairly—you Brave Little Man.

Don't think *Mr. Punch* is a snob, and ashamed
To praise where he often has righteously blamed:
His rule is the same as when first he began:
He does justice to all men, my Brave Little Man.

Your temper 's not good,—that 's the worst of your sins—
And you think that a Whig and an Angel are twins,
And the fuel of quarrel you 're ready to fan,
As we 've oftentimes told you, my Brave Little Man.

But you 've conscience and pluck, and a gentleman's tone,
And you 're English, our John, to the very back-bone,
And when fighting 's the word you don't skulk from the van,
But jump to the front like a Brave Little Man.

If bad days are coming (we 'll hope they are not)
When old men, and old deeds, and old names are forgot,
His coarse epidermis our cudgel shall tan
Who dares to insult you, our Brave Little Man.

Leave your history, old friend, for The Volumes to tell,
Nor Moore nor Macaulay have served you as well.
Come across to our office and sing *Rataplan*
With *Punch* and his party, you Brave Little Man.

BLAISE! BLAZES!

It is hardly necessary to tell Englishmen that Isaac Newton did not steal any discoveries from Pascal. You might as well say he wrote *Don Pasquale*, or the *Provincial Letters*. Nor will Germans make any mistakes on the subject. But other continentals are shamelessly ignorant about everybody but their own countrymen, and are delighted to accept any story against an Englishman. Therefore *Mr. Punch* signifies to Europe, and especially to Frenchmen, that a recent impudent attempt to deprive Newton of some of his glory has been proved to be based on a blundering forgery, of which only an ignorant man could be guilty. Certain Frenchmen of science know and loyally admit this, but few Frenchmen care to be either scientific or loyal where an Englishman's renown is concerned, and therefore this *avertissement* is given by *Mr. Punch*. Blaise Pascal was a great man, and has reputation enough. Newton saw an apple fall, and immediately thought of gravitation. Most Frenchmen, witnessing the same sight, would have thought of making a *beignet de pommes*.

An Appropriate Toast in Honour of the Bishops attending the Pan-Anglican Synod.—Many happy returns (to their Dioceses).

"MASKS AND FACES."



MASKS are all the fashion now-a-days. During the season there was the Masked Lady, who used to ride in the Bois de Boulogne. Then in the sea-side time there was the Masked Bathing Woman. Perhaps in the case of the Equestrienne the mask assumed by ANONYMA was that of respectability: the hypocritical homage of vice to virtue. Then appeared the Masked Wrestler. And then came, but lately, to Geneva, GENERAL GARIBALDI behind a mask of Peace. Here other firebrands, like the late MR. BUNN'S "Hollow Hearts," wore masks, and harlequinaded to the top of their bent, but without the magic *bâton* to change the face of society. Then appears England masked as Prosperous Security, smiling, serene; but through her eyelet holes are shot suspicious glances, and beneath the domino are hidden deadly weapons. At Lambeth a Mask Ecclesiastical, with painted eyes and mouth; the clergy behind being unwilling to see, and fearful of speaking. There are official masks at Whitehall more amusing than those of olden time when Rare BEN catered for royalty. There is a Rare "BEN" now, who knows much about Masks, having worn many in his time, and his name is not JONSON. Daily Gambling wears the Mask of Business in the City, and Turf Speculations the Mask of Honest English Straightforwardness. So on to the end of the masque, which must finish with a transformation scene of stern Reality.

O ANNIE, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

AIR—*"O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?"*

O ANNIE, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flirting Town;
Can clothing clubs have charms for thee,
A plain straw hat, and printed gown?
No longer dressed as thou hast been,
No lady's maid to do thy hair—
Say, canst thou quit each festive scene,
And Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square?

O ANNIE, when a Curate's wife,
Wilt thou no better fate desire;
Say, canst thou face the village life,
Nor mind about the village mire?
Oh, canst thou dress, nor think me mean,
On five-and-twenty pounds a year,
Nor then regret each festive scene,
And all the parties of May Fair?

O ANNIE, canst thou find it sweet
Through school accounts with me to go
Or when the Dorcas party meet,
From six to ten to sit and sew?
And if the new Harmonium comes,
Wilt thou assume the player's chair,
Nor wish for concerts and for "drums,"
And all the glories of May Fair?

And when, at last, Incumbents die,
And still no living falls to me,
Wilt thou repress the sob, the sigh,
And smile upon me over tea?
And wilt thou hand the "much-loved clay,"
Twist lights, and pour the humble beer,
Nor then regret thy wedding day,
And Upper Brook Street, Grosvenor Square?

A SCHISM TO BE AFFROVED OF.—A Witticism.

THE BIRDS AND THE PHEASANT.

(*After* LONGFELLOW.)

I SHOT a partridge in the air,
It fell in turnips, "Don" knew where;
For just as it dropped, with my right
I stopped another in its flight.

I killed a pheasant in the copse,
It fell amongst the fir-tree tops;
For though a pheasant's flight is strong,
A cock, hard hit, cannot fly long.

Soon, soon afterwards, in a pie,
I found the birds in jelly lie;
And the pheasant, at a fortnight's end,
I found again in the *carte* of a friend.

LADIES' SLATES.

IN popular phraseology a man's hat is sometimes called a tile, but that word seems much rather applicable to the species of head-dress which ladies now use instead of a bonnet. This really is, as to size and shape, extremely like a tile, differing from one only in colour, and in being decorated with artificial flowers, foliage, and other embellishments, in place of the house-leek, lichens, and other forms of vegetation which commonly garnish a roof-tile in position. The fashionable covering of ladies' heads may also be said to resemble a slate; but it differs from both a slate and a tile in the disadvantage of not standing the weather, being spoiled by a very few drops of rain, to the sorrow of the husband or father who has to replace it at considerable expense, if not much to the grief of the wearer who gets a new coiffure. Regarding this thing, in connection with monstrous chignons, under the name of a slate, one cannot help observing that many girls appear to have a slate loose in the upper storey.

Fetters for Fenian Prisoners.

IT is not very wonderful that the Fenian prisoners, rescued from custody at Manchester got clean off. The police had put handcuffs on their wrists to prevent their running away. As for the Fenians they were Irish-Americans—but the police appear to have been pure Irish.

WORK FOR THE CHURCH.

DID the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER attend the Meetings of the Synod, and had he anything to say about the heathen in his diocese? While such savages exist here as the brickmakers and sawgrinders, there is plenty of work for prelates in this civilised Christian country. If they desire to send out missions to do good to mankind, they need not send so far as Owyhee and Ojibbeway. Parsons often talk of "doing duty" in a parish, but is reading the Church Service all the duty they should do there? If the Clergymen of England really did their duty, could the "Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited)" exist, where, as THOMAS CARLYLE said recently, "the market rates of murder" are quoted with impunity? We have little wish to see our parsons turn policemen, but if they knew how to preach to, and to visit, their parishioners, we can hardly think that murder-clubs could flourish undetected. Instead of wasting precious time in prating of church millinery, and wasting precious money in futile foreign missions to preach to pious niggers and to christianise pet Jews, let our clergy make our countrymen as christian as they can, and nobody will grudge them the money it may cost.

Not According to Cocker.

ACCORDING to a recent telegram from Pesth:—

"A General Meeting of the Evangelical Delegates took place to-day, in which a reconciliation was effected between the different religious fractions."

There is something not readily grasped by the understanding in the idea of religious fractions—if any such idea can be said to exist. Are the religious fractions vulgar fractions or decimals, or some decimal and some vulgar: and do the latter constitute a Low Church?

Silence.

THERE is a nobody, mistaking himself for a somebody, who writes a trashy article once a week (thank goodness, only once a week!) in the *Morning Star*, and signs himself *Censor*. Better change it to *Non-sense-sir*, and have done with it.

AN UNFASHIONABLE WEDDING.—Our Carpenter, young SAWYER, is about to marry ROSE WOOD, the Cabinet-maker's daughter in the adjoining street. Indeed they have already been "axed" in Church. This will be a Trades' Union perfectly unobjectionable.


MURDER



THE ORDER OF THE DAY; OR, UNIONS AND FENIANS.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(Continued.)

The coachman not having clearly understood the address, I have to lean through the front window and say, with authority, "29, Bingham Street." In a second Grigg's head is out of the other window (he explains subsequently, that "he never loses an opportunity for fun"), and he is telling the driver not to believe me, as I am only joking. I protest I am serious. Grigg, with his head through the window, says to the man, confidentially, "he" (meaning *me*) "isn't quite right here" (touching his own head). "He 's not dangerous," he adds; and assures the coachman that he needn't be frightened. The coachman, not being used to my Funny Friend's waggeries, pulls up, and wants to know "where he *is* to drive to, that 's all."

I remonstrate with Grigg. I tell him that this sort of thing won't do. Whereupon he offers to try another style, and straightway imitates *Punch*, his head being still out of the front window. He makes strange noises in his throat (supposed to be represented by the words "Roo-ty-tooty-too"), and pretends to catch me with his umbrella round the upright bar of the window, as *Punch* comes suddenly on *Mr. Merryman* round the corner of the show. Only I 'm anything but *Mr. Merryman* at present. This performance attracts a crowd of idlers. I implore him to "Don't! don't! or they 'll think you 're tipsy." Besides, I explain, "they 're many of them connected with the Factories, and know *me*." This I say with the conscious dignity of a man who has a character to keep up. Seeing that I am really in earnest, my Funny Friend contents himself with making one hideous grimace at the populace, who applaud the last performance, and disappears into the back seat. The coachman takes the correct order from me, and we drive on peaceably.

I talk seriously to him. I say to him that "It doesn't do to behave like a couple of madmen." I feel I have weakened the argument by coupling myself, out of politeness, with him in his insane conduct. All he says is, "Oh, doesn't it?" I answer rather warmly, "No, it doesn't." I point out as pleasantly as possible that I shouldn't mind if I wasn't known, implying that I am as lively a young dog, and as great a practical joker as he, in any other place except Cokingham, or a factory town in my district. Not that this is my character anywhere; as I am, on the contrary, generally staid and given to scientific and theological studies; but I wanted to inspire him with higher aspirations than making noises like *Punch* and grimacing at the little boys, by showing that I too had known what it was to be frail and funny, and could, therefore, sympathise with Grigg under temporary restraint. He interrupts me in the middle of my discourse by pretending to burst out crying, with such a boo-hooing as makes the coachman turn round to see what was the matter, whereupon my Funny Friend, who has great command of facial expression, darts forward at him as if horror-struck, and cries "Take care!!" pointing apparently to something in the road ahead of us. The coachman, under the impression that he is running over somebody, pulls the horse on to his haunches so violently as almost to pull himself off the box back into the carriage, shouting out "Now then!" to the imaginary victim. My Funny Friend roars with laughter as we drive on again. He explains the fun to me. He has a way of doing this after all his practical jokes. "Did you see," he asks, "how the fellow pulled up?" I nod with a half smile, thinking how I can best reprove him, and put a stop to this.

By the way. I wonder how long he 's going to stay. Can't very well ask him, as he 's only just come.

He continues, "Did you see the horse?—What fun, wasn't it?" and off he goes again in a fit of laughter.

I hit upon a method of counteracting this levity. I will improve his mind. We are driving through Cokingham, and many parts of Cokingham are quaint and old fashioned. There is a fine old market-place; an early English church; an old Elizabethan inn; a market cross; a statue of Rooer Wynkyn the celebrated Mayor of Cokyngham. I point these out to Grigg as we pass along. He *is* serious now, and tells me how fond of architecture he is. I am, I say, delighted to hear it, there being several fine old churches in Cokingham. He admires the market-place. I tell him that on Saturdays it is crowded. This suggests an idea to him. "What fun it would be to come out at night and grease the pavement all over, so that the people would slip about?" I pretend to enjoy this idea knowing its utter impracticability, and therefore having no fear of my Funny Friend attempting it. "Or," he says, being thus encouraged, "to put down a detonating liquid all about the place; you'd hear pop, pop, pop, all day." I laugh at this too, for the same reason as before. I regret having committed myself to appreciation of this joke, as it appears, from what he goes on to say, that it *can* be done easily. I try to put him off the notion by denying the existence of detonating liquid. He begs my pardon there; he has, he says, a bottle of it in his portmanteau. "Good gracious!" I exclaim. "I hope you won't have any tricks with it in the house; it would frighten my Aunt to death." At this he is off again in a roar. He is delighted at the idea of my having an aunt. He shakes hands with me on the strength of it, evidently seeing a mine of fun for him in her existence. My mind misgives me. I must make him take a solemn oath not to play practical jokes on my Aunt.

By the way. I can't do that; it will look so inhospitable. Because you don't generally ask your guests not to abuse or ill-treat your relations, as a condition of their coming to stay with you. It is a difficult matter, though, where there 's a Funny Friend in the case. On the whole, I 'd better let the subject drop (as to my Aunt, I mean), and he may forget it. He must see her, though; I can't help that.

We pass the Cathedral. "That *is* a fine old place!" he exclaims. (After all, he does appreciate the Sublime and the Beautiful. The thing is, to keep him up to this mark. His first burst of animal spirits was perhaps, as I thought, merely excitement caused by our meeting.) I tell him, to interest him, of the Great Organ there, with its three hundred and sixty-five pipes—one for every day in the year. "Open at the top?" he inquires. (He *is* interested, and evidently knows something of music.) "Yes," I inform him, "open at the top." "And I suppose," he continues, with an evident desire for instruction, "the action of the bellows forces the air *up* the pipes?" That is so, I tell him. He is thoughtful for a second or so, staring out at the Cathedral, which we are now leaving on our right. "You can get in there, I suppose," he asks, "on week-days?" "Yes," I say, "we will go." He jumps at the proposition, and suggests that our visit should be on a Saturday. "Why?" I ask. "Why," he replies, "look here; it would be *immense* fun." I wonder what is coming. He goes on: "I 'll wear a large loose coat, and take a lot of flour and peas; you engage the verger, or whatever the chap is, in conversation, and I 'll go up to the organ-loft, and empty all the stuff into the pipes, and then at the first go of the bellows on Sunday, there 'll be such a 'hailstone chorus!' We 'll go on Saturday. It will be no end of fun."

I say mildly, "What nonsense!" He is annoyed at my pooh-poohing his plan, and assures me it can be done quite easily. That after this he should suggest, "What fun it would be to paint the statue of the celebrated mayor Roger Wynkyn" did not surprise me. I tell him solemnly that Wynkyn was a great man, and that if he did it all Cokingham would be in arms. "Then," says he, "why would all Cokingham be babies?" I don't know. "Because," he returns, delighted at my not guessing it, "They 'd be all in arms." Whereat (it being his own joke) he roars with laughter. When this has subsided he assures me that he won't do it, meaning that he won't paint the statue, that in fact it was only his fun, which I am very glad to hear; and, so to speak, I breathe again, and "smile as I was wont to smile before the weight of care," *et cetera*, as the poet has said.

Here we are at Bingham Street. My Aunt is at the drawing-room window. Mrs. Buzzyby at, that of the ground floor. The Coachman, making a mistake in the number, is passing the door, which is on his left. Being seated on the right I lean out to stop him, and only withdraw my head to find my Funny Friend kissing his hand, grinning, thumping his heart, and going through other violent pantomimical expressions of passionate love for the, as he says to me in turning "adored object at the first floor window," who is, in fact, my Great Aunt. I have a grim pleasure in announcing our relationship as conveying the lesson of, "See what you 've done by your tom-foolery."

"Is that your Aunt?" he asks.

"Yes, it is," I say, still grimly.

"My eye! what fun!" he cries, not a bit abashed, and looks out again to see if she has left the window. I tell him that I'm afraid she won't like it. (I say this to frighten and sober him).

"Oh, won't she!" he says. "All women are fond of admiration; particularly," he adds, "respectful admiration like mine." I hope he doesn't call grimacing respectful admiration. He replies that he does; and says, pleasantly, that there we differ. So I have nothing more to say on the subject. Of course he has no change, and of course I have to pay the fly, which he enjoys amazingly. The coachman considers himself underpaid on account of my friend's portmanteau and hat-box, and also the stoppages, and Grigg sides with the coachman, calling me, before him, and in the presence of Mrs. Buzzyby, her maid, a grocer's boy with a basket, and a few neighbours at their windows, "a mean, stingy fellow."

I demur. My Aunt, probably thinking there is some accident (I find out afterwards that she was afraid that Grigg was intoxicated, and couldn't be got into the house), calls down the staircase to know what is the matter. Before I can say a word, my Funny Friend has answered, "Nothing, ma'am; he 'll be better presently," which brings my Great Aunt down, under the impression that I am taken suddenly unwell. I overpay the man, and we enter the house, but not before Grigg has pounced fiercely on the grocer's boy, and bowed politely, taking off his hat several times, to the people at the neighbouring windows, announcing that "the show is over for the present; but that, with their kind permission, we will commence again in a quarter of an hour:" after which he hopes Mrs. Buzzyby (not knowing her name),

is quite well, asks kindly after her family (for which she simply thanks him), hangs his hat up on a peg, and announces himself on the dining-room door-mat as "on his native heath, and his name Macgregor," which my Aunt, overhearing, takes for a true statement, and wants to know "if Mr. Macgregor won't come in, and sit down." Which he does accordingly; is introduced in his own style and title to my Great Aunt (who is now considerably puzzled between Grigg and Macgregor, having a muddled memory for names), and thus at last my Funny Friend has arrived at our house at home.

By the way. It suddenly strikes me that I might have avoided all this scene by telling the coachman to drive to the New Inn in the next street, where my Funny Friend's bedroom is. Send him over there as soon as possible.



"COMING TO THE POINT."

THE NEXT SWEET THING À LA PORCUPINE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S LAST.

Isn't it in *John Bull*—we mean the play—the paper is much too orthodox to be charitable—that some such noble sentiment as this occurs? "When affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who would find fault with the style." Reading President Johnson's last speech, on occasion of an interesting ceremony in memory of the Battle of Antietam, *Punch* thought of the dramatist's words. Here are the President's:—

"Would to God we of the living could imitate their example as they lay sleeping in their tombs, and live together in friendship and peace. (*Applause.*)"

President Johnson is not an Irishman, but the Fenians must have been pleased with so very Irish a wish. Which thing said—for what were life without laughter?—*Mr. Punch* signifies his hearty approbation of what Mr. Johnson meant to say.

"Physicking Payne": "*The Softy*" *and the Hardy.*—Mr. Deputy-Assistant Judge Payne and the Home Secretary.

FRIZZLE AND FIZZLE.

If there is one thing in the world that is more to be respected than another, it is impartiality. There is a controversy just now raging (we need hardly remind readers that this is October) over a book called *Circe*, which a person called Mr. Babington White, if there be such a person, and if there be not, which somebody else has "founded on" a play by M. Octave Feuillet, called *Dalila*.

"See what I've founded!" cries the Clown in the Pantomime, when he has annexed a trifle—but we don't know what put that exclamation into our head.

Our neighbour the *Star* has taken up the cudgels against the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Yes, certainly against the *P. M. G.* That is a fact. But on which side of the debate, and whether the *Star* is on the side of the adapter or not, we can hardly say. For, with a singular spirit of fair play, the *Star* puts in one column *this*, and in the next column but one, *that*.

"Those who read the book as a translation will, *nevertheless*, find it a very cleverly managed, well written story."

"The storm has had one good effect. It has drawn from the *Saturday Review* a strong attack on the critics who have so loosely praised the book, which is so vicious that it owes its safety to its dulness."

Now, both of these utterances are official. The article in which the first appears is certainly of the class which should have "communicated," if not "advertisement" at the top, but it purports to be editorial, and the second extract is from some maunderings by a silly and vulgar person, who has succeeded to the *Flâneur*, and gives mud pies instead of trifle. But in criticism, as at *vingt-et-un*, we suppose it is lawful to set on two cards.

A GOOD JOB FOR GARIBALDI.

Brave simple Garibaldi, reseek your island home;
Accept the situation, and keep away from Rome.
You might have put your foot in the hole you did before,
Another Aspromonte—and made the *Neri* roar.

You might have gone to Rome, and obliged the Pope to flee
Again with knot on shoulder, and plush above the knee;
And thus have brought the French back, and had yourself to run
From overwhelming numbers; your work once more undone.

Maybe you hoped that Bismarck would keep Napoleon still.
But what if Austria's eagle had interposed its bill?
Why, then you would have kicked up a European row,
And given to the Popedom a chance it has not now.

Let poor old Pio Nono possess his throne in peace.
Of temporal dominion for life he holds a lease.
The years it has to run yet at most can be but few.
That lease no bond obliges the Romans to renew.

Say what you like, this Pope does, in fact, their King's place fill,
But who shall make the next one their King against their will?
The Cardinals no right have another head to crown;
Must cut the Triple Hat to a simple mitre down.

Then wait, friend Garibaldi, till Peter has to ope
The portal which he sits by to let in Pius, Pope.
The next of the successors to what they call his chair
Must sit, plain man as he sat, if ever he sat, there.

BLESS THE MALE LINE (LIMITED).

No peacemaker like your gold piece. "Hanover has accepted a financial arrangement with Prussia." As with a man, so with a nation. Knock him down, and he will rage, but a wise magistrate allows you to speak to him out of court, and he comes in swearing that he loves you better than his father. King William has floored King George, but they have had a chat, and the jingling of the guinea heals the wound that honour—or Hanover—feels. We congratulate both parties, but we congratulate England, ten hundred times more heartily, on the antique arrangements which prevented the two millions of Hanoverians (most respectable people, and the capital charming, we are sure) from being fellow-subjects of a lady descendant of Henry the Black. We should have been bothered with "financial arrangements" intimately connected with a doubled Income imposition. It may be inglorious, but we prefer Pax to Tax.

Latest from Pan-Anglia.

It was said that one of the Colonial Bishops wore so much scent (which he defended as symbolising "mission") that he was immediately named the Eau-de-Cologne-ial Bishop.



"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

OUR FRIEND BAGNIDGE (HASN'T A RAP) HAS JUST MARRIED THE WIDOW (RICH) OF OLD HARLESDEN THE STOCKBROKER.

Mrs. B. (*Retiring*). "SHALL I SEND MY POPPET HIS SLIPPERS?"

Mr. B. "N-N-N-N-O—NOT AT PRESENT, THANKS!" (*Sotto voce to his guest when the door was closed.*) "NOT SO FOND OF HAVING THE MUZZLES ON MY FEET AT EIGHT O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, YOU KNOW, BARNEY!!"

A SWEET THING IN PLAYBILLS.

PERSONS who are fond of going to the play, and also chance to have a sweet tooth in their heads, will doubtless rejoice greatly to hear of this invention :—

"An American has invented a tasteful playbill for the French theatre. The programme and names of artists are printed upon an agreeable paste by means of juice of chocolate, so that the programme can be eaten."

We have often heard of people eating their own words, but we never should have dreamt of their swallowing their playbills. A playbill, as a rule, is a sadly sticky article; but, as a mere matter of taste, we should prefer to soil our fingers with something nice to suck than with nasty printer's ink, with which they get besmeared when handling a playbill. Perhaps the notion may be used in other forms of literature, and food for mind and mouth may be agreeably united. Ladies who are fond of devouring a novel, might delight still more to do so, were it printed upon chocolate. How much, too, might some writers be saved in reputation, if their works were eaten up as soon as they were written! HORACE called his Odes a monument more durable than brass; but there are many poets nowadays, whose works will hardly be more durable than sugar-plums. If their "fugitive pieces" were but printed upon chocolate, they would be certainly more pleasant to get through than on paper. Even TUPPER might be toothsome, if imprinted upon bonbons, and one would relish the sweet things that POET CLOSE has written, if they were sugared o'er by the art of the confectioner.

À-LA-MODE.

WHAT perils Ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not have their dresses *gored*.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE.—The worst Geneva.

GROWLS FROM GUILDHALL.

LONDON citizens maintain their historical character for turbulence. They now clamour for the right of exercising one of the QUEEN's prerogatives. They propose to exercise it with a certain indirectness, just as the QUEEN does in the case of bishops—the Crown selects a man, and "recommends" him to the Dean and Chaper for elevation. The City rages because a Prime Minister will not invariably make a baronet of a Lord Mayor whose reign has been marked by an interesting event. LORD PALMERSTON—whose wisdom is missed every day—justly thought that such a precedent would amount to telling the City to choose baronets, and he remembered that there had been fights for the Chair when certain incidents were expected. The Fountain of Honour is not to be removed to Guildhall. Nevertheless, *Punch* is very well pleased that his friend LORD MAYOR GABRIEL has been rewarded—*Punch* was very well pleased that his friend LORD MAYOR PHILLIPS was rewarded, and *Punch* hopes that an opportunity may be given to his friend LORD MAYOR ALLEN to deserve a reward.

"Let modest ALLEN, with no kind of shame,
Do good in hesps, nor blush to find it fame."

But, citizen as he is, *Mr. Punch* can sanction no onslaught upon the Royal Rights.

Epigram by a Moosoo.

SIR NEWTON, do you see? was one great rascal—
Ze gravitation was ze fruit of PASCAL.
NEWTON an apple for his own advance
What he, out of one orchard, steal from France.

A COMMON REMARK.—Nobody expected pancakes from the Pan-Anglican Synod—but they seem to have frittered away their time.

AN IRREGULAR HARVEST ODE.

STROPHE.

THE Harvest is over,
From Dantzic to Dover,
The Harvest is ended,
And not very splendid;
But still all ye rural and rustical peoples
Rouse the ringers to ring Triple Bobs in the steeples,
Not omitting the towers;
For sunshine and showers
Have brought you again to the end of your labours,
You, and your hard-working classes, and neighbours,
So drink and be merry
With ale and with sherry,
Or anything handy,
Scotch whiskey or brandy,
But all things in order
On both sides the Border,
For each of us knows by experiment
'Tis well to be careful in merriment.

ANTISTROPHE.

Wheat, and barley, and rye,
On earth, and Ayr, and Skye,
Wherever the corn-crakes cry,
Wherever the partridges lie,
Sown and mown and cocked,
Sheaved and stooked and shocked;
Reaped, and winnowed, and screened,
Ground and thrashed and gleaned;
Ricked and stacked up high,
For the dusty miller to try,
And the Newark maltster to dry,
And all to eat and to drink by-and-by.
Oats, and beans, and peas,
From Thames, and Trent, and Tees,
And all the farms within the seas,
Scotia's Lochs to the House of Keys.
"Golden, golden grain,"
From hill and valley and plain,
And all the wide champagne,
Browned by sun and "lodged" by rain,
With here a speck and there a stain,
By many a maid and many a swain
Piled in cart, and waggon, and wain,
Crushing through thicket and spinney and lane,
To the great farm-yard with the creaking vane.
Golden, golden grain,
All to be gold again,
When the farmer takes the passenger train,
Or drives his mare with an easy rein,
Or trots on his cob to the market town,
And stands in the crowd in front of the "Crown,"
And shows his samples, white and red,
To the miller who grinds the County bread;
And barley bright,
A beerful sight,
To the maltster who covers his malting floors
With the crops that waved on heaths and moors,
And rustled and rolled,
A sea of gold,
On Weald and Wold,
On Wold and Weald,
On fen and field,
An average yield—
But if it is under,
This line is a blunder,
And must be repealed.

GREAT ANTISTROPHE.

Corn in sacks,
Corn in stacks,
Corn on staggering peasantry's backs;
Corn in docks,
Corn in stocks,
Corn in barges passing through locks.
Corn from the north, corn from the south,
In spite of rain, and rust, and drouth,
Corn for everybody's mouth;
Corn from the east, corn from the west,
Corn from Bremen and corn from Brest,
From Riga, Russia, and Trieste;
With corn from every corner of earth,
From Pau to Pesth, from Prague to Perth,
Let us hope we are safe from dearth.
Come then and liquor up
Hundred and wapentake;
Old age shall flicker up,
Strangers shall stop and take
In the guest-chamber,
Thirsty and sober,
Lucent and amber
Cups of October;
Drinking in house and hall,
Drinking to one and all,
Jolly with supper,
Good luck and benison—
Rhyme not in TENNYSON,
But maybe in TUPPER.

GRAND CHORALE.

So come, so come,
To the Harvest home;
Come, if you like,
With fife and drum,—
There 's a Volunteer band
Always at hand,
And flags and banners
In most of the manors—
But all of you come
To the Harvest home,
And shout and sing
Till the rafters ring,
And cheer for the sake of the corn in;
And dance all night,
(But don't get tight)
And home by the train in the morning.
Then ho! for the great mill-wheel,
And the eels that lie on the bottom,
And ho! for the fisherman filling his creel,
Id est, when he has got 'em;
And heigh! for the whirring birds in stubble,
And ho! for the hare that must dodge and double,
And hey! for the day,
Not far away,
When the foxes find themselves in trouble.

ASSISTANT AND FINAL CHORALE.

By great barn-doors,
By granary floors,
By teams with bells and ribbons;
Ye prices all,
Decline and Fall,
And leave us not to GIBBON'S!

By cereal fruits,
By bulbous roots,
By your last gathered load;
Rehearse, O friends,
When supper ends,
This most irregular Ode!

PRETTY WORDS FOR PENNY READERS.

THE art of calling a spade a spade is not much cultivated seemingly by writers in cheap newspapers. Here, for instance, is a passage from a leader upon pheasant shooting from a contemporary:—

"A pheasant, a goodly, and a beautiful sight it is to see the spangled exotic of our woods come crashing down into the hazels or the ferns, like the broken end of a rainbow, or a piece of damaged jewellery, while the echo of the shot rings through the autumn woods."

Spangled exotic! We wonder what our cook would say if we begged her to roast for us a spangled exotic. Perhaps we ought to add, that we desired it to be served with staff-of-life sauce. Still more we wonder what would be the exclamation of our gamekeeper if, when next we beat a covert, we told him that we hoped to bag ten brace at least of broken ends of rainbows! From the use of such fine language one would think some of our newspapers import their tall talk from America.

Another Episode in Insect Life.

THE lower creatures in this country appear to be making wonderful progress, to be developing rapidly. The common insects are becoming mathematicians. An advertisement of a serial work on British Moths informs us that Numbers Four to Ten contain the Geometers.



PRECOCITY.

Belle of the Juveniles. "Oh, Lady Charlotte, do let us Stay a little longer!"

Lady Charlotte. "But, my dear, you're not Sent for, yet!"

Belle. "Ah, but I mean when we *are sent for!*"

A GROAN FROM BELOW.

'Twas in a large Metropolis,
Where busy folks abound,
And from somewhere came thro' the air
A sad and solemn sound.
That *never* murmured overhead,
But always *underground.*

Among the streets it seemed to sigh,
Among the crowd to moan;
It muttered in the air, and then
The drains took up the tone
As if beneath the crowded street
The dead began to groan!

Oh, wherefore comes that murmuring,
That sad and solemn sound;
That never murmurs overhead,
But always underground.
Some fellow's been interred alive
I'll wager you a pound!

But hark! I think I now can hear
Some human accents there.
By Jove! Ah yes! upon my word
They're speaking, I declare!
And this their cry, "Good folks above,
Come send us down some air!"

And one most sad and solemn voice
I hear, with groan profound:—
"Good men of London, if you'd keep
Your bellows clear and sound,
Just travel always up above,
And *never* underground!"

A SOBER DEMAND.

Teetotallers are not very common in stage workshops, to judge by this advertisement:—

WANTED, a Sober Stage Carpenter. Apply, &c.

One might fancy that Stage Carpenters were habitually intemperate, if it be needful to advertise thus pointedly for a sober one. But surely the adjective might be omitted as redundant. A drunken Stage Carpenter never could be advertised among the "peraons wanted."

CHINESE ANCIENT CONCERTS.

In the Great Exhibition at Paris there is something which should interest the Anthropological Society. That is an orchestra in the Chinese department, which plays national airs. The music of the Celestial Empire can hardly be called heavenly; on the contrary, in the opinion of competent judges, it precisely resembles that of a master principally celebrated for his composition of *L'Orphée aux Enfers.* Of the observation of those critics the *Post* says:—

"It amounts to this, that the description of light melodies, so characteristic and so much appreciated in our times in the West, under the name of Offenbach, would appear to have delighted Chinese ears some twenty centuries at least before the inauguration of the Parisian bouffes. In order to be convinced of this it is sufficient to take a seat in the Chinese garden of the Exhibition, where an orchestra daily performs, partly on Chinese instruments, pieces of the time of Confucius, reverently preserved by the countrymen of the celebrated philosopher, and translated with scrupulous accuracy by an eminent composer, L. Haënel de Cromenthal."

Milton delighted in music "married to immortal verse," and married equally. The music of the Chinese Offenbach would not perhaps have been appreciated by our sublime Poet; but it has proved to be, if not immortal, at least long-lived, and is probably well-matched with the specimens of verse whereof some of the titles are undernamed:—

"The Song of Tea, the Descent of the Swallow, the Pipe of Nlou Va (a princess who obtained the consent of her husband to her living always as on the eve of marriage), the Dance of Feathers, all those, in fact, so completely remind us of the style of the *Orphée* and the *Belle Hélène*, that some incredulity has for a moment been felt touching the nationality of those charming compositions. It must, however, be admitted that the doubt has vanished before incontestable evidence of their origin."

The character of the Chinese compositions above specified may be supposed to be eminently exemplified by the Dance of Feathers, which ought to be very light music. But of what consequence is all this, or any of it, to the Anthropological Society? It bears on the question of the possible degeneration of the human race. The Chinese had an Offenbach of their own, a Ting-Ting, or a Sing-Sing, or whatever he called himself, two thousand years ago. They have no such composer now. Music, then, is one particular in which they have gone down. Three, or four or five centuries ago, perhaps they had a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Cherubini, and a Weber. Before they had an Offenbach they may have had a Sebastian Bach. At this rate they have been for many ages in a gradual course of musical declension. At the same time they have most likely declined in every other respect, bodily as well as mental. Look at their features. Consider the porcine obliquity of their eyes. What if Ching-Wang be in the way of a gradual descent to Tig-Tig?

The Offenbach sort of music is very widely popular among ourselves. But there is a public and a public. There is a public insensible to any music but that which is congenial to gaiety and animal spirits. There is another public that loves music meaning what is meant by the higher and nobler sort of poetry. We have the free and easy Music Halls; but we have also Exeter Hall and the Operas. The capacity of the British Public is not universally satisfied with the levities of Offenbach. We may hope that our descendants will not have been gradually transformed, as though by Circe, to grunting creatures, or have sunk into long-eared animals, or anthropoid apes "with foreheads villanous low."

Dying and Die-Forging.

Two women, named Cooke and Silk, were sentenced in Dublin lately for conspiring to defraud the Royal Liver Society by a forged death certificate. Six months' imprisonment is rather an unusual consequence of a Liver complaint, but in this case a perfectly natural one.

Painful to a Degree.—Being plucked.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(Continued.)



MY Funny Friend at once attempts to ingratiate himself with my Great Aunt by expressing his pleasure at seeing *me*. He says, "I am so glad to see Little Billy again," which my Aunt doesn't quite understand, as my name isn't Billy. "That's only my fun," he explains to her, "I always call him Little Billy, because his name's Adolphus," and he goes on to say that in *his* opinion I ought to have been christened Little Billy, a notion which my Great Aunt resents as savouring of vulgarity. He is ready for the objection with a quotation. "What's in a name?" says Grigg, "A Thingummy by any other name would smell like a What'shisname, as the poet says." My Aunt accepts this as the saying of a Poet (she is fond of poetry), and drops the subject. Has Mr. Mac Grigg,—she is still unsteady as to his title, so I say, "Mr. Grigg, Aunt," which amendment my Aunt adopts, and resumes, addressing me—"has Mr. Grigg seen his room yet?" then turning to him, she politely expresses her regret that there was not a bed for him in our house. I think he is a little annoyed at this, though he only laughs, and says it doesn't matter. My Great Aunt then retires, after expressing, in a stately manner, a hope that she will see him at dinner, to which he replies, that he shall certainly be there. When she has gone, Grigg exclaims, "I say, old boy, I'm so confoundedly hungry. I've scarcely had any breakfast." I tell him we're going to lunch at one. "One!" he cries, and says he can't wait till then, it being now only half-past ten. I don't wish to be inhospitable, but I don't like to give Mrs. Buzzyby so much trouble. He wants to know who Mrs. Buzzyby is? I explain. Upon which he says, with great contempt, "Hang Mrs. Buzzyby!" He laughs at me for being, as he says, afraid of a Landlady. I am a little annoyed at this. I tell him I am not *afraid*, but only I *do not* like giving more trouble than I can help. "Well," he objects, "but you can't help this. Here, let's ring and have her in. I'll touch her feelings." Before I can say a word he has rung savagely. I say to him, "Don't ring like that." Whereupon he asks me, if I'd like him to ring like this, and does it again in a different fashion. After this he wants to know if I'll have any more, and annonnces his last ring as "This style two-and-six, in three lessons." On my begging him to be quieter, he puts his finger to his lips, and says, in a whisper, "Hush! they come!" and hides behind the arm-chair, expressing his intention of saying "Boh!" to Mrs. Buzzyby when she enters. They don't come, however, as Mrs. Buzzyby is up-stairs at the top of the house making the beds. The little waiting-maid, hearing the peremptory summons (*I* always give one gentle, quiet, pull, and then only when I know Mrs. Buzzyby is not otherwise engaged), rushes up-stairs, tumbling on the first landing in her excitement, and bringing out my Aunt, who imagines nothing less than fire, to fetch Mrs. Buzzyby.

While I am considering the best manner of addressing my Landlady when she appears, Grigg is busy with pen, ink, and paper. At all events, thank goodness, he is quiet. Mrs. Buzzyby is some time coming down: I hear her smoothing herself in the passage. Grigg hears it, too, and getting on a chair, seats himself cross-legged, pulls a hideous face, and places in front of him a sheet of foolscap, on which he has just been inscribing the words, "I am Starving!" As I begin remonstrating, Mrs. Buzzyby enters, and sees the figure before her. She is puzzled. He begins working his head and tongue like a Mandarin, and she is frightened, upon which he stops, and coming off the chair, observes, that "there is no deception, no spring, no mechanique," and hopes the explanation is satisfactory. (Grigg says, afterwards, that it requires education to appreciate humour; by which, in a general way, he means *his* humour, and consequently assumes Mrs. Buzzyby to be a person of neglected education.) I explain (as it still needs explanation) that my friend is hungry; sorry to trouble her, but would she mind just bringing in some bread-and-butter—("a sandwich," Grigg suggests, winking at Mrs. Buzzyby, confidentially)—yes, in fact, a sandwich? She needn't lay the cloth, I add, in order to show her that this is not *my* doing, but Grigg's.

She replies, that "she can," as if she couldn't; and says "she will," as if she wouldn't. However, she does. The interval is passed by my Funny Friend at the window, attracting the attention of the passers, by tapping the glass sharply, and then suddenly disappearing, leaving me looking quietly out as the object of suspicion. I tell him that, as some one might be going by who knows me, *he really mustn't* go on like this. He says he won't. Refreshment. During this, he becomes interested in my account of the Factories. I inform him that I am the Chief Inspector here. Whereupon he wants to know why I don't wear a cocked hat and a sword? I smile at this conceit, to humour him.

I tell him, more with a view to impressing him with the weight of my position in Cokingham, than because of the necessity of keeping the appointment, that I am obliged at twelve o'clock to inspect a Factory. While I am there, perhaps he'd like to stroll about the town, or go to his inn. A bright idea occurs to him, "Can't he go with me? He should *so much* like to inspect a Factory with me." I reply, that I don't think it will interest him; to which he returns, gravely, that there's nothing would please him more. He talks at once about cotton, iron, lace, gives me an account of a visit he paid to Honiton, and how he has arranged to go over the iron-foundries in the North. I see he can be serious when he likes, and is really very well informed.

By the way it strikes me that when he sees the deference paid me by the Masters and the Hands he will give up his tomfoolery.

We start. Passing a shop where a man is inside cleaning the windows he stops and says, "Look here, here's some fun," and immediately pretends to be cleaning the outside, imitating the man's movements. The shopkeeper pauses in his work, and then vaguely threatens him. I implore him to come away. I say if he goes on like this we must walk separately, whereupon he drops behind and follows me like a servant. I have to get some postage stamps: he comes in with me, and before I've got my letters out of my pocket he is introducing me to the Post Office clerk. "Mr. Julius Fitzgibbon," a name he invents for the official, "my friend," alluding to me, "The Archbishop of Mesopotamia." The Clerk, a quiet business-like man, doesn't know what to say, not realising himself as Fitzgibbon. I pooh-pooh my Funny Friend, and say what I've come for. This, says Grigg, reminds him that he wants something. He first inquires, "if he's got some nice fine fresh stamps in this morning?" And on the clerk not being ready with a reply, he supposes "that they're not in season, and won't trouble him." He is just going, but returns to ask "if a letter sent to Wishy-washy-warshy-shire (or words equally unintelligible) will get there to-morrow by ten o'clock?" The clerk thinking he hasn't caught the name of the place exactly, inquires "Where, sir?" and gives him his whole attention. He repeats his gibberish, and pretends to be annoyed when the Clerk suggests "Worcestershire?" I won't wait for him any longer, and as he leaves he threatens to complain to the Post Office authorities for placing a man there who doesn't know where Wishy-worshy-washy-shire is. I tell him that I will *not* come out with him again, whereupon he takes my arm and says it's all right, no more humbug now.

Walking down the High Street, where really every one knows who I am, he pretends to be unable to keep step with me. First he takes long strides, then he trots, then he takes two steps with his left, then three with his right. It suddenly occurs to him "What fun it must be in Holland on the canals," and immediately imitates skating, humming the music from *Le Prophète*. I stop and refuse to go any farther with him if he doesn't behave respectably. He promises, and claps me on the back assuringly.

By the way I forgot to mention this habit of his. He is perpetually hitting me on the back.

We walk on for some time quietly, and we talk of manufactures, and the wealth and power of England. He keeps on interrupting me to ask if all those nicely dressed girls are Factory girls, and wants to know if we shall see lots of them where we're going. I tell him that some of these he meets are in the finishing business, and are admirably conducted, and most respectable. I add this emphatically, as on turning sharply I catch him smiling, nodding, and telegraphing to some young women belonging to the very place we're going to visit. I say to him honestly that if this sort of thing goes on I shall utterly lose my character, and not be allowed to enter any Factory at all; in fact, that I shall be forced to leave Cokingham. His only reply to this is, to call me a Don Juan, and playfully threaten to "tell my Aunt."

About this time, on my turning round that is, I become aware of a sustained giggling and tittering behind us. I can't help noticing that several boys, girls, and young men seem to be forming a sort of procession in our rear.

Attributing this to some grimacing of my Funny Friend, I again beg him to consider that I have a character to keep up. He says he's trying to keep it up as well as he can, and offers to walk before me—and does so. The tail still dogs me until at last I can stand it no longer, and appeal to the first Policeman, saying that this sort of thing oughtn't to be allowed, and that if I find out these boys' and lads' employers I shall make examples of them. The Policeman tells them to "be off"—they withdraw themselves to various short distances, still

jeering. My Funny Friend is very energetic in scattering them. I don't understand why the Policeman smiles, and evidently about to speak, suddenly stops himself, at, as I fancy, a wink from GAIGG, over my shoulder. He, GAIGG, tells me not to turn, as my "collar is up," which he is feigning to arrange. Suspecting him of some nonsense, I step out suddenly, and there fall on the pavement, several little comic-coloured heads about the size of stamps, with gum on the back. Not in the least abashed (he never is) he shows me how he sticks them on, by patting anybody on the shoulder while talking—he has a pocket full of them. A light breaks in on me. "Have I been walking about with these on my back?" I ask. "Yes," he says, roaring with laughter, in which the Policeman, at a short distance, joins, "only down High Street. The first one wouldn't stick; the people were all in fits," he adds in intense enjoyment of the joke.

"Are they all off, now?" I demand, sternly.

"Oh, yes," he replies, "they're all off *now;* won't hurt your coat a bit." I tell him it is not my coat, but my character, that he injures. And now, being at the door of the Factory, I will *not* take him unless he gives me his word to be quiet. He pretends to be very much hurt by my distrust, makes a great show of crying, and sobs out like a child, "Please—Sir—I (*sob*) won't (*sob*) do it again!" (*sob, sob, sob*), and attracts the attention of the Foreman, who is coming down the yard.

He holds me a minute. "Here's some fun," he says. I ask what it is. He replies, "Look here: if you'll call me 'My Lord' all over the Factory, I promise to be quite quiet and serious." As this is a very harmless jest, and one which really won't sound badly with these manufacturing people, I agree. Anything to keep him quiet. He immediately becomes very upright, buttons his coat, allowing a little of his handkerchief to ooze out, as it were, from his breast pocket underneath [this is *his* idea of a Lord], and poses himself in the attitude of what he calls, "Portrait of a Gentleman."

The Foreman is ready to take us in. "This way, my Lord," I say to him, according to agreement. The Foreman *is* impressed.

He frowns upon me, and answers in a deep tone, "Proceed, Mr. Inspector. I trust that I may have to give the Government a satisfactory account of your conduct." I smile, to show him I appreciate the joke. He resumes, severely, "Do not smile, Sir! this is no time for levity." He repulses me, on my attempt to expostulate with him about "not carrying the joke too far," and adds distinctly and more severely than before, "No, Mr. Inspector, I will have no *ex parte* statements. Any dereliction of your duty I shall be compelled to report to the Government."

The Foreman hears this, and so do several of the Factory officials. They eye one another as we enter, and I begin to regret my compact with my Funny Friend.

A SONG OF THE SYNOD.

"Great virtue in an If."
TOUCHSTONE.

THE Pan-Anglican Synod has met;
The Pan-Anglican Synod has parted:
Lambeth's board has for forty been set:
Hosts of clerical hares have been started.
Colonial mitres and Yankee
Have wagged PRIMATE LONGLEY'S beside,
And earned a most unctuous "thankee,"
From the Bench with whose call they 've complied.

Its stout northern pillars withdrawn,
(York don't like to play second fiddle),
Our Bench, on the broad of its lawn
Might have come down, split up in the middle.
But thanks to rough-hewn Yankee props,
And supports from Colonial quarters,
It has staved off undignified drops—
Said its say, and kept out the reporters.

But though access to short-hand 's refused,
Except for the "authorised version,"
Some whisperings out-doors have oozed,
Of collision and counter-assertion.
How Bishops through trouble and tiff,
Having found out what "being at sea" meant,
Have learnt the great virtue of "if,"
As a means of securing agreement.

Thus since they 'd to settle Natal,
And Natal isn't easy to settle,
Since COLENSO St. Davids might call
Very much what the pot called the kettle.
They adopt Convocation's decree,
Against that misleader of Zooloos—
On an "if" it all hinges, d'ye see,
And so saves from owning a screw loose.

So methinks *Mr. Punch* can't do better
Than follow the Synod's example,
And put forth *his* encyclical letter—
The materials for it are ample.
Giving reasons—with "ifs" duly packed—
Why for JOHN BULL and all his relations,
The Synod 's the greatest of facts,
And most vital of organisations.

If the Bishops were all of one mind;
If the Bishops' one mind were the right one;
If black Church *or* white we could find;
If each Church weren't a black *and* a white one;
If of clerics the Church were composed;
If the laity hadn't a say in't;
If all truth in one volume were closed;
If only the Priest knew his way in't:

If Capetown were certainly right;
If COLENSO were proveably wrong;
If SAM OXON'S soft-sawder held tight;
If DENISON'S logic were strong;
If Rational question were sin;
If Ritual roads were salvation;
If Priestcraft had nothing to win,
If the Pulpit supplied inspiration:

If with Heathen we were not o'er-run;
If missions weren't needed at home;
If the Church and the School were at one;
If the worst of our dangers were Rome;
If Science through Church specs would read;
If Greed would to preaching give ear;
If the poor found the Church fit their need;
If the wealthy the devil would fear:

If curates were decently paid;
If paupers in germ had good schooling;
If polemical hates were allayed;
If sense restrained clerical fooling;
If bishops were more like St. Paul;
If Truth to all kens were one colour;
If the beam in our eyes were more small;
If our sense of our brother's mote duller:

If all of these "ifs" could be gained,
Then to Lambeth we all might betake us,
To its mitres pay rev'rence unfeigned,
And all that they would let them make us.
But while these "ifs" "ifs" must remain,
Pan-Anglican Synod, excuse us—
Dead letters your letters remain,
Your resolves only serve to amuse us.

THE HANGMAN'S PRACTICAL DIRECTOR.

THE following remarks, in a letter addressed to the *Lancet* by DR. TUKE, on the question to hang or not to hang an alleged maniac under sentence of death, deserve consideration:—

"If, after due examination, he be pronounced sane, let him undergo his deserved punishment; if insane, send him to a criminal asylum: or, if the law inexorably demands his life, let him be hung as a declared 'madman.'"

Your alternative, DR. TUKE, is the thing to do. Hang everybody who commits murder, whether he is mad or sane. If any madmen are murderers, hang all such madmen. Never mind the motives of criminals, look only to their acts; retributive justice is sentimental bosh. You punish a convict for the crime which he has committed simply to deter others from committing the same, and to deter himself also from doing it again; or to prevent him, in case you hang him. Hang every man who has done what the law calls murder; hang him with the sole view of getting rid of him and constituting him a scarecrow. In that case hang a madman with no more scruple than you would have to hang a mad dog. This has got of late to be a fashionable preachment on the part of some public instructors. Very well. But if these counsels are to be followed, first legalise their practice. Be it enacted, then, duly and formally enacted, that everyone convicted of a crime capitally punishable shall be hanged whether he is a madman or not. Suppose we agree that expediency shall be the object exclusively regarded in the infliction of punishment, and righteousness be set altogether aside; only, in the meanwhile, let a declaratory Act of Parliament definitely ordain that the former only shall be consulted, and that the latter shall not be considered at all in sending a man to the gallows.

DISTINGUISHED C. B.'s.—Towel and Sponge.



NEW AND INGENIOUS IDEA FOR CROQUET.

If Men *will* Flirt, instead of paying Attention to the Game, make Hoops of them;

EARTHQUAKERY.

The newspaper acquaints us with an Indian Collector who "has the honour to report the occurrence of the Shock of an Earthquake on the 3rd of July," a specimen of precise official language which we may expect to see followed by an acknowledgment of the receipt of a Hurricane on the 10th inst., or an advice of the departure of a Tornado under date of the 20th ult. Tempests duly filed, and Typhoons carefully docketed. Monsoons minuted, and Trade-winds deposited in the official Registry.

Writing of earthquakes, people who live in countries afflicted with them may possibly like to know that they are not unavoidable calamities, at least according to a notorious Prophetic Almanack for 1868, one of the articles in which is advertised to be—"Earthquakes, and How to Prevent Them." If the writer possesses an infallible specific against these little unpleasant commotions, no doubt his practice in the Tropics will be large and lucrative; but most likely he is no great shakes—only one more of our many earthquacks, who deserves to be made to shake in his shoes for his presumption.



The most Incorrigible Delinquent to be the Middle Hoop.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

Our Doctor, who goes every Autumn to Brighton, invariably makes the same remark when he first sees the sea—the saline mixture as before.

British and Foreign Fashions.

Some people fear, and others hope, that Romanism will go on very largely extending amongst the higher classes in this country, especially the women. Very likely it will. They always begin to adopt foreign fashions just when foreigners are leaving them off. So they now, while Continental peoples are forsaking the Pope, are very likely to assume the rags of Popery.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

It appears to have escaped the notice of the scientific that at a little town in Cambridgeshire, marked on the maps as Newmarket, the year is longer than in any other place in the world, the inhabitants now for many consecutive Autumns having had a Second October.

Bleeding the Sick Man.

A Combination of French and Belgian speculators, MM. Toucas *et Compagnie*, have obtained concessions for a net of Turkish railways, for which twenty-four millions of capital have to be raised, and seven per cent. interest guaranteed by the Government. As no Turkish railway line is paying five per cent., while every Turkish railway guarantee is in arrear, this would seem to hold out for both Government and subscribers a safe prospect of loss, *en tout-cas*.

THE ROMANCE OF SURGERY.

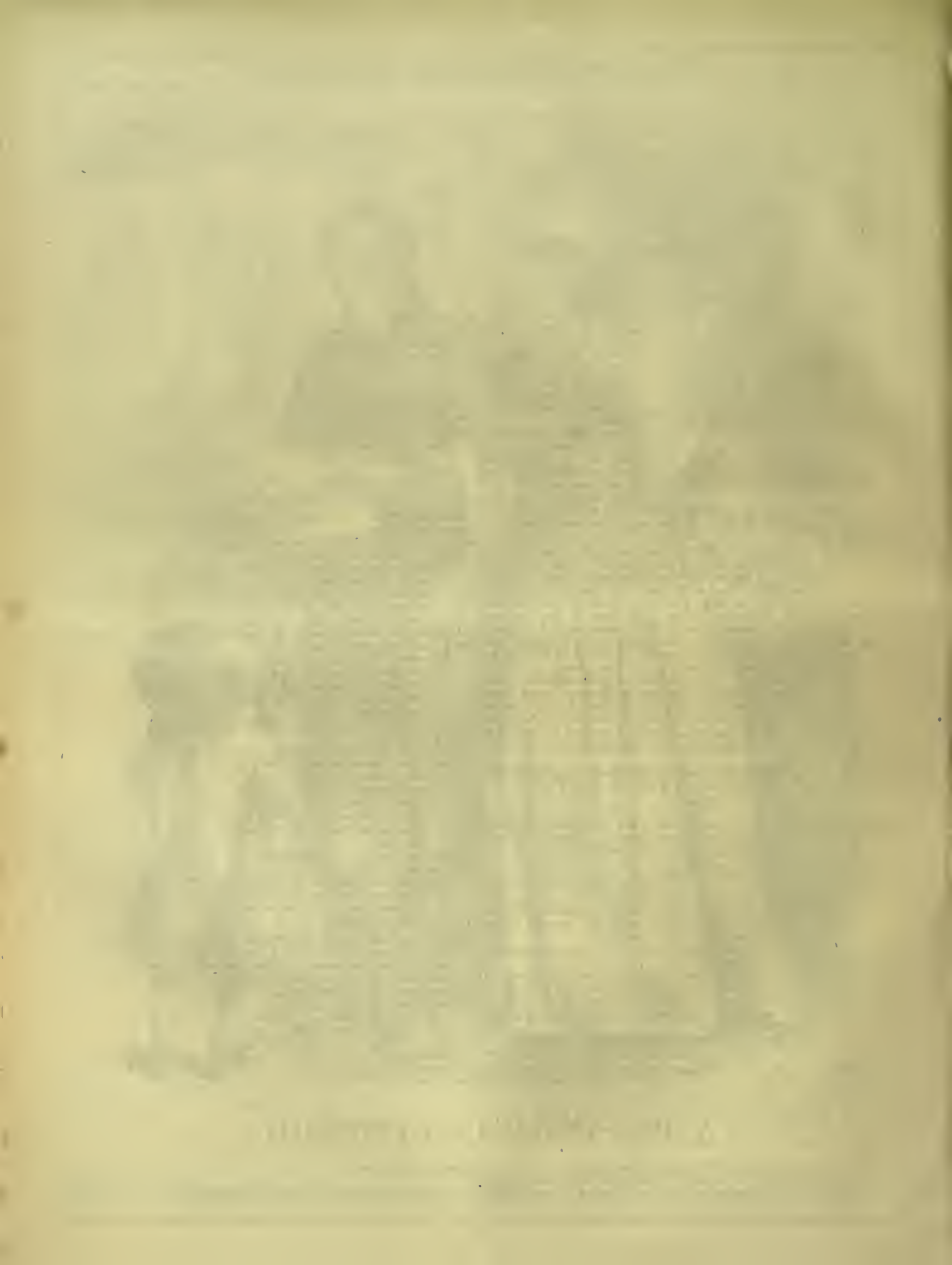
There has just appeared an advertisement of a work by an eminent surgeon, under the title of "Rodent Cancer." Now does not this look like the announcement of a surgical novel?



A PAN-ANGLICAN OVERSIGHT.

Anxious Wife. "ANY HELP FOR OUR DIFFICULTIES, DEAR?"

Resigned Husband. "O NO, LOVE. WE POOR CURATES ARE NOT EVEN MENTIONED!"



EVENINGS FROM HOME.



Looked in on *Masks and Faces* at the Adelphi, a very favourite play of mine. Mr. Webster (whom I heartily congratulate on his recovery) playing *Triplet* as artistically as ever he did on its first night, years ago, at, if I remember rightly, the Haymarket. Not a word need be said of Mrs. Mellon's performance: in melodrama, comedy, farce, or extravaganza, *facile princeps*. Success to the house of Benjamin. My next visit will be when Miss Herbert appears here in a new drama, and when I shall have a word to say of Mr. Belmore—a great success, I hear.

On my first evening from home this winter season I went to see Mr. Tom Robertson's Melo-comedy of *For Love*, which I sincerely trust is also *for money*. That it is on a par with such of the author's pieces as have been produced at the little House near Tottenham Court Road I should be glad to say if I could; but I can't, and so I don't. It is admirably played, and no expense has been spared to produce an effect, which, however, falls short of the dramatist's ideal and of the managerial intention. I haven't time to particularise; I may just say, and say justly, that Miss Charlotte Saunders plays a difficult *rôle* most artistically; that a Mr. Cumming "creates" the Scotch sergeant; that Mr. William Telbin is at home in the Tropics; Mr. P. Hall is "Hall there" in docks, cliffs, crescents, and outward bound; and that "the ship" is by Mr. Lloyd's, who I suppose has been specially engaged from the Underwriter's House in the City to write the risk for the *Syren*, and insure her for the voyage.

Perhaps, Sir, I was not in a very good temper on the occasion of my visit to the Holborn Theatre. I sat among amateur critics, who *would* talk, and my stall was backed by the first row of the pit, where there was a man who kept on saying, "Bravo, Finnegan!" throughout the piece, whatever the situation was, whether Finnegan had anything to do with it or not. I send you my usual sketch, and am yours sincerely.

I think if Mr. Robertson is making any changes, he should alter the title to "*For Love; or, don't speak to the Man at the Wheel.*"

ACT I.

Scene 1.—*The Cliffs, with a grassy path, which is sufficiently shaky to convey the idea that it is undermined beneath. View of a Fortress somewhere.* Sergeant Finnegan *playing with a Nigger.*

Finnegan. Bedad, I've lost my buckle and my belt, gambling. I must desert. [*Deserts. Music heard without.*

Nigger (*judging by the music*). It's the soldiers!

[*If it is, they march about in this part of England with fiddles playing. Music gets louder and louder, showing the approach of the Soldiers. They enter, without any band at all.*

Friend to Amateur Military Critic (*supposed to know all about it*). What regiment do they belong to?

Amateur Military Critic. Well—ah—I don't precisely know. I don't see the name on the collar. (*Is suddenly struck by a doubt as to whether it isn't Policemen who have their names and numbers on their collars.*) I don't suppose they're meant for anything particular. (*Decidedly.*) They're *not* Guards.

Scotch Sergeant. Hoot toot, dinna muckle. Ech, Sirs! Mairch!

[*Exeunt Soldiers, marching.*

Enter Mrs. Mountflatherault and Miss Mabel Hardyn *down the shaky path. Audience expect a sensation from the cliff giving way, but it doesn't; and* Mrs. Mountflatherault *seats herself right in the centre of the footpath, in any one's way who may happen to pass. The dialogue is then managed in strophé and antistrophé.*

Miss Hardyn (*to* Biddy Finnegan's *wife*). So you want to go out in the same ship?

Biddy. Och, the darlint! If Michael had only, &c.

Mrs. M. (*up above, with a newspaper, while the two below continue their conversation in nods and pantomime*). The dear Duchess safely arrived at So-and-so Castle, and the dear Duke, &c.

Miss Hardyn. I understand you. (*Alluding to the nods.*) Then you wish, &c., &c.

Biddy. Och, the darlins! If you'd but spake for me, &c., &c.

[*Dialogue continued in nods and pantomime, as before.*

Mrs. M. (*above*). Lord and Lady Washagain have left, &c., &c.

[*And so on for some considerable time.*

Enter on the dangerous path Lieutenant Tarne *and* Ensign Dawle. Mrs. M. *has to move her paper, her campstool, her book, and a vague little dog which doesn't enter into the spirit of the scene at all. Another strophical and antistrophical dialogue is now carried on, which consists of two people winking and nodding at one another, while the other two speak, and so on, one lot down, t'other come on; until the audience know as much as they want to about the matter.* Mr. Tarne *falls in love with* Miss Hardyn, *the dog falls into a pit,* Ensign Dawle *expatiates on rats,* Finnegan *is captured, and the Scene ends.*

Scene 2.—*View of a Chair outside a house. After the business of the Scene it is finally removed by a Ladies'-maid, who, appearing from nowhere in particular, is probably engaged by the inhabitants of the Crescent generally to hand chairs to any casual passer-by.*

Scene 4.—"*Outward Bound.*"

Person in Stalls. Isn't this from some picture?"

Artistic but Vague Friend. Yes, of course, from Whatshisname's—(*tries to recollect, hits upon it happily*)—Kingsley's, of course, "*Westward, Ho!*" it was called.

[*His Friend thinks this isn't quite right, and when he goes away remembers that "Outward Bound" was by* O'Neil.

ACT II.

The Barque Syren.

Nautical Critical Gentleman (*to Friend, instructively*). That's not a proper rig. (*Friend says, "Isn't it?"*) No; (*superciliously*) you never saw a Gunter rig with a slip fore-sail jibboom? eh?

Friend (*taken aback*). No; never.

[*Wonders what a Gunter rig is, and whether it has anything to do with the celebrated confectioner. After this follows a love scene, between* Tarne *and* Miss Hardyn, *which must be most perplexing to the Man at the Wheel; to whom, however, in accordance with orders, they neither of them speak.*

Miss Hardyn (*who is descending the companion to* Lieutenant Tarne). But I shall *never*, never forget you.

[*Gradually disappears. The train of her dress stops on deck for a few minutes longer.* Lieutenant Tarne *watches it slowly vanishing. The last inch of the dress disappears.* Tarne *cries when it goes away. The Man at the Wheel is calm and undisturbed.*

Tarne. Nothing is left for me but to be a Captain and an Adjutant when I'm forty.

Military Critic (*to friend*). He *can't* be a Captain and an Adjutant.

Friend (*much impressed with Military Critic's knowledge*). Can't he?

[*The ship strikes, that is, somebody in the orchestra hits a drum, which so frightens* Lieutenant Tarne, *that he has to hold on by the ropes. The draught of nine Soldiers, representing perhaps several portions of the British Army, bound for the Tropics, quell a mutiny on board. The* Captain *says they'll break up in five minutes.*

Lieutenant Tarne (*to the draught*). I am proud of you! (*Surprise of the Soldiers.*) Fire a *feu de joie.*

[*They shut their eyes, and let off their guns, then tumble against one another into fixed attitudes. The ship commences sinking quietly. It "goes down" with the audience. Cheers. Curtain up again. Ship still sinking.*

Last Act.—*Somewhere in the Tropics.* Lieutenant Tarne *marries* Miss Hardyn, *who has luckily found a first-rate Parisian Milliner on the Island, and several excellent specimens of Tropical Gentlemen and Ladies, who are assiduous in their attentions to one another, take a special interest in everything that is going on, acquiesce in all arrangements, as if the weather was too hot for any differences of opinion, and accompany the Bride and Bridegroom to Church, it is supposed; while the military contingent of nine heroes* (*three of whom must be ghosts, as the Sergeant informs us that "six alone escaped," and they are the same lot as before*), *on hearing their Lieutenant say the tag "For Love," present arms, and all ends happily.*

Episcopal Extension.

Whilst the Bishop of Oxford was making judicious observations about Churchmen and Dissenters in the Church Congress at Wolverhampton, it was observed that his Lordship had got considerably broader of late. May his shadow never be less!

More than a Miracle.—When a Prisoner is "taken from the dock unmoved."



A LAST RESOURCE.

Cunning little Wife (whose husband persists in remaining in Town, when she is dying to go to the Sea). "I SAY, DEAR, YOU WON'T MIND HAVING YOUR BOOKS AND PAPERS AND THINGS MOVED INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM, WILL YOU? THE SWEEPS ARE COMING TO-MORROW, AND THE CARPETS HAVE TO BE TAKEN UP, AND EVERYTHING TURNED OUT FOR A FORTNIGHT!"

WHAT WE HAVE TO EXPECT.

MANY, doubtless, are the advantages of the Electric Telegraph, not the least of which is, perhaps, that all the news conveyed by it may be said to be good. This is an inestimable blessing, but we may be asked perhaps how we make it out. Very easily. There is an old proverb that teaches us that "no news is good news;" and since news that you are certain will be contradicted to-morrow is very much like no news at all, it is, *quoad hoc*, good news. We do not think that this beautiful feature of Electric Telegraphy has been insisted on before, and it would be a graceful act on the part of the different Electric Telegraph companies if they joined together to present us with a few cases of hock– (Steinberger, Marcobrunner, Dom Decany)—we are not particular, for being the first to point this out. But now to business.

My very old and respected friend, MR. BULL, is just entering on a difficult, and, unless you look at it from a contractor's point of view, a very unprofitable war. This is a state of things about which we do not feel disposed to joke——don't howl that way, Toby! it can't be helped. Well, well, it is said there are stones in sermons, and good in——hold your tongue, Sir, and lie down!—What were we going to say? Is there a single ray of consolation piercing this muddle? Yes, there is one; but as the young lady said, it is a very little one. It is that the newspapers will be intensely interesting. They will be interesting especially to persons standing in any relationship (as, for example, heirs-at-law) to the gallant young BULLS who are now going (carrying their own blankets) to toss KING THEODORE. But they will be interesting to others also. We confess to not caring much about the heirs, whether in reversion, expectancy, or remainder, but there are other relations for whom we have more sympathy; namely, their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts. It is to these, then, that we wish to offer a word of advice. Don't be bashful, ladies, you are quite welcome—advice is very cheap.

Do not be frightened at Telegrams. Do not be nervous and agitated when they come in with the rolls in the morning. We were once asked if we believed in ghosts. We answered, with dignity, "No!" We had seen too many. We say the same of Telegrams. Telegrams and Turnip-lanterns both begin with a "T," and there are other points of resemblance. Do not be unduly elated when they describe what CROMWELL called a "crowning mercy," and do not be distressed when they tell you something *wicy worcy*. Remember that they are not intended for you, but are concocted (the sensational ones) for certain ingenious gentlemen in the City, for financial purposes. Wait till to-morrow before letting your back hair down—

"the darkest day,
Live till to-mor ow, will have passed away."

We will now, on the broad principle that it is nothing when you are used to it, and, by way of hardening you, give a few of the messages you have to expect shortly. You know we are always about half a year in advance of the age. If the facts should not agree precisely with our prognostications, so much the worse for the facts. The new year will probably begin (it may be sooner, but we will not be particular to a month) with the following important latest intelligence:—

Massowah. Jan. 1, 1868. 2·30 P.M.—The expedition has at length arrived, all well, and has nearly completed the debarkation of the troops, all the European regiments and one regiment of Punjaubees having landed.

Jan. 2.—The statement that the expedition had arrived at Massowah and landed several regiments is entirely destitute of foundation. No vessels have yet appeared in sight from the look-out station.

Jan. 3.—The Telegram we published yesterday stating that no vessels had appeared off Massowah is contradicted. A later Telegram contradicts the contradiction.

Jan. 4.—Immediately on landing, GENERAL STAVELY, second in command, pushed forward at the head of a strong detachment into the interior to take up a position and establish a dépôt.

Jan. 5.—The report that GENERAL STAVELY, second in command, had advanced into the interior is totally destitute of foundation. GENERAL S. has not quitted the transport. No troops have yet marched.

Jan. 6.—There is a rumour that General Stavely had met with serious opposition in his advance, and had been compelled, after an obstinate engagement with overwhelming numbers, to take up a position twenty miles in the rear.

Jan. 7.—The rumour that General Stavely had met with serious opposition on his march is entirely devoid of foundation. The country was found totally uninhabited except by the Guinea worm, which proved indeed a formidable adversary, it having placed 99½ per cent. of the troops in hospital.

Jan. 8.—The report that the advanced guard had been decimated by the Guinea worm is totally destitute of foundation.

[In this connection, see letter in the *Times* from distinguished African Traveller to say that there is no Guinea worm on the east coast of Africa; followed by another letter from another distinguished African Traveller stating that the whole country swarms with them.]

Jan. 12.—A despatch has just been received from General Napier, commander-in-chief, conveying the gratifying intelligence that the forces under his command had come up with the enemy near Fi-fo-fum, and after a tremendous conflict had totally defeated them, killing three hundred and sixty-five thousand men, and taking nine hundred thousand prisoners, with one thousand two hundred and forty cannon; many of large calibre.

*** This Telegram seems to require confirmation.

Jan. 13.—The report that General Napier had met with and defeated the enemy is entirely destitute of foundation. Not an armed native has yet been seen.

Jan. 14.—A rumour has reached us to the effect that General Napier had received a check at Magdala, and had been compelled to retreat, with loss of baggage and stores.

Jan. 15.—The report that General Napier had received a check at Magdala is totally destitute of foundation.

Jan. 18.—By a telegram just received from the seat of war we learn that a brilliant *coup-de-main* has been performed by the advanced guard, no less than the surprise and capture of King Theodore's amba by a night assault. The King was killed in the *mêlée*.

This news produces a great excitement in London. A meeting is called at Exeter Hall, violent speeches are made of rather a nasal character, and a large sum of money raised to prosecute the Commander-in-Chief, and all the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the British army for murder.

Jan. 19.—The report that King Theodore had been killed is entirely destitute of foundation.

August 1, 1867.—There is a rumour that the British Government have determined to send an expedition to Abyssinia to effect the release of the captives.

August 3, 1867.—The rumour that the British Government intended sending an expedition to Abyssinia is entirely destitute of foundation.

*** These two telegrams have been delayed in transmission, but we give them as they appear to be of as much value as others we have published lately.—Ed.

"*Voilà, comme on écrit l'histoire !*"

A STREET BALLAD FOR THE CITY.

'Tis of a serious burglary, no robbing a mere till,
On Mr. Walker's premises, watchmaker of Cornhill;
When taken into custody, upon the thieves were found
In cash two hundred and forty, and in notes four hundred pound.

Three thousand pounds' worth, more than that, they stole and took away,
To prosecute them, Walker had a thousand odd to pay.
The robbers being tried and cast, the cash which they did bone
One of the thieves acknowledged to be Mr. Walker's own.

Two hundred pounds and forty being thus entitled to,
The City Walker asked to give him back his rightful due.
"Walker!" the City made reply, "There's fifty—all the rest
Is forfeit to the Sheriffs and the Corporation chest."

The Sheriffs they have sacked well nigh six hundred pounds of swag;
Much good it does them chiefly when folks plundered felons lag.
The burglars who robbed Walker, penal servitude's their lot;
Possession of their booty have the jolly Sheriffs got.

A Sheriff I should like to be of famous London Town;
For if so be that in the world I ever did come down,
I'd keep a marine store-shop, with black doll outside displayed;
And should have lots of stolen goods to set me up in trade.

Which Is It?

A novel in a new monthly Magazine is advertised under the title of *All for Creed*. Is this a misprint, or is the fiction the production of a High Church pen?

LESSONS BY JUDGE LUSH.

It would be with the greatest pain that we should announce that three men were flogged the other day at Leeds, but for the fact that they were a triplet of brutal ruffians convicted of garotting. That fact substitutes for pain satisfaction, if not pleasure. If any rascals, having stolen *Punch*, happen to read him, it may profit them to know that Henry Campbell, aged 31, hawker; Samuel Hirst, 26, mechanic; and William Casey, 17, labourer, received the reward of cruelty in their sensitive skins, on Wednesday last week, at Leeds Gaol. The spectacle was instructive. Every savage ought to have seen it. The advantage of witnessing it was, indeed, conferred on, though confined to, a select party of blackguards. "The flogging," says a report of that operation, "took place in the presence of the governor, the surgeon, and other officials, besides whom a few prisoners who had been refractory." From refractory they have probably become submissive, for what they saw was calculated to effect that alteration in their demeanour:—

"Each of the victims received twenty-four lashes on the bare back, the use of the whip being intrusted to two stalwart warders of the gaol who have had some experience in such duties. * * * The muscular operators with the 'cat' played its manifold thongs with a merciless good will. The first culprit who was brought out and bound hopelessly with outstretched limbs to the 'scratch' was Hirst; then Casey, who groaned and struggled desperately, trying to release himself from the ligatures; and then Campbell, who is a returned convict, and had on a former occasion smarted under the knotted lash."

It may be hoped the "two stalwart warders" contrived to produce an impression on Mr. Campbell, which "less muscular operators" had failed to make. As for Mr. Casey:—

"When Casey was taken into custody he remarked, 'I heard you were after me, and I was tired, so I give myself up, and I don't care for the time if they don't warm my back.'"

Mr. Casey's back was, however, warmed, and doubtless he has been made to "care," at least. To that extent, if no further, we may conclude that Mr. Hirst was also affected by the "scratch," as the reporter playfully calls it, to receive which he was bound to the triangle. The thanks of Society are due to Mr. Justice Lush, who sentenced these garotters to be flogged, and also to the Leeds prison authorities, who appointed two "stalwart warders" and "muscular operators" to flog them.

An exemplary improvement, however, on flogging garotters in a gaol-yard, would be flogging them on the stage of a low theatre, where the performance is usually a representation of the criminal drama, and they might be brought on and flogged between the acts.

PRIEST AFTER PARSON;

OR, BETTERING THE INSTRUCTION.

A Bucks Parson having been triumphantly acquitted by his Local Bench of the charge of cruelty to animals, for pouring turpentine over the hind-quarters of a dog, a certain Priest (who is at the same time a publican, and let us add, presumably, a sinner) has (we learn from the papers) been charged with trying on the same game with a cat, and has also been acquitted—though we do not find that the Bench endorsed their acquittal by a testimonial to the humanity of the accused, as they did in the case of the Parson. What is sauce for goose is sauce for gander. When Parson is allowed to turpentine a stray dog, Priest could hardly be punished for applying the same mild stimulant to an encroaching cat. But Priest ought to insist on the same measure from the Bench as was meted by them to Parson, and may fairly complain that the Magistrates have not assured him, as they assured his predecessor Parson, that he left the Court without the slightest stain on his character for humanity.

In this case, evidence was given that the cat went mad from pain, and that its owner, unable to endure the sight of its sufferings, drowned it. This was premature, according to Turweston experience. The cat was not mad, only lively, and would soon have got over its turpsichorean excitement.

Mr. Punch would beg leave to propose a new illustration of the odious law of comparisons for the Bucks Unpaid, as follows:—

Bench	Turp-is.
Turweston Parson	Turp-ior.
Hemel-Hempstead Priest .	Turp-issimus.

And would suggest, at the same time, on the authority of the Bucks Unpaid, a new rendering of the stale Latin adage, "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*"—"Nobody need repent of using any quantity of turpentine"—on dog or cat.

It is a vulgar error to suppose it hurts. It only blisters, burns, and scarifies. When Bucks Beaks, and Bucks Priests and Parsons, are pachydermatous to satire, wrath, or ridicule, Bucks dogs and cats have no business to wince under turpentine.

Woman's Crucial Test.—Cross Looks.



A BAD BARGAIN.

NO WATER!—AND AFTER HAVING RENTED A STREAM, AND TRAVELLED FIVE HUNDRED MILES, TOO!!

ENTOMOLOGICAL FINERY.

LADIES who are fond of studying the fashions will feel grateful if we call their attention to the following, which appeared the other day, among other news from Paris, in a fashionable paper:—

"As regards hats, these are of every variety of shape, from the cavalier hat with the brim coquettishly looped up on one side, to the Japanese kind—round, and with a boss in the centre, not unlike a circular shield. When made of some light-coloured straw they are usually trimmed with wreaths of flowers; when of dark straw or velvet, with feathers and gilt ornaments—not in the form of floral sprigs merely, but of yachts, rifles, horses' heads, swallows, butterflies, cockchafers, and even toads."

Everybody knows the French are fond of eating frogs, but one hardly would have dreamt that they would take to wearing toads. Sweet are the uses of prosperity; for in order to dress fashionably, people must be somewhat prosperous. "The toad, ugly and venomous," when used by way of ornament, is doubtless thought by some ladies a sweetly pretty thing.

Now that reptiles and insects are fashionable ornaments, toads and cockchafers will be followed by centipedes and cockroaches. Newts and blindworms will be used to decorate the bonnet, and daddy-long-legs will be worn entwined in the back hair. Ladies will be seen with a smile upon their lips, and, after the fashion of the Furies, with some snakes upon their brow. *Chignons à la Medusa* will be the mode with the beau monde; and instead of dropping hair-pins, as they now do so continually, young ladies will bestrew a ball-room with blackbeetles, or be heard begging their partner to look for a lost grasshopper, or to pick up the large spider just shaken from their hair.

It does not much surprise us that something besides cockchafers should be worn by way of ornament, as we find is now the fashion:—

"Hats of this description are almost invariably worn with short or long veils, the latter arranged in knots or bows; and if the wearer be young, with a bright blue or cherry-coloured '*suivez-moi, jeune homme*' tied under the chignon."

The longer the veil the better, and the thicker too, we fancy, when ladies take to wearing toads and beetles on their heads. But the "follow-me-yonng-man" must be a needless bit of finery. Why, not only the young men, but all the street-boys also would run after a girl who carried toads upon her head. Tastes differ, we all know; but one would fancy that a father who had any sense about him would give his daughters a good earwigging if they bedecked themselves with insects. A girl who took to wearing a blackbeetle in her hat might be looked upon as having, too, a bee in her bonnet; and if she went out with a flea in her ear, she would only get what a wise papa would give her.

Good News for Erin.

"The LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN was entertained last evening in the Music Hall Belfast by the Presbyterians in return for his hospitality to the General Assembly when in Dublin. The Moderator occupied the chair."

THE right man for Ireland, with its parties and factions, its fights and squabbles, is discovered at last—the Moderator. Long may the light of this "Moderator" shine in Ireland!

The Frog and the Bull.

"Mutato nomine de C——
Fabula narratur."

To grow an Ox the Frog did blow
Himself in vain to bursting full;
And Canterbury does just so,
Trying to match the Papal Bull.

A LEGACY FOR NEW BROOMS.

LORD BROUGHAM has issued what he considers his death-bed warning, to the effect that the political future of the country depends on our making a clean sweep of bribery and corruption at elections. A very pretty piece of clean-sweeping indeed, for the old broom to leave the new ones!

A JOINT UNDERTAKING.—"The London Clerks' Club (Limited.)"

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

Our Artist takes Advantage of the utter Prostration of the poor sick Passengers, and fills his Sketch-Book.

TAKE IT EASY.

(by one of the old school.)

Take it easy, take it easy,
Let the Brutes do what they will;
Take it easy, take it easy,
Take it cool and easy still?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Fenians do release men
From the 'busses of the Crown,
And both people and policemen
In our open streets shoot down?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Artisans, conspiring,
Rob each other of their tools,
Bravos, too to murder hiring
Those who won't obey their rules?
Take it easy, &c.

What if Roughs rule legislation,
(Boast they do might I remark?)
By seditious demonstration
In the streets and in the Park?
Take it easy, &c.

Though the State succumb to Potter,
Though it knuckle down to Beales,
With the pick-purse and garotter
In the rabble at their heels,
Take it easy, &c.

All the other leading nations
Of the world of late have known
Tumults, wars, and devastations;
Shall they not befall our own?
Take it easy, &c.

We may have to stand invasion,
If we ever go to war;
No concern need that occasion,
While we smoke a mild cigar.
Take it easy, &c.

Newington Butts.—The ritual parsons of St. Matthias.

CHURCH CONGRESS.

"A Pastoral Staff presented to the Bishop of Cape Town." What 'll he do with it? Is it for defence or defiance? Does it mean one for Dr. Colenso on the head if he attacks Dr. Gray, or is it a call to the first mentioned prelate to "Come on!" It is a frightful prospect for "the poor distracted Church of Natal" if Gray and Colenso, like May and December, "can never agree."

The best *pastoral staff* a Bishop can have is an efficient body of Clergy: but this remark was not made at the Church Congress.

The question of the Dress of a Rural Dean occupied the attention of the Ritualists, though strangely omitted in the published reports.

Mr. Perry was of opinion that a Rural Dean ought to wear a straw hat.

The Bishop of Capetown thought that perhaps a chaplet of flowers in spring would be most suitable. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Machonochie (of St. Alban's, Holborn) thought the chaplet might be adopted if the congregation desired it. (*Applause.*)

Archdeacon Denison said he wanted to come straight at the question. A chaplet or no chaplet for the Rural Dean? If an essential to Rural Deanery (*laughter*) let him have the chaplet: if not, not. He (the Dean) had always refused to take his faith from Act of Parliament. (*Hear, hear.*) The Privy Council had decided the most important case practically against his views of essentials. Did that alter his views? No. (*Applause.*) You might take a horse to the well, but you couldn't make him drink. (*Laughter.*) The Privy Council had asserted years ago in the Gorham case that there was no necessity for a clergyman to be orthodox on the subject of Baptism. Did that alter *his* opinion? No. Or any one else's? No? That liberty which he claimed for himself, he was, he regretted to say, obliged to allow to others; so that anyone in authority could teach just what they liked on this subject, and no one could interfere with them. If he was a Rural Dean, he should wear a——

[*Here the President's bell tinkled, and the venerable gentleman sat down. He whispered, in rather a loud tone, the rest of his speech to a clergyman sitting next him, until called to order.*

Mr. Beresford Hope thought the dress should be a straw hat, smock frock, and cope (the ancient *cappa*) for wet weather.

The subject then dropped.

The question as to how to pronounce "Honolulu," was next taken up; but there being some difficulty in getting the word out, the President's bell tinkled before the speaker had arrived at the second syllable.

Subject dropped.

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

The *City Press* quotes, as below, a manuscript on parchment attached to an ancient painting, removed in 1803 from the old Bull Inn, Bishopsgate:—

"Portrait of Mr. Van Horn, a Hamburg merchant. Belonged to a club called 'The Amicable Society,' held at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period he drank 35,680 bottles of wine, which makes 2973 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles and a half per day: and did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days—the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter, and lived till he was ninety years of age. Painted by Mr. Hymore, in the year 1743."

The biography attached to the portrait of Mr. Van Horn suggests the thought that a suitable companion picture to it, if in existence, would be the likeness of Mynheer Van Dunk; and the pair of portraits might be called "The Two Vans." Those two works of art, hung side by side, would serve admirably to adorn the walls of a Temperance Hall—observe, not a teetotal one. For Van Dunk was a strictly temperate man—he never got drunk, notwithstanding his consumption of brandy-and-water; and, as Van Horn lived to be ninety years old it is evident that the four bottles of wine which he drank daily were not more than was good for him.

It is noteworthy that Mr. Van Horn forewent his customary allowance of exhilarating liquor on the day of his wife's funeral and his daughter's wedding-day. We may conclude that he did not want it, because he was jolly enough without it on the former occasion as well as on the latter.

THE GOOD OLD COMIC TIMES.



ONE hundred and ninety-nine miles am I, *Mr. Punch*, away from my happy home in Woburnia. I have parted, for a time, with inexpressible regret, from that inimitable representation of Britannia — the last and latest of our Statues at large—which adorns the pleasure-grounds opposite the Athenæum Club-house. After a healthy course of Junctions, Extensions, Loop-lines, shuntings and stoppages, miles of solitary darkness in tunnels, hours of weariness on country platforms, and much anxiety about luggage in Vau 33, I have reached Shorecliffe, a quiet unobtrusive retreat on a saline estuary, conspicuous for shrimps, sandhills, and salubrity, with no public rooms, no entertainments, no open air music, no vehicles standing for hire, no list of visitors, and, at this period of the season, no visitors worth enumeration.

It is always late when the Ministers of the Crown permit me to take my vacation, but I do not complain. Indeed, I can show abundant cause for preferring October to August, and harbour (a collier has just put in) no envious feelings towards those of my colleagues who change their hats and recruit the vital forces earlier in the year. I am a connoisseur in autumnal tints and colours, when I can enjoy them from an elevation other than the top of an omnibus in Piccadilly; I think hot weather a piece of mistaken kindness on the part of Nature; I am invariably melancholy during the long monotonous summer evenings and long for winter nights; at the game of croquet I have never as yet got through three successive hoops; in a tone of compassion I am told that the birds are getting wild and shy—"what matter, what matter," as it is not in my recollection that I ever fired a gun off in my life; sea-bathing is not to be thought of since sharks have been found prowling in English waters, and rowing and sailing and deep-sea fishing are as far above my abilities as throwing the hammer or jumping in a sack. Unencumbered, therefore, with guncases and sporting tackle, I got into an empty Department—I mean compartment, excuse the *lapsus*, it is hard to forget the language of office—at King's Cross, armed against sleep and weariness with a sheaf of all the Comic Journals of the current week, and found the train slackening speed at Paulborough (why did I think of MR. WHALLEY, M.P., when its cathedral towers came in view?) before I had finished their perusal. Handing the bundle over to the American Bishop who had just joined me (modest prelate, to travel second class!) fresh from Congress and Wolverlambton, I fell a-thinking—I got up again immediately and sustained no injury—as we passed the "Adamantine Clinker Works" (explanation thankfully received), of that golden age, some five-and-twenty years ago, the beginning of the present Comic Era, when the great jokefields were only just discovered, when the lumps of the precious ore were many and luminous, and the finders thereof few and famous. Not as nowadays, when much washing, and sifting, and riddling must be gone through before some scattered grains can be collected barely sufficient to procure cigars and a few other necessaries for the gangs of assiduous workmen.

I will illustrate my meaning by a few examples, for pudding is always better than precept. Imagine the emotions of the man who first thought of *The Master of the Rolls* as a good subject for comic manipulation. An arsenal of jests! a laboratory of jokes! He must have gone about his daily business with a secret joy in his heart, and returned to his mansion at nightfall a proud and happy ratepayer, hurrying to pen and paper with a feverish fear lest his great discovery should be anticipated. Years have passed since a shaft was first sunk into that mine, and rich and thick must have been the lode, for to this day the indefatigable Jocaster still works it—is still partly dependent for his bread on the Master of the Rolls (observe the ingenuity with which I have succeeded in kneading in my little contribution to the jocular literature of the Rolls).

I envy the man who has a hundred thousand pounds left him unexpectedly, I envy the man who finds coal fields on his patrimonial estate, I envy the man who marries the idol of his youth, but far more do I envy the lucky man to whom *A Plain Cook* first disclosed herself as a facetious novelty. A culinary fortune not yet boiled away! A rich banquet, meats from which will still be hashed up and set before a long-suffering public! Many a Jester has made a handsome thing out of that plain cook (observe again how I have managed to dish up a little something of my own).

I take the paper offered me in barter by the American Prelate; for a moment I regret the interruption of my train of thought, but I am soon repaid. My eye falls on the column headed "State of Trade," and under Birmingham I see a reference to the commercial transactions of that town with the River Plate. *The River Plate!* The discovery of that distant stream was of some consequence to button-moulders, and lamp-manufacturers, and tin-plate workers; but the jokers, and jesters, and punsters who have navigated its prolific waters must by this time have amassed a fortune to which the profits of a public-house or a patent medicine are trivial in comparison. Long may the Plate replenish our dinner-plates!

The B(u)oy at the Nore! The Cove of Cork! Selsey Bill! Great Triumvirate! Of what a long line of illustrious jokes have ye been the progenitors! Nor is the family conection extinct; generations yet unregistered will snigger at the humours which other quills and other steels will extract from your exhaustless reservoirs.

I have merely skirted my subject, and shall not now go deeper into it, but as the baker has this moment called with the daily supplies of twists and oven-bottoms, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of fancying the supreme satisfaction of the man who first appreciated the capabilities of that interrogative line, "*Tell me, where is Fancy bred?*"—only to be equalled by his bliss, who once in your pages, *Mr. Punch*, delivered that celebrated piece of advice "To Persons about to Marry," which has no doubt been claimed for every great wit of the past quarter of a century, living and dead.

YOUR EXILED CONTRIBUTOR.

P.S. I shall remain at Shorecliffe until the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs summon me back to their Annual Entertainment in the Guildhall.

ANNIE'S ANSWER TO PUNCH.

BELIEVE me if all those extravagant charms,
Which sweeten existence in Town;
Could be tasted again, minus fears and alarms,
I would sacrifice all for The Gown:
When the candle is lit at both ends it will burn
Far too fast to be good for the brain,
Which must toil to replenish the waste at each turn,
'Till all pleasure is balanced by pain.

Believe me, if school accounts when they are cast,
Add up wrong, you must right them alone;
For 'tis true that I never, in days that are past,
Could successfully manage my own.
But though fiction insists that a clergyman's wife
Must take half this professional care,
From a practical view of the species in life
I find out that such spouses are rare.

And though London is loved at this moment at heart,
'Tis the friends, not the "drums" I regret;
And our feelings will still be as kindly apart
As then when we constantly met.
While as for the life I shall lead in the West,
(My creed is as bright as it 's true),
The life I am leading is always the best,
And I 'll willingly lead it with you.

THE SCAFFOLD AND THE STAGE.

AN execution is sometimes called a tragedy. Such, indeed, would seem literally to have been the one that took place the other day at Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Of the principal character in the scene then and there enacted, a reporter says:—

"He walked up the steps leading to the scaffold with a firm step. When he arrived at the top he bowed twice to the crowd, and a good many of the persons assembled cheered and clapped their hands."

Great is the effect of a bow on the British Public. It seldom fails to procure applause, whether for fiddler, speechifier, or player. For a criminal about to be hanged for murder it wins cheers and clapping of hands. So, however, it has often done for many a malefactor who has murdered SHAKSPEARE.

BRADFORD BEREAVED.

MIALL has lost the Bradford Election. Bradford may indeed exclaim, "I have lost MY-ALL!"

GRUNTS OVER THE FIRST COLUMN.



With much prettiness comes into a marriage announcement, now and then, a little pet-name. "Matilda Maria ('Tiny'), youngest daughter of," &c. Quite a home charm, and all that.

But why is this tender touch confined to the notices of the young ladies? Male youth more frequently possess nicknames than girls do, and it would often be highly convenient to those who want to congratulate families, to be informed exactly which of the lads has been wedded. Why can't we have

"On the 13th, John Alexander Peter ('Grubby'), second son of," &c.

"On the 19th, Anthony James ('Pig'), fourth son of," &c.

"On the 22nd, Robert Walter ('Gummy'), eighteenth and much disliked son of," &c.

And while on the subject, we invite attention to the grim humour of somebody who, recently married, appended in lieu of the ordinary "No Cards," the funereal "Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation." He was a sly young man, and we hope makes his wife laugh.

Again, what idiotic folk are those who put the lady's name first, contrary to the spirit and meaning of the marriage service? Keep your twopenny drawing-room politeness out of serious business, you boobies. Do you make your parson ask, "Who giveth this Gentleman to be married to this Lady?"

What a comfort to be real Swells! Then you can say,

"On the 3rd, at the Abbey, Lord Brown to the Dowager Marchioness of Jones."

Whereas nobodies have to reel out,

"On the 4th, at Saint George's, Hanover Square, W., by the Reverend Martin Luther, assisted by the Reverend Melancthon Calvin and the Reverend Servetus Savonarola (uncle by marriage to the bride, and cousin-in-law to the bridegroom respectively), Peter Piper, of Pepper Lodge, Peckham, Surrey, youngest son of the late Pecker Piper, Esquire, of Cayenne Cottage, Capsicum Road, Camberwell, Surrey, S., Deputy Assistant Packer in Her Majesty's Customs, and great-nephew to the late Reverend Jedediah Grumps, for many years pastor of the Independent Chapel, Hackney, to Esther Vashti, third daughter of Ahasuerus King, formerly of Black Adder Lane, Tower Hill, E.C., but now of Pelargonium Villas, Caledonian Road, Copenhagen House, Islington, N., dumb-founder, and of Mrs. King, *née* Perkins, daughter of Barclay Perkins, Esquire, of Hammeramith Green. No cards."

There was a good paragraph in the papers some years back. "Several distinguished families have been placed in mourning by the marriage of the Marquis of Goldmine."

A prudent parent might find her account in adding to the usual announcement, "Several other girls on hand, quite as pretty as the bride. No Irish need apply."

A SONG ON THE SAFE SIDE.

About confounded Arians
O never talk to me!
I shun Predestinarians,
Tractarians likewise flee.
No good in Millenarians
I ever yet could see.
Give me the Platitudinarians
That write themselves D.D.

Some folks are Sabbatarians,
With whom I don't agree.
I hold with no sectarians,
Baptist or Methodee.
Like not the Latitudinarians,
Because they think too free:
But I love the Platitudinarians
That write themselves D.D.

FORGERIES OF THE FAIR.

The following item of last week's news should be a warning to young men:—

"A journeyman mason, aged twenty-two, committed suicide two days ago by jumping from the top of a house on which he was at work. The cause of this rash act was a discovery he had made on the day after his wedding that his wife had a glass eye."

In this age of personal impositions, whosoever thinks of marrying should first endeavour to ascertain as well as he can if the features, and the other physical attractions of his intended wife are real. A chignon may be said to be a harmless forgery, though there is often more in it than mere fraud—*gregarines* to wit—and perhaps much else that comes with it from the penitentiary and the deadhouse. But one counterfeit leads to another, and the transition is easy from false hair to false ears, made out of gutta percha, and said to be worn by some girls, who may be thought to have sufficiently long ears at any rate of their own. It is also credibly reported that busts consisting of the same material have been exhibited at fashionable balls with an unreserve which is illusory. Ladies are now very commonly as sophisticated as tea and sugar and other groceries. There is no saying how much of the female frame may not be factitious. Many a seemingly fair creature is, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a series of ahams, as Mr. Carlyle would say, with here and there a windbag.

"Catch a weasel asleep," says the proverb; but so a youth, or indeed any other man, if any other man would now dream of marrying, should endeavour to catch her whom he is inclined to wed. He should then test his enchantress as the witch-finders in the reign of our Solomon used to try their witches, by thrusting pins and needles into those portions of her form which he suspects of being artificial. If she wake, so; if not, let her sleep on. It would be by no means a superfluous caution for him to take some opportunity of pinching the fourth finger of her left hand, lest, having married her, he should find that he had put the ring on an india-rubber one. In that case, however, would the marriage hold good? A near-sighted, or colour-blind man, if he doesn't look sharp before marriage, may find himself tethered to a female who has been fool enough to get herself made beautiful for ever. There is one sure way of detecting the beauty of those who have been so beautified. Set them heartily laughing—that is, if you can, for it is no easy matter to make such simpletons laugh. No wit will do it—take them to see So-and-so's farce—their laughter will crack their enamel.

There was once a time when young men would have derided the idea of not knowing whether or no their sweethearts were painted. Sweethearts now are anachronisms; if, in these days, a fellow presumed to woo a young lady in the old fashion, she would kick him. But nobody but the veriest muff could ever have been capable of being taken in with a glass eye:—

"'It is not in the white,' said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil."

Any lover, or suitor with as much in him like love as the apathetic serenity of our modern youth will admit of, would, at least on some occasion or other, have done what *Uncle Toby* did, and, all the rather for being perfectly cool, have observed whether or no the pupil contracted.

Henry W. Iowa to A. C. London.

"To my Pan-Anglican compeers,"
(Writes parting I.O.WA),
"I owe a debt of gratitude,
Which I can ne'er repay.
As I can't pay, from I.O.WA!
Accept this I.O.U.—
That ritual poison England's Church,
If unchecked, will undo."

Most Scrupulous.—We know a man who keeps such a strict watch over his tongue, that he will not even allow himself to talk against Time.

Aspect of the Political Horizon in Austria.—*Beust*erous.



IMITATION THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY.

"THE DI VERNON" CANOE, IN OPPOSITION TO "THE ROB ROY."

THE SPECULATOR ON THE SEASONS.

I LOVE the Spring! It brings to mind
Those young souls, green and fair,
In which whate'er we plant, we find
Takes root, and fruit doth bear.
When loosed from Winter's checks and chills,
The small birds strain their throats;
Square their accounts with mutual bills,
And fling about their notes.

I love the Summer, when the Earth,
Like a prospectus glows,
With flowery hues, defying dearth,
And scent per scent bestows:
I love the Summer, with its sun,
That warns us to make hay;
Banks, upon which 'tis safe to run,
Fields, dividends that pay.

I love not Autumn, when the trees
Resume cash-payments all,
Their golden treasures, on the breeze,
In Earth's lap letting fall.
Till gold, a drug, in discontent,
Heaped in bank-cellars lies,
And discount 's down at two per cent.,
And don't seem like to rise!

I love not Winter, when both skin
And speculation 's cold;
When short-date bills come quicker in,
And frost of stocks takes hold.
When nature, markets to perplex,
A bankrupt seems to stand,
And only gives post-dated cheques
To answer our demand.

AMERICAN BEGGARDOM.

PUNCH studies all the American newspapers. Hence the mingled grandeur and jocosity of his style. The last American journal which he has studied is the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, in the advertising columns whereof he finds something to note. This is a circular in behalf of a gentleman named PESTER, whom his friends purpose to "run for Alderman" for a region called Roxborough. Run for Alderman does not mean that the civic candidates race each other for the honour; this would scarcely be aldermanly. It only means that MR. PESTER is to be put up for election. And he is recommended for these reasons:—

"1. Because he is good hearted, and a free giver to all worthy objects.
"2. He is the widow's friend.
"3. He is a friend to the poor man.
"4. You can trust him to collect money for you; you will be sure to get it.
"5. He was the soldier's friend when at the front.
"6. He is a friend to all the churches, without distinction of name or creed.
"7. His office is situated in the centre of Roxborough, where it is convenient.
"8. He is a sober, hard-working man, and minds his own business."

We are not quite so plain-spoken as this in England, though a good many elections are decided upon grounds like those on which MR. PESTER's fame reposes. Out of these eight reasons six set forth that he is good to Mendicants. Objects beg of him, Widows beg of him, Poor Men beg of him, You beg him to beg for you, Soldiers beg of him, Preachers beg of him—and his office, seventhly, is convenient for all these Beggars. The appeal throws some light on American elections, but we assure our Philadelphian friends (in England we dare proclaim national weaknesses) that if a large number of our own election addresses were translated into plain English, they would not be so very unlike the testimonial to MR. PESTER.

Ai! Ai!

THE French correspondent of the *Morning Star*—a very amusing gossip, by the bye—says that MR. HOME, the Spiritualist, is going to marry MADAME MOET, of the champagne. Liking the wine, we don't like the news. No, no Home-made wine for us.



LICENSING DAY.

King of Italy. "THE BENCH, MRS. POPE, HAS DECIDED THAT YOU RETAIN 'THE CROSS KEYS,' BUT THINKS, FOR THE PEACE OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, YOU HAD BETTER CONSENT TO GIVE UP 'THE THREE CROWNS.'"



"COMMUNICATED."



Yes, that must be a pleasant word for the French journalist. The Government of France (we don't mean to be personal) says that he insists on being allowed to insert, gratis, in any journal, any contradiction of a statement, or regulation of an argument that displeases him. The newspaper editor is compelled to publish that he has not told the truth, or that he cannot reason properly.

Let us be aware of the value of our own exemption from such a rule. That is, our present exemption. When Beales, Potter, and Broadhead are kings, we shall probably be treated much as the French journalists are. Meantime we are not obliged to insert Government articles.

But suppose we were. And suppose a tremendously paternal Tory Government were in office.

TO-DAY.	TO-MORROW.
We object (says the *Times*) to the appointment of Lord Addlehead as Ambassador to France. He is a man of amiability but of notorious incapacity, and he does not even know the language of those to whom he is accredited.	We entirely approve the appointment of Lord Addlehead to the Court of France. Though his sternness of character may occasionally be in excess, his masterly intellect, combined with his perfect knowledge of everything French, makes him the right man in the right place.
It must be owned (says the *Daily News*) that the mystification for which a distinguished Member of the Government is famous has extended to his national balance-sheets, from which it is impossible to say whether England has an ample surplus, or is in hopeless impecuniosity.	We must not omit a tribute to the happy and lucid mode in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has tabulated our finance. A child could proudly prove from the accounts just issued that its beloved country prospers grandly under the careful and beneficent Administration now in office.
Without being desirous to be too severe (says the *Post*) on the follies of some foolish young men of rank and wealth, we must suggest that they might find a better and more humane means of getting rid of their superfluous energy than in racing terrified cats round the hall of the Carlton Club.	A great deal too much fuss has been made, to our thinking, about the cat-races at the Carlton. No cruelty was practised on the animals, which enjoyed the fun as much as anybody, and the stakes did not exceed a few thousands which simply changed hands among a few young men of position.
Having never been wrong (says the *Advertiser*) in any of our predictions, terrestrial or celestial, we state with confidence (*valeant quintum*) that the 1st of April will not have passed away before the Millennium shall have been brought about, through the efforts of this Journal, and the shining virtues of the Licensed Victuallers.	It can scarcely be necessary for us to say that what Dean Milman has called a dream of Jewish fanaticism has never been mentioned by us as a fact to be accomplished, or that we anticipate any important changes this year except the enactment of more stringent laws regarding those enemies of the public, the Licensed Victuallers.
The Earl of Gabblemore (says *Punch*) misunderstands what he hears, and therefore spoils it in repetition.	The Earl of Gabblemore was born deaf and dumb.

How would you like that sort of thing, gentlemen journalists? Well, you may come to it, or it may come to you.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CHARITY.

Thanks to the great kindness of the London Stereoscopic Company, some photographic groups have recently been published of the actors who took part in the amateur performances to help the Bennett Fund. People who were good enough to go to these performances may like to have a souvenir to remind them of the event: and people, who by ill luck were conspicuous for their absence, are advised to get these photographs to gloss over the fact. *Mr. Punch's* innate modesty forbids his making mention of any further reasons for which they should be purchased: except that any one who buys them will be doing a kind act, as all the profits of their sale will be added to the Fund.

A Hint to Young Parsons.—Stoles, Chasubles, Dalmatics, Copes, Albs, *et id genus omne*—a very bad in-vestment.

A MESSAGE FROM GULLY'S GHOST.

(*From a Superstitious Correspondent.*)

As you are a thorough disbeliever in Spiritualism I send you the following account of a *séance*, which you may rely upon as perfectly authentic.

We, myself and others, including the Medium, seated ourselves at a table in the usual manner. In a few minutes the Medium declared that an invisible fist was punching his head, and immediately afterwards violent blows—one, two!—resounded on the table. The name then spelt out with the alphabet was "Jack Gully."

The spirit said he had been Member for Pontrefact, and was now in one of the higher spheres. He dictated the following communication:—I wish to speak about boxing, because the fight there was to have been the other day didn't come off. We cultivate the noble art of self-defence here, but only spar. Prize-fighting is unknown in the spiritual world, except in the lower spheres. As practised on your earth it is bad. You see that by the number of ruffians which a prize-fight attracts. Where the crows flock together you may know there is carrion. The spectators of prize-fights are no doves; though there may be pigeons among them. They are all more or less a lawless lot. Why? Simply because prize-fighting is illegal. If it were allowed, a better kind of people would go to see it. Trying to suppress it is no use. You couldn't put it down except by punishments that public opinion won't sanction. You had better tolerate what you can't hinder. Legalise prize-fighting, and regulate it. There would be no harm in it within proper limits; a mere trial of strength, of skill, and endurance of a few bruises. Then it would be little if any worse than a rowing-match, or any other struggle attended with a little punishment. Permit it then, under conditions. Let there be surgeons to say when the men ought to stop, seconds responsible for throwing up the sponge, and policemen to back the seconds and keep order. Then you would never have two fellows pounding one another's mugs into jelly. You would have no fatal results. Fights would come off openly, in the face of day; railway-trains would no longer convey packs of villains by stealth to witness them; and railway-stations would not any more be occupied occasionally by mobs of outrageous roughs, garotters, rogues, and vagabonds rampant, having it all their own way. Encourage the lower orders to use the fist instead of the knife and the revolver. Give pugilists the chance of being respectable men, like I was, though I say it that shouldn't. I fought my way up in the world, not altogether with my fists; and so I have here, where I am. Others might do the same. Tom Cribb is with me; also Tom Spring and Tom Sayers, hand in hand. Their message to you is "Brotherly love." Yonder is Mr. Jackson having a set-to with Lord Byron. There are other spirits present in various stages of training. Fact. Good night.

HOW THEY SPEND THEIR HOLIDAYS.

Lord Russell is employed in giving a number of Reform Banquets to himself, at which he privately proposes his own health as the author of the measure of 1832, and prime mover and supporter of the Bill of 1867.

Mr. Disraeli is having a very merry time of it, being every day engaged in laughing in his sleeve at the success with which he made high Tories vote like Radicals—for keeping him in office.

Mr. Bright is making elegant extracts from the poets, for embellishing his speeches when Parliament next meets. By a happy thought the other day he hit upon the following:—

"Lowe, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," &c.

He will quote this in the next debate on national education, pointing a scornful finger at the Honourable Member for Calne.

Mr. Bernal Osborne is reading his *Jest Book*, with a view to cracking jokes upon all possible occasions, suitable or not. To improve his mind still further, he, the other day, devoted very nearly half an hour of his valuable time to perusing a few lines of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, that he may know something of Art before again he ventures to speak ill of it.

Serjeant Gaselee is engaged in taking lessons in geography, and has already made such progress that he knows where Abyssinia is.

Mr. Beales, M.A., is prophetically musing on the glorious career of Mr. Beales, M.P. His ambitious visions culminate in a view of a Short Parliament, elected yearly by the ballot, and dissolved by the imperial edict of Protector Beales.

Lord Westmeath has bought himself a new cap and bells, and delights himself by jangling them and making silly speeches upon topics far too serious for him ever to discuss.

Mr. Ayrton is employed in studying things in general, with a view to making speeches on all possible occasions.

Finally, we rejoice with all our heart to hear that Mr. Whalley, having by some accident become converted from his errors, has been with difficulty restrained from making a penitential pilgrimage to Rome, to perform an osculation of the big toe of the Pope.



SPORT IN THE HONEYMOON.

(EMILY LOVES TO SEE DEAR CHARLES SHOOT, BUT IS A LITTLE AFRAID OF A GUN.)

Charles (not quite in good humour). "Now, dear, if you will Hold on by a Tree, instead of my Coat, perhaps it won't be a Miss this Time!"

OUR THEATRICAL SPECTATOR.

"Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit."—*Hor.*

"Repeat the play oft as you will,
You 'll find it draw good houses still."

Since the grouse began to die, so few theatres have been open that "a young man from the country," with a week to spend in town, must have been driven to the music halls, in dearth of better recreation. There he would hear some "comic" singing, which, if he had any brains, he would find it hard to laugh at; and he would see some ill-shaped limbs distorted in a ballet, prohibited by law from having any plot in it. While revelling in these auricular and optical delights, he might cool his fevered throat by drinking some drugged beer, and, if he could afford himself a two-penny cigar, he might smoke it like a lord, proudly conscious that its fragrance was the finest in the room.

But London is reviving now after its dead season, and managers theatrical begin to look alive again. Their novelties, however, are at present rather more in promise than performance. We are promised a new theatre, as well as some new plays, but as yet the only novelties are new actors in old ones. A not very new piece has been revived at the Lyceum, that M. Fechter may instruct us how to play *Claude Melnotte*. The only novelty at the Haymarket has been a new actress in *Rosalind*, and we are now to have the novelty of seeing *Lord Dundreary*. The novelty at the Princess's is our old friend *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and our old acquaintance *Faust*, *King John*, *Macbeth*, and the *Miller and his Men*, are the novelties at Old Drury. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre the *habitués*, like Hindoos, are still devotees of *Caste;* while as for the New Royalty, that theatre should really be re-christened the New Novelty, with such surprising frequency are new pieces produced there. Why, *Meg's Diversions* saw the light there only just a twelvemonth since, and the new burlesque, now running on towards its thousandth night, was actually first acted there as late back as last Christmas!

Novelty is charming; but while such novelties as these are to be seen at the West End, one must explore the suburbs in quest of stage amusement, and seek an evening's pleasure in the North or South or East. In the North, at Sadler's Wells, there is a "grand spectacular drama," which possibly might tempt me, but I remember being bored by it some half score of years since. At the Surrey, in the South, there is really a new play, which really is a novelty in these "reviving" days. *Nobody's Child!* There is somewhat of a smack of grim sensation in the name, and I doubt not there is plenty of sensation in the piece. But, judging from the playbill, there is more sensation atill at the Britannia, in the East. *Alone in the Pirate's Lair!* How thrilling the words sound! Britannia rules the waves, and the Britannia is a proper place for playing a sea-piece. The wilds of Hoxton surely can hardly be less penetrable than those of Abyssinia; and, as we propose an expedition to the latter, let us not be frightened from the former savage place.

Notwithstanding these attractions, let playgoers with brains visit the Adelphi, and welcome Mr. Webster after his long absence. He is announced "for eight nights only," but all who love good acting will hope his health may let him change the eight to eighty. His parts in *Masks and Faces* and in *One Touch of Nature* are patterns in their way, and show how greatly little details may heighten the effect of a performance. Miss Simms has also returned to the scene of her old glories, and plays better, because more naturally, than we have ever seen her.

Proh Pudor!

The *West Country News* says that "proceedings are to be taken against a churchwarden, who turned a woman out of church because he saw her refreshing herself from a spirit bottle." There is only one set of churches in which her conduct might be extenuated—those by *Pewgin*.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

"Take away that Bauble!" said Sir Thomas Henry, giving his order to the Police, and pointing to *the* Mace.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND—(Continued).

At the Factory. We enter the first room, where the raw material is, in bales. My Funny Friend, who is perfectly quiet, and preserving a most serious demeanour, pulls out a small note-book. He asks, sternly, "What is all this?" Thinking that we've had enough fun already out of our compact about calling him "My Lord," I answer, omitting the title, that "this is the raw material," and am going on with my explanation, when he stops me sharply, with, "Mr. Inspector, you are forgetting yourself when you address me in this manner: come here, Sir: a word with you." Whereupon the Foreman withdraws to a corner, out of earshot, and Grigg says, *sotto voce*, to me, "Look here: if you don't call me 'My Lord,' I'll have some fun with these bales." I remonstrate. Not feeling, however, perfectly assured that he hasn't at this instant got detonating liquid or crackers or something infernal in his pocket, included under his idea of "some fun with the bales," I renew the compact, only begging him not to speak to *me* in such an absurd tone before the officials. He promises not to use an *absurd* tone. He asks me, first of all, if I consider *this* an absurd tone, and squeaks through his nose, to the astonishment of the Foreman, who thinks that I am making the noise, when Grigg says, on seeing the Foreman turn round, "That will do, Mr. Inspector: *you* may think it funny: I do not. Let us proceed." It is better, I conclude, to humour him, get him interested in the works of the factory, and then drop this "My Lord" business entirely.

By the way, he won't catch me entering into any compact with him again.

In the second room, the young women are hard at work on flax. As Inspector, I don't precisely know what they are doing, so I refer Grigg to the Foreman. The Foreman enters into particulars with his Lordship. My Funny Friend becomes serious and interested. Exactly what I want. The Foreman will show his Lordship into the Graining Department, if his Lordship likes. His Lordship does like, and, preceded by the Foreman, we enter; I coming last. More young women mixed up with whizzling machines. The Foreman ignores me entirely, and gives his explanation like a showman. In this room there is a shaft of great power. I know all about the shaft, as, according to the Act, all shafts have to be enclosed, and, consequently, I am "up" in its working. If I allow the Foreman (who is generally silent in *my* presence) to go on like this, I shall lose all my official dignity in the eyes of these hands, so I draw Grigg's attention to the shaft. "This shaft is curious," I commence, trying to detach him from the Foreman, and tapping its case with my umbrella. He deprecates interruption on my part, with his hand, and only returns, "Mr. Inspector, the Government does not wish you to damage the Factory property with your umbrella. I shall make a note" (here he writes in his confounded pocket-book) "that *all* sticks and umbrellas be left at the door." Several young women, attracted by his commanding tone, look up from their work at him, and then at me, and two or three smile. I suppose they see through the jest (I hope so), and smile, too. My Funny Friend, observing this, immediately becomes dignified, and says, as if much pained, "I am sorry to see, Sir" (to me) "the existence of this undue familiarity. This must be further inquired into." And forthwith he makes another note, while adding, amiably, to the Foreman, "Proceed with your interesting account."

The Foreman accedes with malicious pleasure, for I've often had to snub this man, who connives, I have reason to believe, at the children working out of the proper hours. The Foreman explains the shaft. He tells his Lordship, that "By the Act," looking at me, "it's obliged to be incased." "But," I say triumphantly, "here's a place," about half-an-inch square, "where it 'a not incased." "Well, my Lord," he retorts, appealing to his Lordship, "it's been the same every time he 'a (meaning *me*) seen it, and he's never noticed it before." Grigg shakes his head sorrowfully, and makes another note for the Government. As we're leaving the room I request him not to go on like this. He replies that *he* is perfectly quiet, according to promise; but that I do not call him "my Lord." I give him my word I will.

In the next room, where there is more whirring of reels, and pale men keeping a sharp look out for bits of thread, I stop a little boy who is just coming out, and to show what my authority really is, ask him his name. He answers, Thompson. Christian name, George. Age, eight. What hours does he work? What is he doing in that department if he is occupied in the other? What are his meal times? He answers satisfactorily on his own account; but I wish to see the Entry Book. I turn to ask the Foreman for this, but my Funny Friend and the Foreman have both gone on, having in fact left the room immediately on my commencing my questions. I make up my mind to tell Grigg that 'pon my life it *is* too bad of him. He *ought* to have *some* little regard for my position. I do not come up with them for five minutes, at least: when I do it is in the refining room. I stop at the door on entering. To my horror, I hear my Funny Friend addressing the Superior Female Hands, in the presence of the Foreman, thus: "You have no further complaints to make?" "No complaints," says the Forewoman, curtseying. [So, I think to myself, he's making fun of the Foreman. He deserves it: an impudent *snob*.] "And," continues Grigg, in a tone of interrogation, "The Inspector is on the whole agreeable, unostentatious, and performs his duties in a courteous and correlative manner?" The Forewoman, who has evidently understood his meaning as little as he does himself, answers in the affirmative as I approach. I hate a row, but I don't like to let this sort of thing continue. The best plan is to propose that as it's past luncheon time, we had better go home. I say, with mock obsequiousness, so as to let the whole room see that the title is all humbug, "My Lord, your Lordship's luncheon waits." He pretends to be surprised, and asks, "Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing?" as if in the past interval of five minutes I had gone in for serious drinking. I take no notice of this (it is better not), and tell him it is past one. His Lordship asks me, if this is the way I allow pleasure to interfere with business, and advises me to "take care." The Foreman says there is nothing more to be seen, and shows us to the grand entrance.

On leaving, Gaigg turns to me and says before the Foreman, "You will be glad to hear Mr. Inspector that you have received a very good character for sobriety"—sobriety!!! I haven't a word to say, I am so utterly astonished—"for sobriety, Sir, from the hands. You will, therefore, *not* be discharged from your post for the present. Good day."

"Good day, my Lord," returns the Foreman, and in another second we are in the street.

"That *was* a lark," says he, directly the gate is shut on us. "I asked him all sorts of things about you." He roars with laughter in the street: I beg him, for goodness' sake to be quiet. I point out to him that I shall really have to leave the place in consequence of his infernal tomfoolery; I have no other name for it. He says, "Nonsense! leave the place! They love you—they adore you." Off he goes again in another uncontrollable fit of laughter. "What is it?" I ask. "Why," he explains, choking himself in his effort to speak, "the women asserted on their solemn oath that they 'd never seen you anything but sober, *as far as they knew*." And once more he 's off, making such a noise that people turn and laugh too. This makes him worse. The idea strikes him that if you only keep on laughing long enough and loud enough in one place you 'll set all the passers-by laughing, they 'll go into other streets laughing, and then the whole town will be in convulsions.

I don't laugh for one. I leave him. I will *not* stand it any longer. I walk away as fast as I can from him. It is a straight long street, and he can keep me in view. I turn for a minute, he is speaking in an excited manner to a policeman and pointing to me. On comes the policeman, authoritatively, at me. "This gentleman says you've got his umbrella," says the official, rudely, to me. Grigg arrives. It *is* true, I can't deny it, I have. I've been walking about with it all the morning. I give it up to Grigg. But this doesn't satisfy the policeman who hasn't had such a case in Cokingham for a long time. A crowd collects; the factory hands going to one o'clock dinner are all there. Grigg what he calls "squares the peeler" with half-a-crown, borrowed from me, and we take a fly home, Grigg making me get in first (which I'm glad to do; anything for escape) and explaining to the crowd that "the poor gentleman isn't quite right in his head." From the window he tells the populace to give his (Grigg's) love to "all at home" in a general way, and the man drives on rapidly.

I know, from experience, it is no use remonstrating with Grigg in a fly: he will only pretend to cry, or imitate *Punch's* squeak. I will try my Funny Friend for one evening, when I can talk to him calmly and quietly, and he or I must leave Cokingham to-morrow.

When we get in, my Great Aunt has fainted twice, in consequence of waiting half-an-hour for lunch—(if her meals are not punctual, she collapses)—and Mrs. Buzzyby is fuming and fussing because "it's all spoiled, and been obliged to be put down again to the fire."

Grigg says it 's all my fault: that I would keep him in the streets, telling him funny stories, and pointing out all the pretty girls. My Aunt nearly faints for the third time (only being recovered by the smell of the roast mutton, and Mrs. Buzzyby brings in every dish herself, not allowing her little maid to wait as usual, in consequence (I am convinced) of what she has just heard from Grigg of me in the new character of the Cokingham libertine. He winks at me, but I am angry. We eat, and fall gradually into something like rational conversation. Mrs. Buzzyby apparently sees reason to alter her opinion with the second course, and the little maid brings in the gooseberry-tart. It 'a beginning to rain. Thank goodness, we can't go out again. No more playing the fool in the street. I'll give him books to read.

Better Late than Never.

The distribution of the Banda and Kirwee prize-money will commence on the 24th inst.!! So says a notice in the *Gazette*. We wonder how many of those entitled to shares have got into the *Gazette*, before notice of the distribution of prize-money they won ten years ago?



A WOMAN-HATER.

Spiteful Old Party (who is tarring the Stays of the Flagstaff). "Striped Gownds seem all the 'Go' with 'em, eh? (*Chuckles.*) I 'll Stripe 'em! Put a extra Streak o' Ile in, o' Purpose—won't Dry for a Month! Come Lollopin' about here with their Crin'lynes an' Tr'ines, they must take the Consekenses!!"

A WORD WITH THE PREMIER.

Come, we say, Lord Derby, you don't need to be told that we like ever so many things about you, such as your open-handedness, and your oratory, and your *Homer*, and your pluck; but, confound it, Edward Geoffrey Smith-Stanley, we don't like your humbug. Now then, you need not look at us in that manner, as if all the blood of all the Stanleys since Joan were a-fire. We defy as much as we admire you. Yes, laughing is better, but we don't know that we are going to laugh with you yet. What do you mean by telling two stories at the Manchester banquet the other night? Two—yes, two, and in the Free Trade Hall too, which has been consecrated by the performances of *Mr. Punch's* young men. You spoke up for your Reform Act, and declared that such was your confidence in the goodness and virtne of the working-men (or "wage-paid men" as you called them) that you were sure that the enormous trust that had been placed in them would be vindicated. Very well. A good many people believe this. But then you went on to inform these very working-men, first that they hearkened to the voice of contemptible leaders, and secondly that they shamefully submitted to a tyranny under which they groaned. Very well. A good many persons believe this. But, Edward Geoffrey, if you will allow us to quote another translator,

> "Had you a thousand mouths, a thousand tongues,
> And throats of brass inspired by iron lungs,'

you could not fuse these two opposite statements into one argnment that should prove to *Mr. Punch* that you passed your Reform Act for any other than a party purpose. What 's the good of humbugging? Receive the assurance of our profound respect.

Coming Changes.

One result of the Reform Bill, some old women seem to fancy, will be that the East End will be the fashionable quarter, and the dwellers near May Fair will be popularly talked of as the "Lower Ten Thousand."

TRULY ALARMING SACRIFICE!

Mr. Whalley cannot be accustomed regularly to read the *Tablet*. If he were, surely we, or some one or other of our Protestant contemporaries, should have heard something from the honourable Member for Peterborough about the following statement which has actually appeared in that journal:—

"Another English Zouave has been offered to the Pope recently by the zealous exertions of the Countess de Sommery, and several pious persons of the Congregation of St. John's Church, Bath."

Another English Zouave offered to the Pope! Then at least one English Zouave must have been offered before. Gracious goodness! How many English Zouaves must the Pope have had offered to him? Who can tell? How were those English Zouaves offered to the Pope? As burnt-offerings? Imagine holocausts of English Zouaves, sacrificed to the Pope! Was their sacrifice an *auto da fé* got up by the Countess de Sommery and her accomplices? Or were the English Zouaves not heretics roasted against their will, but fanatical and self-devoted papists? On either supposition their immolation must have taken place in secresy, of course within the walls of a convent. Surely, then, here is another reason why the Legislature should lose no time in providing for the thorough inspection of all monastic establishments. Such is the tenor of a communication which we wonder that we have not had from Mr. Whalley.

The Ring and its Friends.

Whether barney or funks
Put the "patrons" in sulks,
We rejoice that the Skunks
Have been done by the Skulks.

Theatrical.—Miss Menken is to re-appear as *Mazeppa*. Play-goers are startled by the bare announcement.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, October 26, 1867.



A PASSAGE OF ARMS.

Hairdresser. "'AIR 's VERY DRY, SIR!"

Customer (who knows what's coming). "I LIKE IT DRY!"

Hairdresser (after awhile, again advancing to the attack). "'EAD 's VERY SCURFY, SIR!"

Customer (still cautiously retiring). "YA-AS, I PREFER IT SCURFY!"

[*Assailant gives in defeated.*

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CURRAGH WREN.

IT was on a merry time,
When CURRAGH WREN was young,
So neatly as she danced,
And so sweetly as she sung!

PRIVATE CROSSBELTS won her
With his coat of red,
He doffed his cap to JENNY,
And thus to her he said:

"My dearest JENNY WREN,
If you will but be mine,
You shall eat nice Curragh-pie,
And drink nice Curragh-wine."

JENNY listened to him,
And declared her mind:
"Pretty Mr. Soldier,
I take your offer kind."

His corps it got the route,
Her soldier marched away,
Poor JENNY WREN she followed him
For all his saying, "Nay."

Now in the furze-bushes,
Girl-beasts in a den,
With five others like her,
Herds CURRAGH WREN.

Infamy her darkness,
Misery her day;
Whiskey and starvation
Eating life away.

Spring east winds to blench her,
Summer heats to tease,
Autumn rains to drench her,
Winter snows to freeze.

CURRAGH WREN falls sick,
CURRAGH WREN must lie,
With the girl-beasts round her,
Watching till she die.

Then the coroner's jury
Sits on CURRAGH WREN,
Brings in "God's visitation"—
Not villany of men.

GASTRONOMY IN LAMBETH.

THE food question threatens to assume serious proportions; we seem to have eaten up all the oysters; beef and mutton weigh more heavily on the minds than on the stomachs of a good many of us, while several extraneous sources to which we looked for relief appear to have failed us. We hoped for ox-tail soup from South America, but hope told a flattering tale: Charqui, or jerked beef, will not somehow go down, and Chinese sugar-grass will not come up. Under these circumstances, we cannot but welcome with lively interest, if not gratitude, any one who will discover a new article of food at a moderate price. We beg, then, to present to an admiring and dining public, MR. OWEN SWEENEY, whose experiments in gastronomy are described in the following article in the *Times* of October 21st; we do so the more readily as he does not appear to have received all that he deserves:—

"At Lambeth, OWEN SWEENEY, a labourer, well known at this Court, was charged before MR. ELLIOTT with committing a brutal assault upon WILLIAM LEWIS, a constable in the service of the Grand Surrey Canal Dock Company. The prosecutor stated that at about two o'clock in the afternoon prisoner, in company with some twenty or thirty others, came along the canal bank, and endeavoured to pass the gate without paying the usual toll. He told them they could not be allowed to go through without payment, upon which they became very abusive and violent. The prisoner took up a large stone, and hurled it at prosecutor, but fortunately it did not strike him. He endeavoured to persuade the men to go away, but prisoner rushed upon him, and seizing his left hand, bit it three or four times in a savage manner. A police-constable came up shortly afterwards, and took prisoner into custody, or he would doubtless have proceeded to further acts of violence. The prisoner said he was sorry for what had happened, and the Magistrate, after commenting upon the brutal nature of the attack, ordered him *to pay a fine of* 10*s.*, or be imprisoned for seven days. He was locked up in default."

If MR. SWEENEY's newly invented dish is as relishing as his eagerness would lead us to suppose, it cannot be said to be dear. Why, if this philosopher had rushed into FORTNUM AND MASON's and taken three or four bites out of a Strasbourg pie, or a wild boar's head, he would not have got off for ten shillings. In fact, it was too cheap. When we remember the number of persons of MR. SWEENEY's tastes and habits in London, and the comparative scarcity of policemen, it is evident that unless the consumption is checked by a somewhat higher tariff, this species of large game will be soon used up. There are so many reasons just now for strictly preserving policemen's fists that any suggestion to this end may be of use. One way, then, is pointed out by another case in the same day's paper, and on the same page, where a sportsman gets five years' penal servitude for bagging six rings. Why not, then, let the police be armed with a ring on each finger; MR. SWEENEY and his friends would think twice before meddling with fingers so protected by the law.

A heavier punishment than seven days' imprisonment has often been imposed on benighted creatures, who, having nowhere else to go, have taken the Hobson's choice of sleeping, or trying to sleep, in the open air—at the sign of the beautiful Star, as the French call it,—this seems to prove the truth of the saying, "*Il vaut mieux être ici-bas Gastronome, qu'Astronome!*"

To my Dear Butcher.

BUTCHER, Butcher, kill a calf;
Charge as much again as half
More than what you ought for veal:
And with you no more I 'll deal.

HINT FOR THE SURREY THEATYER.—*Nobody's Child*—Reform BILL.

COMIC AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.



EE! here is an amusing little anecdote, for which we are indebted to the *Reese River Reveille* and the *Panama Star*, the latter of which American papers quotes it from the former, premising the announcement, as though of a piece of fun, that :—

"A man named SAM VANCE, well known in Nevada, where he bore a bad reputation, was shot at Austio, August 3."

Then follow the particulars of this occurrence, related by a writer who evidently feels that he is giving an account of a "lark":—

"VANCE entered the Bank Exchange Saloon, and seeing Irish TOM standing outside he asked him to drink with him. The latter refused, saying he had enough. VANCE replied, 'If you don't drink. I'll take a shot at you,' and, drawing a derringer pistol, he fired at but missed Irish TOM. TOM instantly drew his revolver and fired at VANCE, but the ball missed him and lodged in the jamb of the door. VANCE was caught by Officer MARSHALL as TOM fired the second shot. The ball took effect in the lower part of the abdomen, and inflicted a dangerous if not a mortal wound."

This pleasantly told story is headed "Life in the Far West," though death in the Far West was very likely the end of the fight between "SAM" VANCE and "Irish TOM," above narrated in the familiar and facetious style of a pothouse frequenter describing a "scrimmage."

POOR OLD ZADKIEL.

No nse in mincing anything except the contents of Christmas pies. We are heartily ashamed of our old pet, ZADKIEL. He has put out the most horribly debilitated fulfilments and predictions in his almanack for 1868. He does not deserve the encouragement *Punch* has given him, and if he does not mind what he is about, we tell him plainly, though his stars do not, that we shall dismiss him from the office of our prophecy-monger. We know an old woman in the Westminster Road who would wash her dirty old face and jump at the situation if we held np a finger. ZADKIEL, beware, or you shall prophesy no more for *Punch!*

Just look here. We are sorry to expose him, but justice is justice. The poor old fellow alleges that he foretold the death of the EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN. See how he says he did it:—

"This melancholy event was foreshown in the nativity of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, his brother. On the 14 June Mars transits the place of the Sun and Moon at birth of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, which excites him to some warlike efforts [he did not yield to the excitement, then, for nobody heard of the efforts], but he, Mars, meets the square of Saturn just before, and on the 8th an ill aspect of Saturn also *which may diminish the angry influence of the aspect.*" Later, he says, "The eclipse of the 8 October 1866 being in a humane sign, Mars would cause many slaughters and effusion of blood."

Well, if this isn't the rummest way of predicting a gentleman's demise, we are Dutchmen. The planets state that his brother will do something which he did not do, and Saturn squares up all with an ill aspect, which is diminished. And from this the unlucky EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN was to know that he would be shot. ZADKIEL, ZADKIEL, we might as well say that your next-door neighbour's beer would turn sour, from which you ought to know that you would tumble downstairs.

But ZADKIEL'S most signal blunder—in fact he has gone head over heels into the mud—is in what he says about the EMPEROR NAPOLEON. Knowing that the Paris Exhibition would take place, it occurred to ZADKIEL to prophesy that NAPOLEON would be "greatly looked up to this year." Well, when he sat on his throne at the Show, of course he was greatly looked up to, just as ZADKIEL would be if he were put in the pillory which used to be kept for quacks. But ZADKIEL explains that he means that NAPOLEON would "act with wisdom of the highest class," and that "in this important year nothing that he has undertaken has failed." ZADKIEL, old man, there is a boldness that is wisdom and there is a boldness that is folly. This happens to be the year in which the EMPEROR has been more unlucky than ever since his accession. He has been disgraced in Mexico, and bullied by Prussia, his promised domestic reforms have had to be given up, and he is now making an Italian blunder, the consequences of which may be awful. Also, he sends his Empress for a holiday, and its result is peril for her which made Europe shudder. You stupid old creature, why didn't you stick in something to the effect that a high-born lady should beware of Pisces and the Sun? That you could have explained to mean that the Empress's son nearly fell among the fishes. Must *Punch* teach you your trade?

Knowing that an interesting event was expected to occur in February, ZADKIEL safely advised that care should be taken of the health of a certain Princess. He hoped, we dare say (for there is no reason to suppose the old gander to be disloyal) that the event would go off admirably, so he said that "by the eclipse of the Sun the Princess would gain in health and wealth." Unfortunately the reverse was the case as regards health, though we dare say ZADKIEL would say, "hee, hee, by wealth I meant Baby." But now read—

"There is an ugly conjunction of the Sun, Moon, and Saturn, &c., over the place of the Sun with a certain prince (the PRINCE OF WALES)—the influence affects, more or less, the whole of the coming year of his life."—*November*, 1866.

And here is the explanation—

"There can be no doubt that this excellent prince has had and still has great grief from the suffering condition of his amiable princess."

No doubt. But the PRINCE OF WALES is a sensible man. He has attended his Princess with sedulous affection, has had great rejoicing at her convalescence, and has brought her home so nearly well, that he could go to Newmarket races and to the theatres. An awfully bad shot, old man, and you had better have held your tongue about fulfilments.

A Reform Bill being certain, ZADKIEL, of course, potted that for a prediction, but even there he made a mull of it, for he promised "valuable reforms and many advantageous laws." Perhaps he would mention the latter. There is a law enabling the police to knock on the head cura that bay the moon, but we have not even a clause permitting them to lead home donkeys that bay at the atars.

Perhaps, however, ZADKIEL expects something of the sort, for he urges his admirers to petition Parliament against the astrology laws, and he actually supplies those persons with a form of petition which *Punch* is happy to circulate, having only corrected the spelling in the way which will make the document more easy of reading by the class who will make their marks under it:

TO THE OUSE OP COMMONS.

The umble Petishion of EDW^{D}. JONES, of Leeds, in the County of Yorkshire (*sic*)

Umbly show

That y^{r} Petish^{r} have Long been conwinced as the Hancient siance of Asstrology be Found in truth, and that By the influence of the Evans all men and All things in this world be govern^{d} and praise your Honour to repeal the statue of george second cap five and ao much of george 483 as may prewent the peasable Pratise of the Sions of asstrology and your pishioner will ever praise EDWARD JONES.

"Of course," says ZADKIEL, with more sense than might be expected, and with a knowledge of the kind of illiterate animal likely to petition, "the petitioner must fill in his own name and address" (not EOWARD JONES'S), "and sign the petition with his own name" (not EDWARD JONES). Very proper suggestions.

Punch doesn't like sacking an old servant, ZADKIEL, when he is so helpless, but you must brighten up, old man, or the aspect of *Punch* will be decidedly menacing to your apple-cart.

MEMORANDUM FOR MAGISTRATES.

To a Letter in the *Times*, signed "GEO. SMALL, M.A., Edin.," and dated Croydon, October 21, was appended the following editorial foot note:—

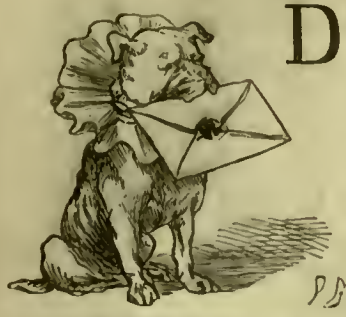
"We observe that the Grand Jury have ignored the bill against MR. SMALL."

MR. SMALL was committed to take his trial for a disgraceful offence on the testimony of one of a class of women who make omnibuses and railway carriages dangerous for unprotected gentlemen. Is it necessary that we should borrow a dodge from the Ritualists in the arrangements of our public conveyances, and separate the sexes? Some such device will really become necessary if Magistrates will continue to send respectable men, on the unsupported evidence of a mad or bad woman, to stand a trial which will entail upon them expense, distress of mind, and possibly—for some jurymen are even greater fools and brutes than some magistrates—infamy and ruin.

Political Waterproof.

A NEW name has been invented for the Reversible Waterproof Overcoat. In compliment to the EARL OF DERBY, MR. DISRAELI, and the party of which they are the leaders, on having turned Reformers, it is called "The Conservative."

TO THE C. C. OF W.



Dear Lord John Manners,

I am all for forbearance and consideration. I feel, with Mr. S. Weller, that before poisoning a gentleman's rum-and-water you should give him a mild hint that you disapprove his conduct—say, putting him in the water-tub and clapping the lid on.

I will not, for the moment, adopt the tone of my friend the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who bitterly says,

"A new principle governs the performance of official duties in England. Elsewhere, when certain men are appointed to take part in the government of a country, they understand that they are to do the duties of their office forthwith. With us the understanding is quite different; no work is to be begun except under such emphatic demand as in private life would answer to the practice of regularly kicking your footman to the coal scuttle when the fire needs replenishing."

Of you, my dear Lord John, I hope and believe better things. You will therefore consider this letter in no sort a kick, but a gentle taking by the arm and leading to a certain spot.

The spot is on the side of the Ornamental Water in the Regent's Park. You know the neighbourhood.

Without needless reference to a melancholy event, I may say that early in the year it was resolved that the water in question should be drawn off, the mud of half a century be cleared away, and the lake be rendered shallow and safe. Here is November. I cantered round that Park on one of my magnificent horses the other afternoon, and I observed a long promontory of earth projecting into the water. Calling up one of my splendidly mounted grooms, I asked him what that meant. He said, with the frankness which I exact from all my domestics, from my groom of the chambers to my scullions, that he did not know. I desired him to ask a park-keeper. The result was the information that this was the earth from the neighbouring railway. That is all that I have been able to learn.

Here, I repeat, my dear Lord John, is November. We shall have frost soon, and when the ice forms, the foolish crowds will be rushing upon it.

I say no more. The rate at which Government work, about which nobody cares, is done, singularly contrasts with the rate at which private work, when dividends are in view, is performed. While you are depositing this earth in the lake, and doing no more, the Underground Railway is hurrying with a line from Baker Street to the Swiss Cottage about as fast as the active young man at a carpet-shop rolls out a quarter of a mile of stair-carpet that you may judge the effect. But, of course, John Bull's servants never hurry themselves.

Yours very faithfully,

Belgrave Square. PUNCH.

THE FENIANS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

There is something to be said for Beales (M.A.) He has condemned Fenianism. By so doing he has disgusted all the rascals in the Reform League—which contains some.

On Wednesday evening last week at a meeting of the Council of the above-named Association, a letter from the M.A., expressing disapprobation of Fenian outrages, was read and discussed. It was, according to a report in a daily paper, strongly censured by Messrs. Lucraft, Cooper, Odger, Hawker, and Brisk, the last-named person saying, "Let Fenianism go on and prosper." They all avowed their sympathy with the Fenian miscreants.

When next the Reform League has a banquet its President, who surely will not be Beales (M.A.), unless the Fenians' friends shall have been expelled from it, will have an opportunity of appropriately and gracefully proposing, by way of toast and sentiment:—"Our Fenian allies; and let us all hang together!" The Fenians and those who sympathise with them are a band of brothers; all sons of freedom; such, as to constitute a lot of whom we may say, that under resolute management of the national theatre, the free list would be entirely suspended.

A Song of Degrees.

It is said that in Oxford Dissenting M.A.'s
In the Common Rooms peaceful dissensions will raise;
'Tis likely,—all Graduates surely *must* work ills,
For what are Degrees but Divisions of Circles?

The Miller and his Men.—Mace and his backers.

THE DIFFUSION OF IGNORANCE.

A modification of a once popular song has been suggested by the following announcement:—

"Bishop Colenso.—It has been decided by the Society for the Promotion o Christian Knowledge 'that in the Society's Almanack for 1868 no mention be made of the diocese of Natal.'"

Let us, therefore, sing as follows:—

Oh! no they never mention it;
Ignored the place must be.
Their books are now forbid to name
That once Colonial See.
From Guide, and List, and Almanack
'Tis banished by their set,
And when they force a smile from us,
They fancy we forget.

They tell us it is nothing now;
Tabooed by Dr. Gray.
But ah! they could not disendow
Colenso of his pay.
The Bishop holds his own, and he
Is like to hold it yet:
And though they never name his See,
We never shall forget.

"BLAISE?—BLAZES!!"

My dear Mr. Punch,

Without detracting in the slightest degree from the honours which have been awarded to Sir Isaac Newton and to Blaise Pascal, I wish you would, like a dear good kind soul, enlighten me as to who *actually* did *discover* the principle of gravitation which is so beautifully and distinctly defined by one William Shakspeare, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iv. Scene 2:—

"Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is, as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it."

If the history of our immortal "Bard of Avon" is to be at all relied upon, the above would be written about the year 1600, long before either Newton or Blaise Pascal were born.

Will you therefore, like a dear warm-hearted *Punch*, as you always are, give me, *ex abundantia*, a little of your knowledge upon the subject, and oblige,

Yours, ever affectionately,

Keighley, near Haworth, October 11, 1867. Annie W * * * * *

P.S. Probably some "Blaiser" or "Newtonian" could answer the question.—A. W.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received our first 1867 Christmas-box already, in the form of eight delightful books, from Messrs. George Routledge & Son, of London and New York. After the usual careful inspection which reviewers bestow upon the works of our first-rate, second-rate, and inveterate writers, we have no hesitation in saying that—

Old King Cole is only equalled by *The Old Courtier*, and both are deserving a place in any nursery, in company with *The Multiplication Table in Verse*. We also have the pleasure of adding that—

Barford Bridge will not be passed over without payment of a compliment to the author by the reader. *Every Boy's Annual* is red and gold outside, and the contents will no doubt be read and relished by many; and the *Original Poems*, with their pretty pictures, clear type, and smooth verses, will be offered as a prize by *Mr. Punch* to the daughter that shortens her train the most before New Year's Day. *Football*, and a cheap edition of *Tristram Shandy*, complete the parcel, which was neatly tied up with good strong string, and protected from the weather by rich brown paper.

Repudiation.

Great debate has arisen as to the vehicle in which the next Lord Mayor, Mr. Allen, should ride, on the ninth. We assure his Lordship elect that it was not one of our young men who suggested that the Mayor should ride in his *Allen's Indian Mail*.

A Name for a Sensation Novel.—*The Rake's Progress:* by the *croupier* of a gaming-table.

The Unequal Match—warranted to light only on the Box.



THE TABLES TURNED.

Nurse. "DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"
Naughty Little Girl. "NO; *I* RANG. TAKE MAMMA AWAY, PLEASE. SHE'S VERY CROSS AND DISAGREEABLE."

THE "MAN IN BRASS" AVENGED.

I TOLD you what was bilin' up, I know'd 'twould come to pass
When your sooicidal horder put down the Man in Brass—
I felt the Constitootion of the Corporation doomed,
On my 'awberk and my 'elmet when impious 'ands presoomed.

I said I was a aymbol—you hanswered, "That be blowed!"
Said we was institootions, me and the 'oss I rode.
You pooh-poohed your institootions, my vested rights and all,
And now see what it 'a come to—the Lord Mayor's Show 's to fall!

They got the small end of the wedge well in and under me,
And worked, alas, the Man in Brass out of the saddle tree.
You little thought that in my throat your own throats was cut then;
If I was man, for all my brass, Lord Mayors is only men.

You put me down, like other things to our forefathers dear:
Guv compensation, which I blush to say what 'tis a year:
Brass in the Common Council might be honoured as before,
But the Man in Brass, its emblem, his place know'd him no more!

Now home the wedge they 're driving, into your marrow-bones,
Striking a blow agin you, that should rouse the City stones.
Revolution in the Council sets its pisn'd floods abroach,
And runs a muck, Lord 'elp us! at the Lord Mayor's own state coach!

Had you thought of the old proverb, "Give a hinch they 'll take a hell,"
The rude hand of Destruction on me had never fell.
Nought 's sacred now. The Lord Mayor's coach its dignity not screens,
And the next state coach they strikes at—blow'd if 'twont be the Queen's!

MAUD'S PERIL—of catching cold, if she accepts MR. SIMS REEVES' invitation during these treacherous evenings.

A PROBE IN THE POORHOUSE.

WHAT a joke it seems to call a man a "Poor-Law Inspector," when he shuts his eyes to such a state of things as, according to the *Lancet*, is prevailing in our workhouses! Surely, "Poor-Law Neglecter" would be a far more fitting name for him. And what a mockery it seems to say that any man is a "Guardian" of the poor, when he never takes the trouble to guard them from such treatment as they meet with in the Farnham workhouse, for example, where "casuals" are caged nightly in a kind of biggish rabbit-hutch, and where inmates, when allowed the luxury of washing, "are obliged to dry themselves on the sheets of their own beds"!

Such black-Guardians deserve to smart under the *Lancet*, and we rejoice to know that some of them are not so brutally thick-skinned, but that they really have been made to wince beneath its probe. If men appointed to be Guardians, thus shamefully neglect the work they undertake to do, there should be started a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Paupers; and the whole of its expenses should be borne by the black-Guardians and the paid neglecters of the poor.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

THE Master of the "Rolls" acting as Judge in a case respecting the Preservation of "Commons." We trust that a copy of his decisions will be soon in the hands of every College servant.

ST. LUKE'S ASYLUM.—*Japanese Tommy*, a new name for *Brown Bread*.

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.—What can't be endured must be caricatured.

A "NEAT" DRINK.—Spruce Beer.

MOTTO FOR THE "OPEN CHURCH SOCIETY."—Proh Pew-door!



BEEF À LA MODE.

Mr. Brisket (*sarcastically*). "REDOOSE THE PRICE O'MEAT, EH? AND GIVE UP THIS STYLE O'THING, EH? AND WALK TO CHURCH LIKE OUR CUSTOMERS? OH, YES!"

IGNORAMUS.

"A seaweed by the ocean's brim,
Was but a seaweed unto him."
Modern Author.



ERE I am still, *Mr. Punch*, recruiting my strength and enlisting the sympathy of my friends at Shorecliffe, and daily as I walk on its sands, inhaling saline draughts, there is one word that I find will persistently intrude itself into my mind, and oblige my lips to its constant iteration. It is not an admiring adjective, applied to the sea, or the ships, or the shore; it is no term of satisfaction and delight at what I behold, or think, or feel, but an utterance of despondency and dismay which, as a middle-aged man who underwent one of the fine old thorough-bred expensive educations—ancient foundation school, classical metres (I wish I understood the evolutions of our gas-meter), time-honoured university, translations from the *Spectator*—I might be more reluctant to avow, if I did not suspect that a Chorus, composed of an immense number of voices, could be brought together, who without any previous rehearsal would be able to join me in giving it true and emphatic expression. It is a word which I have often repeated to myself before, in factories and workshops, in the rooms of learned societies, in the interiors of boundless museums, at archæological congresses and horticultural shows, while perusing the headings of papers read before scientific associations, or interpreting the initials at the tail of the names of many of my fellow-citizens, while exploring City articles, and probing communications on the geography of Abyssinia. In a word, it is the word which stands at the summit of this column—IGNORAMUS.

Shorecliffe is not a place (in a complimentary way we call it the sea-side, but in reality it is only a salt-water place) where it is the whole duty of man and woman to dress three times a-day. The sands at Shorecliffe are not thickly peopled, as you may suppose when I tell you that great guns are tried in their seclusion, but they are spacious and pleasant for walking, and standing on them you may see ships on their way to every port and part of the world, from a fishing-smack to the *Great Orient*, from the largest to the smallest vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic—I am in hourly expectation of reading that some intrepid mariner has made the voyage from New York to Liverpool in a hen-coop or a tea-chest, and will attend daily at the Crystal Palace with his little craft, to show his log and relate his adventures—but I look on all that passes with helpless eyes, build, and rig, and tonnage, and flag alike unknown to me, who just able to discriminate sail from steam by the patent signs of funnel and smoke, could not distinguish schooner and brig, lugger and yawl, though penal servitude were the consequence of failure under examination.

A fleet of junks or a flotilla of "light caïques" may be under weigh, I should not know it. The Channel squadron may be in sight, the swiftest yachts on the ocean may be at anchor in the offing, I should not recognise them; that ragged shrimper, that handsome black-eyed lass, somewhat deficient about the head and legs in the usual articles of costume, who has spent all the morning in filling her basket with the chips which she will presently sell in Shorecliffe for fourpence and a crust, knows, I will be bound, more about shipping than I do, than I—Ignoramus—whose name has been printed in an Oxford Class List. A thought comforts me. Convene on these roomy sands a meeting, to consist, let us say, of a Member of Parliament for an important borough, a beneficed Clergyman and his youthful Curate, a Cornet of Hussars, a wealthy Stockbroker, a middle-aged member of the Civil Service of the Crown who came in before examinations, and one or two sixth-form boys from Eton, and require each of them, then and there, far away from all encyclopædias, manuals and writing materials, to give a short, lucid, *viva voce* account, say of the tides, their action, variation and lunar intimacy, and the method by which their diurnal affluence and impoverishment can be calculated beforehand to a minute; and how many of them would pass, how many would stand a chance of getting a tidewaiter's place and its emoluments, if a paper of questions were given them to answer by the authorities in Dean's Yard, Westminster, without a preliminary coach and cram?

I cease looking at the vessels on the water, and pursue my walk with downcast mind and eyes, until I stumble over what appears to me to be a congeries of tangle, the principal component parts of which are cockle-shells and rubbish. I look a little further into it, and then with fresh pity for my own ignorance, I think of the discoveries some naturalist friends of mine would make if they were here. How ALGAR would disentangle a dozen different sea-weeds, how SHELLEY would be busy with these pink and white and yellow particles of enamel, these smooth and spiral marine envelopes, how PLANTA would diverge to the barren sandhills, only interesting to me on account of their rabbits,—of which I *do* know something in collocation with onion sauce—and fill his wallet with botanical trophies, and how SNOWDON would think the day well spent because he had found two new land snails for the drawers of his cedar cabinet. Ignoramus! Ignoramus! the word is particularly obtrusive on this solitary shore, it deafens me; I will look upwards. A sea-bird is flying over my head, perhaps an albatross, perhaps some uncommon visitant which has only alighted on the coast of Britain three times within the last century, rare as the great bustard or the dinornis. It may be, but I cannot write to the papers about it, for I know not a gull from a puffin, a dotterel from a Mother Carey's chicken; and if asked to enumerate the birds indigenous to these islands, should hardly get beyond the common house-sparrow and the familiar robin redbreast.

I reach the great guns I mentioned before, and the big target against which they have tried their strength. A new humiliation! What do I know of Armstrong and Palliser, of Mackay and Rodman, of bore and calibre, of range and windage, of five-inch armour plates and teak backing? The intelligent youth on the beach who informs me why the guns of H.M. gunboat *Fieldmouse* are being fired has, I dare to say, a better acquaintance with all these points than I, to whom they are as close a mystery as the compilation of the *Nautical Almanack* years before it is wanted. I give up walking and looking at anything. I call at "Marine Façade" on my friend SEEMAN, who is an underwriter, or a shipbroker, or a marine store-dealer, or something of that sort. He has this moment come home from the great port which is within twenty minutes railway ride of Shorecliffe, and is at the window with his telescope, watching the *Penelope Jane* coming up the river, a vessel (laden with jujubes) of which he is fifteen-sixtieths part owner. He alters the focus, he screws the machine up and down, but something is wrong. Will I take it to pieces while he goes for a fresh glass? Take an achromatic telescope to pieces! I should as soon think of taking a baby to pieces. More conscious than ever of my imbecility, I look at my watch (its cogs and wheels, its balances and escapements, a standing miracle to me), find it is dinner-time, and hurriedly leave SEEMAN.

It is growing dusk, and the lighthouse opposite turns its great red eye on me. What does a lighthouse suggest? The chamber (I was going to say camera) at the top of the dwelling of my friend DE VERD, skilled, as an amateur photographer, in taking a Welsh castle or a Swiss landscape; great white birds dashing themselves in storms against the windows of a lonely tower in a northern sea; and stories about lighthouse keepers—the easy chair and good fire sort of stories—which I regularly read every yule-tide in Christmas numbers and shudderful annuals and illustrated newspapers.

But of the mechanical apparatus by which that red eye is made punctually to turn on me and many anxious home-coming mariners, by an oily man who controls it for weekly wages, I never think, because I am an Ignoramus. And so I turn into my lodgings, No. 25, Richard Baxter Street (a dissenting speculator laid it out) and wonder whether, if by some unimaginable chance I was the last survivor from a raft, cast on an uninhabited island in the Caribbean Sea, it would be better for me to know the dates of the first four folio editions of *Shakspeare*, and the origin of playing cards, or something about tides and telescopes, edible mollusks, and wild berries.

YOUR EXILED CONTRIBUTOR.

ONE WHO DESERVES THE LION'S SHARE.

MR. PUNCH refers his readers to a recent Thames Police Court report of the case of one WILLIAM LYONS, a sailor, blinded of one eye, crippled, and disabled by injuries received in battling heroically with the flames, to save a woman and child at a fire in St. George's-in-the-East.

This crippled hero, though he spells his name with a "y," is evidently one of the British Lions of the old and true breed. Perhaps he has recourse to the 'y,' because he has lost his *eye*, by his courage and humanity. BRITANNIA ought to turn "Lion's provider" for him. Let her put both hands in her pocket for one who to save a strange woman and child has given his right eye, his limbs, that are his bread-winners, and all but his life, to the fire.

BRITANNIA'S bounty might flow through the *beak* of the Thames Police Court. It should run with gold for brave, blind, crippled, WILLIAM LYONS.

APOLOGY FOR BUTCHERS.—It is only natural that those who live by the knife should stick it in.



SAD WANT OF TASTE.

Cheerful Sportsman (who has mounted a friend). "I SAY, OLD BOY, YOU'VE NEVER SEEN CUB-HUNTING BEFORE, HAVE YOU?"

Town Man (not accustomed to rise at 4 a. m.). "NO; AND IF SITTING IN THE DAMP, UP TO MY KNEES IN DRAD LEAVES, FOR TWO HOURS IS CUB-HUNTING, I DON'T THINK I SHALL SEE IT AGAIN!"

TREASON IN THE LEAGUE.

WE do not want to spoil MR. BEALES's holiday at Etretat, but we think he had better come home. There is treason in the camp of the Noble BEALES.

One shudders to write it, but the fact is so. MR. BEALES has sent to the Reform League, of which he is President, a letter to a person whom he calls "my dear HOWELL," in which epistle MR. BEALES writes very rationally about the Fenians, and deprecates the use of the rifle and the revolver as means of obtaining political justice. On the night of the 23rd (the dates in a great man's career are dear to a nation) this letter was read in council, and there was a motion that it be entered in the minutes.

Suddenly, rebellion broke out. We dare not analyse its cause. Was there discontent that the haughty and luxurious President should be smiling on the French ladies at Etretat, while his council of shoemakers and masons and carpenters were in London, and could at best get to Gravesend or Margate? Was it that the same influences which during the Reign of Terror in France caused the revolutionary patriots to destroy one another, were at work? Is DANTON BEALES hated by MARAT ODGER or ROBESPIERRE LUCRAFT? The thought is highly awful. But

MR. LUCRAFT felt that the Irish people were fully justified in resorting to physical force.

MR. WHITFORD held that it could not be right to condemn them in this way.

MR. COOPER thought them imprudent, but fully sympathised with them.

MR. ODGER, if an Irishman, would be a Fenian. Ireland would never make an impression on her rulers till she knocked down some of her rulers. How were the people to get redress? The Bloated Parsons (*sic*) had no sympathy with them.

MR. BRISK briskly said that the letter of MR. BEALES was an abortion. Let Fenianism go on and prosper.

MR. GOLDING protested against the letter of the President.

COLONEL DICKSON (a bloated aristocrat, perhaps—his turn will come) said that there was no free Press in England if the letter were not published in its integrity.

But the League did not seem to think the freedom of the Press of any consequence. BEALES should not snub the Fenians. We now quote from the *Morning Star*—

"A discussion having taken place in which a disposition was evinced to control the action of the Press as to publishing the letter, the only representative of the Press present took up his hat and was walking out, when the chairman called him back, and put it to the meeting whether the Press should be present or not."

Just so. Unless the Press prints or abstains from printing, according to the will of friends of liberty, the Press will have a bad time of it. Upon this occasion a majority graciously permitted the Press to remain, and two "long and stormy" discussions followed. Finally MR. BUBB carried a compromise, and the League entered the letter without approving of its views.

Three things, therefore, may be learned.

First, that the throne of the Noble BEALES shakes.

Secondly, that the Fenian scoundrels receive the public support of the leading members of the Reform League.

Thirdly, that the Press is at present tolerated by the League, but had better mind what it is about.

A fourth consideration occurs to us, but more of that when Judges BYLES and BLACKBURN shall have pronounced sentence at Manchester.

Don't Believe It.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, while at the Cape, shot an elephant. Turning to his attendants he said, "Let nobody call me the Duke of Tuskany"—thus potting at once monster and *mot*.

ANOTHER "NOBODY'S CHILD."—The Buoy at the Nore.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

THERE are good points about my Funny Friend; one being that he amuses my Great Aunt. I don't think I ever saw anyone really amuse her before this. My Great Aunt was (so to speak) "tickled" by him: that is, she shut her eyes and smiled, as I have seen her do while drinking warm sherry-and-water with ginger in it.

By the way, she puts ginger in everything. Her beverage at dinner is stout, qualified, somehow, with ginger. Her tea has a dash of ginger in it. She is perpetually "correcting" herself with ginger. I have seen her infuse a modicum of grated ginger into a boiled egg at breakfast. Occasional spasms, which always take place out of sight, up-stairs in her bedroom, require gingerly treatment, with brandy: the ginger being, I ascertain, in comparatively small quantities.

My Funny Friend falls in with this notion of ginger, and humours her. I don't tell her that he is humbugging when he comes out with a story of a man in India who extricates himself from the grip of a tiger by having a small bottle of laudanumed ginger in his pocket. "The ginger in the laudanum," he explained, kicking me under the table, to point the joke of the thing, "making the tiger open its mouth: and the laudanum in the ginger killing the ferocious animal."

When asked what he 'll drink, GRIGG replies that he "doesn't care: champagne will do." MRS. BUZZYBY produces a pint. I have it in pints, on account of my Aunt. She professes to take only stout, but if there 's a *bottle* of champagne on the table, it always induces her to observe that she thinks perhaps one little glass would do her good. *One little* glass might; but our glasses are not little, and she doesn't limit herself to *one*, because it is evident that to return to stout *after* champagne, would not be a good thing. I can't help making this remark (I *had* made it to GRIGG, who at dinner—I see through his "fun" now—took advantage of his knowledge), because my Aunt only pays *her* share of the housekeeping expenses, and "all the wine," she says, goodhumouredly, "of course comes to you"—meaning me. She *may* be going to leave me a lot of money: she may not. But anyhow, if I could get quarter-pint bottles, I would; and, after all, it would be better for her health.

GRIGG laughs at the pint, and observes cheerily, that that 's all very well for *one*, and insists upon my Aunt "joining us." She coquettes over this; and I advise her not to, as she was only the other day complaining of Champagne creating acidity. This startles her; but GRIGG —(there 's malice in his fun; I thought he was a *good-natured* fellow; he isn't)—says, "Correct acidity with ginger."

Once bring ginger in where my Great Aunt 's concerned, and further argument is useless.

She admits the truth of the prescription. MRS. BUZZYBY, at my request, produces a bottle after the pint has been opened. GRIGG tells two funny stories. My Great Aunt shuts her eyes and smiles, dropping her head on one side, and bringing it round again into position. After an interval for Champagne, when he drinks my Aunt's health, in which I am bound to join, he commences a third story of a feebly humorous kind exactly suited to my Great Aunt.

By the way. Fortune for a Publisher! A Book of Select Humorous Stories for Elderly Ladies, with an Appendix of Puns on Known Words in Common Use.

GRIGG, then, after his first plateful is finished——We are in the third course; and, with an apology for his appetite, he has taken twice of everything, which makes MRS. BUZZYBY and the little maid hate him, I know. Poor MR. BUZZYBY, the Mysterious, the denizen of the back kitchen, will fare badly.

By the way. Another notion for a Publisher. Novel in 3 vols. Mysterious Denizen of the Back Kitchen. "Denizen" ought to be "madman," and the title 's worth a year's subscription of fifty people to a circulating library.

——After his first plateful is finished, GRIGG, while I am helping him again, proposes *my* health. My Great Aunt (very bad for her I 'm sure) must join him in this. There is no more champagne. I say jocularly, "Ah, then we won't have *my* health;" but GRIGG doesn't see it in the same light.

No more does my Aunt, over whom, with the antidote of ginger in view, a fearful recklessness has suddenly come.

Another bottle. *My* health is proposed. While GRIGG has his second helping ("tucking in" is the word for my Funny Friend's performance at dinner) I respond, saying how glad I am to see GRIGG, and particularly as "the Air of Cokingham——" He stops me with a shout of laughter that startles my Aunt. "Ha! ha!" he cries, effervescing with his fun, "you 're always thinking of titles for books. There you are." Where am I? I ask. "Why, don't you see, what you said: The *Air* of Cokingham." He explains to my Aunt, "H.E.I.R. *Air*." "Oh, dear me!" she says, "Oh dear yes," and sees it with her eyes shut, and smiling; warm sherry-and-water expression again. While her eyes are shut, GRIGG refills her glass, and begs my pardon for interrupting me. I repeat sarcastically that "I am glad to see the Air of Cokingham has so good an effect on his appetite." He immediately proposes the health of the Air of Cokingham. This is too much for my Great Aunt, upon whom the Champagne is, I regret to say, beginning to tell. Indirectly (*i. e.*, outside the door) it is telling on MRS. BUZZYBY. GRIGG thinks another bottle just to "top up with," would be the proper thing.

I fully expect to hear my Aunt suddenly propose "topping up" with something. She 'll have to "top up" with a considerable amount of ginger up-stairs. I oppose this. GRIGG says, "he didn't like to mention it before, because we might have given him presents; but the fact is, it is his birthday." I do not immediately see through this, or should have contradicted it on the spot. "Oh," says my Aunt, smirking—[actually smirking! Not all the ginger in Arabia will wash out this Champagne. Hope nothing serious will happen]—"if we 'd known it was MR. MACGRIGG'S,"—she will stick to this; and when I correct her, *he* says she 's quite right; it *is* MACGRIGG, and she is angry with me. Angry! never been so before!

"If we 'd known it was your birthday, MR. MACGRIGG," with an indignant look at me, "we would have drunk your health."

"Not too late," says GRIGG, immediately. "*I* can manage another bottle." Well, I can't. "Nor," I answer for her—(I 'm hanged if I think she 'll be able to answer for herself, soon! Disgraceful! The end of a Great Aunt! Living highly respected for eighty-five years, and then finishing, thus! Too revolting! Why, she might even come to be hung for cruelty to a nephew!)—"can my Aunt: so we 'll have a pint in for you, unless, after all, there *is* another glass in the bottle." "There isn't," on MRS. BUZZYBY'S authority, who seems to know all about it—all, and something more, from the "light in her laughing eye"—so in comes the pint; and GRIGG undertakes it on the strength of its being his birthday. My Aunt yields to a sip or two, and I, for my Aunt's sake, and to save appearances (and disappearances, perhaps: my Great Aunt under the table, and MRS. BUZZYBY, incapable, somewhere), and also to spite GRIGG, just take a glass.

After this he gives another humorous story, in which a clergyman figures: it tells *against* the clergyman, and exhibits the cloth in a ridiculous light. My Aunt, who would have prayed for the conversion of this benighted young man had she heard this at any other time, now keeps on smiling and shutting her eyes for at least two minutes consecutively. She has quite got beyond *Select Humorous Stories for Elderly Ladies*. I hope GRIGG won't go any further. I refer to my watch. Dessert is on table. My Aunt says suddenly she will retire. I hope she doesn't feel at all unwell. She thanks me: not at all. But she expects us in the drawing-room: if however we don't come up and "we shouldn't meet again to-night"—this sadly and sweetly to GRIGG, who instantly becomes serious and pretends to be immensely affected, "why, she," my Aunt, "will say good-bye to MR. MACGRIGG for the present."

GRIGG sees her to the door, where she delivers herself, into the hands of her own maid and MRS. BUZZYBY, by both of whom she is supported aloft to her room, where she will have fearful struggles between acidity and ginger.

When the door is closed, "Now," sings GRIGG, jovially,

"Wreath the flowing bowl,
Till it does run over,"

Here he forgets the words, but continues with emphasis, but no discretion,

"Something, something roll,
Live in—something clover."

I say, "Don't make that noise, old fellow." MRS. BUZZYBY wishes to know if we require anything more to-night. I say "No," and add that "MR. GRIGG will be going soon." MR. GRIGG, however, tells MRS. BUZZYBY "not to believe him," meaning *me*, that, plaintively, "We" (he and I) "haven't met for years, and would she tear us asunder so soon?" He then thumps his heart, addresses her in a passionate strain as, "Oh, ARAMINTA ISABELLA! Oh, ARAMINTA!" Whereat, to my astonishment, (considering that MR. BUZZYBY is within hearing in the back kitchen) she smiles and says, "She never saw anyone go on half so foolish as MR. GRIGG. It 's like a Theayter," she adds, which being taken by my Funny Friend as a great compliment, makes him funnier than ever.

He gains his point with her, much to my annoyance. She consents to the gentleman stopping, but not too long, and practically leaves the guardianship of the house in my hands. So his going or staying depends now on my hospitality, which is exactly what I didn't want. She also, as an idea of her own, brings in my Great Aunt's brandy (which she takes with ginger) and then leaves us. My Funny Friend executes a silent dance of joy.

"Have I any cigars?" I've not. Then he *has*. A case full.

"Now then for a night of it," he says, lighting up, and immediately singing, "We won't go home till morning," with his, GRIGG'S, rum ti tum ti, *ad libitum*, or as he says, ad libi*tum-ti*-rum-ti, and then roars with laughter.

I do believe he will not go home till morning. My mind is made up; I go to bed at eleven. Now then.



STAKING HIS EXISTENCE.

Horsey Little Swell. "I 'LL LAY YER A MONKEY ON IT, COME!"

PRIESTLY THANKS TO NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON, thou claimest the French throne to fill,
By both the divine grace and popular will.
A technical term is that little word, grace—
Excuse us—permission expresses the case.

The will of the people set thee on that throne;
Thou rulest, the vulgar suppose, by thine own.
They deem thee a Jove that hath only to nod,
And be, by all nations, obeyed as a god.

For what if at naught thee JUAREZ hath set,
And BISMARCK hath braved thee?—the end is not yet.
Thou bidest thy time—hast employment at home,
Society's saviour, defender of Rome!

Thou liftest thy finger—enough is the show—
For Italy yields to the threat of a blow.
And ought we not, therefore, thy praises to sing,
For guarding the crown of our Pontiff and King?

How generous, how noble espousing our cause,
Whilst we and our Chief curse thy maxims and laws.
Denounce and condemn, with one heart, soul, and voice,
What gave thee thy sceptre—the people's free choice!

We hate French philosophers—all that they teach—
And French civil marriage, French licence of speech.
And France's religious equality, ban—
Yet when we want soldiery, thou art our man!

No thanks for the troops for our sway that have bled—
No thanks for the blood thou wouldst yet have them shed—
No thanks on our subjects for thrusting our rule,
Thyself and thy people thereby to befool.

Our thanks are for those who of French souls have care,
And know how to work the Confessional chair:
Whom thou dost not dare, for thine empire, offend—
They force PONTIUS PILATE the Pope to befriend.

FARNHAM-HOPS.—The Dance of Death in the Farnham Union-House. (See the *Lancet's* reports thereon).

THE GOLDEN SHORTHORNS.

"Eight out of the nine shorthorns of English blood, which 'Our American Cousins,' and MR. STRAFFORD have just sold back to us in a Windsor hotel, averaged nearly £410 a piece."—*Morning Paper.*

MR. STRAFFORD raised his time-glass, and THORNTON held the pen,
When to a Windsor coffee-room flocked scores of shorthorn men.

They crowded round the table, they fairly blocked the door;—
He stood Champagne did SHELDON, of Geneva, Illinois.

They talked of Oxford heifers, Duchess bulls, and how the States
Had come into the market with another "Bit of Bates."

Their expression is so solemn, and so earnest is their tone,
That nought would seem worth living for but "Red and White and Roan."

All ready for the contest, I view a dauntless three—
The MACINTOSH from Essex, a canny chiel is he.

There 'a LENEY from the hop yards; 'twill be strange if he knocks under,
When once the chords are wakened of that Kentish "Son of Thunder."

The Talleyrand of "trainers" is their 'cute but modest foe,
Him whom the Gods call "CULSHAW," and men on earth call "JOE."

And sure, it well might puzzle "the Gentleman in Black,"
When the three nod on "by fifties," to know which you should back.

And sure, the laws of Nature must have burst each ancient bound,
When a yearling heifer fetches more than seven hundred pound!

Bulls bring their weight in bullion, and I guess we 'll hear of more,
Arriving from the pastures of Geneva, Illinois.

B. A'sy, Now.

CAN you tell me, said a profane Bachelor of Arts to a brother Candidate for a Master'a degree, why the VICE-CHANCELLOR is like CLEOPAS? Give it up, do you? Because he 's going to M.A.'us.

THE PARSONS AND THE PAUPERS.

(*Concio ad Clerum*).

TALK about COLENSO! Talk, rather, Bishops, about the Farnham Workhouse. Talk about hell upon earth—if you really believe that there is any such place elsewhere. If you don't, why then, as *Mr. Toots* says, it 's of no consequence—and you are of as little.

There are certainly such places as the Farnham Workhouse elsewhere than at Farnham. England abounds in hells upon earth, as we may say by leave of LORD WESTBURY, and with all due respect to what is apparently the esoteric belief of the bishops and clergy. If they believe otherwise, we beg their pardon. But then, let them speak out, and declare to those whom it may concern their opinion that the apologue of DIVES and LAZARUS is not a mere fable, and that the menaces, in the book which contains that narrative, against those who treat the poor as the Poor Law Commissioners and Poor Law Guardians, and all those who side with them do, are not ridiculous. Texts need not be quoted; we know what *Falstaff* calls iteration: but Pharisaical, hypocritical, and inhuman sanctimony, calling itself Christian, is enough to make *Punch* preach.

Cosmetics and their Like.

THE subjoined advertisement is faithfully transcribed from the *Post*, *mutato nomine tantum*:—

MADAME RAHAB'S CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY WASH, for giving a fair and brilliant complexion, and the fashionable Brunette Powder, can only be obtained at * *, New Bond Street, and at * * * *, Paris. All persons vending dangerous and destructive compounds in imitation commit a gross fraud upon the public."

We are afraid they don't.

"REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES."—Photographs of children.

THE MAIN CHANCE.—An insurance at LLOYD'S.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.



"OH! CON-FOUND THESE COUNTRY LOOKING-GLASSES, THOUGH!"

IN RE BUTCHER.

(SONG BY A SOLICITOR.)

Thou who six-and-eight-pence after
Six-and-eight-pence lopp'st away,
Often with unfeeling laughter,
From the bills that clients pay,
Faster goes the cash and faster,
Our insides with meat to fill;
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill!

Oh, the price that beef and mutton
Cost me for my humble board!
Butchers never care a button
Veal that we can scarce afford.
When we lay it on like plaster,
Thou dost take the thick off still:
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill.

Fish with meat hath risen in measure,
Poultry out of reach far fly,
Game is a forbidden pleasure,
Being more than ever high.
Dearth of food's a dire disaster;
Would thou could'st avert that ill,
Taxing-master, Taxing-master,
Tax, oh tax my Butcher's Bill.

Very Appropriate.

THE Edinburgh public dinner to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER took place in the Corn Exchange in the Grassmarket. The Corn Exchange would remind MR. DISRAELI of the alteration in his views on the question of Free Trade; the Grassmarket might make him wonder whether his hearers were green enough to believe all he told them.

THE ROUND OF PLEASURE.—The *trois-temps* step waltz.

FAGIN'S ACADEMY.

"Now, mark this; because these are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (*Laughter and cheers.*) I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—*to educate our party.* It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform."—MR. DISRAELI'S *Speech at the Edinburgh Banquet.*

YES—that it was, my dears, the work o' seven long years,
And little time enough, patience knows, for such a job:
If you 'll think that I 'd to teach sleight o' hand as well as speech,
Something more than "frisking till," "snaking skin," or "faking fob."

For seven long years I taught 'em, when once I 'd been and brought 'em
To *Fagin's* private school—my own Academy of Arts:
Your CARNARVONS might ride rusty, or your CRANBORNES cut up crusty,
But most of 'em took kindly to my teachin', bless their 'earts!

First, I taught 'em grace at meat,—their own words how to eat,—
But, mind you, not served up with dirt, in a nasty humble pie;
But with pepper and sharp sauce and *aux fines verbes* of course—
And fine words *do* butter parsnips—them as says they don't, they lie.

Then, the next thing they 'd to learn was their coats how to turn,
So as no one mightn't know 'em, and, perticler, the police:
How to slip out of one skin, and another to slip in,
And to look as if it fitted, close as wax, and slick as grease.

And, if copped, to queer the jug, by making up a mug,
Afore the beak, and swearing they 'd not changed coats at all:
That to do't's a thing they 'd scorn—that the coat was one they 'd worn,
The same side out, from when they was they couldn't say how small.

Then I taught 'em how to twist, with a flourish of the wrist,
Opinions into all shapes, as pr'aps you 've seen the man,
Who used to fold a paper, till by an artful caper
It assumed the form of sentry-box, hat, flower-pot, lady's fan!

Then they had to learn the sleight of making black look white,
And keeping a grave face while that little game they play:
First convictions how to hide: qualms and scruples to o'er-ride:
And to swaller down the ticket, if a pledge stood in the way.

Last I had to make 'em fly, not at faking "skin" or "cly,"
But picking a party's pocket of note of hand and bill,
With fains so sharp and true that the party never knew
Till the trick was done, and the prig was gone, and the swag safe in my till!

PITY THE POOR EXCISEMEN.

A MAN must be uncommonly benevolent in mind to feel much pity for a tax-gatherer who considers he is underpaid for his service to the State. Still we dare say some few people may feel some slight stir of sympathy when they learn that an exciseman, after twenty years of service, is only paid a salary of £150 a year. According to their own account, excisemen do more work than their brother tax-collectors, and receive a great deal less than half as much for what they do. Besides, to show how well they work, whenever stamps or taxes have been issued or collected by the officers of excise, the revenue, they say, has been invariably increased: yet the pay of the excisemen remains at its low ebb. Moreover it is stated that:—

"The local assessors of taxes, who are irresponsible to the Crown, number upwards of 50,000, and receive in poundage for their inefficient services £150,000 annually. By consolidation, and employment of the Excise in the work of assessing, fully £100,000 would be annually saved."

A strike of tax-gatherers is somewhat of an odd event to contemplate: but it appears that the excisemen have really some fair grounds for their demand for an inquiry into the system now pursued for the collection of the revenue; and if they can manage to save us the small trifle of £100,000 a year, we surely can afford to pay them a small trifle extra for their service.

"IF *NAP* KNOWS IT."—The latest news from Italy makes it pretty certain that for the present at least Rome is "Not for JOSEPH"—GARIBALDI.

TO NON-FRISKY MATRONS.



Half the tradesmen cheat us awfully. That is admitted by all, including themselves. Now, ladies, a word with you. As you want to come into Parliament, you must learn, you know, not to consider that a man who reasons with you is insulting you, and is a Brute.

No one lady can be expected to make all the journeys that would be necessary to enable her to supply her own household with goods at honest prices. No gentleman wishes to see a lady a slave to her house. But it is worth her while to remember that what would be saved, by the purchase of goods at honest prices would give her boys a first-class education, and would give herself Vienna, Rome, Algiers, in the recess, instead of Ramsgate, Weaton-on-the-Mare, Scarborough.

Now you can form your little clubs for all sorts of good purposes, book-reading, clothing the poor, helping the parson, and you manage them very well, for a woman in earnest is the best man of business.

Form little societies among friends and neighbours, and arrange that each member shall take it in turn—say once in ten days, to go to the market, and purchase for the rest of the club. Let her be duly attended by any escort she likes—there are plenty of young men with nothing to do, who would be happy to protect her from chaff or impertinence, and let the Club have its own vehicle for conveying and delivering the purchases.

In six months, the tradesmen would have learned honesty, or you would have learned to do without them, and have saved—as some of your daughters would say—an awful sight of tin.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

I thought all women good and true;
But now I've learned a thing or two,
And can't restrain my passion.
From sad experience of the rage
For humbug, in this present age,
When "shams" are all the fashion!

For oh! what innocence was mine,
When Mary Jane appeared divine,
With those fictitious dimples!
How little did I dream that art
The bloom of roses could impart
To what I know is—pimples!

With falt'ring voice and accents low,
I swore eternal love; but, oh!
In time I came to search her,
And found that all my hopes and fears
Had fallen on adhesive ears—
Of coloured gutta-percha!

O Woman! Woman! Man must know
How false you are from top to toe!
In vain you take a pleasure
In what may please the fashion's eye,—
Forms rounded by a purchased lie,
A falsehood made to measure!

O Woman! If, as we are told,
Girls nowadays are bought and sold,
Without of shame a particle;
If marriage is reduced to be
A mercantile expediency—
One ought to get the Article!

But what have I to cheer my life?
A silly, manufactured wife,
All sorts of folly made for!
I've cracked my nut, but—sad to tell—
I find it but an empty shell,
And that I haven't paid for!

Substitute for a Card Table.—A Deal Board.

THE LOGIC OF FASHION.

There is no particular foolishness in *Le Follet* this time, except the following, under the head of "Fashions for November:"—

"No one will, of course, attempt to wear an out-of-door dress, either short or long, without a small crinoline."

Why, of course? By what settled rule? What consideration is there which will, of necessity, prevent every woman from attempting to wear either a long or short out-of-door dress without a small crinoline? Why, *Le Follet* itself goes on to say:—

"For ball-room wear some few ladies have a multiplicity of white flounce muslin petticoats, though, in most cases, these are only worn to disguise the very small crinoline which is worn to support them."

Suppose a lady chooses to wear a multiplicity of muslin petticoats under an out-of-door dress, instead of a crinoline, why shouldn't she? There is a very good reason why she should. It might be cold and damp. A multiplicity of muslin petticoats would therefore be preferable to crinoline, as a fashion for November. Why must every lady necessarily wear a crinoline that may be invisible? Shall we be told that it cannot be invisible? Will our fair friends say that they are all *clairvoyantes*, and can see through each other's clothes? Then all that we can say is, that they have a great advantage over ourselves.

Specimen of Mr. Punch's New English Dictionary.

Synod, *n. s. Derivation:* from "syn," the Greek συν, "together," and "*nod*," "to wag the head while falling asleep." *Example:* "Pan-Anglican Synod." An assemblage of Anglican Divines all "nodding" together.

In-spector, *n. s. Derivation:* from Latin "*in*" used in the sense of "not" (as in "in-utilis," *not* useful, "in-habilis" *not* skilful, "in-humanus," *not* humane) and "*specto*," to overlook, to examine. *Meaning:* One who does not inspect or examine. *Example:* "Workhouse Inspector," one who does not inspect or examine workhouses.

An Entrée for Hippophagists.—A Tit-bit.

TO BENJAMIN DISRAELI, ESQ.

My dear Ben,

I have given you a tremendous wipe in my Cartoon this week. I hope that you will like it. I think it uncommonly happy.

But to show you that I bear no malice, and that I can applaud brains as well as expose humbug, I hereby certify to you that you made a very excellent point in what you said at Edinburgh about the education of the people.

Says you, or to this effect, and if I improve your language you are welcome to the improvements as if you were my Irish landlord,

"When I hear it said that the English masses are uneducated, in comparison with those of other countries, I refuse to admit the deduction implied. I remember that the English masses have lived under a Free Press, and that has given them an education far better than that enforced by despots."

Very well said, son of my right hand. And no doubt the masses recollect with impassioned gratitude the benevolent and persistent efforts which your Party has always made to get newspaper fetters struck off, the stamp-duties removed, and the Free Press brought closer to the pockets of the masses. Bless you, Ben, people don't see half the fun there is in you, but I see it—and more.

Ever yours admiringly,

85, *Fleet Street*. Punch.

P.S. Tell your "dearest friend," John Manners, if he has quite done being sentimental about "Old Scotia," to attend to what I said to him about the Regent's Park water.

Herefordshire Lost Mutton.

Accounts from Herefordshire say that numerous sheep have lately died in that county from eating horse chestnuts. The fact thus stated will perhaps give some vile punster occasion to observe, that the sheep had been feasting at the expense of the horses. In the Emerald Isle the remark may possibly be made, that the shepherd shouldn't have allowed them to graze like that.

"TWENTY-FOUR THINGS WORTH KNOWING."



UCH is the title of an article in a book advertised as *Everybody's Year Book*. *Mr. Punch*, not having seen the volume, is unable to say what these "Twenty-four Things" may be — whether cookery receipts, family therapeutics, or points of etiquette; but there *are* "Twenty-four Things," one for every hour of the day and night (some of them alarums), which he considers to be well "worth knowing," and which he will now proceed to enumerate.

1. That this is the last year of the Lord Mayor's Show, unless the Aldermen who have passed the chair and sat in the State Coach persist in standing on their ancient City ways, in which case the day of the Show will be changed from the 9th of November to the 1st of April. (N.B. No State "Coach" will be wanted until PRINCE VICTOR ALBERT requires a Tutor.)

2. That all the public statues, equestrian or otherwise, which now disgrace the Metropolis are to be taken down, and sold for what they will fetch for old metal and paving materials.

3. That the present Conservative Government intend to introduce the following (amongst other) measures which they have had at heart for many years, and have been gradually "educating" their party and the country to expect and appreciate—Infant Suffrage and Vote by Ballot, Extinction of Primogeniture, Redistribution of Landed Estates, Suppression of Bishops, Repudiation of the National Debt, Appropriation of the Revenues of the Established Church to Police and Highway Purposes, and Abolition of Standing Armies.

4. That the leading sensational novelists have agreed to restrict themselves in future to one crime per volume.

5. That all those priests, bound by rather solemn engagements to uphold the Church of England, who regard Protestantism as a puerility, and the Reformation as a lamentable mistake, have made up their minds to honesty and the Church of Rome.

6. That the streets of London are this winter to be kept clean by the employment of Vestrymen who have seen better days, so that foot-passengers may traverse them without getting their boots highly embossed with mud.

7. That a spoonful of beer is a great improvement to pea-soup.

8. That all beggars, boys with boxes of lights, girls with bunches of flowers, blind men and women with dogs, street organists, and mendicants in wheel-chairs drawn along the pavement of Oxford Street and Regent Street at the busiest time of the day, are forthwith to disappear, and never more to cause annoyance.

9. That the Trustees of the British Museum have arranged to open that Institution daily. (Sundays for the present excepted.)

10. That the Managers of Theatres have decided to abolish all fees and extortions, and to make their houses as attractive as possible to visitors. (N.B. Should unforeseen obstacles prevent this reformation, drapers and other tradesmen will encourage their young men and women to expect and take gratuities from customers.)

11. That BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim's Progress* is *not* to be the subject of one of the Christmas Burlesques.

12. That London cabs and omnibuses may shortly be expected to be as good and convenient as those of Liverpool.

13. That the next time a luggage-train runs into a mineral-train, and both are run into by an express passenger-train, the Directors of the line will be placed in the dock on a charge of manslaughter, and bail refused.

14. That the ladies of England have determined to discountenance long trains, bunches of false hair, and fictitious bloom.

15. That waiters taking fees will be instantly dismissed by their employers.

16. That people with small and stationary incomes are going to give up eating and drinking.

17. That other places of recreation besides public-houses are to be open on Sundays.

18. That all political parties and religious communities have engaged to unite to obtain a National System of Education.

19. That the Metropolitan Milkmen have bound themselves to pull down their pumps.

20. That the last retail dealer has been convicted for using false weights and measures.

21. That Poor Law Guardians and officials are going to be humane and do their duty.

22. That there are to be no more Great Exhibitions.

23. That the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, after much deliberation, have hired a housemaid to keep the Cathedral monuments clean.

24. That *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1868 is just ready.

CARBONIC ACID OR SERMON?

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE, at a *soirée* held the other night at Middrie School, delivered an address, in which, with reference to the narcotic influence of bad ventilation in churches, he said: —

"I remember I was once present in a congregation in the Town of Thurso, which contained as many as 1,200 people, and perhaps you will hardly believe me when I tell you that on that occasion I saw what I never saw before, and what, I am sure, you never saw, and what I hope I shall never see again—I saw 600 people asleep! 600 people asleep!"

This is a statement that will perhaps not seem quite so surprising to everybody as the excellent DR. GUTHRIE considers it. Nor are there, perhaps, very many people who will wonder very much at the further statement of the reverend and worthy Doctor:—

"I happened at the time to be living with SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR, a very excellent gentleman, who resides in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. I told him what I had seen in the church. 'Oh,' said he, 'that is nothing to what I have seen myself; I have seen in almost every pew the whole people asleep, with only here and there an exception.'"

"We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin'; We're a' noddin in our kirk at hame." So the Thurso congregation at least, may sing, *teste* GUTHRIE; who, however, earnestly protests that their somnolence was not the fault of their preacher, but was caused by bad air. That may be; but a question to be asked is, whether they ever go to sleep until the reverend gentleman mounts the pulpit? It would also be interesting to know whether Thurso presents much of an exception to the general rule of sleepiness in Scotch churches, and, further, if that is the general rule, how much toddy on an average has been imbibed on the "Sawbbath" by each member of every snoring congregation? At the same time there is no doubt that DR. GUTHRIE is quite right as to the stupefying properties of bad air; and that the tainted atmosphere of a crowded and ill-ventilated church is quite enough to make every one in it comatose, in spite of the most awakening sermon.

APOLOGISTS FOR DIRTY DRINK.

THE *Times*, in an article on sanitary science, says:—

"There are men who still maintain by the analogy of the horse-pond, which cattle prefer to the running stream, that water is quite fit for drinking even with the presence of the most foreign and most disgusting matter."

The Thames derives from numerous towns above London very much matter of that description. Both of the epithets applied in the foregoing extract to the matter which some people, by the analogy of the horse-pond, maintain to be good to drink in water, are applicable to the matter with which those towns pollute the Thames. That matter is at once foreign and native. It is foreign to the Thames if native to the towns. All dirt is foreign matter. We don't say that foreign matter and dirt are convertible terms. In calling dirt foreign matter we do not mean to reflect on any other people, whatever provocation may be given by some foreigners. It is only the bigot who glories in an overweening opinion of his native soil.

Those who infer the salubrity of foul water from the fact that cattle prefer horse-pond to rill, might go further, and argue that, because the donkey, on the other hand, will not touch dirty water, and is very particular about his drink, therefore the man who objects to diluted sewage is an ass; which would be an asinine argument.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE EPIGRAM ON BISHOP AND PICKPOCKET BARRINGTON? VERY WELL, THEN. HERE'S ITS COMPANION, BY A STUPIDISH, OLD-FASHIONED FOGY.

TWO ALLENS, this Year, on our Rules did incroach,
And in different Ways to Not'riety ran:
One* was Prais'd for his Wish to *keep out of* a Coach,
One† was Tried for Attempt to *break into* a Van.

[This would have been Wit a hundred years ago, you old idiot.—*P.*]

* Our worthy LORD MAYOR Elect. † The execrable Manchester Fenian.



A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN FRIEND (WHOM YOU HAVE NOT MET FOR YEARS) IS COMING TO ENGLAND TO VISIT YOU. YOU ARE AFRAID HE WILL KISS YOU. WHEN YOU HEAR THE APPROACHING CAB-WHEELS, YOU RUN UP-STAIRS, THROW OFF COAT AND COLLAR, LATHER YOUR FACE, AND PRETEND TO BE SHAVING AT THE VERY MOMENT OF HIS ARRIVAL UNDER YOUR ROOF, AND THERE YOU ARE!—

GROANS FROM UNDERGROUND.

THE estimable twaddlers who discovered that the air in the tunnels of the Underground Railway is deleterious to health, are now shut up. The scientific men have been to work, analysing the said air, with a gravity worthy of a better cause, and they have, without laughing, managed to assure the wise folks in question that not only is the dangerous element inappreciable, but that it would do them no harm to be kept in a tunnel that was hermetically sealed at each end.

But he who thinks that the Great British Fidget is satisfied, knows little of that estimable animal.

A great variety of other difficulties have to be got rid of before the G. B. F. can take his ten minutes of metropolitan travel in peace. Among the questions which are next to be submitted to the scientific parties are these:—

Is not the passage from daylight into lamplight, and *vice versâ*, very injurious to the eyes in certain cases? Or could this evil be obviated by the use of spectacles, of graduated colour, to be put on successively (at the Company's expense) at each landing?

Is not the surprise occasioned by seeing a green signal spontaneously become red, and *vice versâ*, calculated to produce palpitation of the heart?



(N.B. IF BALD, DON'T FORGET TO LATHER THE CROWN OF YOUR HEAD.)

May not very sad effects, likely to be felt in afterlife, be caused by the terrifying practice indulged in by the juvenile population, of lying down on the ventilators and screaming down, "I see yer!"

Ought the mind of a traveller, who above all persons should be calm and cautious, to be disturbed by reading the sensation titles of stories advertised along the line?

Cannot the gas, though contained in separate boxes on the tops of the trains, and though not exceeding a few pints, be so expanded by the heat of the carriages, especially on a crowded day, as to explode without the application of fire?

Ought not a check to be devised against the abruptness of manner too frequent among the officials when proclaiming the names of the stations and inviting persons to enter the carriages; the tones of the porters, especially, sometimes being suggestive of actual menace, which is painful to the delicate mind?

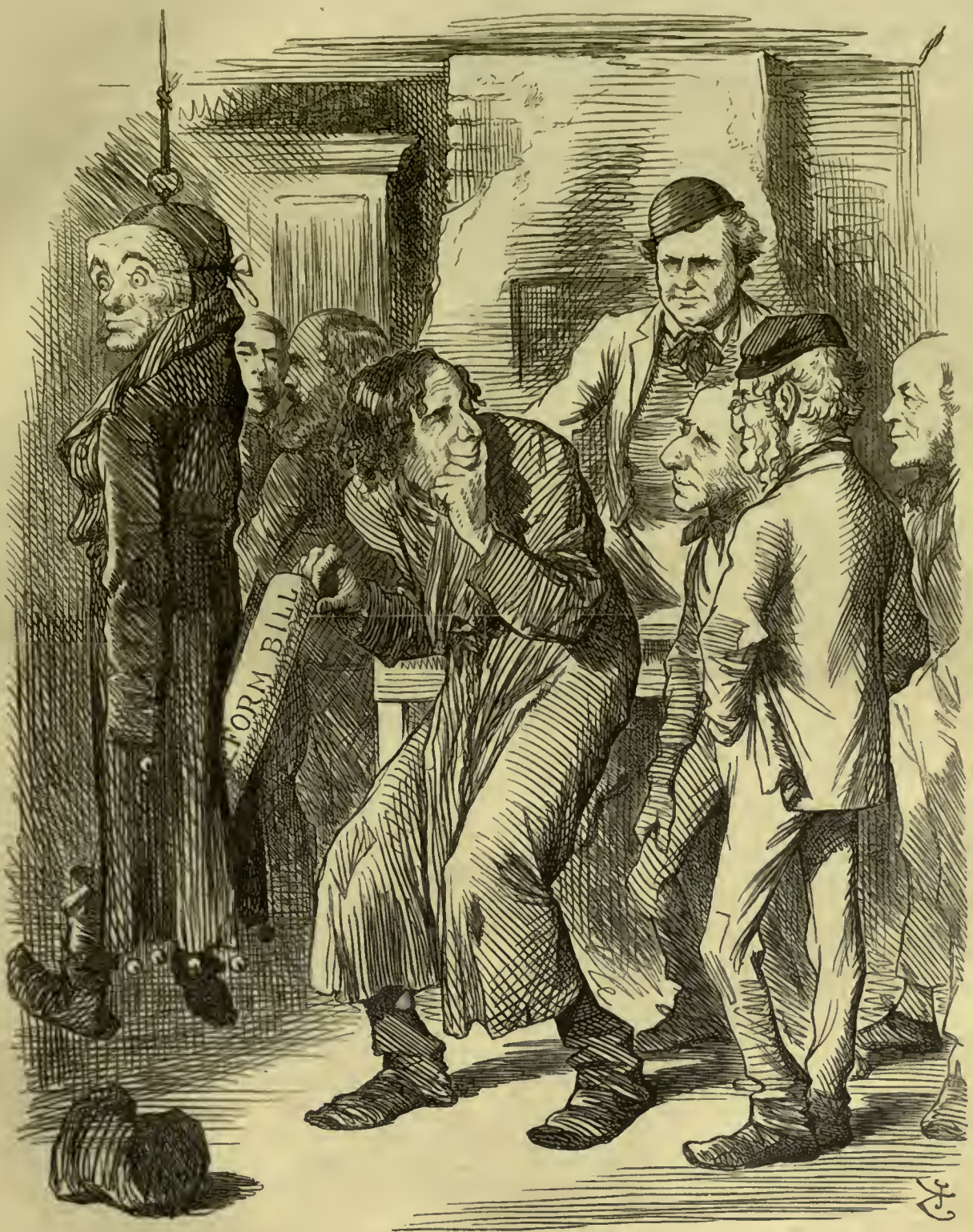
And lastly (for the present) should not the Company take means to prevent the members of the shoeblack brigade from suddenly pointing at the feet of a traveller as he emerges, thereby suggesting to him that perhaps his legs have been cut off, or that some other fearful accident has happened to him?

"Away went Gilpin."

"A LEAP in the Dark," said LORD DERBY, quoting *Mr. Punch*. MR. GILPIN, vainly thinking to improve upon two such orators, says, "No, a Leap into the Light." Yes, GILPIN. Your phrase exactly describes, "Out of the Frying Pan into the Fire." Is that what you mean?

[Advertisement.]

THE "POSTERS" of the New Royalty and the Prince of Wales's Theatre come very close together on several walls. The first has only "An Eye," the second is "Caste." Why not, to save expense, amalgamate the two? Throw the second into the first, and make one large eye squinting; in fact, *An Eye* with a *Caste* in it.



FAGIN'S POLITICAL SCHOOL.

"Now, mark this; because these are things which you may not have heard in any speech which has been made in the city of Edinburgh. (*Laughter and cheers.*) I had—if it be not arrogant to use such a phrase—*to educate our party.* It is a large party, and requires its attention to be called to questions of this kind with some pressure. I had to prepare the mind of Parliament and the country on this question of Reform."—Mr. Disraeli's *Speech at the Edinburgh Banquet.*



A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND.—(Continued.)

My Funny Friend sits down to smoke. I tell him quietly that if he stops another day with me he must behave himself properly in the streets of Cokingham. This sets him off in a roar. I point out strongly that my character, my position is at stake. He immediately asks me "Why I'm like Ridley or Latimer?" I don't know: I don't care, in fact; but all I want to say is, putting levity on one side—— he interrupts me with the answer to his riddle which he insists on telling me, "Because your position is *at stake*." I think it stupid, and tell him so. He retorts that I have no sense of humour. My repartee is "of *his* humour," which I flatter myself is a clincher for my Funny Friend. Not at all: he catches at the word and sings out, "Take me while I'm in the humour, tow row row," and so forth. He walks to the window, and pulls the blind aside. "What fun it would be," it suddenly strikes him, "to go out with a good strong cord and tie all the knockers together, so that if you rapped at one house all the others would rap too." I dissuade him from this. "Another notion," he says immediately, "Can't we get some paint and go and change all the numbers in the street." I admit the fun of the idea because of its impracticability. "Blacking would do," he thinks; "they're safe to have some blacking in the house." He is going to find it. I beg him not to try it, as he'll make such a noise. He is annoyed with me now, and complains that I won't do anything. I say "No, it's getting late, and I don't think the New Inn," where he has to sleep, "keeps open after eleven." He won't hear of it: "An inn's *bound* to keep open," he says: "it's against the law to close and shut a traveller out of the house." He says "*I* ought to know that, as I am an *Inn*-spector." He roars with laughter. I say, "Oh, how bad!" and mean it. We have another row about which of us has a genuine sense of humour. He says that my Great Aunt has more sense of humour than I have; which I deny, and he proposes waking her up to ask her the question. I tell him that she'll never forgive *me* if he does it. This sends him into fits of laughter again. He sees me in his fancy "ruined for life, cut out of the will by my Great Aunt's sense of humour." It tickles him amazingly. He would be more tickled, and the whole house would be roused by his immoderate noise if it wasn't for his suddenly catching sight of Mrs. Buzzyby's old piano. He will play me a tune. I don't mind, I say, something very soft. He says he'll play something like me, very soft. This is what he calls wit, and is intensely amused with it himself. I hate chaff: I mean I dislike *being* chaffed. I don't chaff others ("Because you can't," says Grigg, trying a note or two with one finger) and I don't expect them to chaff me. "If you expected it half the fun would be gone," replies Grigg. Grigg's performances on the piano are not artistic, but what *he* calls "great fun." He imitates the tuning of an orchestra; apparently all fiddles, and a big drum represented by the lowest bass note. This becoming monotonous (I am wondering if they hear it up-stairs) he informs me that he will now play the *Hailstone Chorus*. From this I anticipate an intellectual treat. He also promises me the *Dead March in Saul*. He asks me "Would I like to hear them?" I should, very much. Whereupon he commences. Of all the infernal rows made with a view of disturbing a quiet neighbourhood at half-past eleven p.m. the *Hailstone Chorus*, as arranged by my Funny Friend, is undoubtedly the worst. I beg him to desist. He won't. He says this is the way Herr Von Pyrotecknicho plays, that is (according to my Funny Friend's imitation) shaking his hair wildly, dashing his head down at the keys on the right, going as it were a header with both hands into the treble, splashing about anyhow among the notes, then diving down again and coming up like a porpoise plunging heavily about on the bass. No tune, no distinct note, hand over hand, bang, bang, bang, "*Hailstone Chorus* coming down-stairs," shouts Grigg; bang, bang, bang, hand over hand with the bass, "Flash of greased lightning," he shouts again, and runs one finger backwards from the bottom to the top of the treble cleff. "The ship strikes," he goes on, having now merged into a secular subject, both hands take about ten notes at a leap, "Human cry of distress heard above the storm," he rumbles down into the bass with both hands and shrieks wildly. I implore him to be quiet.

I am certain I hear some one calling on the stairs. I tell him so. It is suggestive at once; "Female voice heard in the intervals of the storm." I could almost swear it's my Great Aunt, or Mrs. Buzzyby; will he keep the piano a *little quiet* while I open the door. "Stop," he says, "till the ship sinks. Crew hurrying to and fro." Both hands up and down anyhow. "Only two hands left on board," he says, making a wretched pun. Having arrived at this point, that is only two hands on board, there can't be much more shrieking and noise, and the ship will go down quietly, I hope; so I may take the opportunity of opening the door. Before I can say "Hush! listen," he cries, "Fearful fate of the ship. It is blown up. Explosion!" He stamps on the loud pedal, dislocates a couple of strings, (I know it by the jarring sound), bangs the treble once with his open hand, and jumping up suddenly, sits on the bass; kicks over the stool and the books on which he was sitting, and pretending to be one of the ship's crew blown up by the shock, falls with a bump (hope sincerely he has hurt himself) on the floor, when he pulls down a sofa cushion and clings to it frantically, pretending to save himself from a watery grave, in the carpet. With this, a ring at the front door bell, and the voice of Mrs. Buzzyby, she herself being invisible in the passage.

The neighbours next door have sent a policeman to complain. Mrs. Buzzyby (from the darkness, she won't come forward on account of her costume) begs me to consider the reputation of *her* house. "Have I forgotten," she asks, plaintively, "what is due to my poor dear Aunt? If I want," she says, finally, "to make a noise, I'd better take the gentleman (stress on this word) to the public house, and see (this ironically) if they'll let you both go on like this there."

I promise and vow several things in Grigg's name: the principal being that he shall go away at once. I am surprised at Grigg's not demurring to this: on the contrary he goes with a considerable amount of loudly wishing me "Good night," to which Mrs. Buzzyby on some landing, and, I think my Aunt on the top story, like the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of her Great-Nephew, are both listening. He says, "Good night." I shut the door: the household retires, Mrs. Buzzyby lingering, I fancy. I bolt the door, chain it, lock it, latch it, and Mrs. Buzzyby giving up the character of the Invisible Lady, again retires to what Grigg calls her "virtuous downy." I return to the ground-floor dining-room, where we have been sitting, congratulating myself on Grigg's departure when I become aware of a considerable draught. The window, looking on to the street, is open. "Odd," I say to myself aloud. "Not at all," returns my Funny Friend, stepping in through it on to the sofa, "Here we are again!" He explains that he opened it before he left, while I was talking. I protest against his return—he pretends to weep. Good gracious, he is going to make another noise: I must stop that. I'll let him stop (I can't be positively inhospitable) for half-an-hour if he'll promise to be really quiet, and go *then*.

He will go directly, he says, if I'll only give him something to eat—he is so hungry. There is nothing. "Oh yes," he says, "there must be—in the larder." But I don't know where the larder is. "That's the fun," says he, "just what he likes; come along, a voyage of discovery, *Robinson Crusoe*, and a pic-nic." I can't let him go alone, even in the character of *Robinson Crusoe*, or he'll be putting detonating fluid into the pie, or knife-powder into the cold jugged hare. He has got the candle and is leaving the room. I will show him the way—but quietly, *do* go quietly. The kitchen-latch flies up with a great click. There is a death-like stillness in this region, made more palpable by the steady old clock: I feel like a burglar. If Mrs. Buzzyby suddenly came in, I don't know what I should do. The Government Inspector under the Olfactory Act found prying about his landlady's kitchen at night—only want a lantern to be a domestic *Guy Fawkes*.

A kitchen at night is a melancholy spectacle, so is a scullery; but of all the distressing things that a man can see on such an occasion, the most painful is the cold vegetables. My Funny Friend is in great force. He pretends to see ghosts, and imitates shuddering. He starts back on me suddenly, and sings in a loud whisper, "Hush, 'tis the night watch! he guards my lonely cell." He plays the Clown with the kitchen poker: he pretends to pocket everything. I show him there's nothing here. "Isn't there," he says, and selects a piece of bread, some butter, some cold hare, and a plate. All he wants is a knife and fork. At last, thank goodness, he is at a standstill. We can't find them anywhere, and I want to get back as I have just seen several blackbeetles. "No, here's a door," says Grigg. That is the cellar, and luckily, locked. He finds another door: I don't know what that is. My Funny Friend looks in: gives a slight start, and then beckons me cautiously. We look in. Mr. Buzzyby's room where he cleans the knives and forks, and Mr. Buzzyby snoring in bed. Mr. Buzzyby's clothes are on a chair, and his boots on the ground.

The opportunity is not to be lost by Grigg. In a second, as a matter of course, he has put the butter into Mr. Buzzyby's right boot—the bread in his left: Mr. Buzzyby's hair-brush into Mr. Buzzyby's tail-coat pocket, the soap in one of his stockings, and (this I did not see, but subsequently heard of) finally takes away Mr. Buzzyby's trousers, which (I may add) were found next day in the oven.

On re-entering my room he is radiant with chuckles. We are both too much awake, but he must go now. He points out what fun it 'll be when Buzzyby wakes. What fun when he tries to get on his boots. What fun when he can't brush his hair. What fun when he finds the soap in his stockings.

I shall tell Mrs. Buzzyby the first thing in the morning. Grigg goes out by the window again. The New Inn is almost opposite at the corner.

A SYLLABIC AUGMENT.

The *Athenæum* speaks of "three riding Cantatas" by three different musical composers. Ought not these works to be called Canter-tatas?



CUB-HUNTING.

Young Bantam. "WELL, GUV'NER, IF THIS IS YER 'UNTING, I'M OFF. WHY, THERE AIN'T A CUB IN THE COVER!"
Whip. "OH, AIN'T THERE? WHAT A PITY! WELL, I KNOWS A MAN AS HAS SEEN ONE *OUT!*"

FUN FOR BRITISH TAX-PAYERS.

MR. PUNCH very seldom copies a joke; but he must now depart from his usual practice:—

"THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—We understand that the maintenance of the troops employed in the Abyssinian expedition is to be provided for out of the revenues of India, on the ground that these troops are not replaced on the Indian establishment, and that, if they remained, India would have to pay for them."

This capital joke is borrowed from the *Sunday Gazette*. It will have been seen, however, not to be our esteemed contemporary's own joke, but the joke of the Government; truly an excellent joke, at the expense of India. Do any of *Punch's* readers want the joke explained to them? The Indians do not; although it is no fun for them. Does anybody north of the Tweed possibly not see the point of it? Nay, on the contrary a Scot, surely, of all men, would be the first to laugh at the notion of making India pay for a British war. The reason assigned in justification of this manœuvre makes it all the funnier. The troops are not replaced on the Indian establishment. Why, just so. They are sent away on an African expedition. If they had remained, India would have to pay for them. Of course. But they don't remain, and yet India has to pay for them. India can do without them, but she mustn't do without paying for them, all the same. That is what is so extremely droll.

Of throwing the burden of our war with Abyssinia on our Indian empire, the *Sunday Gazette* observes, with discriminative acuteness:—

"Whether or no this be just to India, it will at all events tend very much to lighten the pecuniary call on the imperial finances."

On the revenue of the United Kingdom, that is to say—on the pocket of the British tax-payer—certainly it will. "Whether or no this be just to India" is a question which probably never occurred to the authorities who made the clever arrangement of lightening the pecuniary call on the finances of this country by shifting it on to those of that; as good a practical joke as ever was played. But perhaps there is less wisdom than wit in it. They laugh that win, and compelling other people to pay our shot is in a sense winning: but they may resent it hereafter, with such effect that we shall be the worse off in the long run, and find ourselves ultimately laughing on the wrong sides of our mouths.

MORE NEW NOVELS.

IN fiction, as in fact, it is often very profitable to follow up a success. But we rather fancy it would be doubtful policy for novelists to spend their time on sequels which may merely be suggested by the title of a preceding work. We have little wish to see among our publishers' announcements, such notices as these:—

Never Flirt: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Hever Court.*
Goeth down like an Oyster: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower.*
Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money.*
He who Breaks, Pays: a domestic novel, written by the author of *Other People's Windows.*
Less than a Lucifer: a sensation novel, written as a Sequel to *More than a Match.*

A Bad Look-out for Wine-Bibbers.

A PRIZE for "imitation wines" has been awarded at the Paris Universal Imposition, as, in this matter at all events, we think it may be called. One can't help wondering that a country where so much good, real wine is made, should stoop to give encouragement to the making of bad, sham wine. Most men feel real sickness after drinking sham champagne, and we fancy that the drinking of imitation wine will lead to genuine and by no means imitation headaches after it. As a sanitary precaution the bottles surely ought to be labelled "Imitation," just as other deadly compounds from the chemist are marked "POISON."

"DIFFERING DOCTORS."

"The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, and the Right Honourable Robert Lowe were then duly invested by the Vice-Chancellor with the degree of LL.D."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

By Senatus Academicus
Vice-Chancellor and all
The *posse comitatus*
Of its Academic Hall,
Legum doctores—teachers
Of Laws, with tongue and pen—
Edina dubs Australian Bob,
And, eke, Caucasian Ben.

Was it Scotch *wut*, or irony
Of mocking fate's decree,
That linked this pair of doctors
Within the same degree?
St. Stephen's subtlest sophist,
And her sophists' keenest foe—
The meteor flights of Dizzy heights,
And the clear, cold light of Lowe?

"Who shall decide," the proverb asks,
"When doctors disagree?"
And when was disagreement
Like that 'twixt L. and D?
Bob, braving Mob for principle;
Ben, Mob's and Interest's slave;
The oracle of Carabas;
The idol of the Cave!

Doctors of Medicine, 'tis said,
Each other's physic spurn.
Doctors of Laws, are you as loth
Each other's lore to learn?
If not, as now St. Stephen's school
Is closed for the vacation,
Suppose you took to teaching, each
The other, in rotation?

Let Ben from Bob learn scorn of Mob,
And cheap and nasty plaudits:
That trick and dodge, however deft
Must face the future's audits.
That dust, though it be diamond dust,
Thrown in folk's eyes, for flattery,
Blinds first, then smarts, and then provokes
Abuse, assault and battery.

That sober truth and rigid fact
Still hold, however humble,
When sophistry's veneerings crack,
And rhetoric's stuccos crumble.
That John Bull is *not* Carabas,
Though Vivian Grey may think so:
If counters he deems coin to-day,
To-morrow he won't blink so.

That England can't be caught with chaff,
Her millions fooled with praises,
Cozened by Asian mysteries,
And fed on windy phrases:
That impudence awhile may thrive,
But earns, at last, a licking:
And that the brass which gulls an ass,
Sets 'cuter creatures kicking.

Learn, Bob, from Ben, to manage men,
By humouring their folly,
Nor rub weak wits against the grain,
Till their hair's sharp as holly:
That truth's point may be cut too fine,
Too hard thrust down folk's throttles;
That if you'd store strong wine, 'tis wise
To allow for flaws in bottles.

That one-half of a truth, at times,
Is better told than all of it:
That wisdom 's sometimes wise to yield,
When folly takes the wall of it:
That to tread on weak brethren's toes
Is rude, e'en the best cause in,
May trip the treader up, and oft,
A fair career give pause in.

Thus, Doctors both, from either each
Take what the other teaches,
For though the lesson be un-writ,
'Tis what his practice preaches.
"Physician heal thyself," 'twas said,
If thou would'at heal thy brother,
So, Doctors, if *you'd* others teach,
Thus, first, learn of each other.

A MODEST DEMAND.

Among the many strikes which we lately have been witnessing, we really wonder that we have not seen announced a strike of Governesses. As a rule, they are extremely overworked and underpaid, and have really far more cause for striking than the tailors. Still, there seems but little prospect of our seeing them on strike while we find them putting forward such advertisements as this:—

A SINGLE LADY, aged 36, with a limited income, offers £20 per annum and two hours' daily instruction to one or two Children in English and the rudiments of music and French, in return for her BOARD.

We have often known a Governess content with a small salary, but it is a novelty to hear of one content with less than nothing, and even offering to pay a yearly premium for her place. An income which is limited may fail to satisfy the cravings of an appetite which is not: still, unless this single lady be uncommonly voracious, she need scarcely, one would fancy, offer £20 a year, and two hours' teaching daily, merely for her board.

MARVELLOUS EVENT AT HULL.

On Monday last week, at the Town Hall, Hull, a statue of Andrew Marvel was consecrated; invested with a new office by solemn rites. At least, a newspaper report says that it was "inaugurated"—see Johnson's *Dictionary*. Of Marvel's statue we may pretty safely venture to say that it is a marvellous work of Art. Almost every specimen of British sculpture is that; but we trust that Mr. W. D. Keyworth's statue of Marvel is a marvellously good one, and represents him as faithfully as he represented Hull.

This Marvel was a prodigy of integrity. Marvels, they say, will never cease; but such as Andrew Marvel have now become very uncommon. Why was Andrew Marvel like the celebrated mineral teeth advertised by dentists? Because he was incorruptible. A duplicate of his statue might be subscribed for, by his admirers, and set up in the borough of Great Yarmouth.

HOW TO CLOAK A MEANING.

Mr. Lucraft, with some other Councillors of the Reform League having brought down a storm on their heads by talking disloyalty in the shape of sympathy with Fenianism, the Council has since tried to undo the effect of their seditious stuff by a very proper resolution, which, however, it did *not* come to a vote upon, "that the League does not counsel private assassination, or secret political assassination." In the course of the discussion Mr. Mantle gave an explanation of Mr. Lucraft's language—"that Mr. Lucraft has a singular way of saying things that other people understand in a different sense from that in which he meant them." This may be irony, or it may be earnest. Let us call it flinging the League's Mantle over Mr. Lucraft.

P. O. Queries.

"The postal duty for a simple letter to or from America has been fixed by the Reichstag Committee at one silvergroah."

This is the news from Berlin. How do the Prussian post office authorities ascertain whether a letter is simple or otherwise? By opening and reading it? And is the postage on a simple letter heavier than on a wise one, or the reverse? And does the rate of postage on letters in other countries, England for example, depend upon their simplicity?

Euphemism Extraordinary.

A lawyer of our acquaintance, who has acquired great skill in conducting an election, declares that in the course of his canvassing experience he never heard a bribe even distantly alluded to, excepting by the synonym of a "votive offering."

A THOUGHT ON THE KNIFE-BOARD.

The truth is sometimes told unintentionally. For instance, when one sees *Poor Humanity* on an omnibus!



PRACTICAL JOKING.

IT 'S TOO BAD OF FLARRUP, BECAUSE HE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER; BUT HE GOES AS IF "A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY," TO HAVE HIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, MANAGES TO MAKE THE OPERATOR DISSATISFIED WITH THE FIRST HALF-DOZEN, AND THEN—MAKING A GREAT PRETENCE OF BEING VERY CAREFUL THIS TIME—KEEPS A SHARP LOOK-OUT, AND DIRECTLY THE POOR MAN REMOVES THE CAP FROM THE LENS, DROPS HIS HAT, AND RUBS HIS NOSE AS IF GREATLY RELIEVED, AND ASKS, INNOCENLY, "IF IT 'S ALL OVER YET, SIR?"!!!

THE NEW TRAFFIC ACT.

PUNCH hopes that the van-driving, cart-loading, cab-crawling, bus-racing criminals, who now slaughter the peaceable pedestrians of London, are studying the new Act for the regulation of Street Traffic. If not, vengeance will be down upon them with the utmost rigour of the law, and perhaps, on the whole, a few striking examples will be salutary. However, that they may not plead ignorance (usually a sham plea) *Mr. Punch* has put the principal enactments by the new statute before them.

1. No railway van, and no cart of any description, is ever to come into Fleet Street, or any of the streets between *Mr. Punch's* office and his mansion in Belgrave Square.

2. No cab is to be seen crawling in these districts, but a cab, Hansom or Hugly, is always to be on the spot at the precise moment when *Mr. Punch* raises his eyes, and thinks he should like to ride.

3. Everything on wheels is to get out of his way.

4. The faintest pretence, on the part of a driver, that he does not know "exactly" where the place is to which he is ordered to go, is to be punished in the first instance with penal servitude, and in the second with forfeiture of licence.

5. There is no intention to injure commerce, and between eleven at night and six in the morning anything may go along any back streets. If the inhabitants don't like this, they are permitted to move, on giving the proper notices.

6. Omnibuses may go along back streets at all hours, and people who want to come into the principal arteries may get out and walk down the connecting streets, and be thankful that they are allowed to do that.

7. Any van-driver who uses a coarse expression shall immediately be transported, and the contents of the van forfeited to the poor of the parish in which the offence has been committed.

8. Cab-drivers are to wear a becoming uniform, a blue waterproof coat and a glazed hat, instead of the ruffianly wrap-rascals which at present flap and flop against the front windows.

9. Any tradesman who incites his servants to take out a cart at forbidden hours, shall be disfranchised, and for a second offence his wares shall be examined by inspectors, and his rogueries published in six daily papers.

10. Any person on the top of an omnibus who shall throw coppers to children for gymnastics on the pavement, shall immediately be taken down, and be kicked by the conductor.

11. Any person who, on that place, shall smoke a bad cigar, shall be liable to a similar penalty on complaint of the neighbour he has been poisoning.

There are some other points which require attention, but the persons against whom the new law is directed are proverbially stupid and pig-headed, and therefore a moderate dose of instruction at one time is enough.

The Lord Mayor's Lottery.

THE *Athenæum* says, with reference to the City Feast at Guildhall, that the Chief Magistrate is presented with forty tickets, for which there are four hundred expectants. Of course all but forty of them are disappointed, and perhaps also offended. The LORD MAYOR might, however, avoid giving any of them offence by a very easy expedient. He should have three hundred and sixty blank and forty prize-tickets put into and shaken up in the Cap of Maintenance, and invite the four hundred expectants to draw them.

To Correspondents.

CORRESPONDENTS of all sorts and sizes are referred to No. 1356 of *Punch*, Vol. 53, where they will read the Medean and Persian law, from which there will be no departure.

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"BUT FRENCH OF PARIS WAS TO HIM UNKNOWN."

Uncle. "WELL, JOE, HOW DID YOU LIKE PARIS?"

Travelled Nephew. "OH, UNCLE, WE LIVED 'ONG PRAWNCE,' I CAN TELL YOU!"

Uncle (astonished). "LIVED ON PRAWNS!? *(Nephew repeats his assertion.)* THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'M GLAD I WASN'T O' THE PARTY. WHAT'S BUTCHER'S MEAT SO DEAR, THEN?"

[*As Joe said, "What's the good of talking French to such an Ignorant Old Buffer as he?"*

A PITIABLE CASE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I WANT to pay a visit to the Zoological Gardens (I highly disapprove of the flippancy of the young people of the present day in calling that agreeable resort "the Zoo"), to see the Walrus. But I am prevented going, although several of my nephews (my sister AMELIA'S sons) have offered to attend me, and all my nieces (my sister ARABELLA'S daughters) are anxious to accompany me, because I am told that an Aunt-eater has been added to the Menagerie. I have such confidence in the arrangements made by the Society for the safe keeping of the animals exhibited, that I might, perhaps, overcome my fear of personal risk from an accidental encounter with this formidable creature, and enter the Gardens under a strong escort of my blood relations; but I cannot so far forget what is due to the memory of the many excellent women—related to those near and dear to them as I am related to AMELIA'S and ARABELLA'S children—who must have fallen victims to the strange appetite of this voracious animal and others of its species, as to set my foot within the precincts of the Gardens while it remains one of its denizens. And, indeed, I may as well mention that I shall not think it respectful if any of AMELIA'S or ARABELLA'S children, to gratify a morbid curiosity, inspect a collection which has received such an unnatural addition. This expression of my feelings on a most painful subject will perhaps have some little weight with those for whom it is intended, when I add that a disregard of my wishes might influence the testamentary dispositions I am about to make in their favour.

One word more. I shudder and require the stimulus of smelling salts when I think of the particular sort of sustenance that must be found for this—this Aunt-eater! Perhaps, like the great snakes, it only requires to be fed occasionally—once a quarter, or so; but even four Aunts a year—the thought is too awful, I now require a little weak brandy-and-water, especially when I reflect that my poor fellow-Aunts must be shut up alive with the monster, if it has these serpentine propensities. And how will the Council obtain the necessary supplies? Volunteers, great as the love for natural history appears to be amongst us, as shown by the constantly increasing number of the Fellows, they cannot expect will offer themselves; and any compulsory measures—"the ballot," for instance, as for the militia—I am certain Ministers and the Bishops will never permit. My hand shakes so much with agitation that I can write no more, except to subscribe myself (and I am not ashamed to own it),

AN AUNT (Single) OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

P.S. Don't you think that Aunts by marriage ought (if the horrid deed must be perpetrated), to be used first, and then Great Aunts?

PP.S. Can you tell me whether there is any animal whose ordinary diet is Uncles?

A WORD FROM THE WHITEBAIT.

"What 's in a name! That which we call a Whitebait
By any other name would eat as nice."
Shakspeare slightly altered.

THAT the Ship and the Trafalgar
Are built up on the fry of us;
That down go HART and QUARTERMAINE
If the public should fight shy of us;

That Thames' most pois'nous odours
Are neutralised by whiff of us;
Fish dinners voted fishy,
An't were not for the sniff of us;

That even Cabinet secrets
Are freely talked before us:
And massacres of innocents
Wash'd down with cold punch o'er us:

That we 're adored, *à croquer*,
By swells and pretty sinners:
That the chief grace at meat is
Our work, in Company dinners;

In short, that we 're delicious,
Is generally admitted,
When with batter, bread and butter,
Cayenne and lemons fitted.

When thus all ranks and classes
Our merits are agreed on,—
When we 're pronounced *the* thing in fish
For epicures to feed on—

Why fret, you ask, o'er species,
Or question raise of genus;
If we 're young sprats or herrings,
Or what 's the odds between us?

You fancy that such questions
To Whitebait should not matter,
Born 'twixt Gravesend and Battersea,
Their graves' end, seas of batter.

But fishes have their feelings,
There are ranks in Neptune's borders,
And we won't stoop to be mated
With the fishy lower orders.

Over our silver bodies*
Though Pisciculturists quarrel,
Which of them e'er stood by us,
Except dear old NED YARRELL?

God bless him, as he loved us,
In plain batter or cayenned,
In his History of fishes
He used us, like a friend.

As *Clupea alba* owned us,
A family 'mong fish:
So in his plate baptised us,
So blessed us in his dish.

And still as *Clupea alba*,
We mean to float and fry,
And to low sprats and herrings
Relationship deny!

* See the recent controversy in the *Pall Mall Gazette* between MESSRS. FRANCIS LORD and LAWSON.

SHORN OF THE STATE CARRIAGE.

AN APPEAL BY AN ALDERMAN.

In his State Carriage with what pride,
The City saw the Lord Mayor ride!
And ever, as he went, there rose,
A general cry of "There he goes!"

That gorgeous object, passing by,
Attracted Youth's upliftcd eye,
And had a highly moral kind
Of influence on the youthful mind.

The errand-boy'a admiring gaze
Was dazzled with its golden blaze;
And then he thought how fine a thing
It was to be the City King.

"And if," within himself, he said,
"The path of industry I tread,
And never loiter on my way,
I, too, may ride in that one day."

So I thought often, when a lad,
In cap, and sleeves, and apron clad—
And so it was that I got on
To rise in time like WHITTINGTON.

Discard the Lord Mayor'a Coach of State,
Becausc 'tis old, and out of date?

Oh, shabby, paltry, mean, and base!
Why, next you'll say "Discard the Mace."

Lord Mayor'a State Carriage put away?
Not have it out on Lord Mayor's Day?
And must the Men in Armour go?—
As well put down the Lord Mayor's Show.

We bade our City Barge farewell,
Our Carriage will you likewise sell,
To be in some museum classed
Among the lumber of the past?

Oh, don't! If I could have my will,
I 'd make the Lord Mayor use it still.
Reserved, till wanted, in Guildhall,
Aioft, to be admired of all.

And, as BRITANNIA points the eye
To NELSON, in St. Paul's, on high,
Should London's statue striplings teach
That carriage the attempt to reach.

You City Giants—are you dumb?
GOG, MAGOG, to the rescue come!
You 'd better—for, unless you do,
They 'll drive us to get rid of you.



MUSICAL FINERY.

WE have sometimes thought that women, by the mere use of their tongues, can make quite noise enough in the world; but they are not of our opinion, to judge from this new fashion:—

"In Paris many ladies now ornament the chignon with little rows of curls, having tiny bells attached to them; and many have small castanets suspended in this manner, which make a lively rattle at each movement of the head."

What with the rustle of her dresses, and the ringing of her bells, or the rattle of her castanets, it must be rare for a French lady now to have a quiet moment. A drawing-room in Paris must be as noisy as a parrot-house, when half a score of ladies are chattering together. French women always wag their heads when they are talking, and the rattle of their castanets must be well nigh as incessant as the prattle of their tongues.

We have always thought the lady a vastly silly creature who rode about on horseback, "with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," but surely ladies are as foolish who wear bells in their back hair. No doubt they do so with the object of attracting men's attention, and as there are many fools alive, they have, doubtless, their reward. Ladies aim at admiration by out-dressing one another, and with a similar intention they will probably begin to vie with one another in the noise which they can make. Besides a peal of bells, or a pair of castanets, perhaps a pair of little kettledrums, will be suspended from the chignon, to be played upon by mechanism which may be set in motion by a slight shake of the head. Indeed, we should not wonder if accordions be worn by way of musical attractions, or if miniature street organs be concealed in the back hair, constructed to play lively, sad, or sentimental music, according to the mood in which the fair wearer may be.

A Gleam of Comfort.

THE new gas-lamps in Hyde Park are sightly and ornamental. The First Commissioner often catches it, gets railed at for not sooner finishing the iron fencing, &c., but in this instance he need have no apprehension of being lampooned.

A COPY-BOOK QUESTION.

VIRTUE's its own reward! My Brother,
Dost thou mean it gets no other?

UNEXPECTED EFFECTS OF RECENT LEGISLATION.

"Some bookmakers caught in a by-street were, however, brought up at the Guildhall, and fined £5 each."

Did the framers of the New Metropolitan Streets Act foresee the construction which would be put upon the clause under which this melancholy conviction took place? The announcement has caused great consternation in literary circles, and the serious amount of the fine has not tended to diminish the wide-spread alarm. An appeal to the Superior Courts will probably be resolved upon. The penny-a-liners are in great distress, and the manufacturers of padding for magazines are about to submit a case to counsel, fearing that the clause may be elastic enough to include them also. It is an ill wind, &c. Good will probably result from this apparently harsh proceeding. Readers of biographies will be spared many pages of family genealogy, anecdotes of early years, diaries of dinner engagements, and letters of no value to any one but the owners; writers of travels will economise their statistics, and leave the dimensions of the principal continental cathedrals to guide-books, and it is impossible that any novel in three volumes can from the date of this conviction be prepared for the shelves of MUDIE and BOOTH. If these anticipations are realised, readers would no doubt be glad to raise a penny subscription and pay the fines already incurred, under a solemn promise from the culprits that they will never offend again.

HARD TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.—The teetotallers highly disapprove of one great change in this year's Lord Mayor's Show—the disappearance of the Watermen from the procession.

OUTRAGE ON ORNITHOLOGY.

A GOLDEN eagle was shot the other day at Dirleton, East Lothian. Thereon the *Haddington Courier* observes:—"Now that the eagle is so nearly extinct in Scotland its appearance so far south is very uncommon." Naturalists, and all other people who are not Philistines, will perhaps be rather inclined to say:—"Now that the eagle is so nearly extinct in Scotland, how stupid anyone must be to shoot it!" Another bird lately shot in East Lothian is described by the same paper as "a fine specimen of the little bittern—a bird that has never before been seen in this quarter of the country, and is extremely rare everywhere." Perhaps the last specimen of it has been shot. The Little Bittern may be extremely rare in Scotland, but there seems to be no scarcity of the Great Booby.

FRESH FROM THE FENS.

A MAN named WILLIAM JONES was brought before MR. FLOWERS at Bow Street, the other day, charged with being drunk and disorderly in Covent Garden Market, cursing the QUEEN and the English, and calling himself a Fenian. He said he was very drunk, had no recollection of saying anything of the kind, was no Fenian, and not even an Irishman, but a native of Stamford, whence he had just come up. MR. FLOWERS observed that he was quite sure that if the prisoner was a Lincolnshire man he was not a Fenian. No doubt. There are not any *Fen*ians among Lincolnshire men, but, as MR. BERNAL OSBORNE might take occasion to say, many of them are *Fen*-ians.

A FUTURE ITALIAN OPERA.



Now ye that there is one thing in connection with the Italian struggle which has been overlooked. The events which have just happened, and others yet to happen in Italy, will inevitably form the subject of an Italian Opera.

What the plot of the piece will be it would be a little premature to say before the conclusion of the drama in real history, whereon it will be founded. We can, however, for instance, suppose that its title will be *Il Rè Galantuomo*. As to the story, one Italian opera is so much like another that some points may be considered safe. There must, of course, be a heroine. She will probably be the niece of the Pope, beloved by Garibaldi, and returning his passion. Menotti may be suggested as more suitable for a stage lover than Garibaldi Senior, but one Garibaldi must be the hero of the piece, and it would not do to make the son snuff out the father. If the opera is written for the French public this difficulty will be readily got over by making a *contralto* in trousers, the tenor's rival; the tenor being the elder Garibaldi, and the *contratto* the younger. In this case, moreover, the heroine will, of course, be the Pope's daughter, and the other principal female character perhaps an Illustrious Empress devoured by a secret passion for either Garibaldi or Victor-Emmanuel.

In an opera whereof the scenes are mostly laid in Rome, and the Pope is one of the chief characters, there will be no end of scope for processions, chants, choral effects, illuminations, and fireworks.

The tenor, as aforesaid, will necessarily be the hero of the piece. Garibaldi, in the person of his representative, will stalk about the stage, gesticulating, and alternately singing *Roma o morte!* or warbling something about "*Anima mia!*" and "*amore*," and "*felicità*." The baritone, probably, will be Victor-Emmanuel, and Louis Napoleon is destined for the *basso profondo*.

There are two possible conclusions of the opera; a catastrophe or a triumph. It can end with the sack and burning of Rome; the Pope and his adherents being blown up in the Castle of St. Angelo; while Garibaldi falls stabbed by a fanatical priest, and the fair Ferretti kills herself on his corpse. Or it may terminate happily; the Holy Father consenting to sing "*Possumus!*" and also, joining the hands of his children, the two lovers, to intone a paternal benediction simultaneously over them and united Italy. Let us hope that this is the solution of the Roman question, satisfactory to all parties, which will have to be dramatised.

THE TURF.

Among the many other nuisances which the New Street Traffic Act empowers the City to abolish, are the betting brutes who block up the pavements to all decent passers-by, and use indecent language while they do their dirty business. Being thus swept from the streets, together with the other mud this sweeping Act should clear away, these blackguards do their business now by means of pen and ink, and the printing-press and postage-stamps. Some date from holes and corners, and some even from hotels, and issue thence their lies about their betting "system," with the view of tempting fools to send them five-pound notes. One of these traps to catch a greenhorn, thus begins, with quite a business-like formality of phrase :—

"Saracen's Head Hotel. Messrs. Fleece & Co. beg to return their sincere thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto awarded them, and beg to announce that they continue to execute commissions, on all races, as per system so highly patronised by the Nobility and Gentry throughout the kingdom."

"Highly patronised!" the low thieves! *Mr. Punch* would highly like to patronise them by giving them a lodging, gratis, in the Old Bailey Hotel. Newgate is the proper place for swindling blackguards who pretend to "execute commissions," and in reality pick pockets by the "system" of their trade. This is how these sharpers lure the flats they pursue into the net :—

"In receiving commissions, Messrs. Fleece & Co. beg to state that on an average they can return the following sums respectively :—

"For an investment of £25, £200 will be returned; £500 for £50; £1100 for £100; £6000 for £500; and £13,000 for £1000."

"Investment" and "commissions" are good, solid business terms, and doubtless blind the eyes of many who might shrink from booking bets. The word "statistics," too, sounds highly proper and respectable, and very likely tempts weak persons to believe such lies as these :—

"Statistics of one week's returns are herewith given, to satisfy those who might otherwise be incredulous as to the profitable nature of the system; viz., at Newmarket :—

Total amount in hand	£19,950
Less cash started with	10
Amount of week's winnings	£19,940"

A fool and his money are easily parted, and doubtless there are fools who send their money to these blackguards, or they would discontinue publishing their circulars, and paying for the printing and the postages thereof. Yet no one but a fool can fancy that a system of safe betting can exist, by which with certainty a man with a ten-pound note to start with, can pocket £20,000 within one single week. And who but fools can fancy that a man who in a twelvemonth could become a *millionnaire*, would take the trouble to send circulars about, and tout for "clients" who may share the profits of his system, while he does all the dirty work of going about to races, and bellowing in the ring the odds on which his system obliges him to bet? Moreover, who but fools can be beguiled by stuff like this?—

"Our system being a winning one, and demonstrated by the abundant testimony of facts, must tend to raise betting above the approach of gambling, and men of principle having surplus capital may feel neither shame nor degradation in applying a portion thereof to turf speculation."

We hardly pity fools for being parted from their money, but we fear that fools are sometimes tempted to be knaves when they see the golden promises these betting brutes put forth. Many a shopboy is enticed to "frisk" his master's till, when promised a dead certainty for "putting on the pot." To make it look quite business-like, the circular we have cited has the name of the firm sending it engraved upon the envelope, and was posted to a place of business in the City, where there doubtless is a cashbox quite easy to be frisked. Of how many thefts these betting scoundrels may be every year the cause, it would be difficult to guess; but there is very little question that these fellows might with justice be indited for receiving stolen cash.

STRIKING LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

To the Editor of Punch.

Sir,

Amongst your readers there must be many who are also readers of Burns. It may interest them to know that I have this day made a most important discovery. I have ascertained the surname of the exemplary young woman in *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, who has hitherto been only known to us as *Jenny*. Having occasion to examine the Catalogues of the Royal Academy Exhibition, I found, in the one for the year 1843, a quotation from Burns's celebrated Poem, which ran exactly as follows :—

"The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care inquires his name,
While Jenny Hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.'

It will, I am sure, be as great a satisfaction to the admirers of the great Scotch Poet on both sides of the Border to make the acquaintance of Miss Jenny Hafflins as it was to

Your obedient servant,

Caledonian Road,
Eve of Lord Mayor's Day.

Colston Bassett.

Military Intelligence.

It is with satisfaction that we announce that the Rifled Popgun is about to be placed in the hands of the Infantry. As an arm of precision this breach-loader will, no doubt, be a great improvement on the noisy but ineffective weapon hitherto employed in the Nurseries of British Valour.

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.

When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plough the ocean? In the days of Ce-crops.

The Temporal Power.—The Brain.



"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN LEFT TOWN——"

Amelia (who flatters herself they are taken for quite an Old Married Couple). "TELL ME, GEORGE, DO YOU LIKE GREEN TEA, OR BLACK?"

[*The Waiter winks, the Chambermaid chuckles.*

NOTE ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

IT is a great mistake, *Mr. Punch*, to suppose that, because we Britons object to Popery, therefore we hate the POPE. The fact, Sir, is, on the contrary, that we esteem him, personally, very much. We believe him to be a good old man, and a jolly one too, for all his woes. But besides, we entertain a respect for his present Holiness which is peculiar. He has a great deal in common with one of our own kings, whom we take to have been wrongheaded but sincere. We admire PIUS THE NINTH as we do GEORGE THE THIRD. There is something grand in the uncompromising obstinacy with which the POPE sticks to his point, and holds his ground against both the demands of his adversaries and the entreaties of his friends. I consider him a fine old fellow, Sir. "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*"

Seated, as it were, aloft before the eyes of Europe, environed with perils, and answering persuasion and remonstrance alike with his dogged *Non Possumus*, he exhibits a spectacle of stubbornness which is absolutely sublime—though a little, to be sure transcending the border of sublimity. It suggests the associated ideas of "*Capitoli immobile saxum*," and Humpty-Dumpty. The Sovereign Pontiff won't give in; he is game, and he will die game—let us hope at an uncommonly good old age.

The POPE believes in himself and his own pretensions, and he acts out his belief. He disbelieves in modern progress, philosophy, political economy and principles altogether; and he says so. He hates the freedom of printing and speech, civil and religious liberty, toleration, and constitutional government all over the world. He detests the principlea of '89, and proclaims his detestation of them to his French protectors. He launches excommunication at the head of the "Sub-Alpine King," and flings a Syllabus in the face of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He condemns and curses all propositions which he considers erroneous right and left without fear, and with little favour. At any rate, he sets the whole world of humbugs the example of speaking out; and his *Non Possumus* is, in its way, equivalent to our British Protestants' "No Surrender."

Then, *Mr. Punch*, in his own peculiar way of business see how thorough the POPE is; how gallantly he goes the whole hog. He makes Saints as fast as any of his predecessors ever did before him; holds canonisations wholesale: doesn't stick at canonising an Inquisitor. Now, Sir, the anniversary which we have just celebrated with squibs and crackers suggests one bold thing that his Holiness might yet do to the encouragement of the faithful and in rebuke of heretics. Couldn't he resolve to crown the edifice which he has added so many bricks to, namely the Calendar, and canonise GUY FAWKES? Poor GUY was hanged more than two centuries and a half ago. Is it not high time that his claims to a niche were recognised? Then the Fifth of November might be kept by out-and-outers as the Festival of ST. GUIDO FAWKES, incendiary and martyr. I should honour the POPE all the more for this—inasmuch as I am your humble servant,

CONSISTENCY.

WEBER IN THE WORKHOUSE.

A POOR person died the other day at St. Pancras workhouse from exhaustion, wanting stimulants and getting none, because the master had removed the control of the brandy from the doctor, and gone away leaving it locked up. The guardians have now resolved that the brandy and other stimulants be placed in charge of the matron and head nurse of the infirmary, and that they be held responsible for the immediate administration of those requisites when prescribed by the medical officer. This resolution doubtless cost the guardians a painful effort in trying to practise a little humanity. It may be the means of saving lives; but the master saved brandy: and this, perhaps, is why he has been let down so lightly as by mere deposition from the dignity of "*The Ruler of the Spirits.*"

Political Extravagance.

THE Trades-Unionists demand the revival of Protection. Political Economy is as necessary as personal for the labouring classes; and its violation will probably lead working men from the Trades-Union to the Union Workhouse.



ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Bismarck. "WHAT! STRIKE A WOMAN?"

Louis. "WHY NOT? SHE CAN'T STRIKE AGAIN,—AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HELP HER?"



EPICURUS IN THE FIELD OF MARS.



HRICE RESPECTED SIR,

In compliance with your wish that I should visit the Paris Exhibition, I visited it. I did so before its closing. I should have preferred to do so after that, because then they would not have let me in. For I did not in the least want to go. I was taken—as a child, of course—to see our own first affair of the kind. Nothing will come up to that, if we continue our exposures to the end of time. But you said "go," and I went.

There is some danger, I believe, in making remarks upon the refreshments at railway stations. In England I think I have heard that you are immediately given in charge to a policeman, if you say that a sandwich is stale; and a jury of tradesmen refuses to award you damages. You will therefore consider the propriety of insertiog my remark that the soup at Calais was by no means all that could be desired. But there can be no harm in my aaying that at Boulogne-sur-Mer—I returned that way—I was charged, for a veal-cutlet, a partridge's leg, and a glass of *vin ordinaire*, the sum of seven francs and a half.

On arriving in Paris at 8 A.M., I naturally went to bed. The result, and breakfast, improved the shining hours till 2 P.M. I am able to speak well of my *déjeûner* (breakfast), especially of some kidneys on the silver spit, an omelette of fine herbs, and a few other trifles. Then I thought that I would walk to the Exhibition, but, finding that it was a good way off, I thought I would not. But, there being a great run upon the vehicles, I had to wait a long while, and to smoke several cigars before I could get upon wheels. Then I remembered that I should like to see the new opera-house, and I took that in my way from the street of Rivoli to the field of Mars. It perhaps would not be thought in anybody else's way from one point to another, but genios is erratic. I admired the front of the new opera-house. It is very splendid and ornate. There are seven bronze busts of composers looking out at round holes. Five of them are

AUBER, MEYERBEER, MOZART, ROSSINI, HALEVY,

I forget the other two—GLUCK and SPONTINI, perhaps. I need hardly say that no English composer is glorified there. But we will alter that the next time we occupy Paris. The writers of *Champagne Charley* and of *Kafooselem* shall not be forgotten when national melody is honoured.

Examination of this edifice, and the reflections thereby prompted, engaged me until there was so little time left, that I decided not to go to the Exhibition that day. *There is nothing more inartistic than the doing anything in less time than it deserves.* I therefore returned to my hotel. It is a very good one, and bears the name of the most majestic of the residences of our beloved Sovereign. Loyalty took me there in the first instance, comfort retained and recalls me. I required a syphon and its usual accompaniment. I had them; and, sitting in a quiet quadrangle, *sub Jove*, I meditated on the past history of Paris, on its singular present, on its mysterious future. When I awoke, it was quite dark, and time not to think of dinner, but to eat that meal.

I dined, in company with a literary friend of much merit, at a Café near the *Bourse* (Exchange). It was chiefly remarkable for being well ventilated, by means of a glass roof, and for the floor being gravel. When two imaginative and highly cultivated poets meet in the social hour, and quaff the sparkling glass, it were strange did they not flash out some verse which the world would not willingly let die. I flashed out as follows:—

"I am sitting on gravel,
And drinking Tavel."

What my friend rejoined with I am not at liberty to say, but it was fully as coruscant as my own utterance. We talked, in a more removed chamber, far into the night, and I mentioned to my friend that you had wished me to see the Exhibition. He said that perhaps I had better see it, but that he could tell me all about it. I preferred that he should tell me some anecdotes of a French character. In the middle of one of them I went to sleep, which statement is to my friend's credit as a moralist, if not as a *raconteur*. But I had travelled all night, and in company with the Members—or those who should have been the Members—for Great Snoring, Essex.

The following day, which was that of the defeat of GARIBALDI at Mentana, I rose about eleven. It was scarcely one when I reached the Exhibition. I rode there in an omniboose, fare fifty centimes, and a female conductor—trim, sharp-eyed, rosy. [Why not a female conductor? In Paris it is not the business of an omnibus official to charge sixpence for a twopenny ride, to assault young ladies and break their umbrellas, and call them Jewesses (with a bad prefix) for remonstrating. MR. PAGET will accept my compliments for accumulating penalties in a way that must convince ruffians that even in England this sort of thing is excess of zeal.] When I got out, I looked for the Trocadero. Does any one know why it was so called? I shall not tell, but remind persons of CAMPBELL'S stanzas to the memory of the Spanish patriots lately killed in resisting the regency and the [DUKE] OF ANGOULEME—

"Vengeance is behind, and justice is to come."

An instalment of the latter has come in the fact that the Paris Trocadero has been utterly humiliated, and is now a sort of plantation with elegant steps. But I forbear to pursue this subject. The central court of the Louvre, and a noble thing it is, with more statues to great men than we have got all over England (deducting the late lamented PRINCE CONSORT'S) is at present called after NAPOLEON TROIS. But, as my friend SHELLEY says, "Nanght may endure but Mutability."

I had much difficulty in reaching the gates of the Exhibition. So many of the wares of France were proffered for my inspection by vendors who would have made no objection to my immediately removing the articles, that I could hardly get on without incivility. I was hindered, but was pleased to see that free-trade principles were recognised in France to an extent beyond that which would have been permitted in England. I fear that a policeman here would have caused these exhibitors to stand back. But at length I reached the turnstile, and tendered my franc. As I laid it down, I saw that it bore the head of LOUIS PHILIPPE. I had not intended this insult to Imperialism, but had the officials noticed it, I hope that I am too much of a Briton not to have stood on the very offensive. They took the L. P. money, however, as calmly as somebody else took the L. P. property. I was within the Exhibition. That is, I was on a walk of a garden which surrounded the Exhibition. Tawdry flags, very dingy, drooped dismally from posts. I was not impressed, or rather I was so much impressed, that I looked around for refreshment.

There was plenty of that, my old boy. By Saint Denis, who was for France, there was no end of what my friend RABELAIS calls insidetimber. The Exhibition is a lot of Ovals, and the biggest and outsidest of the Napoleon Ovals is—was, I mean—devoted to the noble art of eating and the noble science of drinking. Restaurant after restaurant, bar after bar, lushcrib after lushcrib, according to your elegance of mind. There smiled the gracious virgins of SPIERS AND POND, with their bright eyes and golden hair—they have driven the male Parisians wild, and I do not wonder. They would be called prettyish girls in London. But in Paris the majority of persons are so ugly, that I quite comprehend why Paris made a fool of itself about the English waiteresses. If the Exhibition has done nothing else, it has finally and for ever stamped out the cant about French women. The English woman is immeasurably handsomer than the French woman, and the English lady is incalculably better dressed than the French lady. I only record the admission of the fact. I don't want to crow. It speaks well for the Parisians that they admit this, and that Anglomania in costume rages among them. Nay, the gallant youths of Paris have found out that the superiority is not alone with our women. It is seen that an English gentleman's morning dress is the most becoming thing going, and it is delightful to behold young France toned down into uniform colour and easy garb. I have good hope of them yet. The older fools among them paint and powder their aallow faces, and blacken their moustaches, but these fribbles will decay away, especially under the hard labour of being obliged to clean their nails, (an operation now *de rigueur*,) but the youth seem to me manlier since my last visit.

This is no digression—you told me to See the Exhibition, but if I am boring you, let me shut up. Bless me, do you think it's any pleasure to *me* to write?

Yours, &c.,

EPICURUS ROTUNDUS.

[Our contributor has the faculty of self-excitement. We take no notice of his petulance. He can resume next week, or not, as may please him.—ED.]

Not said at the Synod.

THE BISHOP OF GREGORY said a good thing yesterday. An enthusiastically Ritualistic young lady showed him a charming photograph of a group of handsome young Curates decked out in all the lovely church millinery of sentimental schism. "Those are Anglicans," she said. "No," said his Lordship, smiling; "but I may say that though *non* ANGLI, they would be *Angeli—si*—I beg pardon for Latin, my dear—*if they were only Christians.*"

THE GREATEST OF OUR PEERS.—What an enormous size LORD GRANVILLE must be! Speaking of him at the Paris Exhibition banquet, the newspaper says, "His Lordship filled the room."



SEVERE.

Elderly Equestrian. "GOOD MORNING, KITTY. ARE YOU RIDING WITHOUT A GROOM? *I* SHOULD NOT LIKE TO DO SO!"
Kitty. "WHY NOT, AUNTY, DEAR? YOU ARE QUITE OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!"

A CONVERSATION ON HORSE.

SCENE—BROWN'S *Dinner-table.*

Brown. SMITH, another slice of beef.
Smith. Thanks: meat is down a little.
Jones. It was awfully dear.
Robinson. Fancy, from eleven to thirteen-pence a pound!
Old Lady. Seems like eating money, a'most—doesn't it.
Smith. It 's still very high.
Robinson. Worse than venison—sometimes in more senses than one.
Old Lady (suppressing a titter). Now, go along with you.
Brown. We must get beef and mutton from South America—and from Australia.
Jones. The antipodes to beef and mutton. [*General cries of "Oh!"*
Smith. Who knows what we may come to—horse, perhaps.
Old Lady. Ugh!
Smith. They say it is very good: the French are taking to it.
Old Lady. Nasty, dirty, horrid creatures! But there, we know that they 'll eat anything.
Briggs. Eh, what, then, have they left off frogs; eh, because frogs are scarce, and have taken to horse?
Jones. Cats'-and-dogs'-meat.
Ladies. Shocking!
Smith. Oh, but some of our fellows have eaten it, and think it capital. They dined the other day with a French hippophagist—ate nothing but horse.
Brown. Except potatoes.
Smith. Except potatoes, which were dished in horse-oil.
Old Lady. Yah! It really makes me feel quite ill.
Briggs. Take a little drop of brandy, Ma'am.
Smith. It 's funny though, eating horse. They might both eat horse and talk it. Fancy one saying to the other, "How do you like your roast-chesnut?"
Jones. Yes, and the conversation passing from horse-stakes to sweep-stakes.
Robinson. And back again to saddle of horse.
Smith. There would be two ways of discussing the favourite.
Robinson. And of a horse being in for the plate.
Jones. Do they make mare's-tail soup?
Brown. Have they any horse-veal?
Smith. As calf is to veal, so would colt be to what?
Robinson. We could make nothing of *poulain.* Perhaps we should say foal—foal cutlets.
Jones. Chump end; kidney end of a loin of foal.
1*st Young Lady.* The idea!
2*nd Young Lady.* Perfectly disgusting!
Smith. Fillet of foal.
Jones. Fillet of filly.
Brown. Well, gentlemen, this is all very well; but how are you to get cheap horse. The high-mettled racer may go to the hounds dog-cheap in his old age, but prime horseflesh would be an expensive article. It would be cheaper to eat an ox than a horse, say, warranted to go quiet in harness.
Smith. Yes, but the fact is that a horse past work is not therefore past eating. Up to a certain age he will fatten for the table. Then lots of horses, disabled by accident, are young and healthy. If horse-flesh were popular, there is one thing which alone would make it cheap.
Brown. What 's that?
Smith. Granite road-pavement, which ruins the horses. Often in one moment reduces a horse from a hundred guineas in value to the price of his carcase.
Jones. For example the granite paving from the Marble Arch to the Bank of England.
Robinson. For that and all such horse-killing pavements, thank the Vestries.
Smith. On the part of all hippophagists.
Brown. If there are any—who should present them with testimonials for cheapening horse-meat.
Omnes. Hear, hear! [*Scene closes.*

From the (Y)East.

THE Romford ale, we are told, is in great request in India. This is not surprising, for what fitter mart could be found for the beer of IND than India?

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU V.—MY FUNNY FRIEND. TABLEAU VI.—MY SENSIBLE FRIEND.

I go up-stairs to bed. How shall I shake GRIGG off to-morrow? I wish FRED LANGSON was here (portrait No. 6, my Sensible Friend), he'd advise me. LANGSON always advises me: or rather, I always go to LANGSON for advice. While I am thinking of this, a tremendous shouting and knocking in the street below. At our house? No. "Hi! Hi! Hi!" like a man in a horse-circus. Then bang, thump, thump. It's that fool GRIGG again, I'll be bound. I suppose he's locked out. Let him be, I'm sick of him. Whereupon I jump into bed sharply. Too sharply, or else the bed's badly made, for I'm brought up with a jerk, and rather hurt myself in trying to kick my legs straight out as usual. Odd. I'm in a sort of bag. Suddenly the remembrance of the expression "Apple-pie bed" occurs to me. Also that I let my Funny Friend come up here to wash his hands. Hang the fellow! (Bang, bang, bang, with a stick at a door on the opposite side of the street.)

My light is out. I have matches—patent ones—which will only strike on their own box. Not one will answer. My Funny Friend again—confound him! I shall have to let him into the house, to ask him what the deuce he's done with the matches. (Bang, bang, "Hi! hi!" in the street.) No, I won't. I'll make my bed in the dark. I try. The sheets don't seem big enough, or the blankets too big. Somehow, I can't make the bed without the blankets being out at most uncomfortable places. If I get the sheet at the head, I can't get it at the foot; if at the foot, there's none at the head. Then my pillows tumble down. Now I've lost my pocket-handkerchief. Never mind, I can get a clean one out of my drawer. I know where *they* are in the dark, as I keep everything in such regular order. I go to the usual place: put my hand in. *Boots!* My Funny Friend again: again confound him! The banging in the street has been going on all this time. I hear a gruff voice. A policeman. Hurrah! GRIGG will be taken up. People are looking out of their windows—my Aunt and her maid are—asking if it's fire. The policeman answers no. Is he going to walk GRIGG off? I've a great mind, if I could only disguise my voice, to say, "Take him up, he 'a a nuisance: I give him in charge for disturbing the peace," or words to that effect. The Policeman does *not* take GRIGG up. On the contrary, he joins him in shouting, and presently takes to throwing stones at the New Inn windows. An elderly gentleman looks out from somewhere, and to whatever he says I hear GRIGG reply, "Don't make such a noise, I can't hear myself knocking." At last, the Innkeeper, whose household must be in the habit of taking morphine, looks out, "having," as I hear him say, "been asked by his Missis if there warn't somebody knocking." The door is opened, and GRIGG and the Policeman disappear within.

The neighbourhood is at peace; but I can't get my apple-pie bed into anything like apple-pie order. I try to sleep on the sofa. * * * Hang the fellow! * * this is the last I'll see of him in a hurry.

Next morning. GRIGG not up. Don't wonder at that. My Aunt not up: very unwell, requires a course of ginger. Don't wonder at *that*. There is a train to town in fifteen minutes' time. I leave GRIGG to my Aunt, injured MRS. BUZZYBY, and her outraged husband with the butter in his right boot. I go with a view to consulting my Sensible Friend. While away (I may mention here) I received notice from Head Quarters that my attendance as Inspector under the Olfactory Act at Cokingham would be dispensed with. *No reason assigned.* I am in future to be restricted to London and the Home Circuit; that is, though they don't *say* so, *under surveillance of the authorities.* Do I know *why?* I think I do. Between my old and new duties there is an interval of holiday. But, being in town, my Sensible Friend is the man to go to, under the circumstances.

FRED LANGSON, my Sensible Friend was, on the cold day I called, sitting before what I admitted at once was "something *like* a sensible fire." He was ready with his reason for the blaze, "Because," said he, "it's cold." Such a sensible fellow! We were both glad to see one another, and said so several times. I told him I'd recently come from Cokingham, and he immediately replied, that he was sorry he "couldn't offer me anything," giving his satisfactory and sensible reason, "because there's nothing in the house."

I said I was cold, whereupon he returned, "I advise you to sit near the fire." On my saying that I'd rather not smoke his tobacco, as it might make me unwell, "Then," he said, "I advise you not to do it." Good sound common sense. Happening to complain of my old umbrella being useless if it should rain, he sensibly observed, "I advise you to get another as soon as possible." A story is told of him (and I believe it) that he once saved a man's life by advising him not to stand near a target while rifle practice was going on, and I *know* that it was on his recommendation that a man of my acquaintance who couldn't swim a stroke was deterred from jumping out of a boat into sixteen feet of water. He is, in fact, a very sensible fellow, and when my Hearty Friend alluded to him as a "wooden-headed donkey," and "a thorough old humbug," it created a breach between us which time has never thoroughly healed.

In defending my friends of course I am obliged to admit that everyone has a right to his own opinion, and therefore when I hear LANGSON called an ass, a fool, an idiot, and a hoshy old impostor, my only reply is, "Well, of course, everyone must speak of a man as he finds him," which I feel to be an unsatisfactory mode of resenting these epithets, which do seem to imply that one must be rather a queer sort of a fellow to have such a friend as an adviser. LANGSON is, of course, too sensible to mind what is said of him. He said as much to me one day when I mentioned to him a few of the names I had heard him called; I recollect it well, because he added that no man of *sense* ought to care for abuse; and he was sure that *I* would take no notice of a man who called me behind my back a weak muff, an effeminate snob, a shallow-pated credulous, harmless, sort of lunatic, which he said represented the various opinions of people who professed to be my friends.

I asked, "Who said that?" and he wouldn't tell me. I said I'd keep it quite secret if he'd let me know, but he wouldn't. He laughed, and repeated the names (he needn't have done that), and I said such fellows were beneath contempt. "Because," as I argued, "I was sure I wasn't a snob, and as to being weak or a muff, or confound it, shallow-pated, that was absurd." However, I never told him again what names I'd heard him called, because I really am grieved to think there should be anyone who considers me as a snob, or shallow-pated, or a muff. I ask myself, am I? or am I not? Is there any truth in it, and I do not humbug myself when I say, not a bit. So I determined not to let this sort of thing rankle in my mind for a minute. It *does* rankle, though. I should like to know who said it.

My Sensible Friend possesses, for a young man, sensible advantage in his appearance. He is almost bald; *therefore* (this is what people who talk against him say) he is set down as clever: a kind of man who has *thought his hair off*. He wears a heavy moustache, joining a beard tinged with grey: this looks patriarchal, and in a general way so ancient and eastern, that even scoffers would be inclined to take the early history of the world upon his single testimony.

He speaks slowly and sedately. You might call GRIGG "the laughing philosopher," and LANGSON "the crying philosopher." You *might*, but it wouldn't be good, as LANGSON doesn't cry. I tell him that I fancy I am in disgrace at Head Quarters; that GRIGG is, as the song says, "the cause of this anguish;" and that "I want my Sensible Friend's advice as to whether I'd better explain it all at Head Quarters,—or what?"

When he has heard my story, he puffs at his long heavy pipe, (his smoking is in itself a solemn religious function), and I wait anxiously for the first expression of his opinion. He removes his pipe from his lips, and regards the fire steadily. I watch him. He is evidently turning the whole matter over and over in his mind. This man a wooden-headed ass, a humbug, pooh! He is arguing the points pro and con, whatever the points may be, with himself, before delivering judgment. He bends forward. He has come to some conclusion, and will speak. Well? He takes a long breath, leans back again in his chair, replaces his pipe and frowns.

EPISCOPAL PERFUME.

THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK has been much pleased with his visit to Old England. Specially has he been delighted with his brother hierarchs. One piece of information which the good bishop gives will be interesting to most persons:—

"He had visited the palaces of several of the Bishops, and *the atmosphere which prevailed at those blessed places was such as to cause a glow of happiness to take possession of one's soul.*"

Will any of *Mr. Punch's* episcopal friends (he has many) inform him how this blessed atmosphere is generated, and where the material can be procured, and whether the same result can be obtained in a secular mansion? The "savour of such good ointments" would be worth cultivating. It must be a much nicer thing than the odour of sanctity, which Popish saints prepare by masterly inaction in the matter of lavation. Would MM. PIESSE AND LUBIN, or M. RIMMEL call upon one or two of the bishops and investigate? We predict great popularity for *Bouquet de Bishop.*

A Company with a Queer Name.

A JOINT-STOCK association is advertised under the name of Accident Insurance Company (Limited). One might think that the surest of all accident insurance societies would be a mismanaged railway company, with signalmen and pointsmen underpaid. Limited liability for the consequences of parsimony or carelessness insures numerous accidents on most lines.

MACBETH ON POSTERS.—"Hang out your Bangers on the outward walls."



CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Julia (reads)—"'A palace lifting to eternal summer
'Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
'Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
'Whose songs should syllable thy name! * * * *
'Dost thou like the picture?'
ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, AUGUSTUS?"

Augustus (Civil Service, but no poet). "OH, UNCOMMONLY! BUT, MY DEAR GAL, YOU KNOW WE SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO DO THAT SORT OF THING ON OUR FIVE HUNDRED A-YEAR!"

. . . .
. . .

SPECULATIVE FLAT-FISHING.

FISHING for flat fish is a profitable employment, but it is not half so lucrative as fishing for flats. There are countless ways in which this occupation is pursued, one of the commonest now being the announcement of a "system" of safe betting upon races, a bait by which no doubt some flats are often caught. Another bait which very frequently is thrown out by the flat-fishers is the prospectus of some bubble company or other, with a letter from a bubble broker, recommending the investment, and offering some shares. For instance, some fine morning the flat finds upon his breakfast-table a business-like big envelope, containing the prospectus of a gold mine in the moon, or some other distant country, and a letter which begins by calling him "Dear Sir," and, after a profusion of apologies for intruding on a stranger with "lengthy printed documents, which might at a first glance seem pressing you to join in a speculation," proceeds to dangle just before his eyes this rather tempting bait:—

"We are not philanthropists in desiring to give away a fortune to others, but we wish to offer you—your name having come across in the way of business—a limited interest in this company, *now that there can be no question of its success*, at a very moderate premium or profit to ourselves, feeling that we shall probably secure in the future thereby a share of your investing favours, to, we hope, our mutual benefit."

Charity begins at home, and philanthropy with business men begins with number one. There is small need to disclaim the possession of such virtues when selling bubble shares, even on such vastly advantageous terms as these:—

"We offer you, subject to a reply within four days only, ten or any less number of the paid-up shares £5 each for £5 10*s.* nett per share. We have no hesitation in saying that these shares are now worth £2 to £3 premium, still less in asserting that within one year from date they will be selling at from £30 to £50 per share."

Promises are made far more easily than profits; and, as fools are rather plentiful and proverbially are easy to be parted from their money, there need be little "hesitation in asserting" that a bubble will increase in value ere it bursts. A rise from £5 10*s.* to £50 can be hardly deemed a "fortune" when restricted to ten shares: but great flats are not seldom caught with very little bait. It may scarcely seem quite business-like to tempt a man into one's office by offering him an investment below the market price: but flats know nothing about business, and any day will walk into a bubble broker's parlour—like the fly into the spider's—if they fancy there is anything which they may gain by going there.

The letter we have quoted pleasantly ends thus:—

"Hoping you are in a position to secure the small interest offered, and that having done so, you will not forget us as your advisers in the matter,

"We are, dear Sir, yours [hieroglyphically] GAMMON and SHARP."

A flat who puts his faith in prospectuses of mines is not likely to "forget" the man who lured him to believe in them. New mines are mostly gambling places opened underground, and only flats and sharpers will have anything to do with them.

AUGMENTATION OF CURATES.

THE newspapers inform us that during the past week important meetings on behalf of the Curates' Augmentation Fund have been held at Ipswich and at Winchester. Is it the object of the Curates' Augmentation Fund to augment the numbers of Curates, or the bodily proportions of every individual Curate to the slenderness of whose means they correspond? The more Curates, perhaps, the better for the neglected classes, if the curators of souls are themselves enabled to keep body and soul comfortably together. This condition implies the physical augmentation of many a Curate whose dimensions are ridiculously smaller than those of an average Rector or Dean. A Curate ought to be augmented to a certain rotundity in order that he may have sufficient weight in the pulpit, and fill it properly.

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SHERIFFS' EXCUSES.

"Yesterday, at the nomination of Sheriffs, in the Court of Exchequer, many gentlemen sought to be excused on various grounds, and a considerable number of memorials, petitions, letters, and medical certificates were handed in."—*Times, November* 18.



THESE "various grounds" of excuse occupied a considerable space in the *Times*, but *Mr. Punch* has good reasons for believing that an irresistible appeal was made to the kind feelings of the Reporter not to publish many more which were adduced. *Mr. Punch*, however, who was present, and wore his gold robes of office, and did his best to follow the Queen's Remembrancer when he administered the oath in Norman French, is fabricated of sterner stuff, and feels constrained by a violent sense of duty to acquaint his county friends with some more of the pleas urged by the commoners of England, in the Court of Exchequer, on the "Morrow of St. Martin."

ENGLAND.

Agriculturalshire.—MR. MARMADUKE MAXIMILIAN HAUGHTISON of Greatswells. Would be glad to be excused serving till 1870, as it is not convenient to him to put his servants into new liveries before that year. Also his grand piano is out of order.

Sandilandshire.—SIR VAVASOUR VIVIAN of Bijou near Edenthorpe. Is newly married. Young wife timid, and objects to his being exposed to any unnecessary risk in these agitating times.

Wessex.—MR. REGINALD RAYMOND OTHO DE ROUNCEVILLE of Quivering St. Aspens. Is particularly sensitive to physical pain, and therefore prays to be excused, because he understands the sheriffs are "pricked," a cruel operation which he thinks HER MAJESTY should be advised to omit. (Medical certificate.)

Stumpshire.—SIR WILLOUGHBY BOWLER BAXTOPPE of Great Over, Bailsmere. Lives but for cricket. Is afraid that the Summer Assizes would interfere with the great match in which he is engaged to play, between the Eleven of the United Kingdom and Twenty-two of Bailsmere and district.

Wesfolk.—MR. PLANTAGENET TUDOR TRESILIAN of Ermengarde Castle. Has just lost one of his carriage horses and finds great difficulty in matching the survivor. If his Shrievalty could be postponed for a year would be willing to give HER MAJESTY'S representatives four piebalds instead of a pair of bays.

Huntingshire.—LANCELOT ALURED EVERINGHAM HAMILTON TAILLEBOIS (commonly called LORD VULPSLEY) of High Breding, near Foxford. Is a Master of Hounds, and cannot possibly spare time to be a Sheriff.

Potentateshire.—MR. COPPERTHWAITE JOBSON TREDDLES of Normanville Abbey, Great Saxondale. Has only recently retired from business as a ship-chandler at Martport, and purchased the Abbey of the last of the FITZ-ONOS. Is, therefore, not yet quite at his ease in County society, and would be glad to have a year's breathing time.

Humberland.—SIR ANNESLEY HUBERT BIPONT of Roxabel. As a man of taste and comfort, with an eye for the artistic and the æsthetic, protests against being obliged to spend several days in the year in the Court House at Briborough, which is, both outside and inside, one of the ugliest and most inconvenient public edifices in the kingdom.

Shopshire.—MR. SYDNEY CONYERS DE WALDO BLATHERWYCKE of The Pleasaunce. So extremely short-sighted that he is confident he should not be able to distinguish a Chief Justice from a Puisne Judge. (Medical certificate handed in to that effect.)

Eastfolk.—MR. BELLINGHAM BARRINGTON BEAUCOURT of Woodbine Grange, near Brinkley. Eldest daughter, LEONORA CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, will be married at the time of the Spring Assizes; youngest, NEA AMY ALICE ADA (the darling, and going out to India for fourteen years at the least) will be similarly circumstanced just as the Summer Assizes commence. If there was a Winter Gaol Delivery in his County could not possibly be present, as he is subject every year, at that time, to an attack of Pheasantitis.

Hareshire.—SIR CAMBRIDGESHIRE ST. LEGER, of Bonvivant Lodge. Can he have a guarantee that the Spring "meeting" will not clash with Newmarket? Ready money not too plentiful.

Trentshire. — MR. PHILIP BLYTHE JOLY of Debonair House, Devonside. Is enlarging his dining-room. It will not be papered and painted ready for the entertainment of the County until after next Summer Assizes.

Woldshire. — SIR HUGH GRANBY ALRINGTON of Yore. Hates fuss, crowds, trumpets, javelin-men, deputy Lieutenant's uniform, church bells, public meetings, badly ventilated courts, great dinners, and county elections.

WALES.

Penillionshire. — MR. HUGH EVANS PRICE THOMAS DAVIES LLOYD LEWIS WYNNE WILLIAMS PHILLIPS of Llamplasgarn-goedilofaw. Called the attention of the Court, by memorial, to the remarkable and unprecedented circumstance that not a single gentleman of the name of JONES had been summoned to serve from any of the Welsh counties.

Eisteddfodshire. — MR. DAVID OWEN REES RICHARDS JENKINS, of Cw, would only consent to serve on the positive understanding that the Judge on Circuit should be a Welshman. If, to the disgrace of England, none of the ancient race are now on the Bench, one to be immediately added.

Mr. Punch could not advise his colleagues, of whom it is only necessary to mention the LORD CHANCELLOR, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and the three Common Law Chiefs, to listen to any of the excuses preferred, except MR. P. B. JOLY'S of Trentshire (as an encouragement to that declining virtue, hospitality), and SIR HUGH GRANBY ALRINGTON'S of Woldshire, with whom he cordially sympathised, being himself the devotee of seclusion, and sequestration from the blare and bustle of the world.

THE SUMMONS TO THE NEW SCHOOL AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

Now gather, little boys,
Fresh from your long vacation—
From your tasks and from your toys,
Your toil or recreation.
Be't like GRANT DUFF from "shinning"
Impartially all round,
Like OSBORNE from broad-grinning,
Or LOWE from sense too sound.

'Tis not the usual meeting
This in November fog,
But a Master waits your greeting,
Who's King Stork and not King Log.
With new brooms to sweep clean, boys,
New birches to swish smartly:
New bounds, new schools, new cribs, new rules,
Gowns partly new, turn'd partly.

No cut-and-dried Whig fossil:
No dead-alive old Tory:
As little of the RUSSELL,
As the STANLEY of old story:
No GLADSTONE, though he mixes
Hues as incongruous quite,
And on Tory bases fixes
His Radical New-light.

Impossible to say, boys,
What there is he mayn't teach you:
Nor the weight of dulness weigh, boys,
Spite of which he mayn't reach you:
In seven years of tuition
He made Radicals of Tories,
All by braving a small scission,
And telling a few stories.

But *one* art is his chiefest boast—
Political gymnastics:
In which he proves himself the most
Elastic of Elastics.
No leap i' the dark will give him pause;
In party Acrobatics,
He at defiance sets all laws
Of Parliamentary statics.

Puts his head where his feet should be,
His feet 'twixt his shirt-collars:
Nor only does this feat, *per se*,
But teaches it his scholars,
Until his pupils in his tracks
All gravity a-spurning,
Upon themselves to turn their backs;
—CASTLEREAGH'S feat—are learning.

MOTTO FOR THE WALRUS. — Not "WILKES and Liberty," but "Whelks and Confinement."



A POST-PRANDIAL HAZARD.

Uncle (Gentleman of the Old School). "'K HERE GEORGSH, THIS-'H WAY I SH' PLAY THIS-'H SHTROKE ! ! "

MIRACLES OF MECHANISM.

THIS is good :—

"I understand that his Holiness has visited the wounded and the prisoners, and has taken so much interest in the events of the day, that he had the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him by a French soldier the other day when he passed through the Popolo gate to the Borghese Villa."

Thus writes the Roman correspondent of the *Post*. Considering whose Vicar the POPE calls himself, and is supposed to be by his spiritual subjects, he must, whilst having the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him by a French soldier, have presented a somewhat edifying spectacle to the faithful bystanders. Fancy the Representative of the Prince of Peace attending with interest to instruction in the mechanism of a breech-loader! So occupied he should have been sketched for an historical picture. The curiosity of the Holy Father, however, is quite intelligible. He knew that the Chassepot rifle had "done wonders" for the temporalities of the Holy See. He naturally wished to know the contrivance by means of which those wonders were wrought. People who are credibly informed of any wonders mostly do. There are those who deny that the age of miracles is past. Certainly the wonders of the Chassepot rifle appear to have been the only sort of miracles of late done for the Papacy. A few years ago we used to hear of others. Certain pictures and statues, for example, winked and made faces. Now, one good turn deserves another. The POPE knows, or at least ought to know, by what machinery the grimaces of those images were occasioned. His Holiness has had the mechanism of the Chassepot rifle explained to him. Will he, in return, be so kind as to explain the mechanism of the winking Madonna of Rimini?

A Man of Two Months.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has been called the Man of December. His friends call him the Elect of the French Nation. On Monday the fourth instant the Elect of the French Nation, by his troops, assisted the POPE'S army to crush the Garibaldians, and thwart the choice of the Italian nation. He has now, then, earned a right to be called also the Man of November.

WHAT books would most appropriately be read while you're eating boiled mackerel? The works of FENEL-ON.

A SAMPLE OF SPIRIT-POETRY.

(*From our Superstitious Correspondent.*)

KNOWING you to be an obstinate disbeliever in Spiritualism, I send you the following specimen of spirit-poetry, in the assurance that it will overcome incredulity as inveterate as even yours is as to the reality of spiritual communications :—

"When spirits guide your trembling souls,
And love flows down incessantly;
Though loud on earth the thunder rolls,
In heaven you 'll rest eternally."

The foregoing extract is part of about five inches and a half of the same kind of verse in the *Spiritual Magazine* for November. I do not quote any more of it, because I think that the half-inch that you will now have read is on the one hand quite as much as you would care to read, and, on the other, quite enough to convince you of its spiritual origin. Its style unmistakeably manifests real and genuine poetical inspiration. The whole of the metre of which it is a taste scooped, as it were, out of a cheese—which you may say, if you like, is not at all the cheese—proceeded from the pencil of a young lady who sits with pencil in hand and paper before her, waiting for spirits to come and work the former, so as to make it versify on the latter. A correspondent of the *Spiritual Magazine*, who sent her pencil's work in a letter to that judicious miscellany, says :—

"I should like to ask any of your readers who may deny the reality of spirit communion (if you have any such) whence these verses come? The lady through whom they were written has sometimes held her pencil for a whole morning without result; and when the influence came it was sudden and decided, and with such results as I have here stated."

This statement is confirmed by the quality of the verses traced by her pencil. They are evidently not those of the Medium. You may say they are. You may assert that they are plainly the produce of mediocrity. This may be a pun, but it is not an argument. I go further. I rank them below mediocrity. I consider the Medium whose pencil wrote them to have been inspired, but not like the Swan of Avon, or your friend in the Isle of Wight. There are degrees of inspiration in quality as well as in quantity, according to the class of spirits whence it comes. The divine WILLIAMS and the illustrious ALFRED wrote under the influence of spirits of the higher spiritual orders. Mediums often write under that of the lower. Thus it was in the case of the one in question. How do I know this? Step into any old churchyard. Read the gravestone poetry. Don't you see that her verses are exactly the same stuff—*farinæ ejusdem*—with "Affliction sore long time he bore," and "A loving husband and a father dear," &c. The fact that this sort of poetry is peculiar to churchyards intimates its derivation from disembodied spirits. They are mostly illiterate spirits, who contribute to their own epitaphs through the medium of the sexton, parish clerk, or stone mason. I maintain that the verses of which I have given you a sample, proceeded from spirits of that description, and I hope you are convinced.

TYNDALL'S *ARS POETICA*.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL is a great man, and his Lectures on Sound are delightful and instructive and suggestive reading. But he says something of which we fail to understand the precise meaning.

The PROFESSOR saith :—

"Music resembles poetry of smooth and perfect rhythm; noise resembles harsh and rumbling prose. *But as the words of prose might by proper arrangement be reduced to poetry, so also by rendering its elements periodic, the uproar of the streets might be converted into the music of the orchestra.*"

Well, we have been trying (with our coat off, in spite of the cold) to get at a proper arrangement by which to reduce the PROFESSOR'S words of prose into poetry. We have done it, certainly. See!—

"But as the words of prose might proper by
Arrangement be reduced to poetry,
So also by rendering its elements periodic
The uproar of the streets might be converted into music."

But really we don't think much of this poetry. It is scarcely better than the poetry of WALT WHITMAN. Will the PROFESSOR reveal to us some better art of arrangement?



COUNTRY-HOUSE STUDIES.

(HABITS OF THE YOUNG LADY VISITORS.)

"A Hair-Brushing." Which means, pretty Dressing-Gowns, and Gossip in each other's Rooms, for any number of Hours, after saying "Good Night!" down-stairs. [*N.B. Only confidential Friends admitted.*

LOWE IDEAS.

My dear Dr. Birch,

I know that, as a rule, you never dream of reading anything more modern than *Horace* or *Herodotus*, still, I dare say you have glanced over the speech on education which Robert Lowe delivered the other day at Edinburgh. I can imagine how sonorously you pish'd and psha'd at him for venting such inanities as this:—

"As mathematics are now studied, they either remain foreign to the mind or the student (committed to his memory, but never incorporated with his understanding and his thoughts), or else they enslave and dominate his mind, so that he is only able to think in abstract formulas, and becomes a useless being, except for the most abstruse calculations."

Moreover, as you went to Oxford, and the classics are your strong point, you doubtless sneered at him still more for being so absurd as to say such stuff as this:—

"Surely if we make languages a part of education, the English language has prior claims to Latin and Greek."

After such rank folly, you were of course prepared to hear him sneer at classic verse-making, the stronghold, we well know, of all our English public schools. A scholastic mind like yours must shrink in horror from a man who thinks that making Latin verses is not the aim and end of a good English education, and who is not ashamed to put forth such rank heresies as this:—

"It is the idea of the pedantic mind that nothing can be good for education, or good for mental discipline, unless it will be utterly useless in future life."

I was for just six years at a public school myself, and cost my father something near two hundred pounds a-year. What I learned there, I do not with much certainty remember, excepting that I knew the paradigm of τύπτω, and, assisted by a Gradus, could write Jambics (as we called them), Hexameters, or Sapphics, with a fair amount of fluency, and also of false quantities, on whatever unsuggestive subject might be set. By dint of constant practice, I could write them far more easily than a letter in plain English, or than I could describe the position of Kamschatka, or discover the solution of a sum in rule of three. Of Greek and Roman history I learned the merest smattering, and of English I knew nothing that a common village school will not teach in a month.

But I learned to be a gentleman, you will of course insist: and for answer I may tell you that, on entering the school, in four-and-twenty hours I had learned to tell a lie, and, thanks to brutal fagging, in six weeks I had learned to become a skilful sneak. If you doubt what the effect of fagging is on small, weak boys, read what Sydney Smith has written in the *Edinburgh Review*; and remember Sydney Smith was a parson like yourself, and equally incapable of telling an untruth.

Fagging, you may tell me, is no part of education; and under proper regulations may check despots of mere muscle, and conduce to the good government and order of a school. But fagging and nonsense verses go hand in hand together, and the champions of the one are the defenders of the other, and that is why I venture to find fault with them both. English mothers now hate fagging, and are more than ever earnest to prevent their boy from being such a tortured little slave as I was when at school. And English fathers are beginning to think with Robert Lowe that something far more useful than the art of nonsense-verse-making should be purchased for their sons for two hundred pounds a-year.

Hoping you and other pedants may learn to see the need of public school reform in the points which I have noted, believe me, my dear Doctor,

Yours sincerely,

Stultus Smith.

Domestic Discourse.

The principal topic of conversation everywhere in the servants' hall just now is what John, Thomas, and Mary call the Butcher's Round Robbing.

A Cheap Bath.—A farthing dip.

THOSE BUTCHERS' BILLS.

THOSE butchers' bills! those butchers' bills!
How many a mind their total fills,
Reflecting, at this costly time,
On loin and leg, on coarse and prime!

Those happy days are passed away,
When sixpence round we used to pay,
And sometimes, if the joint was veal,
A sweetbread graced the closing meal.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Those butchers still will lay it on;
And other bards, with other quills,
Will write about their heavy bills.



A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VI.—MY SENSIBLE FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

I feel, though he has said nothing as yet, that the case is a far more important one than I had at first thought it. I also feel, though I've not the slightest notion of what turn his meditation has taken, that I agree with him so far. Somehow we both take the fire into our confidence. While my Sensible Friend continues silent, I find myself regarding the fire in this manner, steadily, and trying to put my difficulties to myself in several points of view. Gradually other people's names who've nothing at all to do with the subject come into my thoughts, and give rise to ideas which wander and wander away, (I am perfectly aware of it, but I have no inclination to stop them, as I feel that my Sensible Friend is thinking *for* me,) from the matter in hand, until I find myself in the South of France wondering what kind of straw hats the vineyard people wear, and then whether that case of wine I ordered some time ago has arrived, and (imperceptibly) to a promise that I would go with some one next Sunday to hear the service at the Foundling Hospital, until, after visiting America and wondering if any man was ever hung for bird's-nesting, I am reminded by a sudden collapse of coals, that I am still waiting for the opinion of my Sensible Friend.

"Well," he says, nodding at the fire, "it's a very difficult question." I am glad to find that so far he agrees with me, which shows I was right in coming to him for advice.

After a pause he adds, "Very."

It occurs to me, though I am afraid of doing him injustice by admitting the suggestion for an instant, that, either he has not mastered the subject, or his thoughts have been wandering in Foundling Hospitals, America, and the South of France as mine were just now.

I repeat the case substantially. Before I come quite to the end of my recital he says, "Yes, yes, I perfectly understood." (The idea of this man being a donkey or a humbug! Absurd! I've almost a mind to tell LANGSON my Hearty Friend's opinion of him. Stop! Am I getting impatient with him, because he doesn't give me advice in a hurry? No, no. I've come to my Sensible Friend, and I'm going to hear what he's got to say.)

"You see," he says, and I am all attention, for I am sure he has hit the right nail on the head now, "the question is whether your Chief at Head Quarters," how well he masters terms; "Chief at Head Quarters," quite the proper expression; I nod and smile because I feel that he is on the right road to a solution: he continues, "whether your Chief at Head Quarters is cognisant of your friend's conduct, or," here he looks round at me and puts the alternative, "not."

"Just so," I say. He's evidently on the right road, because this is exactly what had already occurred to me; and it's flattering to find that a clever man takes the same view as you do yourself.

"Exactly," he continues, "Ex-actly," and hereupon he rises from his chair, and leaning back against the mantelpiece, looks towards the window. "It's a very difficult matter," he says.

Quite what I'd thought—quite my opinion. Satisfactory this. "It is," I reply, and then, by way of bringing him to the point, though I'm afraid I'm doing it too abruptly, "What do you advise?"

A pause. He raises his eye-brows (great character in his eye-brows) ——*By the way*, there's a notion for a publisher, "On the Eye-Brows of the Ancients," in one volume quarto——and murmurs "well," thoughtfully. Then, shifting his position, he answers, "'Pon my soul, I hardly know *what* to say." I am disappointed, but it shows how correct I was in thinking this case of such great importance, when even a clever sensible man like LANGSON finds a difficulty in advising upon it.

"If," he goes on, slowly, "you had by any overt act offended, or by any dereliction of duty had placed yourself in antagonism to your Chief at Head Quarters, that would be another thing."

I say, "Yes, that, of course, *would* be another thing."

"But it is *not* so," he says positively, as if contradicting some assertion of mine to the contrary. Perhaps I didn't put the case quite clearly.

"Again," he continues, "if you had refused to undertake your usual duty, or had without permission delegated your authority to some one else, your friend GRIGG, for instance—(to GRIGG, heaven forbid!)—then the case would have been different."

I can't help saying, "Of course, it would," with a little irritation in my tone; because it strikes me, though I don't like to put it so rudely to him, he has but been saying that if the case wasn't what it is, it would be, in point of fact, something else.

I should be sorry, really sorry, to think my Sensible Friend a humbug.

I suggest that perhaps he would advise my calling at Head Quarters?

After some deliberation he thinks he *would* advise me to call at Head Quarters, if there was anything to be gained by it, which last proviso upsets me.

I turn it over for ten minutes in my mind, and then ask him whether on the whole it wouldn't be better to leave it alone.

"Well," he says, "I really think, if you 'll take my advice——"

Of course I will; it's what I've come to him for.

"Well then," he says, "I think—after all—you'd better let it be as it is."

This decides me. We shake hands warmly, I tell him I am going away for a holiday before recommencing my inspecting duties. And so I leave my Sensible Friend; only I'm not quite sure if he *is* as sensible as he used to be.

CAPS FOR SINGLE COMBAT.

THE *Figaro Programme* contains the particulars of a duel fought, the other day, near Melun, between M. COVIELLE, a writer in the *Nord*, and M. D'AUNAY, a contributor to the *Figaro*. These gentlemen concurred in attempting to shoot each other in consequence of an article signed by the former of them. At a given signal, COVIELLE let fly, but did not hit his adversary. Then D'AUNAY pulled the trigger, and his pistol missed fire. Whereupon, "M. COVIELLE invited M. D'AUNAY to put on his cap and repeat his shot, but the latter refused, demanding that the duel should recommence." This course, however, the seconds opposed, and withdrew their men. They would have done well to invite both of them to put on their caps, that is to say, caps suitable to the heads of gentlemen willing, for a contemptible provocation, to blow out one another's little brains.

Spiritual Pears.

THE present is a good Pear season. Bishops'-thumbs, in particular, are plentiful and cheap. Can this be owing to the late Pan-Anglican Synod?

A REASON WHY YOUNG LADIES SHOULD AVOID RITUALISM.—It makes them *fast*, and *cross* withal.

"THE RIDERS! THE RIDERS!"



SCENES in the circle of our childhood, here you are again in High Holborn! Here we are re-introduced to the gentlemen in white waistcoats and military trousers who saunter into the ring as though they had just left the dinner-table, smiling at the last "good thing" of *Mr. Merryman*, and encasing their hands in the dear old large white gloves. Here we have the H'less Clown, the banners, the hoops, the horses, the ever-restless band, the long whip, the old jokes, the pretty ladies, and the daring gentlemen. We make acquaintance with new wonders, too, in the form of the NAINS, a couple of eccentric, clerical-looking individuals, who twist and twirl their elastic bodies about in a manner which defies anatomical description; and a gymnast that makes one shudder in spite of his gracefulness.

We congratulate the management on their programme, and give honourable mention that none of the many performances occupy too much time.

"PUT IT DOWN."

You know me, Sir, as the Author of *Typical Developments*, frequently alluded to in these pages. As you are aware, I carry a note-book for the purpose of making mems. for my great work. Admiring friends who, so to speak, hang on my lips, are perpetually saying to me, "You really ought to put that down"—alluding to some trite remark of recent uttering. I refused for some time to comply with these sincere and earnest requests until one morning at breakfast I observed, quaintly, "A good thing, like a bad thing, ought to be put down." I explained (I hate explaining) to my wife (and, above all, to my wife, for whom it is impossible to make allowances) that I used "put down" in a double sense. She supposed, she returned, that I meant sense and non-sense.

My wife sometimes says a good thing, the effect, Sir, of the atmosphere wherein she dwells. This was a good thing; one which even my friends admitted might be put down. The two mems. stand thus:—

1. A note, like a nuisance, ought to be put down at once.
2. Men have five senses: words only two, that is, Sense and Nonsense.

[The effect of seeing this in print will, I fear, make my wife conceited about her intellectual powers. We shall see. This warning voice in brackets is not necessarily for publication. You understand.]

Having hit upon the form, I have consented to give the world what I have "put down;" with such explanations and annotations as from time to time the text may appear to require.

H. T.

What I put down in the Country.—On Eggs.

I.

An egg, like CÆSAR'S wife, should be above suspicion.

II.

Is it probable that the old fowls lay stale eggs, and only the young hens fresh ones?

[*This was put, sarcastically, to my Gardener, who looks after the farm-yard. Every one said, "How good!" So I put it down.*

III.

Eggs resemble roses, being propagated by Layers.

[*Some one on this occasion said I was a bore, so I did not pursue the subject further.*

IV.

A hen cackles when she lays an egg, and so some stranger benefits by her production. *Moral:* Never cackle.

V

A fowl and her eggs are soon parted.

VI.

Eggs are eggs be they never so eggy.

More anon. H. T.

THE COSTERMONGER AMONG THE CORONETS.

AIR—"*The Allegro in the Overture to William Tell.*"

I DEALS in costermongery,
But in my callin' makes no noise;
For 't ain't amongst the hungry
As I cries taturs and savoys.
Some goes a hollerin', squallin', bawlin';
Them 's a lot of low-bred snobs.
Gently, in peace and quiet, diet
I takes round to all the nobs:
Stow your bam and duffery;
To all of your fakements I am fly;
I never wants no puffery:
I 'm a moderate Ax-my-eye!

Now all their things of me they buys,
Cause why, the nateral reason is
That cheap as ever I supplies
What them shopkeepers all has riz
I reskys 'em from the butchy's clutches,
Chargin' far above his due,
Hand from the screwin', doin', jewin'
Fishmongers and grocers, too.
Stow, &c.

At every mansion of a swell,
On which I makes my mornin' call,
I gently knocks, and rings the bell,
And softly pattera, mild and small,
Here 's yer wegetable marrer, sparrer-
Grass, your Brussels sprouts, and kail,
Here 's yer noble lords' and legislators' taturs,
Here 's yer turnips cheap on sale!
Stow, &c.

Yer cabbages and cauliflower,
Yer lettuce, cowcumber, and beet,
And, you as dwells in Beauty's bower,
Here is your inions all so sweet.
Here 's for you as rides in char'ots carrots,
Here 's yer peas and here 's yer beans.
Here 's fit for c'er a feast at Greenwich, spiuni lge,
Suited to the lowest means.
Stow, &c.

Here 's your mutton, beef, and weal,
Prime as never met the eye;
I 'm the cove with which to deal:
What 'll yer honour buy, buy, buy?
Here 's fresh fish, no story, dory,
Skate, soles, salmon, turbot, brill;
Here 's yer cod, mackerel, and mullet, pullet,
Chicken, goose, and here 's cheap BILL!
Stow, &c.

I ham a coster, that is true,
But, since fair profit 's all I win,
Don't cost so much as others do;
So deal with me and save yer tin:
Limitin' great expenses sense is:
Hand my moke-cart you 'll all try,
As soon as you comes to know me, blow me,
I 'm a moderate Ax-my-eye!
Stow, &c.

To Corporation Functionaries.

MUCH has been heard lately of the Aldermen who have passed the chair. The expression is somewhat obscure. Will the Remembrancer, or the Secondary, or the City Marshal, in their leisure moments, inform us what description of chair it is which the Aldermen have passed (a dining-room chair?) why they have passed it, to whom they have passed it, and when the event took place? If the phrase had been the Aldermen who have passed the bottle, the meaning of it would have been as clear as crystal.

IN DR. MAVOR'S spelling-book the juveniles are informed that the flesh of the pig "produces" pork. Ought not the youngsters to be informed at the same time that it "produces" nightmare?



"THE GREY MARE," &c.

Mrs. B. (*taking the reins*). "NO, BROWN, I WILL NOT HAVE THE PONY BACKED! NO! THAT PERSON MUST HAVE SEEN US COME INTO THE LANE FIRST; AND IF THE MAN 'S GOT COMMON POLITENESS——"

Mr. B. "BUT, MY DEAR, WE 'VE ONLY JUST TURNED THE——"

Mrs. B. "I DON'T CARE, BROWN! NO! I WON'T GO BACK, IF I STAY HERE TILL——"

Farmer. "ALL RIGHT, SIR!—I 'LL BACK, SIR. I 'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER *VIXEN* AT HOME, SIR!"

A CASE FOR COMPENSATION.

To MR. PUNCH, ONNOURED SIR,

YOU being a friend of Libbaty and a enemy to hoppression, I ope you 'll say a word for us poor injured innocents, us bookmakers and betting men, and Welchers, as they calls us, which we 're threatened with Extinction, not to mention bankruptcy, by this here new, tyrannical, and hinfimous Street Traffic Hack. Sir, me and my mates, which I hand you in all cornfidence our names, ave been driving for months past a werry tidy little trade, ard by the railway harches close to where the old Fleet prising used formally to occupy. There we congregated daily, and bet upon the Darby, or the Ledger, or Seize Harry Witch, with young coveys as were green enough to trust us with their tin. To make the thing look businesslike, we used to sport a betting book, and make a solum entry of all the sums they anded us, which our system was to grab the cash afore we booked the bet. By offering long hodds we drawed a deal of tin, and that from shop-boys, and such like, as could ardly have the income for to justify their going so to say upon the turf. Whether betting ever tempted 'em to fake a cly, or flash a cheque, or frisk their governor's till, is more than I can say, but as for arf crowns bless you! they could shell 'em out like smoke; and I 've often seen a fiver in the fist of a young feller as couldn't ave been urning more than aix shilling a week.

Well, in course I needn't say that, if the race had gone against us, we made ourselves all jolly scarce when settling day came round, and so we managed to pick up a decent sort of living, you may fancy, when you see what some of us could do:—

"Several responsible bookmakers were to be found there, and some of them have taken as much £600 or £700 per day, in sums varying from 5*s.* to £20."

Not aving the good fortune to be looked on as "responsible," I 've never ad the luck to pot my £700 a day. Still, I 've sometimes pouched my £50, and that 's a tidy swag. But now this blessed Act is down on us, we finds it awful ard to urn a honest fiver, for you 're quodded if you 're nabbed now betting in the streets. To show how some of us is suffering, only look at this:—

"All the bookmakers were 'moved off' on Friday, which ought to be designated 'Good Friday' ever afterwards. Two or three who tried to carry on the game were locked up and convicted in a month's imprisonment, and it amusingly transpired that when searched two of these would-be 'bookmakers' possessed the splendid aum of ninepence halfpenny between them to meet their liabilities."

Having had, unluckily, a taste for gin and bitters, not to mention dry champagne, I haven't put by nothing for to meet a rainy day, and now that, like *Otheller*, my Hockeypation's gone, my pocket is an aching void, and to steal my purse were trash. After living pretty comfortable, and smoking our cigars, and never doing no ard work, it 's hardish lines for us poor Welchers to have to turn apprentice now to learn a honest trade; and, as hours has been destroyed by a brutal Hact of Parliament, the Guvment ought in fairness for to grant us compensation, and I think it highly probable you 'll wish that we may get it. So I beg leave to remain, Sir,

Yours obedient,

A WICTIM.

P.S. There 's been some gushing harticles in sentimental penny papers, saying as something andsome should be guv to the pore costermongers, whose trade have also been destroyed by this here hinfimous new Hack. But them costers have their funded property to realise, their taturs, and their turnips, and their barrers, and their mokes. Whereas a dirty betting book is all *our* stock in trade, nor have we even a good character to serve us in our need.

"STILL WATERS."—Whiskies.



SOONER OR LATER; OR, WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

Lord Fitzpymlico. "YAAS! A REMARKABLY FINE FISH, AND DECIDEDLY CHEAP. GOT ANY OYSTARS?"

Coster. "YES, MY LORD, PRIME NATIVES, A SHILLIN' A DOZEN."

EPICURUS IN THE FIELD OF MARS.

Dear Sir,

As you have privately, and not unhandsomely, apologised for the objectionable remark you appended to my first letter, you receive my second. "Sorry for it, is all a gentleman can say." We are friends, and I prove my friendship by saying that I think you are very fatuous to irritate a valuable — an invaluable—Contributor. Suppose I had transferred my services to the *Christian Observer?*

I left myself about to refresh myself at the Paris Exhibition. As I said, there was plenty of choice in that outside Oval. But I did not see anything that I thought I should like, and I am too old—I mean too wise—to buy anything I don't like merely because a pretty young lady sells it. At last, however, I came to a bar where, beholding a long row of little American eagles in silver, or what looked like it, I concluded that I should find good liquor, and I concluded to try—observe the Anglo-American amalgamation of phrase. Sir, let me make Honourable Mention of that bar. There was brewed and fizzed for me a drink—well, it was a drink. Pineapple, cream, soda water, ice, and several other good things were so artistically blended into one refreshing and delighting draught, that I had a great mind to take another, and that is the highest praise man can bestow. But I refrained, and departed, more than ever convinced that America is a noble country.

Then, Sir, I might have turned into the building, and begun to inspect furiously. An ordinary man would have done so, but, as Ladurlad says when he dives into the water to kill the Beast, "Not like man am I." My thought was that the morning was fine, and that the afternoon might be wet. Therefore, I addressed myself to out-door work while the sun shone. The Ovals have a Park around them, studded with mosques, lighthouses, heavy houses, electric-light houses, and other edifices, Egyptian, Japanese, Italian, Albertine, Mexican, Henry Coline, Chinese—and a dozen more. Into most you went for your original franc, but you were done at the gates of the best—in fact I may say, once for all, to the honour of the French nation, that no device by which half a franc extra could be screwed out of their visitors, was neglected. I remember no shows at our Exhibitions for which people were asked an extra sixpence—we shall know better in 1878. None of these copies were fit to be named on the same day with the courts in the Crystal Palace, but we must not be too hard upon foreigners.

England came out well in the Park. Specially splendid was her display of big cannons and all that belongs to such toys. I was pleased to see that the French glared angrily and enviously at these monstratious guns. I was pleased to notice the eager delight of a lot of English boys, from some school in Paris, who came rushing through this part of the show, every lad explaining everything to every other, and all at once. They looked clean, and fresh, and boy-like, and were not pretending to be little men who knew everything, like Parisian lads, who by the way do know a precious deal more than they ought. I suppose that is why grown-up Frenchmen are so ignorant. But as I have said, we must not be too hard upon foreigners.

There was also a Reserved Garden, which charged half a franc more for abandoning its reserve, in your favour. It struck me as not only reserved, but rather sulky. There was a particularly stagnant serpentine gutter in it, meant for a stream, only it did not flow, and wanted attention from the Board of Health. But there were two good things in this garden. One was a large aquarium, in which were many good fish, and a vast carp from Fontainebleau, said to be a hundred or a thousand years old, I forget which, and one as likely as the other. Also, there was a lovely sort of kiosk, which had been furnished much as I should have done it myself, that is, divinely, for the Empress. Here I had luck. My companion had a pass which took us in. I was glad to look at the pretty inside, but that was nothing. The pleasure was to see hundreds outside shoving and pushing and flattening their ugly noses against the windows, and to stalk haughtily out among them, and be asked why you obtained entrance, and to answer loftily, but in the purest French, "*Parseker, Mossoo, je swee un journalist dangletare, ay un redacleur de* Mossoo Punch *de Londre.*"

I do not wish to disparage the French intellect. Some Gauls have done clever things, though the world won't be humbugged into believing that Pascal taught Newton, or that Napoleon licked Wellington. But I must say what I saw. There were many objects of interest outside the Ovals, but the greatest crowd stood about a two-penny invention that twirled round and squirted water. The effect was a good deal less than that which is produced by one of my own gardeners when he waters one of my flower-beds with a hose, but it enchanted hundreds. Happy is the ruler of a nation that can be so easily amused. A lady who has lived many years in Paris looked with finer but less indulgent eyes at this display, and said, "All Frenchmen are great babies." "I hope they will never be weaned," was my philanthropic response.

In the aquarium I saw some prawns, alive, and they reminded me that the sight of some dead ones might not be amiss. You will easily catch the clue to the train of thought to which this led me. But I felt that I was in Paris for a duty, and duty I seldom neglect when I cannot get anybody else to do it for me. You wished me to see the Exhibition, and in I went. I make no boast of having done your errand, but it is right to record that I did it. But I did not want to go in. I would much have preferred going to a Café, and ordering my dinner, and lounging on the Boulevards until it should be ready.

By cutting across the Ovals, you saw segments thereof right and left, and noticed that there were many articles on view. Pushing onward, not to be distracted with too many things at once, you reach a little garden, which is the centre of the Exhibition. And, my dear Sir, the heart of this garden, the centre of all these monster rings, which made you feel as if you had got into Saturn, was a little money-changing office. I liked this cynicism. It was frank. How much better to be truthful, and stick up that tiny temple to Mammon, the god of the show, than to stick there a statue of Universal Brotherhood, or of Peace waving an olive branch. I took a liking to this little garden, and immediately sat down and smoked. Promptly was I darted upon for payment for my chair. I paid, and the estimable person who watched the chairs then tried to get payment out of my friend, who had not taken a chair at all. He spoke French fluently, and his ironical reprimand actually brought colour to her cheek. We established the fact that one French person can blush.

There were, however, statues in this garden, and plenty of them, and mostly what we call undraped, which is a faint word when speaking of French art. It does manage to make so very much of the fact that a figure wears no clothes. That's all I mean to say on a subject on which one can't help saying something, seeing that the fact I have mentioned was forced upon your eyes at the Show and all over Paris.

By going out at the opposite end of the garden, and cutting across the Ovals on the further side, you saw more segments and more articles. And this bold and skilful manœuvre I performed with much precision, turning aside neither to the right nor to the left, but walking straight out at the other gate of the Park. I fulfilled your wish, and saw the Exhibition. To have examined it in detail would have occupied me seven months, and I had only about five-and-twenty minutes, and I had scarcely emerged when I heard a vast bell tolling violently. Remembering that I was a Protestant in Paris, I began to think of St. Bartholomew, and prepare to resign my theological convictions at the shortest notice. But the sound was not from St. Germain L'Auxerrois, but from the Exhibition itself, and was the death-knell of the Show. The only connection with St. Bartholomew was in the appearance of the larger Oval, where, art and science not being enough for the Parisian grown-up Baby, he was regaled with the Chinese Giant, the Decapitated Head (how do you decapitate a head?) and several other shows which we look for in a Fair.

Such, Sir, is a full and elaborate report of the contents of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It is delightful to think that England has not only covered herself with glory by what she showed—triumphant in all departments save those of art and luxe—but by having paid in three distinct ways towards the affair—by her Parliamentary subsidy—by great injury to her own neglected watering-places—and by the hideous extortion to which her children were individually submitted. But I have no complaint of that last kind, and you will be glad to hear that my labours in your cause were singularly requited. A Christian friend—a noble Scot—invited me to dine at the Café Riche, as a conclusion to my visit. The dinner was worthy of the donor and the guest. It is yours, Sir, to thank the former as he deserves. From circumstances, the latter was, I believe, unable to do so.

Yours respectfully,

Epicurus Rotundus.

A BUTCHERLY BATTUE.

Thanks to universal trespassing, game is sadly scarce in France. Still, in some places there must be a tolerable supply of it, to judge by what the Emperor of Austria the other day was able to bag at Compiègne:—"Breakfast was served in the forest, under a temporary shed, and at the close of the day 4,500 head of game had been brought down, the Kaiser being credited with the death of 600."

A French breakfast is usually served about mid-day, and probably the shooting ceased at four o'clock. So, the Kaiser had three hours, or less, for killing his 600 head, and must have bagged them at the rate of three or four a minute, as fast as a crack shot could slaughter pigeons from a trap. As he probably missed twice for every time he killed, he must have banged away well nigh 2000 shots in the three hours, and we hope he liked the headache which deservedly was earned by such a butcherly day's sport.

A Simple Question.—(*In the Olympic Playbills.*)—"The Way to Get Married, If I had a Thousand a Year?"—By holding up my finger. (*We are surprised that* Mr. Webster *should think it worth while to make the inquiry.*)

Doing as Rome Does.—Occupying oneself.

HUNTING THE RABBIT A LA FRANCAISE.



MONSIEUR BLAGUE DESIRES LA CHASSE.



THE DEVOTED LAPINS HOLD A COUNCIL.



THE RESULT OF THEIR DELIBERATION



MONSIEUR BLAGUE RETURNS FROM LA CHASSE.



HINT TO NEAR-SIGHTED OFFICERS.

Beware of Short-cuts across the Drying Grounds, when late for Parade, especially if in your hurry you Forget your Eye-Glass !

ROME'S LAST PAGEANT, NOVEMBER, 1867.

"Yesterday the entire City went out of Porta Pia in carriages and on foot to greet the captives, and were met by a long train of the wounded. * * * The melancholy procession was watched by 40,000 spectators. * * * But the vast crowd preserved an unbroken silence, only uncovering to the Garibaldians."—*Pall Mall Gazette, November* 12, 1867.

Open thy gates, O Rome, to those that come,—
  Open thy gates and let the vanquished in.
Thus—with no measured sound of fife and drum—
  Thus—with no ransomed people's joyous din,
Silently meet thy conquered children, Rome!
This is their welcome to their ancient home!

To Porta Pia, down the paven road,
  Go forth the crowds to meet the dreary train,—
Wearily drag the waggons with their load
  From the bright hills across the dusty plain;
Those hills from whence *they* watched St. Peter's dome,
And dreamed, that they were waited for in Rome.

And Rome waits for them.—By the long, dead walls,
  Where hides Torlonia's Villa with its state,
From where the water in the Piazza falls
  To the low cypress by St. Agnes gate
Romans, by tens of thousands, watch to-day,
And crowd the stones of the Nomentan way.

Poor was the victory—little is the show—
  Lo! Rome's deliverers—wounded beggar-boys!
When Romans, richer, older, wiser grow,
  They think of winter-trading and the joys
Of piled polenta. Let the Pope remain—
And let his subjects make their righteous gain!

Yet there is something stirring in their heart
  For those who fought to conquer or to die.
No cheers. French bayonets are not far apart,—
  Yet, as the moaning freights go slowly by
Each head uncovers. So they enter Rome—
Their prize erewhile—their prison now—their home.]

Dishonoured City! Glory of the Past!
  Shame of the present—is there left to thee
A Future? Will thy chains be ever cast?
  Thy priests, God's servants? and thy people free?
And will thy children ever learn to fear
That King alone, whose Kingdom is not here?

Hopeless our hope! Thy lowest fall is now;
  Shrine of long memories, happy are thy dead.
Bleat are the wounded captives lying low—
  But thou art fallen—thy earthly light is fled.
"Ilicet." All that made thee great is gone—
Our only reverence is for earth and stone.

If thou art desert in the future times
  If daisies in the Doria's palace grow;
If ivy round thy Raphael's Loggie climbs,
  Thou wilt be better, nobler, then than now.
A marble cumbered plain—a ruined Dome—
That is the only Freedom left for Rome.

A Great Utterance.

Mr. Lowe's Edinburgh speech on Education, blazing with common sense, and far more amusing than many a piece at the theatres, is now published. Everybody should buy the pamphlet: it is well worth a "Bob." Mr. Lowe will of course be our first Secretary of State for Education, when the time arrives for Public Instruction to have a Minister all to itself, with a seat in the Cabinet, to which position there are even now people who think it has almost as good a claim as the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the Custody of the Privy Seal.

What Next?—A man, otherwise an excellent fellow, was cruel enough the other day, in our presence, to take a lady's face to pieces.

FANCIES FOR THE FLEET;

OR, "BLUE SPIRITS AND *GRAY*."

MR. THOMAS GRAY, head of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, with a view to assisting such memories of nautical men as do "run to the contrary," has composed a few simple touching verses for the use of steamers, and has issued them in thousands, by the hands of the Admiralty Publishers, with the approval of Authority, to the various custom-houses and outposts, and these new GRAY'S *Poems* are, we believe, to become part of the course of instruction given to naval youths in our training-ships.

MR. GRAY has doubtless already told everything on this subject to the Marines, and therefore it does but remain with Rare-Admiral *Punch* to put before the general public these precious rhythmical instructions, upon which henceforth will depend the safety of our adventurous fellow-countrymen, who, before they give up sitting "at home at ease," will do well to devote some little time to "thinking upon the dangers of the seas."

MR. GRAY'S verses should be sung by CAPTAIN CROSSTREE, R.N.; or in another form these Naval Notions would form a charming companion to CLOSE'S *Lyrics*, with a frontispiece of the Ancient (Gray) Marine stopping some of the boys going up the side of a training-ship, and teaching them the Rhyming Rule of the Road. Here are the Rules, *permisio superiorum*:

"*Two Steam Ships meeting.*

Meeting Steamers do not dread
When you see three Lights ahead—
Port your helm, and show your RED."

But supposing the Captain who learns this by rote (going, poor fellow, into the pap-boat and nursery rhyme stage once more) should possess a good ear for rhythm, it might strike him that "go to bed" was the finish of the third line instead of "Show your Red." Or again, if the Skipper be an uneducated man, or one whose habit of "h" dropping has never been overcome, the three words "Show your Red" would sound to him like "Show your 'ead."

GREEN to GREEN—or, RED to RED—
Perfect safety—Go ahead!"

To which might be added,

If you 're smashed, what *can* be said?

"*Two Steam Ships crossing.*

Note.—This is the position of greatest danger: there is nothing for it but good look-out, caution and judgment.

ART. 14 of the Regulations is as follows:—If two Ships under Steam are crossing so as to involve risk of collision, the Ship which has the other on her own Starboard Side shall keep out of the way of the other. This Rule may be remembered by the following rhyme:—

If to starboard RED appear,
'Tis your duty to keep clear;
Act as judgment says is proper:—
Port—or Starboard—Back—or, Stop her!

But when upon your Port is seen
A Steamer's Starboard light of GREEN,
There 's not so much for you to do,
The GREEN light must keep clear of you."

But why wasn't the prefatial note put into verse, MR. GRAY? His ear must have been struck by the note—

Ships to cross; which to budge meant?
Wanted caution, look out, judgment.

Of course this is not equal to anything of MR. GRAY'S, and is only intended as a humble suggestion.

The simplicity of Rule No. 3 is delightful. "If to starboard Red appear, 'tis your duty to keep clear," *i.e.* to keep your head clear: no six bells and grog. But the third line shows us that after all no rule is of any use. "Act as *judgment* says is proper," *i.e.* the skipper's judgment: unless, indeed, it refers to some legal decision in the Admiralty Courts. But this is not in keeping with the simplicity of Rule No. 3, or of MR. GRAY in general. The next stanza is playful: the Poet is about to tell you what *your* conduct is to be when you see a Green light on your Port; but in the third line he artistically excites your curiosity by saying, "There 's not so much for you to do," that is, as in other cases, and in the fourth line he shows you, with an intense appreciation of his own humour, that *you've* in fact got nothing at all to do in this event, and that this instruction has, for any practical purpose, as much to do with the *Rule of the Road* at sea as with the tip of NELSON'S cocked hat on the Trafalgar Square monument.

General Caution.

Both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good look out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her!—Stop her!—Turn astern!"

This might be called GRAY'S Puzzle for Middies at Christmas, or perhaps it is a riddle only to be solved by a Sailing Ship and a Steam Ship coming into collision.

The first couplet might be rendered—

Both in doubt or in safety,
Always mind your weather eye.

Then comes the riddle, "If you have no room to *turn*." Well what do you then? Why you don't turn is the natural answer. Yes, but that 's *not* the answer; it is, "Ease her! Stop her! *Turn* astern!" So you *do* turn after all. Let us make a triplet of it:—

If you have no room to turn,
Ease her! Stop her! Turn astern!
What I mean you 'd better learn.

Mr. Punch may return to this subject.

"UNDER A CLOUD."

"Whatever may have been the luck of those more fortunately situated, it may very safely be said that no Londoner saw the star shower which occurred, or did not occur yesterday morning. The early part of the night was clear, but towards daybreak the sky became densely clouded, and just when the meteors were expected a London fog came up and obscured everything."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

IN the regions of sport and of money,
In the circles of East-end and West,
In the haunts where they eat up the honey,
In the holes where the bees never rest;
On the turf, where "the plungers" go croppers,
In the ring, where the bookmaker 's loud,
Snobs and swells, county magnates, clod-hoppers,
All alike have passed "under a cloud."

The meteors of flash financiering,
For whom, till "Black Friday" brought smash,
The flat-fish still hookwards kept steering,
And whose bills were as current as cash;
Who no bubble could blow but it floated,
Set no bait but it nobbled its crowd,
Like their shares, at a discount are quoted,
Like their stock, have gone "under a cloud."

The old party-cries, party-colours,
Which for ages braved battle and breeze,
While for handles they served the wire-pullers,
And the place-men for Treasury keys,
In the chaos and clash of last Session
Mixed, muddled, transformed, disallowed,
Leave DIZZY the man in possession
And public men "under a cloud."

What with Poor-Law-Board *laches*, misfeasance,
And Union-Infirmary hells,
Where truth seems the blackest of treasons
To Inspectors without sights or smells:
What with War-Office muddles and meddles,
Curragh-wrens, soldiers' wives, crying loud,
Abyssinian mules, guns, and saddles,
Red-tapeism is "under a cloud."

'Twixt Papist and Protestant quarrel,
Orange MURPHYS and CULLEN & Co.,
With Nemesis pointing the moral
Of ascendancy-ruled Long-ago—
'Twixt squireens, squatters, blarney, and bottle,
Tenant-right, landlords'-wrong, fields unploughed,
With Fenian pikes at her throttle—
Poor Ireland is "under a cloud."

With Trades' Union BROADHEADS arranging
For shooting black sheep in their beds,
And feuds internecine estranging
The hard hands of toil from its heads;
Her orders transferred to her neighbours,
Her credit by fraud crush'd and cow'd,
Spite of iron and coal for her labours,
Old England seems "under a cloud."

Then what wonder the star-showers should follow
The example they find all about;
And, like other things gassy and hollow,
Fail with last year's *éclat* to come out?
If the meteors due in November
In fog their brief glories enshroud,
And like much that once bright we remember,
Confess themselves "under a cloud"?

A SEAT IN THE CABINET.—One of the Forms of State.



AWFUL TO THINK OF!

Affectionate Wife. "OH, WILLIAM, DID YOU SEE THIS IN THE PAPER ABOUT THESE FENIANS? THEY THREATEN TO SACRIFICE ALL 'THE PROMINENT ENGLISHMEN!' NOW, DO KEEP INDOORS, FOR THINK HOW PROMINENT *YOU* ARE!"

IMPROVEMENT AT THE HOME OFFICE.

THE Home Office, as represented by MR. GATHORNE HARDY, may be said to be looking up in comparison with what it did when MR. WALPOLE blubbered over BEALES. Or rather perhaps we ought to say that it is now looking down on the partisans of traitors and murderers. It has at any rate treated them with contempt. MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, in his *Shooting Niagara: and After?* had occasion to observe that:—

"BEALES and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home Secretary WALPOLE (representing England's Majesty) listens to a COLONEL DICKSON talking of 'barricades,' 'improvised pikes,' &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary, to be kicked down-stairs, with orders never to return in case of worse; * * *"

The newspapers, however, told us, one fine morning last week, that the day before, a deputation from a meeting which had been held on Clerkenwell Green, having attended at the Home Office for the purpose of presenting a memorial to the HOME SECRETARY, praying that the lives of the condemned Fenians at Manchester might be spared, was, if not conducted down-stairs, at least ordered by an attendant to be off, and obliged to go. And, with particular respect to the gallant officer named by MR. CARLYLE, we are informed by one journal that:—

"LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DICKSON and five or six other persons arrived at the Home Office at two o'clock, and were informed that MR. HARDY would not be able to receive them. They then left."

This is satisfactory. The necessity of conducting a sometime officer of the British Army down-stairs would have been deplorable. That of kicking him down would have cost muscular exertion, more deplorable still. COLONEL DICKSON and his associates did wisely to leave the Home Office when they were told. The gallant Colonel had doubtless read what MR. CARLYLE had written as to the possible necessity of ejecting him at the tip of the toe. He spared MR. HARDY the need of having that done. For the sake of the honour of Her Majesty's Service, in which COLONEL DICKSON once held a commission, everybody must be glad that his prudence has saved it from the scandal of an indignity which persistent indiscretion might have brought upon the model of a loyal officer and gentleman.

THE BEST POSSESSION.—Self-Possession.

JUSTICE'S TWO SCALES.

"Two respectably-connected youths—AUGUSTUS HIGGS, aged nine, and WILLIAM GREENWOOD, aged thirteen—convicted of stealing from the stalls of the Crystal Palace, and remanded in order that their medical attendant might prove they were afflicted with 'epileptical kleptomania,' were yesterday again brought up before MR. ELLIOTT, at Lambeth, when some medical evidence appears to have been given as to the nature of this strange malady. All we can gather from the newspaper report is, that one of the boys was subject to fits, but we are still left in the dark as to the connection between epilepsy and kleptomania. MR. ELLIOTT said he felt a difficulty in disposing of the case on account of the youth of the boys, that he was bound to deal with them as if they had been common little boys not respectably connected, and then dismissed them with an admonition."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 21.

WHEN dirty little boys
Are detected frisking tills,
Or boning saveloys
From pork-shop window-sills,

Or from Covent Garden baskets
When poverty steals apples,
Does Justice ever ask its
Antecedents, ere it grapples

The offender by the throat,
And to the beak straight drags him,
Who hears, and takes his note,
And for the due term "lags" him.

He has taken and been taken—
The abandoned little urchin!—
How should he save his bacon,
From prison, and a birchin'?

But when nice little boys,
"Respectably connected,"
Stealing Crystal Palace toys,
Are unhappily detected,

Their medical adviser,
Is called to prove *insania;*
Or—as larger words look wiser—
"Epileptic kleptomania."

Which though put in as buffer
'Twixt prigs and beaks' stern dealing,
Means that the young rogues suffer
From dangerous FITS—of stealing.

Then MR. ELLIOTT ponders
The case with deep heart-searchin's;
"What *can* I do," he wonders,
"With such '*respectable*' urchins?—

"Besides, an 'epileptic
Kleptomaniac' set scourge *on!*
Where's the unfeeling sceptic
Such cruelty would urge on?

"To quod send children, bless 'em,
Of respectable position?
Impossible—dismiss 'em,
Both with an admonition!"

Respectability, really,
Sin in the dock thou shrivest,
Through Justice's pike freely
While thus thy Gig thou drivest.

Crime itself, in thy livery,
May take its fling *cum veniâ;*
What in the pauper 's thievery,
In thee is "kleptomania."

Learn, each justice of the peace,
From ELLIOTT'S meanders,
That sauce for ill-dressed geese
Isn't sauce for well-dressed ganders.

Members and Marked Men.

THERE are certain gentlemen (so-called) of whom it is safe to predict that, in the event of any rebellion, their names will figure in any petition or debate that may give them an opportunity of showing sympathy with the rebels. Every constituent who is not a traitor would do well to consider whether any one of that lot is a fit and proper person to represent him in Parliament.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OTHER THEODORE, King of Abyssinia, who, himself a savage, has made the British Parliament savage also, for it has had to assemble at an unwonted time, in order to provide the means of castigating His Majesty. So, on

Tuesday, November 19th, 1867, commenced the ABYSSINIAN SESSION.

Our QUEEN, with a gracious apology for calling us together at an unusual time (*Mr. Punch* begs that his Sovereign will not mention it—what does he live for but to do her service?) caused the following Remarks to be made, *viâ* LORD CHELMSFORD:—

1. An expedition for the purpose of obtaining the liberation of several of the QUEEN'S subjects, now THEODORE'S captives, has been sent out—and for that purpose alone.

[Well remarked, LORD STANLEY. The last words mean that you have no intention of annexing Abyssinia, or of making a present of it to Egypt. But if anything happens to the captives, we presume that "alone" will be held to mean the hanging of the ferocious king.]

2. All powers express friendly feelings towards us, and there is no reason to apprehend the disturbance of the general peace.

[Is not this second statement a glorious proof of the advance of civilisation? After 1866 years of Christianity, we just venture to say that there is no immediate dread that the great Christian nations are anxious to be cutting throats. Hooray!]

3. Italian volunteers, without authority from their own Sovereign, have attacked the POPE, and have been beaten by the French. It is hoped that NAPOLEON, by speedily withdrawing his soldiers, now not wanted in Italy, will "remove any possible ground" of misunderstanding between himself and VICTOR-EMMANUEL.

[Beckon them to a more removed ground, in fact. They have made ghosts enough. This paragraph is highly proper. England practises non-interference with the domestic affairs of other nations, and has a right to preach it. Her own fight with the first NAPOLEON is not to the purpose, as NAPOLEON, of whom PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH well says, that there is no Viler Name in history, was a pestilence, and therefore an enemy of the whole human race.]

4. The treasonable conspiracy called Fenianism, repressed in Ireland, has assumed in England the form of organised violence and assassination. These outrages require to be rigorously put down.

[Most true, your Majesty, and your loyal subjects rely upon the vigour of the Government. The example which it was unhappily necessary to make at Manchester on Saturday last, when three Fenian murderers died for slaying a constable in the discharge of his duty, was made with the approval of all classes worthy of consideration.]

5. The Estimates will in due course, and so on.

[Madam, nothing can be done without money. While MR. DISRAELI is taxing, couldn't a penny stamp be enacted for Photographic Portraits? The revenue arising from the sale of *Mr. Punch's* alone, would pay for the Abyssinian Expedition.]

6. Irish and Scottish Reform Bills.

[*Mr. Punch* foresees some dreary material for the Essence, but he will do his best, and not even *Mr. Punch* can do more. But, O'Boo darling, bonnie McWhusky, life is short, don't make speeches long.]

7. The English Electoral Boundaries Commissioners have been hard at work, and we shall have their Report as soon as possible.

[The Boundaring Brothers have been out in pairs, a lawyer and a soldier together, starring all over the country. They must have had some fun with the local folk, who have tried to humbug them awfully. But we fancy an officer of Engineers and a barrister ought to be a match for most.]

8. We are to have a Bill for the prevention of bribery and corruption.

[We almost fancy we have heard something like this before. Does the Bill re-enact the pillory for the bribed, and will the Law ask the briber to lend her his ears?]

9. And the Public Schools Bill again.

[Will MR. BOB LOWE do *Mr. Punch* the great favour to appoint a day for delivering to the House of Commons the thundering good speech which he made at Edinburgh, on Education. Meantime, let anybody with fourteenpence send thirteen of them to MESSRS. EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS, Auld Reekie, N.B., for the author's edition.]

10. The general question of the Education of the People requires our most serious attention.

[Rather. To adopt one of the wisest and most brilliant things ever said (of course it was in *Punch*) Educate the Masses, or they will educate you in a school that gives no holidays.]

11. Measures will be submitted for the benefit of the Mercantile Marine.

[Who is he? We never heard of him, but if he is as gallant a fellow as his namesake in the Queen's service, (to whom one is always referred when one wants a simple-minded listener) we shall rejoice in anything that does him good.]

12. We are to relieve the Home Cattle Trade from vexatious restrictions, and to facilitate the introduction of Foreign Cattle.

[The latter shall be welcome, down to the poor Papal Bull, for men must laugh, as well as eat.]

13. Measures for the Amendment of the Law will be submitted.

[Uncommonly general, but there is unlimited room for indefinite improvement in every department of the law.]

14. Other questions, apparently calling for legislative action, have been referred to Commissioners, whose reports shall be presented.

[Whose English is "apparently calling"? Not the QUEEN'S. Apparent means visible to the eye, which we do not think a call is, unless it is a cat-call. The promise refers to Ritualism, *inter alia*, we suppose. Certainly that is visible to the eye, whence its professors may be called the Eye Church.]

15. The usual proper and pious paragraph.

[To which *Mr. Punch* heartily responds "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!"]

In the Senate, the Address was moved by the new EARL BROWNLOW, lately the HON. ADELBERT WELLINGTON BROWNLOW-CUST, of the British Grenadiers; and seconded by the first LORD HYLTON, who was created last year out of SIR WILLIAM GEORGE HYLTON-JOLLIFFE. The EARL RUSSELL said that both had done their work with great judgment and propriety: so we hope they are happy.

That Earl himself then proceeded to comment on the Speech. It was proper to summon Parliament. THEODORE'S conduct was outrageous, and a case of war had been made out. He hoped that due judgment had been used as to the best means of waging it. Was sorry that an expedition had been sent to Rome in order to test the Chassepot Rifle. The EMPEROR had violated international law. A Conference would be useless unless the POPE and the KING OF ITALY agreed to submit. Were we going into one? Are the Scotch and Irish Reform Bills to be two more Leaps in the Dark? He should submit his own views about Education.

LORD HARDWICKE said that much clap-trap was talked about Education. All the working-man wanted was to read and write, so that he might read his Bible, and begin to understand the principles of his religion. The gallant Admiral evidently thinks that England is a Quarter-deck, on which he can give orders. Also, taking his view, what is the use of the writing? unless he means that the working-man is to write to his bishop, requesting theological light.

LORD CARNARVON was not sure that there was no other course open than fighting THEODORE. We might have dazzled him with an Indian officer and an escort.

LORD HOUGHTON did not see evidence that the Romans now thought strongly that Rome ought to be the Italian capital.

The EARL OF DERBY, Premier, explained fully and regretted duly the Abyssinian necessity. Parliament had received the earliest possible intimation. The extra-Indian expenses will be borne by the Imperial Revenue. Abyssinia is 160 miles from the Red Sea. [We have acquired that knowledge, at all events, by the war.] The EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S sentiments agree with the QUEEN'S. We have neither consented nor declined to attend a Conference, but it will be a waste of diplomatic time if His Holiness and His Majesty will not submit. But for the Catholic Bishops, the question of Irish Education would long have been settled, and the late LORD ROSSE [a word of honour to the memory of the maker of the grandest of telescopes] would have been at the head of a commission for the purpose. Address agreed to.

In the House of Representatives whatever inclination there might have been to attack the Government was dispelled by affliction in the house of MR. DISRAELI. As was certain, MR. GLADSTONE'S reference to this was of the most delicate character, and was becomingly acknowledged. MR. GLADSTONE reserved opinions, and MR. DISRAELI gave fitting assurances. MR. HORSMAN and LORD STANLEY fenced over Italy, and some Catholics and Protestants contradicted one another about the Garibaldi business. But the opening evening, here, was a flat one, and over before VIII.

Wednesday. Nothing worth note, except an anti-Garibaldian speech from MR. MAGUIRE, who exultingly declared that the Church of Rome was multiplying and increasing in America. LORD STANLEY quietly replied that the staunchest Protestant would not object to her occupying in Italy the same position as she holds in the United States.

Thursday. MR. MAGUIRE (not the gentleman last mentioned, but the

one who was convicted and pardoned) has been received back into the Royal Navy. (*Cheers.*) MR. MAGUIRE, M.P., made an appeal to Government to spare the lives of the other convicts, and a debate ensued, of which it may be enough to say that SIR P. O'BRIEN and MR. FAWCETT supported him, and that SERJEANT GASELEE and SIR C. O'LOGHLEN were for further inquiry into a legal objection which JUDGE BLACKBURN had pronounced to be "monstrous," that MR. HARDY (*cheered*) declined to call on the Judges to review the judgment, that MR. GLADSTONE approved this refusal, and that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL confirmed the statement that to demand such review would be illegal. No verbal answer was given by the Government as to the carrying out of the sentences, but SHORE was reprieved, on the ground that he was not proved to have been armed.

MR. HARDY has taken compassion on the poor Costermonger. He is not to be annihilated. This is well.

Friday. LORD PORTMAN attacked the BISHOP OF SALISBURY for Popish doctrines in his late Charge. The BISHOP allowed that he was a High Churchman, but pleaded that he was most tolerant, and added that there was less Ritualism in his diocese than in any other.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN MANNERS (is reported to have) said that the water in the Regent's Park lake had been drained off. Not a drop has been removed, and there must be a mistake somewhere. We went and looked on *Saturday*. "What are you about, JOHN?"



NEXT HIDEOUS "SENSATION CHIGNON."

COUNTY COURT DRESS.

AMONG the comic news of last week, as reported by several contemporaries, you will have read with pleasure, I am sure, *Mr. Punch*, the statement that:—

"At the last sitting of the Tonbridge County Court the Judge, MR. J. J. LONSDALE, made the following observations: 'In consequence of several parties having business in the Court coming in their working apparel, he wished to state that all persons who came to that Court, which was the Queen's Court, should be properly dressed, and not in their working clothes . . . Very frequently people came to the County Court just as if they had been fetched out of the street to a Police Court. It was very disrespectful to himself, and very annoying to a well-dressed person to sit beside a miller or a baker who was in his working clothes. He certainly should be very strict in this matter in future, and should most decidedly disallow any person's expenses who came to the Court dressed in a manner which he considered was disrespectful to himself and the Court."

You know, Sir, what a Court Dress is. It has, I think, been described in your columns as the uniform of an embroidered Quaker. So much for a Court Dress, if you please, but what is a County Court Dress? The same, one would think, in the view of MR. LONSDALE, "He wished to state that all persons who came to that Court, which was the Queen's Court, should be properly dressed." In Queen's Court dress, then? In laced chocolate collarless coats, flowered waistcoats, satin shorts, silk stockings, and buckled shoes? Should they also wear swords? Morning costume is an indefinite expression, and may be logically held to include working clothes. Does MR. LONSDALE expect all suitors and witnesses in attendance at his Court to be dressed as for an evening party? Are white ties *de rigueur?* Must the ladies leave their bonnets and *fanchons* outside, and appear with low dresses? Must they also wear feathers? Will the local journal that reports the Tonbridge County Court publish a list of the suitresses' dresses? There is one class of persons on whom at any rate MR. LONSDALE can hardly intend to impose the impossibility of full dress, Court or plain evening. He acknowledged that:—

"Of course, if parties had no best clothes to put on, they were to be pitied."

These parties to a suit would of course be utterly unable to attire themselves in the suits proper for evening parties. In their case MR. LONSDALE may perhaps be willing to admit the relaxation allowed at the Opera in the after-season. "Reatrictions to evening dress not enforced." A working dress ought not to put a miller out of court if he has no other, and the same may be said of a chimney-sweep, but a wide berth should be given to them, and it would be well for both their sakes to keep them asunder. Believe me, dear *Mr. Punch*, a considerate,

BEAU NASH.

FANCIES FOR THE FLEET.

MR. PUNCH sees in MR. ASSISTANT-SECRETARY GRAY'S new idea a vast poetical system, not to be confined to naval instruction, but to be carried into our Military Schools, our Classical Colleges, our Universities, and our Public and Private Seminaries. Beginning with the nursery we would have it thus, *e. g.*:—

What do you say?
First letter A.
Oh yes, I see,
Second is B.
(*Then laughing.*) He! He! He! He!
Third one is D.

To a child of tender years toddling towards the fender—

Though the fender is of wire,
Children mustn't touch the fire.

In the Army, among rules for a Field Marshal to recollect:—

When you see the cne-*my*,
Take your gun and hit his eye.

Again, for a General when his victorious troops are in pursuit:—

When the enemy is running,
Tell your men to keep on gunning.

To a Lieutenant-General when his men are prepared to receive cavalry:—

When the enemy are there,
As you was and as you were!
Let the men walk two and two
March! Present! Make ready! Boo!
That's the proper thing to do.

For the Artillery:—

Take care, TOMMY, how you load,
Or the cannon may explode.

For the Reverend Chaplain-General in attendance at a battery:—

Legates *à latere*,
Sit in a battery.

To the Cavalry, when the three squadrons of the enemy are charging them in front, and a detachment of infantry are harassing their rear:—

When you see
Such things can be,
Run away, and don't mind me.

For Riflemen and Sharpshooters placed in pits taking aim at the enemy, and the enemy from an elevated situation taking aim at them:—

Get in a pit,
And make a hit;
Take a pop
At a man atop;
Pot him true,
Or he 'll pot you.

Mr. Punch will continue this new poetical system of education at his leisure: in the meantime he begs to return his sincere thanks to ASSISTANT-SECRETARY GRAY for the present admirable Admiral suggestions.

A HINT TO HEAD-MASTERS.—The dietary of our Public Schools would be greatly improved by the addition of one article hitherto almost entirely overlooked—English tongue.



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.

Frugal Housewife (has a large family). "OH, MR. STICKINGS, I SEE BY THE DAILY PAPERS THAT THE PRICE OF MEAT HAS FALLEN TWOPENCE A POUND. I THINK YOU OUGHT TO MAKE SOME REDUCTION IN YOUR CHARGES!"

Country Butcher. "WERY SORRY, MUM, BUT WE DON'T TAKE IN NO DAILY PAPERS, MUM!!"

CHECK TO KING MOB!

WHATEVER the leader we follow,
BEALES or MANNERS, JOHN BRIGHT or BOB LOWE;
Whether "DIZZY and DERBY!" we holloa,
Or huzza for GLADSTONE & Co.;
One leader all parties will kick at,
Old Tory or Rad, Swell or Snob,
Merging all shades of platform and ticket
In a general "CHECK TO KING MOB!"

What parties soe'er the stage cumber,
Whatever the cry rules the storm,—
"Greatest happiness of Greatest number,"
"Church and State," "Ancient Ways," or "Reform;"
Though we change creeds and colours with leaders,
But to vary, mull, muddle, and job,
There 's one cry will find no seceders,
And that 's the cry, "CHECK TO KING MOB!"

Discontent may be rife, and with reason,
The State and Society through,
All may know some indictable treason
'Gainst duties or rights to undo.
And what evil 's like *this* King's Evil,
The State's blood and marrow to rob?
What sev'n devils like the great devil
Exorcised by "CHECK TO KING MOB?"

Then close your ranks, friends of good order,
Whate'er your aide, calling, or creed;
There is left in fair England's wide border,
Work for all men's good word and good deed.
That the duty of duties for all men—
Hand or brain toiler, commoner, nob,
Strong or weak, rich or poor, great or small men—
Is to chorus a "CHECK TO KING MOB."

Many-headed 's this king-beast, and on it
Is more than one crown to be seen—
Eighty-nine's bloody Phrygian bonnet,
Rough'a billy-cock, Fenian caubeen;
Iron mallet in hand, he dissembles,
The mud caked with gore on its knob,
But, in apite of his sceptre, he trembles
When faced with atern "CHECK TO KING MOB."

EMPLOYMENT FOR SOMEBODY.

HERE it is, and a very good idea too:—

THE 13-STOP HARMONIUM, with SWELL. Thirty Guineas. Full Lists sent on application.

Why shouldn't a Swell do something for himself in this way? Of course, in applying for the 13-stopper you 'd ask the following questions:—

1. Does the Swell play the harmonium?
2. Does he require much pressing?
3. If he won't play (being sulky, or not well, for instance) what may you do to him to make him go? Of course, "*If I had a donkey what wouldn't,*" every one knows all about *that*, but in the case of a Swell the mode of treatment is scarcely so clear.
4. If a family hires the harmonium, will the Swell take his meals with them, or by himself, in his own harmonium?
5. Can the Swell be let out? Let out with safety—and, if so, may he be depended upon to come back?

Many more interrogatories might be put to the enterprising advertisers, but in any case we have done our duty in making the above suggestions, and *Caveat emptor!*



CHECK TO KING MOB.



FREEDOM IN FRANCE.



THE other day, some persons having met together peaceably in the cemetery of Montmartre, were pounced upon by the police and carried off to prison, on the charge of having formed a treasonable assembly. The liberal French journals, having ventured to demur to the legality of the arrest, have been flooded with a deluge of "*communiqués*" from Government, and ere long doubtless will be "warned," in future, to abstain from criticising the police. In France it is an axiom that policemen are infallible, like Popes, and can never be mistaken in making an arrest. We think, however, that the question What is an assembly? should be legally debated, that Frenchmen may know, with some degree of accuracy, what number of persons are held by law to constitute a treasonable meeting: and some notion should be given of the proofs by which the Government can now convince its law courts that, when a score or two of people have chanced to come together, their meeting is intended for a treasonable end.

The French Government at present seems so much to fear a crowd, that we really almost wonder that the theatres are suffered to perform attractive pieces, lest by doing so they happen to obtain a crowded house. We are surprised, too, that French playgoers are not by law forbidden to assemble in the street, before the opening of the doors. Conspirators might readily arrange to meet together, and stand quietly *en queue* until the time came for admission, and thus it would be easy for them all to sit together, and hold traitorous assemblies in the gallery or pit.

For the benefit of strangers, the word "assembly" should be clearly and legally defined; else some day we may hear that MR. SMITH has been arrested for happening to join an assembly in an omnibus, or that unhappy MR. JONES has been clapped in a French prison, because, while stopping for a moment to stare at a shop window, he chanced to be surrounded by some half-a-dozen persons, who stopped to do the same. Any pressure in a crowd just now is perilous in Paris, for in the streets as in the newspapers, the Government sets its face against the freedom of the press.

AMONGST THE MASSES.

SPECIAL Commissioners accredited from the Court of St. Punch—it may interest, but cannot surprise Everybody, to hear that the competition for these posts of honour was of the keenest, not to say of the savagest intensity, especially when it became known that the remuneration was twice as much as Revising Barristers and Boundary Commissioners are awarded by a penurious Government—have been engaged during the Parliamentary recess in ascertaining by a personal and daily inquiry, with an interval allowed for luncheon, how far the various tribes of the people who, under the new Reform Bill will acquire votes, are educating and fitting themselves for the proper discharge of their important function, with or without the aid of stimulants and local solicitors, at the next General Election, and in what light, lurid or sunny, they regard the responsibility of the Franchise.

A few of the cases cited in the Commissioners' voluminous reports (accompanied by Maps, Plans, Appendixes and Evidence,) written after dinner in the leading London Restaurants and best provincial Hotels, on foolscap half-margin, slightly smelling of smoke, and delivered by Queen's Messengers at all hours of the night at our Bureau, may be useful reading for the Legislature now in November assembled, and all orders and degrees of men—and with both eyes to the possibilities of the future—women amongst us.

It will be observed that the S. C. have, in most instances, given the sentiments rather than the exact language of the representative men whom they interrogated.

WILLIAM MOAKES, costermonger. Education imperfect in youth. Finding that the Reform Bill would give him a voice, rather a hoarse one he admits, in the representation of Hoxton, began from the very day the measure became law regularly to attend an Adult Night School, that he might be able to peruse the bills on the walls in different colours, explaining the different political opinions of the different Candidates, and decide, after careful consideration, to which of them he could conscientiously give his vote on the proud occasion of exercising, for the first time, his electoral privilege, and, not for the first time, his donkey, by whose agency, wreathed with artificial flowers, tastefully constructed out of carrots and turnips, the residuum of his stock, he intends to make his debut at the polling-booth. His class having been recently under oppression, feels it to be more than ever his duty to get into words of three syllables as fast as he can, that he may make no mistake, but vote only for those Candi-dates who will pledge themselves—one of them he understands is likely to be an opulent pawnbroker in Whitechapel—to stand by the coster's barrow, and put their shoulder to his cart-wheel. Being unmarried, his house in Little Back Trotter Street is kept by a maiden sister, who, since she heard that single women will have votes given them by the next Reform Bill, has always a Political Treatise in her hand at meal-times, and in the few minutes she can snatch from peeling potatoes and other domestic duties. Every evening, on his return from the Night School, they dictate to each other over a quartern.

THOMAS HODMAN, bricklayer's labourer. Every morning when he awakes says to himself but in a subdued tone, that he may not disturb his wife who has a bit of a temper, "And I, too, am an elector." Takes a weekly paper, but instead of reading as he used to do the trials at the Old Bailey, police cases, railway accidents, and fights for £50 a-side now cares for nothing but the leading articles, parliamentary intelligence, and letters from "Plebicola" and "Harmodious Harristoghiton" on the evils of primogeniture, the profligate waste of Capitular Establishments, and the injustice of promotion by purchase in the Army. Reflects on these and other anomalies in our political system, as, following his daily calling, he goes up and down the ladder, and balances the merits and demerits of Administration by Boards. His last thought before going to sleep at night is the same as his waking whisper—"And I, too, am an elector." Black-eyes never seen now. Thinks BRIGHT a great brick, and hopes he will get on the top round of the ladder.

JOSEPH BADGLEY, omnibus conductor. Passes the Houses of Parliament many times every day, and never without thinking of the personal interest he will soon have in the Westminster line. Considers the extension of the Suffrage a step in the right direction, and hopes it will be a good thing for poor people who are not invariably "full inside." (Is told that the same thing has been said before, but then as a joke.) Not much inclined for study when he goes home after sixteen hours' work, but reads the paper by bits every day, particularly the leaders, subject to interruptions from passengers (especially the females) plucking at him, punching him with their umbrellas and sticks, inquiring whether they are right for Knightsbridge when they are close to Astley's, and wanting change for half-a-sovereign in the midst of a heavy shower. Doesn't know much about the Constitution, except that wet weather is bad for his, and won't vote for any Member who will not support a Bill to give him and 'ARRY (driver) every other Sunday to themselves. As a matter of secondary importance, would be glad to see timekeepers abolished. Used to fancy he knew the difference between a Tory and a Liberal, and that it was as great as between a black and a bay, but confused now, and thinks they are more like piebalds than anything else.

GEORGE WEIGHTMAN, Porter.—Has given up public houses, skittles, smoking, and every other bad propensity, and stops at home at night reading the debates in Parliament aloud to his family. Attaches great weight to the speeches of those Members who talk about carrying good measures and easing the country of some of its burdens. Never now goes near "The Old Black Horse," except to the meetings of the "Emancipated Serfs," a Debating Club which assembles there on Wednesdays and Saturdays at eight, discusses the events of the week and the affairs of Europe, and breaks up about twelve.

LIONEL D'ALMAINE DE BEAUVOIR.—Five-and-thirty. Five thousand a year. Director of several Companies. Member of sundry Clubs and Societies. Has been in Parliament for Young Sarum, but unseated on petition. Income being all derived from Public Securities, Shares, &c. and as a bachelor living in lodgings, never had a vote, never wished for one, and now that he comes under the Lodger clause in the Bill is very doubtful whether he shall take any trouble about registration, and almost certain that the Members for Pimlicopolis will not derive any advantage from his name being on the Electoral Roll. Valet has had a vote for many years; he, or rather his wife, keeping a lodging-house in Great Wriothesley Street.

(*Extracts from Country Reports reserved for another communication.*)

High Stakes.

MEAT is lower, thanks to joint action on the part of consumers. The butchers have been brought down on their marrow-bones. But they must be looked after, and not forgotten, now that the dead season is over, or they will screw their courage to the sticking-point, and soon saddle us again with a penny or two too much in the pound.



"DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT TO THE VIEW."

SO THOUGHT CAPTAIN KALADORE, WHEN AT LAST, BY A LUCKY ACCIDENT, HE OBTAINED ONE GLANCE FROM THE SUPPOSED LOVELY GIRL WHO FOR HOURS HAD BEEN LEADING THE WHOLE FIELD.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND—MY FUNNY FRIEND (INTERVENING)—DOMESTIC AFFAIRS—A QUIET DINNER IN STATE.

I SHOULD have gone away for my holiday at once, I want it after Cokingham, if it hadn't been for my Late Friend. Not deceased (may he live a thousand years, and then many happy returns of the day to him) but simply "late." Late in every sense of the word except the one above mentioned. I couldn't give you any account of his "early childhood;" as there never was anything *early* about him. I tumbled across him in the street, he couldn't stop a minute, as he was late for dinner, and was just going home to dress. He *did* stop a minute, however, indeed he stopped ten. In that space of time he had settled to accompany me to Germany, France, Italy, Spain, wherever I might be going for my holiday tour. He couldn't stop now, he said, but he would drop in upon me at night, and talk it over; and off he went in a Hansom, with a lean grey horse that trotted slouchingly along, hanging down its head as if it was ashamed of its position, (having perhaps once been on the turf and allowed himself to be "pulled") and fairly sneaked round the lamp-posts at the corners, the driver being a small fat person, who overweighted the machine behind; an arrangement, on the whole, most irritating to a man in a hurry. On these occasions my Late Friend does wonders with his umbrella. I've had experience of him under similar circumstances. He knocks up the trap of the Hansom suddenly, his umbrella springing out like the sixpenny toy-fiend in fur with a red face and an interior life of circular steel spring, and he (my Friend, not the toy-fiend,) asks the driver why the dash he doesn't go quicker, to which the man merely replies "tchk!" and gives the horse some slight temporary encouragement with the whip-lash, which induces reminiscences of happier days on the animal's part in an attempt at a canter, which, after two minutes, he abandons, with a sorrowful shake of the head for his common-place trot.

Up goes the trap again. My Late Friend adjures the man with his umbrella. Either he announces definitely that the train starts punctually at such and such a time, and they 've only got five minutes to do it in, or he is vague in his reasons, and merely tells the cabman that it is very late, and he must get on quicker. He threatens up to almost the moment of arrival at his destination, that "if he doesn't get on, he (my Late Friend) will jump out and take another cab."

So much at present for my Late Friend in a cab; except that after disappearing within the gates of St. James's Park, leaving me at the corner of Pall Mall, he re-appeared again (luckily or unluckily the sequel will show) to ask me where I was staying in Town. I mentioned my Great Aunt's house, which not being let (for a wonder)—she 's always letting it and getting the benefit of it herself, billetting herself, (the old soldier!) upon me in the meantime—I look forward to enjoying *en garçon* for a couple of days before going abroad. It is conveniently situated in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, and I wish she 'd give it to me entirely. Being in it *en garçon* is delightful. I hire a man from GUNTER'S for a couple of days or a week (if I 'm there as long), and he 's equal to a family butler, and better than a valet, with GUNTER responsible for his proper behaviour, (if I complained, he 'd put delinquent in ices) and the temporary nature of his office has never been once suspected by any one except my Funny Friend, who having, it appears, met him in connection with the guardianship of a large barley sugar basket at various evening parties, saluted him with "Ullo, MR. SAMUEL SUGARSTICK!" as if he was a twelfth-night character, and in the passage immediately sang—

"All among the barley-
-Sugar let us be."

Whereupon the hireling laughed behind his hand, and "hoped he saw MR. GRIGG well." From that moment the reputation of my Great Aunt's establishment was in GRIGG'S hands. Her domestics consist of her own maid (a permanency, as explained before—a sort of "perpetual curate" in petticoats); next, the cook, by the job; a housemaid, some relation, I believe, to the permanency, who comes for a week or two *en amateur*, or as a friend, just to trifle with the dust a little, and is, I really believe, in league with the extra-charwoman who is absolutely

needed to "clean up" after her departure. Then there is JOHNSON, from GUNTER'S; three-fourths of JOHNSON going down to my account, and one-fourth of JOHNSON to my Aunt. Reckoning from head to foot, and dividing JOHNSON into four, JOHNSON is mine down to the knees, and the remainder is at my Aunt's disposal. She is obliged to ask my permission to use JOHNSON, or rather to use her part and lot in JOHNSON, with this formula, "You don't want JOHNSON (meaning my three-fourths of JOHNSON), at this moment, do you, dear?" Then I answer "Yes" or "No," or I say, "Why not send HENRY?"

HENRY is my Aunt's page—a page *pro tem.*, the son of our washerwoman, who, looking forward to seeing her boy in service, is glad of an opportunity of giving him some practice, for even a fortnight at a time, under JOHNSON. He is provided by Government (I mean my Great Aunt and myself) with a uniform, and may be described as "Our Militia." He is called out for two months in the year, drilling (so to speak), and living in barracks (the house near Berkeley Square) for a fortnight at a time.

He is a dullish boy, ready to grin at a moment's notice, and easily distracted from any work in hand. He has what Catholics call a "special devotion" towards my Funny Friend. He worships GAIGO, and GRIGG thoroughly appreciates such homage as even this poor uneducated child can offer.

By the way. I've made it up with GRIGG, and read him a lecture, which I don't think he'll forget in a hurry. He owned that he had been in the wrong (this was when we met on the steps of the Burlington Arcade), and he begged my pardon, offering to go down on one knee. "To err," said he, "is human"—here he stretched out his hand in declamatory fashion, purposely, I believe, for he was obliged to apologise to the tall beadle, whom he addressed as "My Lord Mayor"—"to forgive," he continued, "divine." I was on the divine side; and so, really wishing to get rid of him, shook hands, and said "Good-bye."

I shan't forget it in a hurry. I was in festive attire, being on my road to call upon my Beautiful Friend (Miss SOPHIA TERESA CHERTTON, the youngest of four—farther on in the book), and my gay fawn-coloured trousers shone out beneath my snow-white vest and purple-tinged coat, while my light grey gloves, giving airiness to my hands, matched the revived gloss of my medium-crowned hat, which again found its balance in the even polish of my last new boots.

There were many people by the entrance of the Burlington Arcade. Something stopped the way, when GRIGG called me back with a "Hi!" He was getting into his (hired) brougham. I returned, for I feared he would send a policeman after me, or cry "Stop thief!" or, in fact, play some infernal trick in spite of his recent penitence. I approached within a couple of paces of him. His "Hi!" had attracted the loungers, and from the step of his brougham he thus addressed me, loudly, and with a frown, "Oh, by the way, *send my coat home punctually, or I won't have it at all.*" Taken aback, I couldn't help saying, "What?" At this, he, having suddenly jumped inside, and shut the door, looks out, pretending (the fool!) great anger, and repeats, "*Punctually. And mind,*" he adds, "*that my trousers fit me this time.* Drive on!"

This thing was not done in a corner, and I was the laughing stock (I saw and felt the titter) of the crowd. Until, by way of proving I wasn't a tailor, I called a cab and told him loudly to drive to Belgrave Square, where I wasn't going originally, but it sounded well at the time, and I turned him into another course when we'd got clear of these grinning idiots.

This evening I dined at home alone in state, being waited upon by GUNTER'S JOHNSON now entirely mine, my Aunt not sharing her fourth when out of Town, ("Mine, mine!" as the *Bottle Imp* says in the play, when he also adds, hoarsely, "You must learn to love me!" which JOHNSON is trying to do at a pound a week and his board) and the boy HENRY.

Dining under these circumstances of pomp is nervous work, and I have once or twice a sort of notion that the boy HENRY is so far forgetting himself as to try to make JOHNSON laugh by tickling. It's sneakish to turn suddenly, or I would. JOHNSON coughs. HENRY sniffs. I don't think there's fair play going on behind my back with the salad. I try to read during dinner, and keep the soup waiting until I can decide upon a book. I've read all the works in our house, and I've seen all the newspapers. I ultimately select the works of MASSINGER and FORD ("Good opportunity this," I say to myself, "to read MASSINGER and FORD,") in one very large volume which knocks over the water bottle when rested against it, and is too heavy for a tumbler. So I support it with three volumes of *Plutarch's Lives* ("also a good opportunity for reading *Plutarch's Lives:* will do it quietly after dinner. Try *Julius Cæsar*, if it's there,") and attempt a desultory study. Whether it is that the action of dinner is totally at variance with serious reading, or whether the presence of JOHNSON (entirely mine) and the boy HENRY possesses some counteracting influence over me, I don't precisely know, but I can't read four consecutive lines comfortably, or with any but the most confused idea of their sense. I keep up the farce of reading, acting, as it were, a part before the limited audience of JOHNSON and the boy. It seems to me—like Saint Anthony in the song, when molested by evil spirits,

> "But the good Saint Anthony kept his eyes
> So closely fixed on his old black book,"

Which is my case precisely.

> "Shouts nor laughter, groans nor cries,
> Could ever draw from him a look."

Of course, if JOHNSON and the boy HENRY were to take to this course of proceeding, *i.e.*—shouting and laughing, groaning and crying—it *would* draw from *me* a look.

But (it occurs to me while pretending to read) if they did suddenly break out, what *should* I do? What *should* I do, when it came to the point? Supposing JOHNSON began shouting and laughing, and the boy HENRY groaning and crying, or by permutation and combination the boy HENRY shouting and groaning, and JOHNSON laughing and crying, that is, a couple of wildly hysterical servants, *what should I do?* Call for a policeman—where? Go out for one, and leave the house in charge of one poor cook in the power of demoniac hirelings? Send the cook out—how am I to get at her? Can I leave the room to be ravaged by these hysterically possessed? If I ring she wouldn't attend, because *they* are up here, and she wouldn't understand my ringing. No, 'twould certainly be better not to allow them "to draw from me a look."

However, I am but dreaming over my book, with a sort of waking indigestion (I must *not* read during dinner) and neither JOHNSON nor the boy HENRY are doing anything but clearing away the cutlets and substituting a pheasant and *purée* of chestnuts. I expect my Late Friend (of course "late" so I'll allow him plenty of law) to arrive some time after dinner. We are to discuss our holiday tour.

*** You see even the photograph of my Late Friend comes in, consistently, too late for this present Number.

ADVICE TO AN EMPEROR.

SIRE, my good brother, health and benediction, as your friend
At Rome says. May it please you to a warning voice attend?
His most dear son he calls you; so he 's grandsire to your own.
Would you have that young gentleman succeed you on the throne?

To making that seat safe for him devote, then, all your care,
And cease to intermeddle for his grandpapa's elsewhere.
Between the two consider what a hazard you do run.
You have your Holy Father to decide on, or your son.

Small of successor is the chance to PIO NONO'S crown;
You, if you mind what you're about, may hand your sceptre down.
If you had rather not, obey the bidding of the Black,
Crusading for the POPE-KING with a priest upon your back.

Feels France, yourself who what you are created by her voice,
No share when her Elect forbids another people's choice,
Sends forth her sons, her sister's sons, with mission to enslave,
And sully with their cousins' blood the fingers of the brave?

Will battle won by numbers and the Chassepot rifle make
Weight against BISMARCK'S triumph and the Mexican mistake?
Set at defiance by the strong, foiled, baffled, do you seek
Prestige lost to recover by coercion of the weak?

All mighty fine this trick may be, but glory it is none,
And not the way to settle your dominions on your son.
Throw the Jack Priest that rides you, if you would that boy should reign,
And not yourself be, possibly, mere BONAPARTE again.

TELEGRAPHY AND TORTOLA.

THE Atlantic Cable does tell such lies!—to this country; let us hope not from it. *Query*—What are the comparative numbers of falsehoods on an average daily issuing from this end of the Cable and that?

All the electric wires, however, from abroad, bring so many false messages, that "telegram" will soon be synonymous with "crammer." Whenever anybody says the thing which is not, his hearers will observe, "That's a Telegram!" and when you tell a girl anything that she doesn't believe, she will exclaim, "Oh, you Telegram!" instead of "Oh, you Story!"

Nil Desperandum.

OUR friend BLACKSTONE COKE is at length rewarded for the patience he has shown in waiting for employment since he was "called." He has become a Revising Barrister. Yesterday, we found him correcting a proof.



HAIR-DRESSING IN 1867.

Lady. "MY HAIR IS NOT SO THICK AS WHEN YOU LAST CUT IT, I FANCY?"

Hair-dresser. "WELL, MA'AM, I MUST SAY IT IS NOT SO VOLUMINOUS AS IT WAS; BUT, REALLY, ONE CAN *IMPROVISE* IT SO WELL NOW, THAT ORIGINAL MATERIAL IS NOT OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE!"

GEESE UPON THE TURF.

THE horse is a noble animal, and so, too, sometimes is its backer. But the equine nobility have this advantage over the human,—they have no family estates to put in jeopardy by racing. Whereas, in the past twelvemonth, a good many noble sportsmen have travelled several downward stages on the road to ruin, through their gambling on the turf. In consequence a panic has ensued in the ring, and the betting men have pulled most dismally long faces at the short supply of cash. See here what sad news a turf writer reports:—

"Complaints, and of an angry tone, were prevalent all last week in the turf markets at the dreadful settling over the past Houghton meeting. Several noblemen and gentlemen who are the heaviest backers were unable to meet their liabilities, and there was quite £70,000 short, which, of course, seriously depressed the financiers."

Poor fellows! one is pained to hear of their distress. It is grievous to reflect that many a worthy bookmaker, instead of being able to afford himself champagne, as a wherewithal to raise his spirits from depression, may be reduced to gin-and-water, or plebeian half-and-half. However, as the song says, they "May be happy yet":—

"Money to meet the severe losses at the Houghton will, doubtless, be forthcoming; but it is sad to think that more estates may have to be sold, more timber cut down, or, worse than all, sixty per cent. discounters have their cash-boxes filled with those terrible pieces of 'paper' which seem to possess the startling virtue of annihilating three months."

Charles Surface when sore pressed had little hesitation in "knocking down his ancestors with their own family tree," and many a noble loser doubtless would be glad to put his family tree to auction, if he could but get it valued as a portion of the timber on his family estates. It is sad, no doubt, to think of fine old oaks and beeches being ruthlessly cut down in order to bring money to pay a racing bet: but men, who have a taste for gambling on the turf, have vastly little taste for the charms of sylvan scenery, and little care what gaps are made in old ancestral woods. They would never dream of singing "*Woodman Spare that Tree!*" merely on the ground of its ornamental value, and they would chop up all the cedars of Lebanon for firewood, in order to raise money for a grand *coup* on the turf. On the effects of this vile mania the writer thus remarks:—

"It is no secret that backing horses is now carried on to the most extravagant extent; and where sportsmen were content at one period to win their hundred or so, they now 'plunge' recklessly and seek to win their £10,000 by every *coup*. Where this wholesale gambling is carried out race after race it requires but little adverse luck to bring about such a panic as that of Monday. The evil will, however, prove its own corrective, and next season there will be far less of the passion for such enormous speculation, which in time would make the turf more enemies than any one of its vices."

We rarely put much faith in any racing prophecy, but we should rejoice greatly if this one were fulfilled. Every spring, however, sees a fresh young flock of greenhorns going on the turf, where they are plucked as readily as geese upon a common: and after they have parted with their fine old family timber, they usually find themselves completely up a tree.

A New Rule of Court.

"MR. J. J. LONSDALE, the County Court Judge at Tonbridge, has created a considerable sensation by announcing that henceforward litigants must appear in his Court dressed in their Sunday attire."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Court dress may be going out, but County Court dress is coming in, which, with a fitting adaptation to the legal place where it is to be worn, is a Sunday suit. If, as is not improbable, litigants should grumble at being compelled to appear, from the commencement to the close of their case, in their best garments, no one will demur to their plaint or think it unreasonable. Our verdict is against the Judge—let him be non-suited.

QUESTION PUT.

The Sharks on our Coast. What does this article mean? Is it an exposure of The Swindlers at our Watering-places?

AN ARTICLE OF LUCK'S.—Matrimony.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, November 30, 1867.



CAUTION TO SISTERS.

Harriet. "I SAY, CHARLEY, I 'VE BEEN STEALING SOME OF YOUR SCENT; BUT IT ISN'T VERY NICE—SOMETHING ODD ABOUT IT—SMELLS!"

Charley. "NOT WIPED YOUR LIPS WITH IT, I HOPE? IT'S THE NEW STUFF FOR MY MOUSTACHES—BRINGS 'EM OUT AN INCH EVERY NIGHT!"

FROM OUR FOREIGN OFFICE.

EUROPE has discerned the possibility of a provisional arrangement which will terminate in a solution of the Roman question.

The Holy Father declares that he must absolutely maintain his *non possumus* as far as regards the territorial demands of Italy.

It is added, on authority, that his Holiness is bound by his oath, but he considers it by no means impossible that his successor should enter into negotiations with the Italian Kingdom.

On this point the sentiments of the Holy Father are in accord with those of M. PUNCH. The eventuality contemplated by his Holiness is not impossible. Nevertheless the endeavour of the approaching Conference must be to take the requisite precautions that it shall not occur.

Those precautions will centre in the careful provision that the successor of the Sovereign Pontiff shall succeed him only in his Pontificate.

The temporalities of the Holy See, on the demise of the Tiara, will be guaranteed to the Kingdom of Italy.

Thus the circumstances under which *non possumus* could be the rejection of an overture will have ceased to exist. The Powers will not reproduce the situation.

Italy, confident and tranquil, will afford to wait for a reversion secured on a legal basis.

M. PUNCH will be decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and no end of Orders. He will also be liberally remunerated by the Powers for the hint which, with a sagacious generosity, he has supplied for their direction.

CRYSTAL CONCERTS.

MR. PUNCH, who stood as godfather to the Crystal Palace, and first gave it the name which, like his own, will never die, is pleased now to invent a title for the Concerts, for which the Crystal Palace has for many winters been renowned, and which posterity will thank him for now naming Crystal Concerts. That glass is musical has long been known, for who has not heard long ago of "SHAKSPEARE and the musical glasses"? Still, that glass could be the means of giving such good music as may now be heard at Sydenham any Saturday in winter, we must thank the Crystal Palace for happily discovering.

MR. MANNS, although a Protestant, is a Catholic conductor; and although no doubt he inwardly protests against bad music being played by his good band, he yet is catholic enough to acknowledge that all tastes should be discriminately catered for. So, after serving in grand style the "roast beef of old HANDEL," or the turtle of BEETHOVEN, he throws in a French *plat* or two by AUBER or by GOUNOD, nor does he disdain to dish up now and then a music-shoppy *entrée* for those who have no relish for turtle or roast beef. Moreover, MR. MANNS, as becomes a skilful *chef*, is ever on the look-out to serve up something fresh. A new symphony by MENDELSSOHN, and some new Songs without Words, were among the tit-bits chosen in his *menu* for last Saturday, and all epicures in music who were able to be present must have thanked him for the treat.

To hear ARABELLA GODDARD perform a piece by MENDELSSOHN is worth going not to Sydenham merely, but to Salisbury or Siam. How sweetly her piano sings these pleasant wordless songs! and how little are words wanted, when, thanks to her interpreting, the notes express the meaning which MENDELSSOHN intended! How delightful must it be to have BEETHOVEN, BACH and MENDELSSOHN ever at one's fingers ends, and be able to discourse most eloquent music with them!

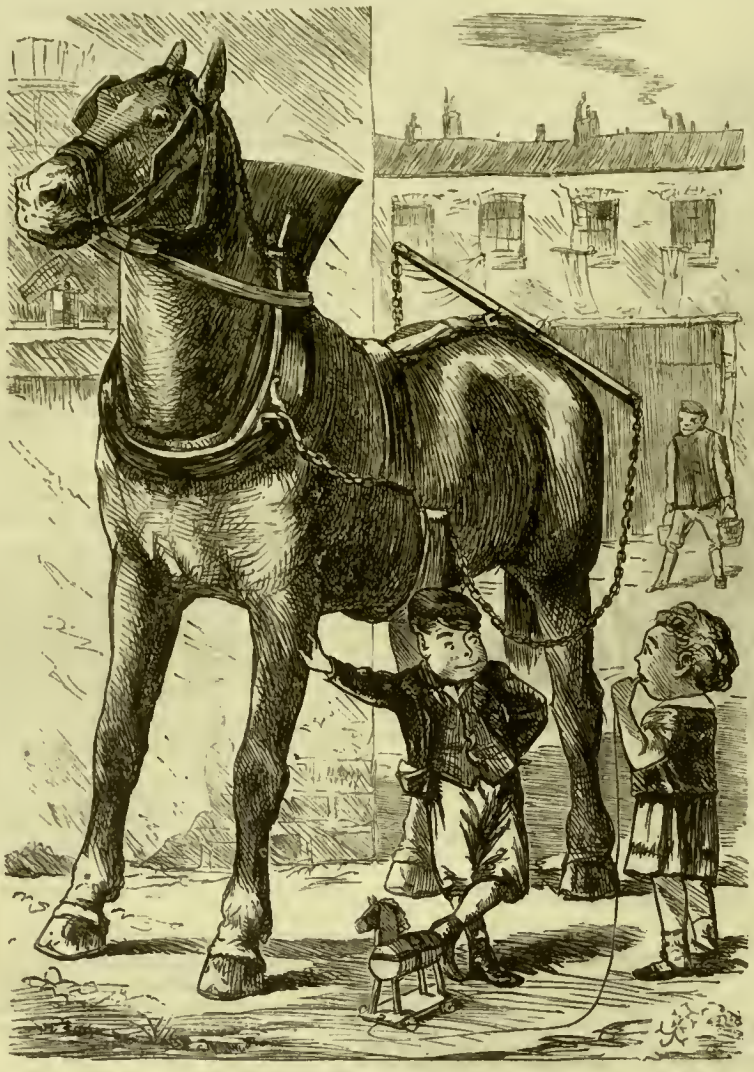
Besides new compositions, MR. MANNS is to be praised for bringing forward at his Concerts new singers and performers. Many a good artist, and now a public favourite, has to thank him for a first introduction to the public. To the piano, which so sweetly sang the songs of MENDELSSOHN, many nervous *débutantes* have tremblingly been led, in terror lest the public should condemn their "execution." Few perhaps have been more frightened than MISS AMY COYNE, whose nervousness, however, did not prevent her hearers from relishing her otherwise most promising performance. *Mr. Punch* has reasons of his own, not unconnected with his works, for feeling a paternal interest in MISS COYNE, and commends her for her judgment in choosing for her entrance some bits of real music by BACH, MENDELSSOHN and CHOPIN, and not some trashy tawdry "air with variations," or such music-shoppy stuff. The more men hear of music such as BEETHOVEN'S or MENDELSSOHN'S, the less taste they will have for noises signifying nothing, such as vacuous vulgar street-songs and blatant brazen brayings, which haply may seem musical to long ears at a music-hall, but at our charming Crystal Concerts are not suffered to be heard.

MARTYRS AND MARTYRED.

SING *De profundis* for your martyrs, sing.
Peace to the souls of traitors may it bring,
Help them to full release from murder's guilt,
Though a true Briton's was the blood they spilt,
Peace to the souls of Fenians, being fled;
Now justice has been done; and rest the dead!
But while you chant the penitential strain
For them, the slayers, recollect the slain.
Which, say your priests, is like to need it most,
Flitting, forewarned or unforewarned, a ghost,
Sped with a blow, or sent at leisure due?
The Fenians, or the victim whom they slew?
Sing for your martyrs' souls; but don't forget
That other martyr, poor Policeman BRETT;
Sing for the murderers all the psalms you can:
But sing as many for the murdered man.

Light and Dark.

A NOVEL has just been published, called *Fair Women*. Are the blondes to have undisputed sway? Is there no author who, in the cause of the brunettes, will gallantly write a story—it cannot fail to please, if of a gloomy complexion—and entitle it *Dark Women?*



EVIDENTLY.

First Youth (aged five years). "AH! BUT S'POSE HE WAS TO RUN AWAY?"

Second Youth (aged ditto). "RUN AWAY? WHY, BLESS YOU, A CHILD MIGHT MANAGE HIM!"

POOR PAY IN A POORHOUSE.

ONE of the most degrading disclosures in the Farnham Workhouse Inquiry is that the doctor has been getting only £55 a-year for daily attending on the average some five-and-fifty patients. To be sure, there is an extra fee allowed him in some cases, but this can hardly pay him for the extra time and labour they involve. Sometimes as many as eighty patients are submitted to his care; and, as his work upon the average takes two hours every day, he receives the splendid salary of eighteen-pence an hour, which is less pay than a chimney-sweep's for cleaning a foul flue. Out of this large sum, however, he has to find the drugs for the medicine he dispenses; and, unless he chooses to be largely out of pocket, the black doses he makes up had need be cheap, as well as nasty.

Blackguardians may say that physic good enough for porkers is quite good enough for paupers; and, while they keep their poorhouses as filthy as their pig-styes, no doubt they will consider that invalided paupers should be cured about as cheaply as invalided pigs. Indeed, we really are surprised that they should go to the expense of a regular practitioner, even although they pay him such starvation fees as those we quote above. A veterinary surgeon would surely be quite good enough to look to the infirmities of those who, in most poorhouses, are treated as mere beasts.

A Lesson to Grumblers.

WHY should small people complain of the dearness of provisions when the upper classes are so patient under similar privations? Look at the Members of Parliament who have been summoned on the 19th of November, to be prorogued in the first week of December. You don't hear them complain of such decidedly "Short Commons."

THE OLD COMIC-SINGER.

I MET a pale and shabby man:
I thought I knew his face;
It had no more expression than
A flounder or a plaice.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol,
Ri fol de rol de ray;
Ri tol de riddle iddle dol,
De ri fol lol de day!

And yet it wore a wooden smile,
As of the days of yore;
And "surely," said I, "surely, I 'll
Have seen that face before!"
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

I know, if I aloud had said
What passed within my mind,
The shabby man had answer made,
"No face is seen behind."
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

For, by the way he cocked his hat,
And wore each careful rag,
And by the sign of this and that,
I saw he was a wag.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

And yet, I say, his face did not
The faintest thought express;
It was a manner he had got,
But how I cannot guess.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

He turned his elbows out, and let
His hands hang from the wrist;
"He is," said I, "for any bet,
A comic vocalist."
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

And now I look again, his face
Unto my mind doth bring
A recollection of the place
Where once he used to sing.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Oh, dreary, dreary were the rhymes,
And wicked were they too.
My son, I'm glad that purer times
Than those have dawned for you.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

For though new ditties vulgar be,
And poor in wit or sense,
The coarsest of their kind are free
From filth, at all events.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Oh, dreary, dreary was the room,
And wicked were its ways,
Where gloomy nights brought on the gloom
Of sad regretful days.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

My son, I do with heart rejoice
That, since thy youth began.
Thou never heard'st the hateful voice
Of that pale, shabby man.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

He turned a corner in the Strand;
He did not stop to drink;
He bought a baked potatoe; and
He went straight home, I think.
Ri tol de rol de riddle lol, &c.

Close up, close up, in pity, this
Begrimed and graceless page.
But let not YORICK starve, in his
Dishonourable age.
Ri tol de rol de diddle lol,
De rol de dol de day;
Ri fol de rol de riddle dol,
Ri tol de rol de ray.

FOOD FOR THE IMAGINATION.—Fancy Bread.



FAMILY PRIDE.

First Boy. "MY FATHER'S A ORFICER."
Second Boy. "WHAT ORFICER?"
First Boy. "WHY, A CORPORAL!"
Third Boy (*evidently "comic"*). "SO'S MY FATHER—HE'S A ORFICER, TOO—A GENERAL HE IS!"
Fourth Boy. "GO ALONG WITH YER!"
Third Boy. "SO HE IS—HE'S A *GENERAL DEALER!!*"

"LILY MAXWELL TRIUMPHANT."

OR, THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.

"In the course of the polling, a lady, duly entered on the register as LILY MAXWELL, appeared to record her vote for MR. JACOB BRIGHT: as the name was found on the register, the vote was duly recorded."—*Manchester Papers.*

HUZZAH for the great Female Movement's
Pioneer in the Manchester school,
That still leads the race of improvements,
Whose "exceptions" ere long "prove the rule!"
To the fair LILY MAXWELL a bumper,
Who in petticoats rushed to the poll,
And for JACOB BRIGHT entered her plumper,
MILL's first "person," singular, sole!

As in old times, by heralds dwelt much on,
For heroes who great deeds would dare,
The Sovereign bestowed, in their scutcheon,
Arms of honour, appropriate, to wear,
So now in LA MAXWELL'S coat-armour—
Or petticoat—*Punch* would propound,
This device,—which he's certain will charm her—
"Argent, wavy," a Bright Lily crowned!"

And when in the course of the ages,
Which in good time all good measures bring,
Our *femmes soles*, like birds out of cages
Released, on the register sing,
To the poll, as on steel-stiffened pinions,
Once doves, henceforth eagles, they press,
Let a Bright Lily badge deck their chignons,
And be clan-Maxwell tartan their dress.

As the name seems to show that North Britain
Gave her blood to their fair pioneer,
A tribute to Scotland might fit in
With a change whose convenience is clear.
As long clothes ill fit crush and quarrel,
And male roughs are hard to control,
To the work, ladies, cut your apparel,
And in kilts make your rush to the poll!

* If this be bad heraldry, the "blazon" must yield to the verse.

Butter upon Bacon.

WHEN MR. THADDEUS STEVENS tries to persuade the people of the United States that the public debt is to be paid off in green-backs, he will only find green backers.

SYMPATHY AND SPECULATION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Ave yer enny ideer of wot Sientific Jottins is? cause here's wun of 'em out o *Gallynawny's* noospaper:—

"In 1830 there was such an abundance of horses in the Island of Marajo, belonging to the delta of the River Amazon, that a president of the province of Para made an agreement with a company to allow them to kill as many of these animals as they chose, for the sake of the skins which fetched fifteen francs each, while the live horse did not cost more than six francs."

wot d'yer think o that now for a Sientific Jottin? Orrible to relate is ow i shud ed a account of sitch a massicer of that Nobel Anemle the Oss. It goes on to say that by levin' the car Cases onherried the consekwens was dangerns Infekshun witch coodent be got Ridd off nowow cept by settin fire to the oal iland as wos All over Wood: and this Cause the deth of All the osses as wos Left sins witch it av bin impossabel to reinterdoose a oss Into the iland every one direckly fallin a wicktim to parrallysis of the ind legs. Doorin many yeer of ixperience on the Stand waitin for Ire, nothink moar arowin to Reed off never Acurr'd to mee in the Ole coarse hof my Reedin.

now, ser, Ear's nauther o them Sientific Jottins witch i'll alow is sientiffic enuf perwided it 'a Trew:—

"In 1837 a land proprietor of Bazas in the Gironde, perceived some gigantic white oaks which struck his fancy. He picked up some of their acorns, and had them sown in a very meagre, clayey, and calcareous soil. The young trees throve, and eleven years later excellent truffles were discovered in this soil which had never borne any before, and from that period they have never ceased to multiply. The most curious circumstance is that no truffles were ever found in the vicinity of the original oaks from which the acorns were got."

there now O w d'yer Acount for that? Hif there warnt no truefles nether ni the Hoax hon the Wun and nor in the Calcairus sile on the Tuther wear did they Cum from? Wooden't the growing hup o them troofels be a Case of wot Them as don't consider the meanin of wurds calls Spontanus cumbusteon, cos it ain't Spontanus but only Appens when yer Putts sitch and sitch things together like for Instans Cross o Norredge did wen they Sed e made the insex with Galwanism out o Flint? Ixcuse this Sientiffic Jottin kind of cummewnicacion from a bit of a fellosoffical

CABBY.

p.s. Wot cunecsion in Sientific Jotins is there between killin osses and growin trufles? It semes in france among the moosoos trufels an ossflesh wery often goes together.

A Political Gem.

MR. ALBERT PELL, the Conservative, after a gallant battle in South Leicestershire, has been beaten by MR. PAGET, the Liberal. MR. PELL, in one of his speeches, said that he hoped the electors would find him a Little Diamond. We don't hint that he was flawed, but he has to wait to be set.

Complementary if not Complimentary.

OF "complementary colours,"
If the theory be true,
Reflected in the "*Yellow* Book"*
NAPOLEON may look blue.

* The official *résumé* of French foreign policy.

THE NEGUS OF ABYSSINIA.

APROPOS of the Negus of Abyssinia, there is no want of Whine (in some of the papers), but the real difficulty is, to say where the *water* is to come from.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, *November 25th.* Now, how much does a Pensive Public want to know about the Abyssinian debates? For it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that there is not precisely a frantic desire on the part of that tolerably respectable body to hang on the lips of the various orators who prosed or scolded on the subject. He has no wish to bore anybody—a result which of course would be impossible if he were speaking for himself; but which is just within the compass of possibility when he analyses the utterances of Imperial Wisdom.

It may be good that *Mrs. Grundy* should know,

First, that the Abyssinian War has begun, and therefore must be carried on until the British Lion is victorious.

Secondly, that the present estimate is that it may cost Four Millions, but it is quite impossible for anybody to say what it will cost.

Thirdly, that Two Millions are wanted directly.

Fourthly, that the House of Commons has authorised MR. DISRAELI to borrow that sum out of the Consolidated Fund.

Fifthly, that India is to bear the expense of the expedition, so far as the ordinary pay of the troops and shipping goes.

Sixthly, that England is to bear the rest of the expense.

Seventhly, that we begin by being charged an Extra Penny on the Income-Tax, which is to be raised from Fourpence to Fivepence, *Mrs. Grundy.*

Eighthly. But sufficient for the pay-day is the tax thereof. There will be a deal more money wanted, and though of course a Chancellor of the Exchequer instinctively flies to the tax which is the most easily collected, and against which little complaint is made by the patient Middle Class, and although he almost hints that he means to stick on another Penny after this, the tea-cup and the gin-bottle will catch it one of these days.

That is what chiefly concerns the Pensive. We respectfully hope that they will like it. Now a word or two more. It will naturally occur to *Mrs. Grundy* to fly into a rage, and ask what business our Consul had to meddle himself into a mess with KING THEODORUS, and what right missionaries have to go bothering a man who may be at least as good a Christian as some other Kings and Emperors who break into other people's territories, and commit slaughter with needle-guns, Chassepots, and the like? To the second demand it is the business of Exeter Hall to reply. To the first, *Punch* will merely say this:

If a certain Prisoner comes home, he will have something to say which may make *Mrs. Grundy* think that much greater persons than our prisoners brought about the war. He may perhaps tell her (though LORD RUSSELL and MR. LAYARD will not) something about an Egyptian Raid into Abyssinia (the ladies of that country are very handsome, and a certain Pasha has good taste in that line), and also something about Cotton, and he may offer some explanation of the reason why a course was taken which enraged KING THEODORUS.

Therefore, though *Mr. Punch* knows better than to suggest to *Mrs. Grundy*, or any other lady, to restrain her indignation, he recommends her to sputter it broadcast against all officials whomsoever, until she has more trustworthy (not reliable) information as to the exact culprits. And, unless he is bought off at a most thundering price, he intends to say something in the matter himself, as soon as he may deem it fit so to do.

Touching the talk on the subject, *Mr. Punch* merely registers, that on the above date, EARL GRANVILLE demanded the Papers, which EARL DERBY promised, the gladlier that they are admitted to be rubbish, and that they throw no real light on the affair. That on

Tuesday we had a set debate. MR. DISRAELI gave a history which Parliament was asked kindly to receive as a full, true, and particular account of the origin of the Abyssinian war, and then demanded the Two Millions. MR. LOWE significantly observed that MR. DISRAELI had omitted all topics of controversy, at what cost to accuracy it might be unnecessary to say. ROBERTUS then went right away from the Abyssinian question, and attacked the Ministers for violating the Constitution by making war without the leave of the House of Commons. LORD STANLEY denied that they had done anything of the sort. MR. HORSMAN was much dissatisfied, as he usually is. Other persons said their says, MR. OSBORNE called the war a Palmerstonian legacy, and MR. LAYARD, who was in office when the quarrel arose, defended the then Foreign Office, and abused DR. BEKE, who on the following night was gallantly and successfully defended by MR. NEWDEGATE in utter defiance of all rules. MR. LAYARD mentioned that the Office is a good deal "bored" by speculators and busybodies, which we are sorry to hear. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE defended the present Foreign Office. COLONEL SYKES denounced the Consular meddling. MR. GLADSTONE spoke in his best manner, gently rebuked absentees for not coming to town, "rosy from rural pursuits," to attend to business, and gave Government credit for the temper in which they had met a grave and thorny difficulty. MR. DISRAELI, in reply, believed that the Ministry had, in this matter, given satisfaction to the country. The money was voted. Then on the

Thursday. We went into Ways and Means. MR. DISRAELI could not attend, having the lumbago, and MR. WARD HUNT had to show how the money was to be got. *Mr. Punch* has already told this. MR. GLADSTONE entirely approved of not running into debt, and thought the financial arrangement quite unobjectionable. After that what could be said? Put away your Pennies, Middle Class, and you may as well make 'em tuppences while you are about it.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE next went into the Indian part of the business, and, according to the *Morning Star*,

> "In one of the silliest, most egotistical, and most babyish speeches ever made in Parliament, wandered, as he supposed, over the whole subject without ever considering either the interests of the people of India or the views of those interests which they are likely to take."

Mr. Punch thinks iron thoughts, but expresses them in velvet words; and therefore, instead of imitating the severe language of the *Star*, he will merely say, that to his mind the charging the Indians with any part of the cost of maintaining the prestige of their masters is an astounding bit of owdacious cheek. Mind, if we governed India for the good of India, and fulfilled our responsibilities as her rulers, the case would be different, but until we govern her as justly and as generously as we govern Ireland, Imperial and Indian interests are two, and the latter ought not to pay for the advancement of the former. But the House, or at least the fragment that can be got from the foxes and pheasants, could not see this, nor could MR. GLADSTONE, whose sense of justice is usually so keen. He advocated the plan in a way that was neither silly, egotistical, nor babyish, but brought up stronger arguments than had come from the Ministerial bench. He thought that we did a great deal for India, and that the proposed scheme would cost her very little. So thought MR. LAING. MR. OSBORNE made some fun about the object of the expedition being the keeping of the Bombay Army in wind. LORD CRANBORNE thought that if Oriental prestige were sought, this was a wicked war, and he saw no prudence in withdrawing so many soldiers from India. A division was taken, and the Government had 198 to 23, not a bad illustration of the doctrine touching the wisdom of numbers. And that, *Mrs. Grundy*, is all with which we shall trouble you, this week, on the subject of Abyssinia. It is not quite so delightful as the exquisite ideas which COLERIDGE—inspired in sleep—has for ever connected with the name of the Abyssinian maid, singing on Mount Abora.

A few miscellaneous notes complete the Parliamentary history of the week. The Commons actually sat on Saturday.

Thanks to MR. SCUDAMORE, of the Post-Office, who is a perfect ABBÉ SIÉYÈS for inventing systems (with the slight difference that none of the Abbé's would work, and all of the Under-Secretary's do), the Indian mail service, still to be managed by the P. & O., is to be rearranged, and after February we send off a mail every Friday. This gives India four extra posts, and gives us the comfort of a fixed day.

So, parted lovers, who would send
Your weekly *billets-doux d'amour*
From Thames to Ganges, thank your friend,
The organising SCUDAMORE.

It was said that the POPE had caused the rooms of our Ambassador in Rome (well, what else is he?) MR. ODO RUSSELL, to be ransacked. *Mr. Punch* did not believe it, for His Holiness is a gentleman. A search was made, but it was because the house was supposed to have been mined, and MR. ODO felt no call to be ODO-*acer*.

Our friend the Costermonger has been kindly treated in Parliament, and we think that a Deputation of Costermongers ought to go to MR. HARDY (giving him notice, that he may get some cotton for his ears) and bellow their most affectionate gratitude. *Vide* Cartoon, also.

We did not think that any of the conveyances of our friend DAVID HUTCHESON, of Glasgow, could be improved. We are certain that the

Iona can't, and wish we were eating salmon-cutlets in her saloon. But a vote for improving the winter service of some mails was granted. If anybody thinks that this is a Puff, he is right, and if he thinks the Puff is undeserved, he is wrong. Let him, next summer, leave Greenock (everybody is glad to do that), and go up the Caledonian Canal, and then apologise to us, or let it alone—we don't care which.

MR. H. B. SHERIDAN has introduced a Bill compelling railway people to establish communication between passenger and guard. As we now have it on several railways, and on the Chemin-de-Fer (railway) in France, and it answers, there is no excuse for its absence anywhere.

People may go on punishing the wrong party, in the case of spoken and reported libel until after February. Newspapers, please take notice.

Perth barracks have cut off their gas, on account of the extortionate charge, so the soldiers stray out of the darkness, and talk to the fair maids of Perth, and drink their healths too perseveringly. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON has thought to counteract the evil by ordering "a liberal supply of fuel." Does he expect the gallant fellows to kneel round the fire and play at the Scottish girls' game of making nuts jump off the bars?

FOGS AND FREEDOM.



ANY Londoners affect a preference for Paris; but, although the latter city is delightful for a day or two, we fancy freeborn Britons would scarce live at their ease there. Fogs and freedom are more pleasant than clear air and oppression; and in spite of its bad atmosphere, one may breathe more freely in London than in Paris. In London you are sometimes half choked by the fog, but this is not so bad as being choked by the police; and at Paris you at present are not allowed to breathe, at least if you attempt to breathe a word against the Government.

For instance, the other day a person was arrested on the Boulevards for venturing to cry out "*Vive la République!*" In defence he said his cry was "*Vive la République Suisse!*" but the gendarmes swore that last word had not caught their ears, and so they apprehended him for uttering a treasonable cry, and the Government will doubtless recognise their zeal.

Perhaps we next may hear that a man has been arrested for asking for "*La Liberté*" in rather a loud tone, and disbelieved in his assertion that it was the journal of that name which he demanded. For the benefit of Frenchmen, a list of cries esteemed seditious should every week be published by Imperial authority, in order that Parisians may know what exclamations are forbidden them by law. It is needful that this list should be continually reviewed, for the policy of France is ever on the change, and a cry which may be legal one day may be treasonable the next. "*Vive l'Italie!*" for instance, was a while ago quite popular, and was used by staunch Imperialists when the Austrians were vanquished, in 1859. But now that France has chosen to take the place of Austria, the shout of "*Vive l'Italie!*" in any street of Paris would assuredly at once be stopped by the police.

Paris is delightful to those who love pure air, but fogs and freedom, after all, are more to English tastes. Thanks to our thick atmosphere, we in London find it difficult to speak much in the street, but at any rate the difficulty is not caused by the police. They who growl at London fogs must at all events acknowledge that the people who now breathe them are free to use their breath in bawling "*We've ler liberty!*" and run no risk whatever of being brought to Bow Street for bellowing "*Brayvo*, BEALES!" Were London now like Paris, it really might be hazardous to go into a shop and say, "I want change for a Sovereign." To the ears of a gendarme, if he happened to speak English, this really might sound vastly like a treasonable expression, and intimate a clear desire to overthrow the throne, and, just by way of change, establish a republic.

A DOUBTFUL RECOMMENDATION.—Tobacco direct from the *Docks*.

HARD WORDS FOR AN OLD WOMAN.

MRS. DURDEN *loquitur*.

DRAT that nasty Popery, says I. I never had no opinion of it, and now more so than ever (*reads out of a newspaper*):—

"ROMANS,—Our national aspirations being dispelled by faithless cosmopolites at the orders of the priesthood, let us take up arms and protest with our blood against the Government which is the negation of civilisation and progress."

Address to the Romans from the What-d'ye-call-'em Committee agin the POPE and the priesthood. Ah, I don't wonder at people risin in rebellion when they're trod and trampled on by cosmopolites! Cosmopolites, yes, I dare say. Just what you'd expect—cosmopolites, the wretches! I should like to catch a cosmopolite coming anywhere near me, he should very soon have my broomstick about his ears—I can tell him that. Cosmopolites—ugh, the word is quite enough! I can't abear to think about sitch base creatures. Cosmopolites! yah! Cosmopolites!

And here agin (*resumes reading*):—

"He is no Roman who shall use articles manufactured by the nation which has buried the immortal glory of '89 under the shameful defence of the Government of the Syllabus."

Syllabus, Syllabus—that must be a misprent. What 'a a Syllabus? No sitch word in the book. It must be Syllabub. Yes, to be sure. Where was it I read the other day how that the POPE flung a Syllabub at the French Emperor's head? Just the nasty dirty trick he'd be like to play, and I dare say have been foretold by DR. CUMMING. Well may they say the Government of the Syllabub! and what I believe we're now a-goin to see, and will shortly come to pass, is the downfall of the Syllabub Government, and the Millennuum. For which I hope and trust to be truly prepared—and thank Evins!

Lines on Last Month.

I DO not remember
So fine a November
As this one in all my whole life;
It stands not to reason
With Fenian treason,
And English disturbance and strife.

Address to the Geographical Society.

OF course you have been delighted to hear that the great African explorer, said to have been murdered by some of our precious fellow creatures intermediate between ourselves and the Gorilla, is said, with probability, to be all right. His countrymen, who generally believed him stone dead, will rejoice in the good news they have heard of LIVINGSTONE.

COMMUNIQUÉ.

From the Heralds' College.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT, in consideration of MISS LILY MAXWELL'S having recorded for him the first lady's vote ever registered, is to be allowed to wear his coat with a difference—a *fleur de lys*, rampant, of the first.

Quoth Bernal.

I KNOW too well the way the money's going,
That 's spent 'gainst THEODORUS; and 'tis this—
Our millions into Abyssinia throwing,
We throw the money into an Abyss.

ANOTHER DEFINITION OF MARRIAGE.

OLD CRUDGINTON, on being told that the LOVELADYS began to quarrel before the honeymoon was over, remarked that their behaviour only strengthened him in his opinion, that matrimony was like an English summer—"Three fine days and a thunderstorm."

Different Systems of Political Education.

IN GLADSTONE'S and in DIZZY'S school,
How different the conditions;
GLADSTONE—by flogging, rules his boys,
DIZZY—by impositions.

CONUNDRUM.

WHY is CHARLES DICKENS like one of *Little Bopeep's* sheep?
Because he 's left his "tale" behind him.



"BRIC À BRAC."

Mamma / *Daughters* } *together* }. "GOODNESS, GRACIOUS, { SAM!" / PA'!"

Papa (who has a passion for Antiques). "MY DEARS, I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO SO NICELY FOR THE LANDING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, EH?"

THE ADMIRALTY AS USUAL.

PERMIT me, *Mr. Punch*, to suggest the propriety of considering whether steps should not be taken for the presentation of testimonials to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Wherefore? Read the following statement:—

"*To the Editor of the Morning Post.*

"SIR,—Recently the public has been informed that between twenty and thirty smart lads have joined the Royal Navy during the last few days from the *Chichester*, 50, training-ship in the Thames for destitute boys, and have been received on board the *Formidable*. This information, at the time, was perfectly correct, but I regret now to inform you that every one of these fine lads has been rejected by the Admiralty, as they could not produce their certificates of birth."

Thus commences a letter signed "W. M. B.," who further writes himself, "One of the Committee of the *Chichester*." He goes on to say that the Admiralty requires a number of boys for the Navy, and prefers those accustomed to boats; that the Committee of the *Chichester* accordingly sent twenty-two of their destitute boys as candidates, of whom twenty were passed by CAPTAIN PRATTENT, of the *Formidable*, as well as by the doctor, and reported as most desirable for Her Majesty's Service. Further, W. M. B. testifies that the report was approved of and forwarded to the Admiralty by the Commander-in-Chief, SIR BALDWIN W. WALKER, K.C.B.; yet the boys were all rejected and struck off the books of the Admiralty for the one sole but insuperable reason that certificates of their birth were not forthcoming. Honour, *Mr. Punch*, to My Lords.

It is all very well to say, Sir, that good materials for sailors ready to hand, are not as plenty as blackberries, that to man Her Majesty's Navy, or if you had rather I should say so, boy Her Majesty's Navy, and in so doing find employment as British tars for boys, who, for want of it, might be tempted to relapse into street Arabs, is to accomplish two desirable objects by one operation; as they say in the vernacular, kill two birds (well worth the killing) with one stone. It may seem all very sensible to add, that there could have been no real doubt about the boys' age, that the doctor must have been quite able to estimate it by an inspection as infallible, and not so objectionable, as looking a gift-horse in the mouth.

Yes, *Mr. Punch*, but there was the regulation, which My Lords were bound by, that a certificate of birth shall be the requisite condition for admittance into the Royal Navy. There they were tied hand and foot in the indissoluble bonds of red tape. Was it for My Lords to burst their bonds asunder like SAMSON in the hands of the Philistines? They will answer that the ligatures which made them fast were such as SAMSON himself could not, or ought not to have been able to break. Should their Lordships have wriggled out of those ligatures, like the Brothers DAVENPORT? Their reply will be that they are no conjurors.

Most true. Therefore, and because they hold red tape in reverence, are officially enamoured of it, and for that reason cannot, for the lives of them, rid themselves from its restrictions, the testimonial which seems due to them should be one suitably adorned with it. Let My Lords have each a conical white cap trimmed with bows and roses of red tape, and tipped with a tassel or topknot of the same material, presented to them in public with fitting ceremony. Unfortunately they could not be compelled to wear the caps thus decorated while transacting business, as it is to be wished they could, whenever the business they transact is that of rejecting good candidates for the naval service of HER MAJESTY for the reason that moved them to reject the boys from the *Chichester*.

Those caps, moreover, would particularly well become all those Red Tapeists of the Admiralty that have seats in Parliament, only then it would be desirable that they should not sit, but stand in them, upon the Treasury benches, with the eye of admiration directed to them by

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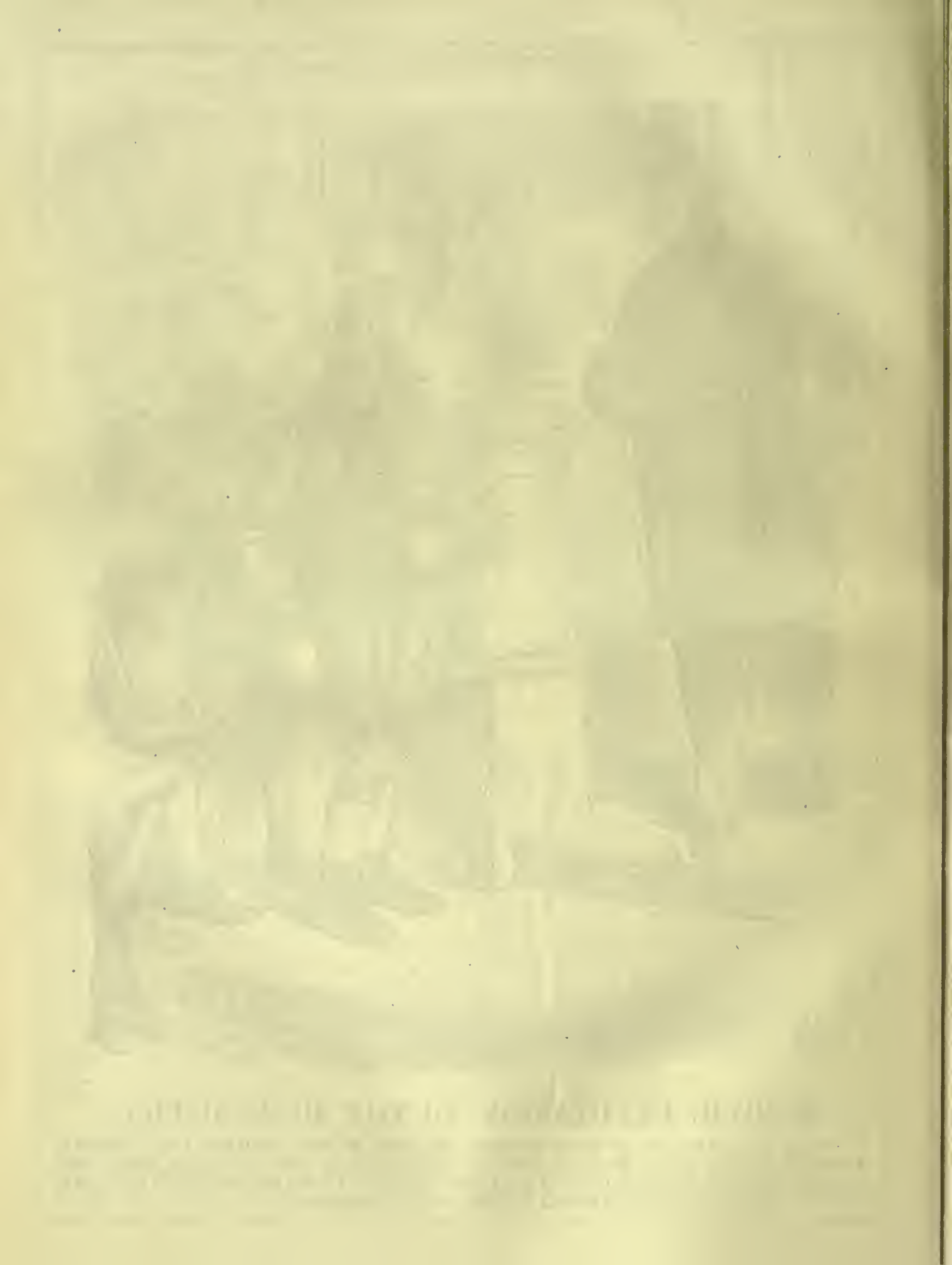
Rating of Charitable Institutions.

ONE class of our Charitable Institutions is already the subject of very heavy rating—and that is our Union-infirmaries.



A CIVIL DEPUTATION TO THE HOME OFFICE.

Grateful Coster. "ME AND MY MATES IS WERRY THANKFUL TO YOU, MR. 'ARDY, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHINK IN THE WAY O' FRESH GREENS, OR SPARRERGRARSS, WHEN IN SEASON, WHICH MR. WALPOLE HE WERE PARTIAL TO ONIONS, OR IF YOU AND YOUR GOOD LADY 'UD LIKE A DAY HOUT, ALL AS I CAN SAY IS, YOU 'RE WELCOME TO THE LOAN OF THE MOKE."



A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND.

Of course my Late Friend doesn't arrive at his appointed time, and at half-past eleven, having woke myself up five times within an hour over MASSINGER and FORD (I don't know which it was sent me to sleep, I 'm inclined to think it was MASSINGER), I come to the conclusion that the best place for the old dramatists is the book-shelf, and the best place for myself is bed. I wonder if anyone has touched my whiskey-and-water or the sherry bottle, while I 've been dozing. MASSINGER and FORD are dry, but I don't think they could have helped me through a bottle of wine and half a bottle of whiskey.

I can't help saying to myself that it 's very annoying of old THUNNIWELL, my Late Friend's name, to keep a fellow (me) up like this. The lights are all out, and the door is barred and bolted. Up the kitchen stairs and through the open door come snores and groans from the restless JOHNSON from GUNTER'S who must have got something heavy on his mind (to put it delicately), while from an inner chamber on the ground floor issue strange murmurings, from which I gather that the page-boy HENRY talks in his sleep.

The Policeman outside shakes the door heartily, as though he were parting with it for the night, and passes on. It is a solemn hour, and finding myself repeating the two names, MASSINGER and FORD—MASSINGER and FORD—over and over again, until they are insensibly running into Sassingers afford, Sausages afford, and then somehow into what I 'll have for breakfast to-morrow, I say severely, "Come, this won't do," and ascend to my bedroom. It is past twelve: I shake my head rebukingly at my watch. It 's odd how I got through half a bottle of whiskey and one of wine. It 's odd how——I fancy I hear the street-door bell. A pause—I listen—no, nothing. Now, there 's somebody rattling the door. It can't be stranger noises than usual from GUNTER'S man in his sleep, or HENRY, the page, his first appearance as a somnabulist. If it is, I'll take care it 's "for this occasion only," as the play-bills say.

The bell violently. Not fire?—GUNTER'S man on fire. If so, what 's to be done? Presence of mind immediately suggests wrap a blanket round him, and send him round the corner to the shop where they 'll ice him. More rattling: I 'll go down and see. Hang it, the man and the boy are paid for this sort of thing. It 's their place to go and see. I ring *my* bell. This evidently encourages the person outside, as he rings *his* bell with an emphatic meaning about the pull which will take no denial. Nobody stirring below. They *must* hear this horrid jangling. They *do*, I afterwards ascertain, only as GUNTER'S man thinks it 's HENRY'S place to open the door, and as HENRY is of opinion that opening the door is in the special department of his superior officer, both remain in bed and wonder what the matter is. As I put it to them afterwards, "Suppose it had been fire?" with which poser, as they had no answer, and I nothing further to say on the subject (though I thought I had when I started it) I concluded the lesson of the night's disturbance.

Another peal from the servants' bell and the visitors' together brings me out in a dressing-gown.

"JOHNSON!" I cry: no answer. Ahem! when JOHNSON wouldn't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET went to JOHNSON. I give it him again in a firm tone from the second landing. Fantasia on the bells. "JOHNSON!" in a tone of annoyance. A shuffling in the passage, and a drowsy "All right!" without the respectful "Sir," shows me that JOHNSON is half alive to the situation.

"Who 's there?" growls JOHNSON, without opening the door.

"MR. THUNNIWELL."

I might have expected the answer. My Late Friend. After a rattling of chains, some difficulties with the latch, and stirring gymnastics with the top bolt, the door is opened.

"Aha!" says my Late Friend, knowingly, with the air of a man who is sharp up to his time. "I said I'd come." He had, I can't deny it.

"I told you," he continues, forestalling any objections on my part, "I couldn't be certain as to the time." He had: he is right again. I feel I am the injured party, and yet, somehow, I 'm in the wrong.

"I thought you wouldn't be gone to bed, after making an appointment with me," says he, taking off his coat and hat, evidently preparing himself for a sitting.

I admit that I was not in bed, and for the sake of hospitality, add that I've no idea of going there yet awhile. Whereupon JOHNSON (who does not appear to advantage in a suddenly improvised demi-toilette at one o'clock in the morning) relights the lamp.

Will THUNNIWELL take anything? I hope he won't.

"No thank you," he replies; "Nothing." I tell JOHNSON he may go to bed again. "Unless," says THUNNIWELL, seeing the bottles on the table, "you've got anything out?" We have got something out, and JOHNSON gets something more out, and then disappears. "I can't stop long," says THUNNIWELL lighting a cigar; "but we'll just have a chat about this holiday tour of yours, and then I'm off. A quarter past one." He looks at his watch, and pockets it with a determined air. "I shall go at a quarter to two." My Late Friend will take you in, however well you know him, with his business-like manner.

He is impulsive, and he is dilatory.

He is a man of present action, and always procrastinating. His motto, he says himself, is, "Never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day," and if he doesn't do it, whatever it is on the spot, to-day, you can't depend upon his ever thinking of it again for several months to come. He is perpetually going to "give up these late hours and take to getting up early." He says so now, and thinks that a tour, where he was obliged to be starting at daybreak by boat (this is his impulsive way of putting our ideal trip), or travelling all night by train, or not going to bed for days together, and so forth, would break into his regular habits. He adopts this view with intense satisfaction to himself. He foresees his own reformation.

"I like this idea of starting suddenly," he says, enthusiastically. "I hate your long preparations. What a bore it must be to be engaged to a girl for several years."

This is a tender point with me, I remind him, as I have been engaged for a considerable time to MISS SOPHIA TERESA CHERTTON. [Portrait in my book—one of the best, RAY, the photographer, said, he 'd *ever* done. I ordered a hundred copies.—] But owing to circumstances—

"I know," interrupts THUNNIWELL; "but, of course," he explains, "I didn't mean *that* sort of thing."

"Of course not," I return, "I quite understand."

We both feel that, as we *do* quite understand, we 'd better not pursue the subject.

"When can we start?" asks THUNNIWELL. "To-morrow?" We might have done so, I say, if he had looked in earlier. We might have gone by the first train in the morning. "Well," he cries, "why not now? Who wants to go to bed? I don't. Sleep in the train; best place to sleep is a train. You pack up; I 'll go home and pack up. You call for me, and we 're off."

I negative this proposal.

"Ah, then," he exclaims, despondingly, "we shan't go at all." This is THUNNIWELL all over. "You know my motto," says he; "don't put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"If we go off in such a hurry—" I begin.

"There 's no hurry," he interrupts.

"We 're sure to leave a lot of things behind us." This is always my fear.

"Pooh! we can get 'em there, anywhere. Suppose you leave your brushes behind; well, you can buy brushes on your road. Lots of 'em everywhere."

He thinks he has settled my difficulties, but he is mistaken. We argue the point for five minutes more, and then I say, flatly, that "I can *not* go by the first train in the morning."

He answers, resignedly, "Well then, say the day after." That is agreed. He looks at his watch, "Five minutes to two!" He reminds me that he said he 'd go at a quarter to two. I say "Yes, it 's past that," wishing to draw his attention more forcibly to the point.

"Yes," he says; "I 'll just light this cigar to take me home, and then I 'm off."

The cigar doesn't take him home, but takes him with me through *Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide* up to Basle and Berne, where he lights another cigar, without any remark this time, in fact almost mechanically. In a general way he leaves the route to me. We only differ on one question; that is, the position that Paris shall hold in our tour. I say, Paris last. He says no, Paris first. He goes on with the argument for the sake of keeping me up, I think. At last, however, he rises, lights another cigar ("Three o'clock," he says; "'pon my word it 's a too bad to be so late,") which is "to take him home," the previous ones having failed in the attempt.

He means going this time. Where is his coat? I assist him into it, and, thank Goodness, have got him as far as the passage.

Where is his hat? Here. He puts it on. "Now," as *Hecate* sings, "he 's furnished—now he 's furnished for his flight." I quoted this to him; I wish to goodness I hadn't, as, in repeating it himself, he lets his cigar out. To relight it, he goes back slowly to my room. Being there, by a graceful impulse he removes his hat, and by another graceful impulse unbuttons his great coat. He wants a match. I find him one. He is very much amused by my quotation from *Macbeth*. I am complimented, and admit it isn't bad, and can hardly ask him to go after this. "There *is* a drop of whiskey left," he says, playfully; indeed, there 's more than half of the first bottle. "He will," he says "furnish himself further for his flight." A well-turned allusion to my quotation. To help himself he has to sit down. Having helped himself, it is necessary he should lean back in the chair. He looks thoughtfully at the fire (unluckily, there is a fire; I have one all the year round: a perfect Zoroastrian in this respect) and then asks suddenly,

"How about going to Egypt!"

Egypt! This cigar doesn't take my Late Friend home.

A HORSE (MARINE).—The Walrus.



EASILY SOLD.

Mr. Furrow. "SUSY AND I BE GOING UP TO CATTLE SHOW, AND MR. CHAFFER TELLS US WE MUST GET A REMOVAL LICENCE FROM DOCTOR."

"LADY'S CHAIN."

"Petticoats are to be longer than last year, and are to be held up by chains of ebony, fastened to the waist by steel locks. Large and heavy brass rings are to be suspended by chains from the waist behind."—*La Follie.*

WHY ebony fetters, steel locks,
And brass rings hung from chains round the waist,
For the belles who dog Fashion, as flocks
On the track of the bell-wether haste?

Is't that Fashion's fair slaves, not content
With paging their hard tyrant's heels,
To lackey her triumph are sent,
Thus chained to *La Mode's* chariot's-wheels?

'Twixt "*hung*-man" and "*hang*-man" confusion
Results, when the practice obtains,
To have charms that should *do* execution,
Made to *suffer* it, thus "hung in chains."

"Chain-mail" in old time kept the field;
Must "chain-female" now find its abettors,
Till to "*Chaîne des Dames*" all figures yield,
And all *pas-seuls* are hornpipes in fetters?

Or is it that Fashion, run frantic,
Thus expiates failure of brains,
As, when lunacy dared to be antic,
In old times, 'twas clapped into chains?

But as now our instruction is bettered,
And we treat the insane with compassion,
When no other lunatic's fettered,
Why in chains bind the poor fools of Fashion?

Now *jupes*, we see, closely must sit,
En fourreau from the waist to the feet,
And what can strait petticoats fit
So well as strait waistcoats, *en suite?*

Then let Fashion her edict send forth,
Through the allies of Vanity Fair,
That her lieges, East, West, South, and North,
Chains may drop, if strait waistcoats they'll wear.

SEAL-SKIN waistcoats are undoubtedly warm, but for the cold weather we prefer the (h)otter-skin.

A SATISFACTORY WORKHOUSE.

THE following is part of a description of Walsall Workhouse, quoted by the *Lancet*:—

"Notwithstanding that sickness had taken the place of idleness, the workhouse test was still maintained, and the dietary and rules enforced. The poor old women may not smuggle in a teapot to make themselves a quiet cup of tea; they must be contented with the workhouse slops, which if anyone desire to try, let him pour fourteen imperial pints of boiling water on an ounce of tea at 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb., add 5 oz. of moist sugar and a little skim milk, and taste it if he can."

Restriction to bad and cheap tea, of the sort commonly called "water bewitched," is about the lightest of the miseries to which, according to the account above cited, the sick poor in Walsall Workhouse, have remained subjected for many years, the workhouse having been all along reported by the Poor Law Inspectors as "satisfactory." One would like to have had those gentlemen limited for a month or so, in respect of beverage, to a mixture consisting of one ounce of tea at 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb., a little skim milk, and 5 "oz." of moist sugar to a pint of water. Here you have a receipt, and may call it a receipt for "Satisfactory Tea." It would be very satisfactory if the gentlemen who approved of restricting the poor to it could be compelled to drink it, and were restricted to it themselves.

The sanitary arrangements which have co-existed at Walsall Workhouse with the satisfactory tea, are unfit for description in a non medical journal. They are simply such as may be supposed to have been dictated by the Master Spirit of Pandemonium, and established in the most unpleasant part of that building.

The authorities at present ruling the Workhouse of Walsall are said to be doing something to mitigate the horrors of that place of punishment for distress. Honour to the gentlemen who have walked into it, and the other at Farnham, and others elsewhere, with their *Lancet*. Never did lancet let out anything worse than the *Lancet's* disclosures. But they are working a workhouse reform on the part of the workhouse authorities by bringing its abominations between the wind and the British Public's nobility. Well done *Lancet;* well done also *British Medical Journal!*

Our former contemporary, however, tells a brace of stories showing that workhouse mismanagement does not always imply mere inhumanity:—

"It was suggested in one workhouse board-room that a bath ought unquestionably to be supplied, when a guardian got up and stated 'he were agin it.' He never had one in his house in his life, and he didn't see why a pauper should enjoy what he didn't want. On another occasion the absence of a proper light at the entrance door was dwelt upon, and a gas-lamp was proposed. This was seconded by another worthy, who, approving of the gas-lamp, said 'and I'd have it lighted with ile.'"

Now the first of these gentlemen may be a regular Saint. He never bathed, and he regarded his neighbour as himself. To be sure, if he was a saint he was also a pig; but swinishness has not seldom been combined with sanctity. The other guardian, who didn't know better than that a gas-lamp could be lighted with "ile," was himself so destitute of all enlightenment that he may be excused as a simply irresponsible clown.

Profession v. Practice.

THE appropriation of the late DR. WHEWELL'S bequest for the endowment of a Professorship and Scholarship of International Law at Cambridge has just been reported upon by a University Syndicate.

As to the appointment of the *Professor*, one would suppose there can be no difficulty. There are plenty of princes and potentates who *profess* international law, however few there may be who practise it. As for *scholars*, we should recommend the Examiners to elect, off the reel, every Government of Europe.

An Old Nursery Jingle New Rung.

KING THEODORUS kept his hill-wall;
KING THEODORUS wouldn't sing small;
NAPIER his horses, his mules and his men,
Will catch THEODORUS—who can say when?

'THE FACULTY OF ADVOCATES.—Speech.

SCRAPS FROM A HIGHLAND SKETCH-BOOK.



MY ONLY SHOT AT A CORMORANT.

HERE SHE COMES! THERE SHE GOES!



THE SAD FATE OF OUR ONLY HAM.—THE PURSUIT.

AMONGST THE MASSES.

WE, this week, resume and conclude our extracts from the Reports of the Special Commissioners, all of them barristers of at least seven years' standing, or officers in the Engineers and Artillery, appointed—to quote the exact language of the Commission issued under the Great Seal of Punchland, and countersigned by the Clerk of the Hanaper,—"to inquire into the preparation the different classes of the people, who at the proximate General Election will for the first time be entitled to record their votes for Representatives in Parliament, are making, by educational or other exertions, to qualify themselves for the proper exercise of their impending privilege, and to ascertain what value they attach to the acquisition of the Electoral Franchise."

The Reports from which this second selection of excerpts is made were forwarded by the Commissioners who visited the country districts (the provinces is perhaps the more favoured expression), and sent in the rather heavy bills for travelling expenses now being audited by the Taxing Masters in Chancery.

JOSEPH CHECKLEY, Agricultural Labourer.—Has a wife, five children, (only one on 'em able to "arn" anything by "tenting" birds and other minor rural occupations) and fifteen shillings a week. Never could get a cottage at Leckington-le-Clay, where his work is, so has to live in the outskirts of the town of Bingfield, and walk four miles out and in every day in all weathers. Is told he 's to have a vote for Parliament at next 'lection. What good will it do him? that 's the question, as he said to DICK TETHER the other night when they were coming home from work. Will it raise his wages, and give him a chance of tasting a bit of butchers' meat oftener than at Christmas? Will it keep off the rheumatics, and make workhouse rather pleasanter for poor old broken-down labourers when they can't break stones on the Lindum road any longer? Folks tell him having a vote will "enlarge" his mind. Will it enlarge the chambers in his cottage in Cawcroft Row, where the sleeping accommodation is not all that could be desired? When he goes to poll will he be taken in a carriage in his Sunday clothes, and have as much beer as he can drink all 'lection time? They've 'bolished bands of music, and flags, and red and blue ribbins, and tar barrels, and chairing, and he supposes the next thing they'll 'bolish will be cans of ale, and five pound notes, and bloody noses, and breaking the windows at the "White Lion." At Christmas gets a pair of worsted stockings and half a ton of coal from Goodman's Charity.

REUBEN PETTICHAPS, very small Shopkeeper—very great politician. The day on which he shall for the first time tender his vote (a plumper for BETTERTON the Independent Member) as an enfranchised Englishman will be the greatest epoch in his existence. Has looked forward to this epoch even from his perambulator. Since he was ten has never once missed the show of hands before the Town Hall in the Market Place, or going round with the "Blues" canvassing. Eldest boy named CROMWELL COBBETT, youngest FRANKLIN WASHINGTON. On the whole is in favour of a Republican form of Government, or a Decemvirate, but allows that Constitutional Monarchy has its advantages. Objects strongly to Deans, Dukes, Colonels, and Gold Sticks in Waiting. His opinions on these and other objectionable perquisites of an arrogant aristocracy well known at "The Flash in the Pan," where he is in the habit of adjourning most evenings, occasionally to the dissatisfaction of MRS. PETTICHAPS, who does not find sitting up till one in the morning with the fire out an agreeable pastime. Has no need to educate himself for the Suffrage, as he is thoroughly well up in all the vexed questions of the day—and night at the F. in the P.—including Church Rates, (a most obnoxious impost, although they haven't any at Dranfield), vote by Ballot (imperatively called for in his Borough, unless the influence of the MARQUIS OF MABLETHORPE is to be all-supreme), Ritualism, sinecures, and the National Debt. Wouldn't object to the Rates being paid out of the Consolidated Fund or the Privy Purse.

FIELD FALLOWES, Small Farmer.—Cannot write, and doesn't often read. Knows Corn Laws have been 'bolished. Knows there's such a place as 'Merica, because his two sons are there. Has heerd of DUKE OF WELLINGTON and PRINCE ALBERT, and thinks he 's heerd talk of LORD PALMERSTON, but doesn't know who Minister is now. Has never been to London; has never been farther in his life than to Jolbury to market, except once when he went on jury to Sessions at Minsterville. Supposes he shall have to vote as Steward tells him. Squire ROCKLINGTON is a Tory, so he 's a Tory. Hopes he shall have a good dinner at the "Packhorse" when he goes to poll at Jolbury. Wants to know what all this fuss and bother is about paupers?

BENJAMIN HENRY WOOFSTER, Factory Operative.—Reads MILL'S Works, *Blackstone's Commentaries*, HALLAM'S *Constitutional History*, ADAM SMITH, and books on the Currency and Labour questions. Belongs to a Debating Society. At their last meeting proposed, after a speech of forty minutes, the following resolution:—"That, in the opinion of this meeting, no religious community or establishment ought to claim or possess any superiority in point of rank, revenue, or authority by Act of Parliament." Carried by 77 to 3. Knows something of mathematics, astronomy, statistics, steam-power, and birds' eggs. Thinks he had rather the best of it in an argument he held with the gentleman who came to question him, on the subject of Trades' Unions. Abhors such proceedings as those at Sheffield.

[N.B. This last information, except the closing words about Sheffield, came to us in a private communication from MR. WOOFSTER: there is no trace of it in the report of the S.C. who went to Hosingham.]

CHARLOTTE ANNE SCARLETHORP, Widow.—Has a farm of five hundred and twenty acres, and manages it far better, the neighbours say, than poor JOHN did, who died four years this "Martlemas." Has been churchwarden, overseer, surveyor of highways—everything, in fact, but parish constable and guardian, both of which offices she fancies she could fill as well as, if not better than, old STOCKS and CORNY FLINTHAM; but is not allowed to vote for Members of Parliament, which appears to her a great injustice. Believes she knows as much about politics as BILLY HUGGINS, who is a forty-shilling freeholder, and signs his name with a cross; and hopes she should vote as circumspectly as DAN JOLLANDS, whose rent is only just fifty pounds—(she pays LORD BOXMOOR nearly a thousand), and who has been sold up twice, to her knowledge, since he came to Dykeham.

HANNAH CLAXON, Governess, Single Woman.—Lives in furnished apartments. MR. MILL'S photograph suspended over her looking-glass; PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S autograph, framed and glazed above the mantel-piece. Has written articles in *The Family Phalanx* on "The Rights of Women," "The Wrongs of Women," and "Adult Female Suffrage—the Necessity of the Day." Many petitions to Parliament have been originated by her, praying for the admission of women to the franchise, and once she addressed a public meeting at the Giveham Corn Exchange on this all-absorbing topic. Envies "LILY MAXWELL," who voted the other day at the Manchester election, and is now busy getting up a testimonial to her. Is 49, and has long since given up all ideas of matrimony—indeed, would not now accept the best man that ever stepped, and so lose all chance of having her name on the register for Oldwark, and voting for the Liberal member, a joy which she hopes and believes will yet be hers. Diversifies the ordinary routine of school-room instruction (being a daily governess in the amiable family of a wealthy brewer) by giving her dear young pupils themes to write on such heads as "The Equality of the Intellect in the Sexes," "Woman's Claim to the Franchise," "The Hustings and the Polling-Booth—Woman's right place," and "Has Woman her proper Pinnacle?" Leads the elder girls (14 and 12) to interest themselves in the rise and progress of taxation; and, in their daily walks on the Bawtherton Road, touches on the influence of Feudalism on the laws and usages of England, as affecting the position of Women. Has never worn crinoline, frisettes, or a chignon. Never will.

THE ABYSSINIAN BORE.

THAT KING THEODORUS
Is likely to bore us;
Our endeavour his captives to free,
Will impose on our backs
An increased Income-Tax
Of a penny—and more it may be.

But dash the expense
Howsoever immense,
We can do nothing cheaper than fight,
And our neighbours let know
That to war we can go
When we choose, and believe it is right.

Did mere Glory's call
A sum, e'er so small,
Upon soldiering, powder, and shot,
Bid us squander away,
Our response would be "Nay,
Not one halfpenny; certainly not."

A Defaulting Glazier.

MR. GLAISHER is publishing letters about the Star-showers of the 14th *ult*, which have been seen in Canada, and should have been seen here, but weren't. We call on MR. GLAISHER to repair "the windows of the dark," so that people may be able to see through them on such occasions. What is the use of keeping a GLAISHER at the Greenwich Observatory if he won't attend to his business?

IN A WHISPER.

"No man is a hero to his valet," is an assertion of frequent occurrence. Has poor maligned man ever had the courage to hint that no woman is a heroine to her maid?

THE BEST THING OUT.—An aching tooth.



CUTTING!

Host. "WHAT BIN DID YOU PUT THAT MARSALA IN, MUGGLES?"
New Butler. "IN THE—AH—DUST-BIN, SIR!!"

THE P. AND O. ALL RIGHT.

(Supposed to be Sung in the Southampton Chamber of Commerce.)

THE P. and O.,
Not long ago,
Was rather in a plague and pother.
The Government
Betrayed intent,
To give the Mail unto another.

All that is past,
And hard and fast
O now behold them reunited,
And, by the State
Assured of eight
Per cent., the Shareholders delighted!

'Tis all agreed,
The act and deed
Are duly signed, and sealed, and stamped on,
Now bless their Boats
Whose line promotes
The trade and commerce of Southampton.

Horse Latin.

(From Cockney College.)

To Equestrians. When your horses sit down, and you all fall off, it is merely *Hacks-sedent-all.* (Necessary explanation—*H'accidental.*)

Urbi et Orbi.

The Hunchback's Charge.—If this has reference to the cost of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, it may be as well to state that the price of that blooming annual is the same as ever—only Threepence!

FASHIONABLE AVICIDE.

LADIES, Fashionable Ladies, please to look at this important intelligence from Paris:—

"Velvets, furs, and feathers will be the mode during the coming winter. Robes, bonnets, hats, mantles, and muffs are to be of one or other of them, or of two of them combined. For velvets the fashionable shades of colour will be violet, Bismarck, capucine—a rich golden orange tint—'*flamme de Punch*,' and a deep puce."

Ladies, by the way, what is Bismarck colour? Assuredly not green, if it be like the man. And what is "*flamme de Punch*" colour? Generally *read*, eh? Minds feminine of course are stored with knowledge of this sort, and can distinguish to a shade the difference between Solferino and Magenta, just as at election time a man can tell the difference between Yellows and True Blues. It is troublesome to men, however, to keep their minds informed of all the novel names of fashionable colours, and terrible mistakes are committed through their ignorance. Many a suitor must have sunk in the opinion of the lady he is courting, merely by forgetting what new colour she preferred. How would ANGELINA pout at him, if EDWIN, being ordered to buy some Bismarck ribbon for her, were to forget the name completely, and bring some common colour, such as servants only wear!

But, Ladies, this is what you ought especially to look at:—

"The feathers are ostrich, peacock, pheasant, bird of paradise, humming-bird, grebe, swansdown, and marabout. Feather bonnets and hats are already largely worn; feather muffs are common enough; fur bonnets with strings to match are creeping into favour. * * * Silk and other robes are trimmed with bands of peacock's and pheasant's feathers, or a rich passementerie, which exactly reproduces them, and with galons of swansdown."

"Galons of swansdown!" There should be another "l" surely. Imagine any lady wearing gallons of swansdown! How many gallons must she wear to be completely in the fashion? And when covered with so vast a quantity of swansdown, would she look more like a little duck, or a great goose?

Fine feathers may make fine birds, but can they ever make fine ladies? And is it not a pity that fine birds should be destroyed for the mere sake of their fine feathers? Now that swansdown is in fashion, swans will everywhere be slaughtered. There will be a hunt for humming-birds and a massacre of marabouts: grebes will greedily be grabbed, and birds of paradise pursued: peacocks be pitched into, and pheasants be battued, that their feathers may be made up into mantles, muffs and bonnets. Clearly, any one who sings *Oh, Would I were a Bird!* would run into great danger while feathers are so fashionable. At least one specially would shrink from being metamorphosed into any of the birds whose names above are catalogued. Far better just at present be a sparrow than a swan: and, notwithstanding his long legs and supernatural digestion, an ostrich scarcely can expect, while the feather fashion lasts, to live so long as a cock robin.

Peacocks and pheasants may perhaps find some little mercy shown them, because their feathers happen to be imitated easily. We are told "a rich passementerie exactly reproduces them." Surely other feathers also might be copied without difficulty. What a good thing it would be, Ladies, if, instead of real feathers, you would venture to wear sham ones! Think how many pretty birds you would save by this slight sacrifice! Let it only be announced in your notes of invitation, "P.S. Please to come in imitation feathers." You might fairly plume yourselves on doing a kind act, and all your feathered friends would thank you most sincerely.

An Extenuating Circumstance.

To hang is human: to reprieve divine,
But what absurdity could be absurder,
To hang for any crime whilst you design,
Than that High Treason should extenuate Murder?

Operatic Quotation.

(From Masaniello.)

On a gay Widow giving up her Weeds for Colours.—"Behold, behold how brightly, brightly breaks the mourning!"

NEW ROYALTY.

Black-eyed Susan must be a very fast young lady, as she goes on *running after three hundred and sixty Knights.*

LILY MAXWELL.—JACOB BRIGHT'S voteress and JOHN MILL'S votaress.

REVIVAL OF A SAXON TITLE FOR THE HOME-SECRETARY (suggested by MAX MÜLLER, with a cold in his head.)—HARDY-can-do't.

THE COSTERMONGER'S FLOWER (*to be cultivated*).—A "*Hardy* Plant.

A REPRESENTATIVE BOGY.



WELL Beloved! An Icelandic legend sets forth how a ghost was accustomed to annoy a certain family by appearing in the form, and apparently the bodily substance also, of a seal. It used to thrust its head and neck up from below, through the floor, and there remain staring at the beholders with its great black eyes. No adjurations were of any avail to make it descend, and the only thing which proved at all effectual was whacking it on the head, and battering it forcibly down with an oar. Notwithstanding that, for a long time, it continually came up again. May there not possibly be something prophetic in some of these old mythical narratives? The irrepressible seal, that would keep coming up as often as it was hammered down, appears to have been a typical image of the Compound Householder.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 2nd.—The EARL RUSSELL redeemed his promise to explain to the Lords and the Nation his own views on Education. He enunciated a series of propositions, to the effect that every child has a right to be educated, that religious differences ought not to hinder this, that charitable endowments should be overhauled with a view to making them useful for educational purposes, that the Universities should be thrown open, and a Commission appointed to administer their revenues, and that there ought to be a Minister of Education with a Seat in the Cabinet. He made a long speech, dwelling much upon the ignorance of those to whom we have transferred so large a share of power.

The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, President of the Council, was put up to answer LORD RUSSELL. It is not generally considered that the present Duke would have gained the battle of Blenheim and the estate. But he is a worthy kind of person; and though LORD DERBY or MR. DISRAELI told him to treat LORD RUSSELL'S venturing on Education as a personal attack on the Cabinet, which had promised something in the same line, this was less in the Duke's way than a gentle sort of humdrum defence, the sort of thing well-meaning folk like to purr over at tea-time. We were not so very much behind-hand with Education, the scruples of religious persons must be respected, and they did much good—he must uphold the denominational system—many institutions, especially the Universities, were improving themselves, inquiries were being made on other subjects referred to, and really—on the whole—suppose we resorted to the previous question.

Which being done, the resolutions "fell to the ground." They may be followed by some other things, if we don't attend to this subject.

The Commons sat for a short time, and talked miscellaneously. The only thing worth note was a natural and sensible question by MR. DARBY GRIFFITH, who asked MR. HARDY whether he was aware that the cabmen were going to strike next day when the clock had struck four, and whether there were any means of preventing this inconvenience. MR. HARDY, of course, knew nothing about it. So, next day, the cabmen did strike, and no public vehicle was to be had for visit, dinner, ball, theatre, railway station, or anything else. The cabmen met in their thousands at Exeter Hall, and proclaimed their grievances, of which the Lamp, under the new Act, was but the emblem, over-taxation being the real oppression. LORD ELCHO went to the meeting, addressed it, was frantically cheered, and next day took a deputation to the HOME SECRETARY, and got things made smooth. On Wednesday evening the cabs were all out again. LORD ELCHO ought to be free of every cab for the rest of his life, only, having a carriage, he might not value the boon. *Mr. Punch* will add, that though the cab-folk will obtain a relief which was due to them, there must be reform on their side. A great mass of vile cabs and low drivers must be got rid of, and the others must not speak of ladies who simply pay the fares ordained by law in the way a speaker at the meeting spoke, and call them *Mrs. Skinflints*. Why is a cabman to ask more than his fare? Would he pay half-a-crown for an article ticketed two shillings? Let us have no nonsense about this, and if cab-owners are not satisfied with their incomes, let them take to some other trade, and not improve their condition by bullying and cheating. As regards the strike, they behaved properly, with a few exceptions, and *Mr. Punch* trusts that the licences granted to the ruffians who perpetrated outrages will at once be cancelled. So for the present ends the cab-quarrel.

Tuesday. LORD DUFFERIN made a very proper speech on some idiotic processions which have been got up in Ireland in honour of the Fenians who murdered poor BRETT, the policeman, and were hanged for that "political crime." LORD DERBY took the opportunity of stating, needlessly, that no vindictive spirit had prompted the punishment in question, and that previous lenity had caused a belief that any outrage might be committed with impunity. The law officers did not consider that these "regrettable" processions violated the law.

MR. DARBY GRIFFITH asked the Government whether they were going to give a gentleman a title for having made a vacancy at Andover for the Attorney-General. Of course LORD STANLEY replied that such a gift for such a reason would be highly improper.

One of the clevernesses of the last Reform Act was the disfranchising certain boroughs for their wickedness, but not providing that if vacancies should occur before the Act comes into operation new elections should not take place. MR. OTWAY pointed out the blunder, and a Bill has been galloped through Parliament for preventing such an absurdity as new elections by condemned electors.

MR. MAGUIRE then made a very righteous complaint against the Middlesex Magistrates, who do nearly all they can to prevent Catholic priests from attending Catholic prisoners in Tothill Fields House of Correction. The only thing to be said is that if one sort of religion has failed in keeping persons from doing things that bring them to gaol, it may not be unscientific to try another. But Parliament meant that Catholic culprits should see their priests, and the justices are allowed by MR. HARDY to be pigheadedly setting themselves against the spirit of the law.

MR. NEWDEGATE moved for a return that should throw light upon the reasons why sentences on criminals are remitted. There is no doubt that our present system is objectionable. For some criminals great influence is used, while others suffer without much intercession being made. Moreover there is a set of persons who manufacture petitions in all cases of capital sentence. MR. HARDY gave some curious details in reply, and mentioned that the memorials presented to him are often most libellous, and that the regular thing is to impute perjury, point-blank, to the principal witnesses. He objected to give the return, or to interfere in any way with the Prerogative of Mercy.

Wednesday. The time that Wisdom wasted in its
Remarks to-day was very small:
My Lords they sat for twenty minutes,
My Lords, the Commons, not at all.

Thursday. On the penultimate night of the Abyssinian Session both Houses worked themselves up to debating pitch, and went at the subject like men. This is very English, *Mrs. Grundy*, is it not?—this putting off debate until it can be of no use.

LORD DERBY moved the confirmation of the Indian arrangement as to pay.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH did not think that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON would have approved of this expedition. He feared that the Army would get into difficulties. And in the present state of affairs in Europe, we were unwise to do aught to interfere with our freedom of action at home.

LORD RUSSELL spoke out strongly in favour of the expedition, which some persons consider would have been needless if his Lordship had been good enough, when Foreign Secretary, to answer the letter from the Abyssinian King.

LORD DENBIGH, who is, he says, a Catholic and nothing more (we could tell him better, only it might be thought rude) abused the war, and with Denbighian politeness (he said at a meeting that there was a lie in the QUEEN'S Speech) charged LORD RUSSELL to his face with incapable meddling, and remarked that his Lordship ought to have been sent to Abyssinia to explain his own dispatches. The fact is, that LORD DENBIGH and a lot of other Catholics are just now so elated because LOUIS NAPOLEON'S Chassepots have kept his Holiness in Rome, that they hardly know whether they stand on their heads or their heels. They had a Meeting in St. James's Hall about it, and danced a frantic war-dance of joy. All quite fair—but LORD DENBIGH, amid his wildest joy at the slaughter of the Garibaldini, should remember the courtesies of society. *Noblesse oblige.*

LORD LYVEDEN took a good point. We have got a list, at last, of the prisoners in Abyssinia. There are Eight, including CAMERON and RASSAM, whom we avowedly go out to fight for, but there are many others whose case is specially recommended to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. What does this mean? Are we to save these only if we can do so easily?

Lord Derby intimated that though by international law we had only to deal with the Queen's subjects, it would be "lamentable" to leave missionaries and their children in captivity, and Sir Robert Napier knew what to do. This wink, wunk by Lord Derby, seems sufficient.

The Abyssinian business was settled, and then Lord Russell asked about the Conference.

Lord Derby said that his noble relative (his son) had said to France that he should be happy to confer; but, without a basis and an understanding that decisions were to be accepted, it would be useless.

In the Commons we had a free fight on Abyssinia, everybody ventilating some notion of his own, and pitching into everybody else for being so foolish as not to see the truth as it was. The Lost Letter was talked of, and Mr. Layard thought it of very little consequence. Mr. Bernal Osborne thought it of a good deal, and smartly said that the postage of that letter would cost us £5,000,000.

Colonel Sykes hit the nail which *Mr. Punch* inserted into the question last week, and made some very awkward remarks about Egyptian raids and Abyssinian ladies. The whole affair had been a system of bungling from beginning to end. Yes, and something worse than bungling. *Mr. Punch* could be at once diffuse and sledge-hammerish upon this subject; but as the war has begun and must go on, the wiser way is to cry hooray, and applaud Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer when he cries to Mr. John Bull to tuck in his two-penny (that is, to pay his twopence increased tax), and vaults gallantly over the head of the good-natured old fellow. But *Mr. Punch* reserves his right to make a row hereafter.

Mr. Layard did not want to be uncivil to Dr. Beke, and withdrew anything said in anger, and substituted the allegation that the doctor made statements without any foundation.

Sir S. Northcote said that Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, Governor of Bombay, was for a smaller, and Sir Robert Napier for a larger force.

There were many other speakers, but their words need not be immortalised. Once again *Mr. Punch* remarks, "Lethe is a brave river."

Friday. There was a short sitting, and again the Abyssinian flavour was imparted to the debate. It was conceded by Lord Stanley that some correspondence of a most objectionable character should be published to gratify Messrs. Layard and Newdegate.

To-night Her Majesty's Theatre was burned down, and Parliament sustained a severe blow. The distance from the House to the Opera House was delightfully easy. *Vale, Vale,* Novosielski.

Saturday. The Abyssinian Session was over. We shall be glad to say the same thing of the Abyssinian war. *Au revoir,* Lords and Gentlemen, on the 13th of February, 1868.

"NO LAMPS!"

Or the Cabman's Lesson.

In my oil-skin cape, great coat,
My bull's-eye and my bâton,
A l about my throat,
And my helmet for a hat on,
I, *Mr. Punch,* attached
As Policeman to St. Stephens,
Walked on my beat and watched,
Against trespasses or thievins'.

The night was damp and chill,
The sitting nearly done was,
Now and then, a guffaw shrill
Told that Osborne at his fun was.
When I saw, where 'neath the Abbey
St. Margaret's tombstones crossed are,
Came stealing on a Cabby,
And along with him a Coster.

Cabby in great-coat muffled
A handbill bore close folded;
And the Coster as he shuffled,
At his side a paste-pot hold did.
Through the great hall they went creeping,
On to the Commons' lobby—
The door-keepers were sleeping,
And on duty snored the bobby!

Were they traitors thus intruding
On Denison's dominions?
Guy-Fawkeses blow-up brooding,
Or Greek-fire-breathing Fenians?
Was there powder in the paste-pot,
And treason in the poster,
Which that Cabby from his waistcoat
Unfolding, showed that Coster.

With his thumb he un-dog's-eared it
(His thumb to that end licking)
Then with his paste he smeared it,
And spread it fair for sticking.
Yes, that Cabby and that Coster,
While the door-keepers did snore on,
Prepared to paste that Poster
The House of Commons door on!

From 'neath my oil-skin garment
Where my bright bull's-eye smoulders,
I whipt it on those varment,
And flashed it o'er their shoulders.
And as the bull's-eye's brightness
Dazzled that brace of scamps,
In black, relieved by whiteness
Of the sheet, I read, "No Lamps!"

I seized upon that Cabby,
I seized upon that Coster,
By their coat-collars shabby,
And said, "What means that poster?
How dare you thus to stick it,
Braving a Speaker's summons,
In the middle of the wicket
Of the very House of Commons?"

"And sarve 'em right," said Coster:
"And sarve 'em right," said Cabby:
"Of treason this here poster
Is guiltless as a babby.
You 've seen such every street in,
Where a cab's been druv to-day, Sir;
From our Exeter 'all meetin',
We brought this one away, Sir.

"And to this door we 've took it,
Me and my friend the Coster;
That M.P.'s when they hook it
May peroose that there poster:
And think if cabs and osses,
Without lamps, miss their mark, Sir,
That statoots all a toss is,
If *they 're* made in the dark, Sir.

"They say we want lamps lighted
To keep us out of smashes,
And show to fares benighted
Where a cab for their cash is.
Well—I make no opposition—
But if M.P.'s ain't blind babbies,
Let them think of *their* collision
With the Costers and the Cabbies.

"How they 've stopt *them* bread from earning
By their street traffic clauses;
And set us trod worms turning
With the 'ard lines they draws us.
Then own each man alive, Sir,
Needs lights upon occasion,
Both us the cabs that drive, Sir,
And them that drive the Nation."

A CARD TO CONSPIRATORS.

Mr. John Bull presents his compliments to his American Irish enemies, and desires to know whether they see any green in his eye? The reason which occasions Mr. Bull to ask them this question is their vehement declaration that nothing he can do for the conciliation of Ireland will be of any avail, that Irishmen all hate and abhor him utterly, and that no good that he may render them, how great soever, will ever prevail upon them to acquiesce in being his fellow-subjects.

Suppose Mr. Bull were to believe all this, what would he do? Immediately rescind Roman Catholic Emancipation, re-enact the penal laws, and re-establish Protestant ascendency. He would forthwith proceed to undo all the good that he has done—and Mr. Bull takes note of the admission that he has done good of late in Ireland. His endeavour would be to rule Ireland with a rod of iron. In short, Mr. Bull would adopt a course which would drive the Irish people at large, and not merely a disaffected minority, into rebellion, and not only that, but would justify their rebellion in the eyes of the whole world.

Mr. John Bull has no doubt that, if he took this course, he would do just what his Fenian adversaries want him to. Instead of that, he intends to persevere in doing the very best for Ireland that he possibly can. He is not the fool that his American Irish ill-wishers take him for.



LEFT-OFF CHIGNONS FOR SALE. (A STUDY IN A BACK SLUM.)

THE RIGHT BISHOP IN THE RIGHT PLACE;

OR, SELWYN AMONG THE BLACKS.

A salvo for Selwyn, the pious and plucky,
The manly and muscular, tender and true,
Let "Lichfield and Coventry" own itself lucky,
If loss of her shepherd New Zealand must rue.
On the bench of Colonial Bishops or boat he
The labouring oar has still pulled like a man,
In his "stroke" for all mitres on aees now afloat he
Is a model to match, or surpass, if they can.

He has toiled, he has tussled, with nature and savage,
When which was the wilder 'twas hard to decide,
Spite of Maori's musket, and hurricane's ravage,
The tight *Southern Cross** has still braved time and tide.
Where lawn-sleeves and silk apron had turned with a shiver,
From the current that roared 'twixt his business and him,
If no boat could be come at, he breasted the river,
And woe to his chaplain who craned at a swim!

What to him were the Cannibal tastes that still lingered
In the outlying nooks of his Maori fold,
Where his flock oft have mused, as their Bibles they fingered,
"How good would our warm-hearted Bishop be, cold!"
What to him were short commons, wet jacket, hard-lying,
The savages' blood-feud, the elements' atrife,
Whose guard was the Cross, at his peak proudly flying,
Whose fare was the bread and the water of life?

Long, long the warm Maori hearts that so loved him
May watch and may wait for his coming again,
He has sown the good seed there, his Master has moved him
To his work among aavages this side the main.
In "the Black Country," darker than ever New Zealand,
'Mid worse ills than heathenism's worst can combine,
He must strive with the savages reared in our free land,
To toil, drink, and die, round the forge and the mine!

Say if We'nsbury roughs, Tipton cads, Bilston bullies,
Waikato can match, Taranaki excel?
Find in New Zealand's clearings, or wild ferny gullies,
Tales like those Dudley pit-heaps and nail-works could tell—
A Labour more brutal, a Leisure more bestial,
Minds raised by less knowledge of God or of man,
More in manners that's savage and less that'a celestial,
Can New Zealand show than the Black Country can?

A fair field, my Lord Bishop—fair field and no favour—
For your battle with savagery, suff'ring, and sin.
To Mammon, their God, see where rises the savour
Of the holocausts offered his blessing to win.
Your well-practised courage, your hold o'er the heathen,
From, not *to* New Zealand for work ought to roam;
If *it* be dark, what must the Black Country be then,
What's the savage o'er sea, to the savage at home?

* The missionary vessel in which the Bishop used to cruise along the coasts and among the islands of his diocese. His prowess as an oarsman is still famous at his old University.

A Cool Idea.

Writing from Abyssinia, with the thermometer at 102° in the shade, a correspondent states:—

"I quitted the hot sands of Annesley Bay, and went to Tubbo, on the Hadash River."

Tubbo, that's the place—omitting the last syllable—where *Mr. Punch* goes every morning before he eats his breakfast, and certainly the thermometer has been a good deal lower than 102° there lately. In such great heat as that, how refreshing must it be for a man to go to Tub O! By the way, we wonder if our slang phrase, "Go to Bath!" has an equivalent in Abyssinia, in words which, when interpreted, mean simply, "Go to Tubbo!"

GRATITUDE'S ODE.

Song for the Voting Person.—"The Maid of the Mill."



"TUCK IN YER TWOPENNY!"

Dizzy. "NOW, THEN, JOHN, I'M COMING OVER YER AGAIN! TUCK IN YER TWOPENNY!"



"EDUCATE! EDUCATE!"



THERE are carnivorous creatures, according to CUVIER; there are creatures graminivorous, according to OWEN; but besides, there is a pecunivorous creature, according to PUNCHÆUS, called Man, and one outrageous species of the genus—the glutton, as it were, of its kind—called Special Commissioner-man. The barristers-at-law and officers at war who have lately been "amongst the masses," having once tasted —— guineas a day and travelling allowances (the exact honorarium is left blank, for fear of too great a crowd of applicants, and a riot in front of the office), thirsted for more gold, and appointed a deputation, introduced by a Prince of the Blood and Members of both Houses, "to wait on" *Mr. Punch*, the Secretary for the World Department, and urge on him the propriety of finding other employment for their "idle hands to do." He had found it already, but thought it more Statesmanlike and Downing-streetish to appear to be convinced by their arguments. He commissioned them to undertake an inquiry amongst those classes who are not dependent on weekly wages for support, and whose incomes range from £100 to £100,000 a-year, to investigate the truth of certain allegations that have lately been made touching their mental destitution, and to ascertain whether they are without the common necessaries of education. *Mr. Punch* added no other directions, but gave each of the S. C. a copy of MR. LOWE's Edinburgh address, as the best manual they could have, his benediction, and—some money on account; and then dismissed them to their different posts, and Railway Stations, with a request that their reports might be sent in before the juvenile members of his family began their elder-wine at Christmas-tide.

From an immense mass of matter (favoured by MESSRS. PICKFORD), enough to fill a great many of those books which may be blue, but are never read, *Mr. Punch* has selected the following startling revelations, which, or he is greatly mistaken, will determine the Ministers of the Crown to introduce a scheme for a general and compulsory education rate in February next:—

CECIL AUGUSTUS HAMBLETON. Age 40.—Employment under Government. Had a Grammar School and University education. At the former, the principal works studied in a living (English) language, were ADAM's *Roman Antiquities*, BUTLER's *Ancient Geography*, LEMPRIERE, and JOYCE's *Scientific Dialogues*. From these delightful authors he retains, even in middle life, a knowledge of the materials used in the construction of curule chairs, and the nature of the lictors' fasces; an acquaintance with the geographical position of Epirus and the Symplegades; a few facts in the somewhat careless life of Jupiter Amoroso; and a glimmering of the uses of the blowpipe—all of which learning is of the greatest use to him in the daily routine of office work. Has forgotten all his Greek, as he found, to his dismay, when ISABEL MARKHAM asked him to translate a motto from that language prefixed to the Royal Academy Catalogue; and the last time he tried an Ode in *Horace* (the "*Donec gratus eram tibi*") felt that his rendering would not have been satisfactory in "the Schools." Once knew the succession of the Roman Kings: never knew the succession of Royal Houses in English History. His attention having been lately drawn to the fact, knows that Abyssinia is in Africa, but declines to go into particulars as to the position on the map of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb—not being, he hopes, a latitudinarian—the Gulf of Carpentaria (probably colonised by those of the Pilgrim Fathers who were dissatisfied joiners), and our three Indian Presidencies. Has to keep his mind very steady not to confuse the Alps with the Apennines, or the Pyrenees with the Carpathians, never having been abroad, never having smoked a cigar in his life, except on one occasion, when he had to go to bed prematurely, and being altogether unversed in athletic exercises. Fortunately for him, there were no examinations when he entered the Dotation Department.

[MR. LITTLETON GLANVILLE, the S. C. for the Metropolis, has been warned that the closing part of MR. HAMBLETON's statement contains matter wholly irrelevant.]

CROPWELL BUTLER BISHOP. Age 19.—Educated at an expensive private school. Got a nomination for the Perambulator Carriages Registration Office. Crammed for the examination, nothing that he had learnt at old CANEHAM's being of the slightest use to him. Failed to satisfy the Civil Service Examiners. Their views and his differed materially as to the proper spelling of "vittles," "recieved," "embaresment," and "afectionate," the relationship of HENRY THE EIGHTH to QUEEN ELIZABETH, who he discovered, when too late, was *not* that King's grandmother, and the authorship of the poem of the *Traveller*, which he erroneously ascribed to MUNGO PARK. Believes that his handwriting was also objected to, and knows he omitted all punctuation, but cannot stop to give more details as he is off to Buenos Ayres, not being able to get any employment in England.

EVELYN ALLINGHAM ETHEREDGE. Age 27.—In a Cavalry Regiment. Was at King Henry's, where he learnt to play at cricket and run through a heap of money. Could construe *Ovid*—with a crib, and make verses, but they were—nonsense. Cannot say in what reign the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH lived, and forgets who fought the battle of Edge Hill, but knows a place of that name near Liverpool—some awfully jolly girls there: met them at a croquet party, and danced with them afterwards till all was blue. Is not certain whether the sun moves round the earth, or the earth round the sun. Unable to distinguish between Jacobites and Jacobins, but is fully aware that the latter are fancy pigeons. Was one of the first to part his hair down the middle, and wear a half crown hat. Cannot cast up his tradesmen's bills, and "Will have much pleasure in accepting MRS. DALRYMPLE HAVERSHAM's invitation for the 23rd."

MABEL MEREDITH ASHTON. Age 20.—At MISS ROLLINSON's, The Laurels, Superior Norwood, for several years. Terms 100 guineas, with all sorts of extras and extravagances. Learnt the piano and harp, but never practises now on either instrument, not having the slightest taste for music. Has forgotten her German, and, when she went to the Paris Exhibition, found some difficulty in making herself understood in the shops. Never read SCOTT's novels, SHAKSPEARE's plays (except bits out of *Romeo and Juliet*), or MACAULAY's History, and seldom looks at a newspaper. Has just finished *Forgotten Crimes*, and is anxiously waiting for the first volume of *The Bigamist Banker*. Is not sure who is Prime Minister, and is indifferent as to the derivation of Rotten Row. Does not find that the Girondists, or the Thirty Years' War, or the Man in the Iron Mask are common topics of conversation at dinner, and is not pressed by her partners for her views on the probable exhaustion of our coal-fields, and the nature of the implements found in the Drift. The drift of their remarks usually somewhat ailly. Made the following replies as to the source of one or two familiar quotations:—

"On the light fantastic toe:"

A novel she once read, called *Almacks*.

"And waste its sweetness on the desert air:"

PIESSE AND LUBIN.

"Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?"

Probably some medical book, not proper for her to read.

"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:"

DIBDIN's *Naval Songs*.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise:"

Cordially agrees with that excellent sentiment of MRS. HANNAH MORE's.

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH HIM?

WE did not want to read any further on in the newspaper, after the following heading had caught our eye:—

LOAN OF HIS HIGHNESS ISMAIL PACHA, VICEROY OF EGYPT.

So HIS HIGHNESS ISMAIL PACHA is to be lent. Who 'll borrow him? What 'll you do with him when you 've got him? You can't take him out like a friend's umbrella, or put him against the sugar-basin and read him like a book from a lending Library. Of course he 'd have to be "taken great care of," and returned by a certain date.

Perhaps he 's short of ready money, and will come out for so much an hour? But even then, what to do? Tell Egyptian stories without stopping: make Nineveh Bulls, or what?

Would you hire him for an hour to play with the children? Does he mean to be lent to a certain number of subscribers, and no one to keep him more than two days? Or shall we see His Highness advertising himself as "open to one turn more" at several of our Metropolitan Music Halls?

He would be a great card for MADAME TUSSAUD's in full costume, with moveable eyes; but the loan of him would scarcely suit that establishment.

We anxiously await further particulars.



THE DELIGHTS OF FASHION. (A CAUTION TO LADIES WHO HUNT IN CHIGNONS.)

"O TOM, HELP ME! I'LL NEVER WEAR IT AGAIN!"

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU VII.—MY LATE FRIEND.

AT four in the morning my Late Friend is ready to go. That is, we get (for the third or fourth time, for something has invariably brought him back again) to the passage. I have lighted my candle, as a hint that Bed is my immediate destination. The candle burns smokily on the sideboard. My Late Friend leans against the wall, regarding it with an air of intense interest. I find myself gradually occupied in the same intellectual process.

"Well!" says my Late Friend, slowly, as if, after being thoroughly satisfied with the candle, he *must* now go. He doesn't, however. He only shifts his position slightly, apparently for the purpose of obtaining another survey of the candle from a different point of view. Strange to say, that, while perfectly alive to the absurdity of our situation, I can't help staring at the candle, too. It mesmerises us—both of us. It is the rattlesnake charming a couple of late birds. The passage is cold. I become more and more aware of it every minute, yet I don't feel inclined to break the solemn silence by drawing my Late Friend's attention to the fact. It seems to me that he is waiting to say something important—something he has kept till the last moment.

THUNNIWELL has often acknowledged to me that he hates saying, "Good-bye!" This is very odd, as he generally manages to say it several times before he really disappears.

"Well," he says, for the second time, after an interval of twenty minutes, employed by us only in staring vacantly at the candle—"Well, I suppose I must be going."

Three hours ago he was *certain* he must be going; now, after repeated failures, he can only "suppose" it.

Pulling myself together, so to speak, I reply, "Yes, it's time." I simulate extra drowsiness (I am sufficiently sleepy, and have been for the last hour and a half), to encourage him in his determination of leaving.

"Difficult to tear oneself away," says he, lounging against the wall with his eye fixed on the candle again.

I undo the bolts. The street is a chilly, ghostly blue and white. THUNNIWELL comes to the door.

A supernatural freshness seizes both of us for the next quarter of an hour.

"How light it is!" says THUNNIWELL.

I stand on the steps with a view to seeing the light better.

"Wish we were starting for Zurich." He is quite brisk. Zurich, by the way, was settled upon at 2 30 this morning.

"I wish we were," I return. I don't mind admitting this much, being aware of its utter impossibility.

"Well, why not?" he asks, becoming brisker.

I weakly object that "it would never do."

"Not do!" he exclaims (so awake he is!). "It would be the very thing. Train at 7 30. How long do you take to pack?"

Not more than an hour and a half, I imagine.

"Well, say you begin now; it's 4 30. At six you've done. Take a cab; come to my lodgings, fetch me and my traps. I'll give you coffee and toast, and off we go by the 7 30. Breakfast at Folkestone, lunch at Boulogne, dine at Paris."

"And sleep?" I suggest.

"In the train," he answers, contemptuously, as if I ought to have known that by this time.

He is so brisk, he is so lively; I think to myself if my Late Friend is not "taken while he is in the humour" (*tow row row, and, Paddy, will you now?* is the chorus, but nothing to do with the subject on this occasion) he will not be taken at all; or certainly will put it off so late that my vacation will have to be considerably curtailed, and I *may* have to go (if ever I *do* go) without a companion.

All this flashes through my mind (not exactly "flashes," or I should be electrically awakened, but "gleams" or "dawns" upon my mind, which is rousing itself and getting up) as I stand on the door-step.

"Well, the fact is," I say, "I wanted to—that is I ought to—but it doesn't matter." I was going to say that I ought to have called to say "Good-bye" to SOPHIA THERESA (to whom I have been engaged for five years—picture very little way on); but SOPHIA THERESA will understand it, and I'll write.

"What doesn't matter?" asks THUNNIWELL.

I don't explain that it is SOPHIA THERESA who doesn't matter, but reply if he'll promise to be ready for me at six o'clock, or say a quarter past (to give him "law"), I 'll pack up at once, and we will start.

If anyone last night at ten o'clock had told me that at 4·30 I should be packing up to go to Zurich by the 7·30 I should have told him that he didn't know the person to whom he was talking.

My Late Friend says, "Six fifteen sharp. Coffee for two." "And pistols," I add, by way of funnily adding an old quotation. I feel immediately afterwards that it is the sort of thing my Funny Friend would have said, and rather wish, either that I'd not said it, or hope that THUNNIWELL hadn't heard it. He is just going.

"And what?" he asks, coming back.

"Pistols," I say, getting up a stupid laugh to lead him on. He won't see it, yet was *so* quick and sprightly just now.

I feel that the joke, if it is a joke, has signally failed. A sad thing to fail with a joke at 4 o'clock in the morning, on a doorstep. And what a poor idea it will give him of me as a cheerful and amusing travelling companion. I oughtn't to have said it. Leave those things to GRIGG. He laughs when he says anything that he considers funny; and somehow I laugh too, almost always.

I recollect GAIGG making me split my sides at a story about a mouse-trap, at which he himself roared again.

I subsequently told the story to a party of friends, prefacing it with "I heard such a good thing yesterday," after which the Story of the Mouse-trap. I roared (like GRIGG) and nearly sent myself into hysterical convulsions (I was very ill for three days afterwards, with a pain over the chest, something to do with the ganglia, the doctor said, and hysteria), but not a soul smiled, except one person who thought he'd heard it before and knew the point. So I am certain, from much experience in attempting funny stories in company (it is not my vocation) that half their success depends upon when and how the narrator laughs.

I try (so to put it) to force 'pistols' in this manner down old THUNNIWELL'S throat. But no, my fun has suddenly made him as dull as ditch-water. He looked almost unhappy. How can I efface the impression? By dropping the subject? saying I must go and pack, and shutting the door?—no, he wants to know what I mean by saying "pistols."

"My dear fellow," I explain, "it's a quotation, don't you know?" I only laugh a little now, dropping, in fact, the jocose gradually, and drifting into the serious tone that naturally suits me.

"A quotation? What's a quotation?" He is actually getting pig-headed at four in the morning!

"Coffee and pistols," I answer.

"What from?" Asks THUNNIWELL, meaning what did I quote it from.

"I don't know," I own. But I say "it doesn't matter."

"Not a bit," he says; "only I don't see the fun of it." He is a little cross about it. I wish such fellows as GRIGG were not allowed to go about. It was GAIGG, I recollect perfectly, whom I first heard say "Coffee and pistols for two," and I thought it so funny.

But it isn't, really; not a bit of it. I shall tell him so when I see him.

THUNNIWELL goes. On my word, I believe he is dismal at the prospect of going about the world with a man who sees fun in saying, "Pistols and coffee for two." He 's right. I can't deny it. So should I. I have lowered myself. Most unfortunate, just as we were—in fact, as we *are*—going to start together.

I am dreadfully sleepy now he 's gone and the door 's shut. I must arouse my merry men, and make 'em help me in my packing. My merry men! Bother that word! it suggests a lot of GRIGGS, an army of Funny Friends, helping me to pack! Ah, where *would* my things be! Sponges in shirts, hair-oil among my socks! But, thank goodness, GUNTER'S JOHNSON when awake ("Hi, get up, JOHNSON! JOHNSON!!") is steady and handy. "HEN-REE!" (to the page). "JOHNSON!—HEN-REE!" At half-past four in the morning, a loud vocal fantasia on two names tries you considerably, and makes you faint and hungry.

They are up. Cursing me in their hearts of hearts, I'll be bound. JOHNSON exhibits a tendency to continued sleep during his packing, and HENRY falls three times into the portmanteau. I am glad of this, as, coming once against the lock, it wakes him thoroughly.

I sit on my bed after putting all my things out, and think of anything I may have omitted. This process I suppose sends me to sleep sitting. JOHNSON wakes me, maliciously I'll be bound. I must freshen myself with a wash. Can't: everything packed up. Wet towel and hair-brush, then. Can't arrive at the hair-brush; portmanteau fastened. HENRY has gone for a cab. I *am* uncomfortable. All sorts of unpleasant images present themselves to my mind in connection with persons who get up early. MR. JONAS of Newgate figures among them. After twenty minutes' wait (during which, with a view to refreshing myself, I have slept in an arm-chair, and awake more tired, sore-eyed, parched, and more generally uncomfortable than before) the cab arrives. The driver has been up all night, and HENRY, on the box, is little better than a somnambulist.

Luggage put up. JOHNSON and Coachman struggle. All right. Rugs, umbrella, hat-boxes, everything I *hope*. Off to THUNNIWELL'S.

Reflections on the Road.—A great deal of trouble; but, after all, it is *holiday*, and we shall have a very jolly time of it. Good-bye, old London! Good-bye, old white-faced policeman! I'm off to Zurich; you 're not. Good-bye, man with coffee-stall! to-night I dine in Paris. Adieu, dingy old theatre! Ha! ha! to-night I shall be at the *Variétés!* Good-bye, late reveller going home! I'm off to Paris! Ha! ha! These shops will open to-day, but not for me! I shall be "far, far upon the sea." If rough, rather be in the shop.

Here we are at my Late Friend's rooms.

Good idea, coffee and a muffin! Wake us up. Cigarette, too. Will be a sort of commencement of Continentalities.

Ring! Ring! Late Friend busy packing, probably. Knock and ring. No one answers. Knock and ring again. Servant perhaps assisting THUNNIWELL, and doesn't hear us. Do it again.

Confound it, we 're losing all our time. Knock again, cabman. Hard. Ring, too. Nearly seven o'clock. Not time for coffee. What a pity. Knock again! Ring harder.

At last. A drowsy servant; a girl, oh so drowsy! I jump out, actively, almost jumping *at* her, so as to enliven her.

"MR. THUNNIWELL ready?" I ask, cheerfully. She stares at me drowsily. My mind misgives me.

"MR. THUNNIWELL *is* ready, eh? He hasn't gone yet, has he?" Well do I know he hasn't; but I try to delude myself with a last chance. I dread what 's coming.

"MR. THUNNIWELL," says the maid; "I arn't seen him since he went out to dinner last night."

"Hasn't he ordered coffee and—"

I stop at "coffee." At her look of utter astonishment, "muffins" sticks in my throat.

I run up to his bedroom. "Now, then, are you——" "Ready" I would have said, but——

No signs of packing; not the slightest. Not even a bag.

There he is, sleeping as peacefully as an infant in bed!

On my word, in bed!!

And where am *I?* Out of bed—sleepless—feverish—angry—wild.

"Here, THUNNIWELL," I say, "this is *too* bad, upon my soul! It is too bad!"

"All right, old fellow!" he murmurs from the bed, and turns round. So peacefully! So calm!

My rage flies to small things.

"Why, you 've not even got the coffee."

"All right," he repeats again, murmuring. "Tell her. Stop (*hum*) breakfast (*hum*) up soon. No use going to Zurich. Make it Egypt. All right!"

And again he sleeps. Peacefully. Satisfied that he has done his duty.

Shall I go to Zurich? No; to bed.

But my Late Friend doesn't catch me again.

UP GOES THE SWINDLE.

AIR—"*Pop goes the Weasel!*"

ABYSSINIA'S bill who 'll pay?
Part of the nation.
All the charge on some they lay:
That 's confiscation.
Income-Tax will never cease,
Down though it dwindle.
Soon as war succeeds to peace,
Up goes the Swindle!

Spirits and tobacco, free,
Bear not a fraction.
Sugar is exempt, and tea.
Partial exaction.
'Mongst the plundered middling class
Vain ire may kindle;
Load the unresisting ass:
Up goes the Swindle!

Over the Sea.

OUR good friends, the French, have so much increased their army, and are supplying it so rapidly with weapons of precision, that, instead of being called, as heretofore, "our lively neighbours," a fitter name for them in future would be "our deadly neighbours."

WAITING FOR A DECISION.

The Cabman's Strike.—Pendente LITE.



A DEGENERATE SON.

The Governor (*indignantly*). "GEORGE, I'M SURPRISED AT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU KNEW BETTER IT'S DISGRACEFUL! IS IT FOR THIS I'VE PAID HUNDREDS OF POUNDS TO GIVE YOU AN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION, THAT YOU SHOULD——"

Son and Heir (*with cigar*). "WHY—WHAT HAVE I DONE, GOVERNOR?"

The Governor. "DONE? DARED TO SMOKE, SIR, WHILE YOU ARE *DRINKING MY '34 PORT!!*"

A PHASE OF THE CAB QUESTION.

SIR,

I NEVER in my life took a cab except to save time, to save clothes, or to convey luggage or ladies. Cab-hire I hold to be among those expenses which no man in his senses incurs if he can possibly avoid them, unless he is in the enjoyment of that unspeakable blessing, a certain and sufficient income, without which there is no happiness in this world, or peace of mind, except for the mind that is incapable of forethought.

It is, then, with the greatest alarm that I have seen mooted a proposal that cab-proprietors should start a new class of cabs, better appointed than those now commonly in use, not to supersede them, but to constitute a first-class style of cab, running at first-class fares. Of course I don't object to simply improved cabs; but I do protest against improved cabs at increased fares.

I shall be told by shallow scoffers that if there are first-class and second-class cabs, I shall never need to take the first-class unless I like. But I must whenever I have to travel with a female companion; that is, whenever I am obliged to move more than a few hundred yards with one in any weather, and when I have to stir an inch out of doors in the smallest rain. On every such occasion I shall be obliged to go to the expense of a first-class cab under pain of being not only considered, but also reported mean; which may be disadvantageous.

Sir, there is no expense more unsatisfactory than any expenditure, beyond what is absolutely necessary, on vehicles. When a carriage has taken you to your destination, and you have paid more for your ride than you would have done of your own accord, you feel that the accommodation you have had is all over, and the excess of its cost remains a dead loss and load on your mind. So at least it would lie, if, besides mind, you were not also endowed with money; wealth proportioned to your intelligence. First-class cabs at first-class fares may be all very well for you, or any other great capitalist or landowner; for any one rejoicing in the competence of an ex-Chancellor or the secure and otiose opulence of a blessed Dean. But not for JOSEPH—not for JOE, nor for the unwillingly but necessarily parsimonious because poor PILGARLIC, whom people who have more money than brains, and many of them very little money, are sometimes pleased to call

A SCREW.

On "The Grand Duchess" at Covent Garden.

SEEN it in Paris?
Yes: so has HARRIS.
What it was there
You are aware.
But 'twixt us two,
Here it won't do.

EXTRACT from a new edition of *Shakspeare*, nearly ready, edited by MRS. LILY MAXWELL, Manchester:—

"O, speak again, BRIGHT!
Angel that thou art!
As glorious," &c., &c.
Vide Romeo and Juliet.

*** These garbled editions of the great poet are really insufferable. "Persons" cannot be expected to comprehend him, and should be suppressed if they attempt to edit him.—*Ed.*

Punch's Pocket-Book.

THE Prize Conundrum in *Punch's Pocket-Book* seems really to have been worth "nothing," as several persons have guessed it. The first was a lady, to whom the promised prize has been forwarded.

LAMPS OR NO LAMPS?—A great question for the Cab-in-it.

Printed by Joseph Smith, of No. 24, Holford Square, in the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Evans, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN.



"LEAVE OFF, YOU LITTLE BRUTES, CAN'T YOU? POLICE!"



"NOW, SHY, YOU COWARDS, IF YOU DARE!"

BRENNUS-BONAPARTE.

"Hark! The Gaul is at her gates."

Do States, like stars, fixed orbits fill?
  And is the Muse of History's song,
With all its variations, still
  One weary round—a round of wrong?
Must Jove's fane, and St. Peter's dome,
  Witness the self-same fears and fates?
See the same captives chained in Rome,
  The same invader at her gates?

Again look on, as BRENNUS flings
  His scornful sword into the scale,
And while the uneven balance swings,
  Bids steel's dead weight o'er faith prevail?
Upon Mentana's bloody mead,
  As erst by Alia's * margin clear,
Must we again "*væ victis*" † read,
  By Chassepot writ, as once by spear?

Or is all but the baser part
  Of Rome's great drama set aside?
Shall we have BRENNUS-BONAPARTE,
  CAMILLUS, FABIUS be denied?
Hear the loud cackle of the flock
  The Capitol that claim to save,
But see no MANLIUS strike the stroke
  That to the chin the invader clave?

Where are those stately sires that sat
  Serene, before the sacred stairs,
To guard the Capitol, in state
  Of bordered robes, and curule chairs?
While whiter than their ivory wands,
  Or the bleached togas' stainless flow,
O'er their broad breasts and folded hands,
  Swept their great beards like swathes of snow.

While surge of red-haired Gauls, at gaze
  On all around, fierce-eyed and free,
Broke on that band, and felt amaze
  To reverence grow, and bent the knee,
Till Gaulish acorn revived its laugh,
  And the irreverent hand was reared,
And old PAPIRIUS raised his staff,
  And smote the Gaul that stroked his beard.

Here is the Gaul again: as bold
  Of brow, as insolent of mien;
Lacking in reverence, as of old,
  On Alia's bank or Clusium's green:
On Rome's white age and warning frown,
  Again he lifts profaning hands,
But no PAPIRIUS strikes him down,
  Welcomed, not buffeted, he stands.

Still, still the same, that Gaulish clan:
  But these, can these Rome's worthies be?
This triple-crowned white-haired old man,
  With woman's face, and weakly knee?
These cardinals, a blood-red show,
  The Priests of peace, in dyes of war,
That kiss, not strike the invader low,
  And to the Gaul their gates unbar?

Ah me, it is not as I thought—
  That History *all* her tale repeats;
She but re-writes the chapters fraught
  With frauds and crimes, with wrongs and cheats;
Renews Rome in her baser fate,
  Her dull decline, her feeble fall:
Brings back the BRENNUS to her gate,
  But not the MANLIUS to her wall.

* The stream near which the Gauls first defeated the Romans.

† The bitter words put by LIVY into the mouth of BRENNUS, when the Romans complained of his flinging his sword into the scale.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—If you would educate your children, as well as make their hair grow, purchase *Punch's Almanack*, and place it on their pillows when they retire to rest.—N.B. If one Almanack won't prove the fact, you had better buy another.

FLIRTS! FLIRTS! FLIRTS! Where do you expect to go? Buy *Punch's Almanack*, and see.

"IGNORAMUS" AT THE CATTLE SHOW.



WHILST observing that the public vehicles were illustrated with cuts of a fine fat ox, (so far I believe I am right) to be seen, with a great many more of his contemporaries, in a commodious building in the N. district, I resolved to brave the slushy horrors of a London December (are the roads in Abyssinia much worse than the streets in the parishes of St. James, and St. George, and other Metropolitan Saints, at the present time?) and visit the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

Happening to meet my most intimate friend but one—my most intimate friend is in the neighbourhood of Massowah—BAMBOROUGH SHAW, I told him where I was going, and also of my intention to impart my views of the Cattle Show to the public by means of type and printing ink. SHAW, who was born in Lambs' Conduit Street, and educated at that eminent school near Smithfield—Magna Charta-house, and at Oxford—and therefore really does know something of fat stock, being one of those useless men who hesitate to write upon a subject unless they are thoroughly up in it, asked leave to put a few questions to me touching my qualifications for the work I was about to undertake, not being aware that I had ever made domestic cattle my particular study.

Did I know Devons from Herefords? No, but it was high time I did, that I might be able to assist the estimable lady who has consented to share my name and ignorance, when my income is double what it is now, in the proper selection of the aitch-bone, the chine, and the chump end. Could I tell him what "Scotch Polls" were? Of course I could—Highland Maries. Had I ever even heard of a "runt"? No, with a grunt, I never had. Was I familiar with cross breeds? Thankful to say I was not, but should be happy to introduce him to several amiable families. How did I propose to judge between long horns and short horns? By taking a foot-rule and measuring them. What were my views about the dewlap? That it was highly poetical. Had I any acquaintance with the herd-book? I had heard of it, and of "Master Butterfly," and "Duchess." How did I intend to handle the long-woolled sheep? Beg them to give me a lock as a memorial of my visit. Was I conversant with the various breeds of pigs? Please the pigs, I meant to be at Christmas in the agreeable form of fry, and sausage, and pork pies (with plums in them). Was I—— but the day was "searching" cold, so I cut short his searching questions by informing him that I considered myself fully competent to report upon all the animals, bovine, ovine, and porcine, having once spent three whole weeks in a farm-house at Warnby-in-the-Willows. I did not think it necessary to add, that I went there in very tender years, to accelerate my recovery from the whooping-cough, which I had in competition with my youngest sister, GWENDOLINE JOAN.

So we parted near Gray's Inn Lane, he to his Club, I to mine—the Smithfield, (it might be called the Beef-Steak Club,) temporarily accommodated at Islington. There seemed to be rather more of the public road up than usual, and we had to make detours, but the Hall was reached at last. I went in by the ordinary entrance unobtrusively. Of course if I had made known the special purpose of my visit, I should have been escorted round the Show by the President and Stewards, had a copy of the Catalogue presented to me bound in calf, and been entertained at luncheon afterwards; but I thought it better to pay my money and preserve my independence. I entered the vast arena—I had reminiscences. What were they? Of days gone by, of the good old times, when Islington was "merry" Islington, and the nightingales sang in the Pentonville Road, when Gibson Square was green fields, and the *Angel* a village hostelry, where the sheets smelt of lavender, and the honeysuckle peeped in at your bedroom window, and SIR HUGH and LADY MYDDLETON went by for their morning walk on the grassy slopes of the New River, and visitors from London took the waters at Sadler's Wells? No, my recollections were of a more modern date, not going back beyond three months, to a scene of fairy fountains, and elfin bowers, and witching transparencies, to the voice of LIEBHART, and the horn of LEVY, and the thunder of the *British Army Quadrille*. All gone now but the horns, and they are not the same!

The weather outside was bad, but inside the first thing I saw was a good wether, for accidentally I began my inspection with the sheep, the second order in this great tame beast show. But here I was forestalled (perhaps I ought to have reserved that word for the cattle), for somebody else had penned the sheep already, and there was nothing left for me to write about the placid panting creatures that lay there warm and woolly; unconscious, let us hope, of the tickets over their heads, announcing that they were sold to MESSRS. CLEAVER & CHOPPER, "Purveyors," which set me wondering what a sheep's eye view of the Show would be, if the prize Leicestershires could express their thoughts in intelligible accents. I wondered whether the knowledge that they had taken the first premium, and the silver medal, and the silver cup, and were "highly commended," and the enjoyment of superior turnips to those the *οἱ πολλοὶ* of their kind were munching, and the comfort of roomier railway accommodation on their travels from the Cotswold Hills and the Lincolnshire Fens, and the contemplation of red and blue rosettes,—which, by the way, I think should adorn the victors themselves, and not the posts near them, —and the admiration openly expressed of their size and symmetry, made each of them a happier sheep, and reconciled them to a sharp knife and a short life. To dissipate these melancholy thoughts—not that I neglected to note the address of MESSRS. CLEAVER & CHOPPER—I passed on to the cattle, the peers in this Zoocratic realm. I approached those exhibited by HER MAJESTY, and breathed a wish that she might lovingly give all she had won in prizes to PRINCESS BEATRICE for pocket-money. I should have thought it a description of High Treason to touch these majestic creatures, but the Metropolitan butchers were not so self contained.

The attendants in charge of the Steers—steersmen, I believe they are called—would, I am persuaded, have answered very readily any questions I might have put—I should have done so very humbly, for I forebore to give myself airs of knowledge, as though I had farmed and grazed from my boyhood's days, and did not go about pinching and punching and feeling, and making guesses at weight, in which I should infallibly have been a hundredweight or so wrong, and taking liberties with the horns and tails of the superb beasts, and measuring them round the waist with a tape-yard—but my inability to answer that preliminary question of BAMBOROUGH SHAW'S about a "runt" made me avoid any further disclosure of ignorance. Before the great hero of the Show, MR. M'COMBIE'S Scotch ox, I stood stock still, wishing to make myself master of his fine points; but he had a policeman and a crowd all to himself, and as, to quote the language of a lady near me who had been imperfectly educated, a crowd makes one so 'ot, I thought, *Mr. Punch*, you would be satisfied with seeing his effigies in the *Illustrated London News*, and dispense with details of coat and breast, and forequarters and flanks, from my pen. Some of the cross-bred cattle did certainly look very cross, and at times there was a glance from the eyes and a free use of the horns of the Scotch—I have particularly in my recollection one animal (*décoré*) with a nose that was *retroussé*, not to say snub—which might be meant for playfulness, but was sufficiently doubtful to keep me at a distance from the rails.

And again, there was that fatal placard, the death warrant of so many fat conquerors,—"Purchased by SUETT & HOFFLE,"—to remind Devon and Hereford, Scotch and Welsh, that although the examiners (the judges, I should say, the Barons of Beef, I might say) had awarded them honours, and they were first-class creatures and medallists, and were having their portraits taken in oil, and would figure in illustrated papers, and had soft hands to stroke and caress them, they were doomed to be displayed "in all the luxury of" beef on marble counters, and at "purveyors'" doors not later than the 23rd of this cruel December. One case appeared particularly hard; an unsuspecting heifer had a gay placard tied to her horns with white satin bows announcing the name and address of her own butcher. I could not but reflect that in the dead of the night, when the excitement of the day is over, and the cattle are left alone with their herdsmen in that silent hall, these cannot be pleasant thoughts for the descendants of "Black Prince" and "Royal Butterfly," even though they have the pride of knowing that as barons they will appear at the highest table in the land.

The pigs were noisy and popular, so much so that though not usually considered animals of haughty demeanour, they were difficult to approach. The glimpses I could get between broad shoulders of the leading stars showed me that many of them were lying higgledy-piggledy, too far gone in fat for the expression of any emotion, and awaiting death as a happy release. I also felt

convinced that in some instances—one black and sleek family in particular—the tails had been carefully curled for the occasion.

The Eland also was too much sought after to allow me a comfortable inspection. There was a difference of opinion as to what he was. I believe a cross between a camel and a buffalo was the favourite theory; and an equal uncertainty existed as to his native clime, some loudly protesting—but then they were Scotch—that he must be a *Hee*lander. There were no calves; and lambs, I understood, were not in season.

You will expect minute descriptions of the machinery. You will be disappointed, for if I was Ignoramus amongst the cattle, I was Ignoramissimus in the throng of implements, being one to whom the construction of the ordinary squirt is an unrevealed secret, and the relationship between lock and key a hopeless puzzle. But there was everything that a gentleman engaged in agricultural pursuits (modern English for farmer) could desire to get credit for, from a steam-engine to a sausage-machine, from pianos to pickles, from Kohl Rabi, which must be a Hebrew root, to tenpenny Sauterne—not an operation of agriculture but what was provided for and rendered easier, except, perhaps, corn-cutting. There was a "Village Phaëton," a mythological novelty; there was a cheap and expeditious chaff cutter—I longed to ask whether it could cut jokes also; there was a dove-tailing machine, something in the conjuring line, no doubt; there was the "Ecoscevephoron," which might be a wild beast or an American driuk; there were "Whalebone and Gutta Percha Jockeys," for anatomists and anthropologists to study; there were "Straw Elevators," which naturally connected themselves, in my mind, with the exhilarating implements used in Sherry Cobler; indeed, everything that has been produced by the ingenuity of CLAYTON and SHUTTLEWORTH, and FOWLER, and GARRETT, and HORNSBY, and HOWARD, and NICHOLSON, and RANSOM, and dear old MARY WEDLAKE, and a hundred more was on view.

Have I anything to say about the visitors? The farmers disappointed me, they seemed to have shrunk and dwindled and lost girth, but it was late when the duties of an arduous public appointment allowed me to arrive, and the bulk of them had, perhaps, gone. The days of my childhood came back to my recollection when I looked once more on the old familiar smock-frock, but, alas! not of the rich blue we used to see at N——, May Fair; and—but hark! hush! can it be? It is—the Waits, the *Belgravia Waltz*—my pen drops from my hand, I can write no more, except to add, that as I passed out from the Show I felt that, after all the pains I had taken with the cattle, I was still without the knowledge which would enable me to advise the meritorious lady I have before referred to in her selection of the aitch-bone, the chine, and the chump end—in a word, that I was as much as ever an

IGNORAMUS.

DIARY OF A DAIRYMAN.

BEEN reading a ignorant Article in a public journal saying that our 4 penny Milk aint worth more than 3 farthings a qt. no allowance made for talent loss of time and labour in improving upon natur. Then people nowadays are so finicking—they look in the milk-jug for perfect purity! why, what is perfect purity? It 'a a vision. where will you find it? In the House of Parleyment? Why their skim is worser than ours by a long chalk. *We* don't witiate a constituency by giving them horrid lucre, *we* only employ natur's uniwersal solvent water, and what else ought a liberal and discerning Public to expect but water in this whale of tears?——half of all the Infants in this Country perish before their 5 year old say the Statistics, and we're to be held responsible because Town milk don't nourish as it ought to! Prepostrons! as if a Dairyman was a Nero whereas (when his profits is not affected) his feelings tallies with the sentiments of a Howard, and he overflows with the milk of human kindness.——Look at the Rivers, how cruelly they 're abused—Rivers from which we draw our necessary supplies—how can a pertikler Public have its milk a sweet sky-blue when the lovely streams which meanders through the flowery meads, is contaminated by Dyers and Scourers?—We always had to bear a deal of opprobrum, and goodness knows we often groan beneath the yoke. Happily no law can touch us, for Water ain't like a artificial pison, and falls of necessity within the Pale.

A Trifle from Ramsgate.

WHY is MR. WELBY PUGIN likely to give up the profession of an Architect?

Because he 's lately made a *Barry stir*.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

WHY was the Shepherd PARIS well chosen as a Judge?
Because he used to sit on a bench and listen to the Baa.

A REALLY NOBLE LORD.

THE Cabmen say that during their late difficulties LORD ELCHO behaved—but this is no new thing for him to do—very 'ansom.

EVENINGS FROM HOME.

I 've been to the theatres, I 've seen Drury Lane,
And I do not mind saying I 'd see it again.
From my seat in a *loge*,
I would hear PHELPS's *Doge*,
And see him beheaded without any pain.

I 've been to the Queen's,
And supped, after, at GREEN's,
Which I needn't say means,
The Great EVANS's Hall.

I 've seen MR. BELMORE
(What acting could tell more!)
In a farce which they *Up for the Cattle Show* call,
Writ by a young gemmun
Whose surname is LEMON—
'Tis original, not from the Vaudevilles of Gaul.

I 've seen one more farce
That made minutes pass
As pleasantly as one could wish them to go,
'Tis *Highly Improbable*,
Though from my nob able
To give the plot,
Yet, I will not;
'Tis at the Royalty, if you would know.

There MISS BROMLEY,
Looks so comely:
And MISS ADDISON,
Oh, so glad is 'un,
To see her bright face,
Worth ten times my place
In the stalls whence I see six or eight other girls
In picturesques costumes, and chignons and curls.

Where next?
I 'm perplexed,
I must not become triste;
On this week,
When I speak,
Falls the mark of the beast;
Not speaking profanely,
In other words plainly,
'Tis the time,
When the prime
Sheep and oxen are shown
At Smiffel. Away to the fat and the bone!

I see the fat beef,
I think what relief
These beasts would afford to a Farnham Work'us;
And then my thoughts shift,
Then presently drift,
Down to Holborn among the train'd beasts in the Circus.

Bare-backed steeds,
Galloping round;
Muscular deeds
In air, on ground.
Acrobats,
Without any hats,
Come from that stage with its "pair of flats."

Over they vault,
A somersault,
Always safe and never a fault.
Marvellous folks,
Clowns with jokes,
And obstinate mokes;
A couple of poodles,
Far less of noodles,
Than many I see in the window of BOODLE'S.

And children all around were there,
Curly-haired, straight-haired, dark and fair,
Clapping their little hands with glee.
And thinking it all such an excellent spree,
They shouted with laughter left and right,
There never was a pleasanter sight.
The House was full, and at once I saw,
That these beasts of burden—these Horses "*draw*."

NO LAMPS give half the light of this year's *Punch's Almanack!* On the day when it was published all London was illuminated by its dazzling wit.



A NOVEL FACT.

Old-fashioned Party (with old-fashioned prejudices). "AH! VERY CLEVER, I DARE SAY. BUT I SEE IT 'S WRITTEN BY A LADY, AND *I* WANT A BOOK THAT MY *DAUGHTERS* MAY READ. GIVE ME SOMETHING ELSE!"

THE ANTI-FENIAN IRISHMAN.

(*Song by* PADDY O'RATIONAL.)

HERE 's a health to all thraitors
In the camp of high thrayson,
That bethrays dhirty craters
For stern Justice to saize on!
I dhetest all the lot
Of Sedition's foul movers;
But, when Fenians plot,
May they ne'er want approvers!

Och, bad luck to the crew
Of base alien inthruders!
To seduce me and you
Let him thry—vain deluders!
We 're the boys that will fight
For these Islands' connection,
Put rebellion to flight,
And rebuke disaffection.

What, ould Ireland, agrah,
From ould England we sever?
Singing Erin-go-bragh
One and all reply "Never!"
'Twere a blunder and crime.
Of our wrongs most is righted;
They will all be in time:
We 'll continue united.

It is thanks that we owe
To the good English nation
For the schools where ye know
You could get education;
For the bountiful sthrames
Of benevolent missions,
And all manner of schames
To improve our conditions.

In the dthread ranks of war,
Where artillery rattles,
There 's our souldiers afar,
Fightin' Great Britain's battles;
And their lives for a prize
In the service they wagers:
They may some of them rise
To be Captains and Majors.

Botheration befall
The contemptible notion
Of a separate, small
Speck of dhirt on the ocean
'Tis an empire we 'll keep
To BRITANNIA with tether:
Wolves, get out of the sheep!
Or be hanged altogether.

Natural History Gossip.

MRS. MALAPROP says she wants to see the Sanguine—she is supposed to mean the Penguin.

The Aunteaters continue to cause uneasiness in female circles. A great number of nephews and nieces report that their alarmed relatives have left London, but not their present address. Many a nephew and niece this Christmas will have no aunt to dote on them.

NO THOROUGHFARE—in Fleet Street at four a.m. last Friday! That being the hour appointed for the publishing of *Punch's Almanack*. Fleet Street was impassable, owing to the crowd of early buyers there assembled.



BRENNUS-BONAPARTE, OR THE GAUL AGAIN IN ROME.



Vol. 53

A FAT PAUPER SHOW.



PUNCH is glad to state that, as a sequel to the Cattle Show, arrangements are in progress for holding a Fat Pauper Show. The project has been set on foot by certain Poor Law Guardians, who are anxious to show that there are workhouses in England, where poor people are well housed, well treated, and well fed, and, in short, regarded less as paupers than as pigs. The probings of the *Lancet* have evidently cut these thin-skinned Guardians to the quick, and they desire to furnish proofs that the brutalities at Farnham are exceptions to the rule of Christian kindliness and care, for which most English poor-houses have now a world-wide fame.

The Show will be held at the Agricultural Hall, as being the largest building which just now is available. Big as it is, the Hall is scarce sufficiently capacious, so many corpulent paupers are expected to compete. Indeed, an application was first tendered for the hiring of the Crystal Palace, as affording larger area for the pinguitude to be displayed. But on second thoughts it was considered that the labour of ascending the many flights of stairs by which the Palace is approached, would considerably diminish the weight of the fat paupers, and perchance disable some of them from entering the Show.

From the interest which the Farnham disclosures have excited, the Show is pretty sure to be attractive to the public, and the charge made for admission will probably suffice to pay all the expense. The Guardians, however, wish to show the world that Guardians have not always stony hearts, and at times are even generous in their treatment of the poor. With this view they have handsomely subscribed the sum of twopence each, to be liberally distributed in prizes to the paupers, the large sum of one shilling being the first prize. This the pauper who weighs most will be allowed to pocket, and expend upon whatever luxuries he likes. A second prize of sixpence, and a third of twopence-halfpenny, will likewise be awarded, according as the scale of plumpness may decide. Extra prizes also will be given for good breeding, good temper, and good looks, or for any special merit which the judges may detect.

The Guardians, moreover, have subscribed the further sum of five guineas apiece, for the purpose of providing some gold and silver medals to be given to themselves. At the Cattle Show a gold medal is awarded to the breeder of the best prize beast, and it is thought that some such precedent should be followed at the Pauper Show, and a gold medal be given to each one of the members of whatever Board of Guardians may show the plumpest panper, and thus win the first prize. This "Gold Medal to the Feeder" will be doubtless as much sought as the "Gold Medal to the Breeder" is at the Smithfield Show.

In order that the public may gain some really useful information from the Show, it is intended that the catalogue shall be thoroughly complete, and shall contain the fullest details as to diet, age, and treatment of every pauper shown. A couple of brief extracts will suffice to show the style :—

"SOUTHSHIRE BREED.

"No. 165. Pauper GILES SCROGGINS, exhibited by the Guardians of Skinflint Union. Age 67 years. Widower. Father of eight children. Fed on skillygolee, stale bread, potatoes, hard boiled beef (has no teeth), Dutch cheese, harder still, and when ill, weak beer and broth. Weighs 8 st., 13 lb., when on the doctor's list, and 8 st. 7 lb. or thereabouts when not.

"No. 167. Pauper SARAH STUBBS, exhibited by the Guardians of Stonyheart Union. Aged 70 years. Married: husband separated from her, residing in male ward. Mother of ten children. Fed on thin pea soup, rice, gruel, shin of beef, (on Sundays), swipes (when on the sick list), greens, and specked potatoes. Weighs 7 st. 6 lb. in her heavy workhouse clogs."

In place of the implements, roots, and seeds which are exhibited at the Cattle Show, there will be shown some workhouse furniture and fittings, including lavatory utensils such as those in use at Farnham, and, by way of curiosity, some specimens of workhouse towels which have been in use a week. There will be also shown a sample of the stubbly, unclean mattress which sick paupers have to sleep upon, and some specimens of the wheelbarrows, used as invalid bath-chairs. Samples of thin gruel, broth, and other workhouse rations, will likewise be displayed; and, as a special curiosity, there will be shown, under a glass-case, a pint of workhouse wine! There will also be a model of the famous Farnham "rabbit-hutch," which a Guardian there declared to be "quite good enough for tramps." In short, no pains will be spared to render the Fat Pauper Show a most attractive exhibition: and, in the hope that it may tend to the improvement of our paupers, as greatly as the Cattle Show has done to the improvement of our beasts, *Mr. Punch* will be delighted to record its marked success.

A SATISFACTORY FRAME OF MIND.

THE following remark occurs in a newspaper about a criminal left for execution :—

"It is satisfactory to state, on unquestionable authority, that the conduct of the unhappy man has undergone a total change since his condemnation on Friday. Apparently he now begins to realise the awful condition in which he is placed, and his callous demeanour is changed into one of deep dejection."

In what respect is a change on the part of a condemned prisoner from a callous demeanour into one of deep dejection satisfactory? To the sense of retributive justice, or to the feeling which cares for the protection of Society? Is it a satisfactory proof that the malefactor is suffering what he deserves to suffer, or a fact satisfactory because when published it makes the more of him as a caution to his kind? For that purpose it ought to be made generally known, so that the dangerous classes may be instructed that, in view of a doom which they had better not incur themselves, the callousness of a convict has been changed into deep dejection. Then that change will, with some reason, be considered satisfactory; otherwise people of benevolent dispositions would perhaps be better satisfied with the information that a man about to undergo capital punishment was in good spirits. Perhaps, however, we are to understand that, under sentence of death, dejection is a state of feeling which the clerical mind in particular regards with satisfaction.

A BLESSING FOR BANKERS' CLERKS.

"I KNOW a bank whereon the wild thyme blows." That 's what my friend *Oberon* said, *Mr. Punch*. That was the remark he made about thyme, once upon a time—do you see? Do you owe me one? Well, but I 've more to say, Sir, about banks and time, not thyme this time—do you observe again? Sir, there is a species of time whereof I may say that it is but little grown in most banks that I know of, especially London banks; there is, Sir, a plentiful lack of leisure time, not only in the bank to those who are at work therein, but likewise out of the bank, at their own homes, or lodgings which serve them in the stead of homes.

"Four Thousand Bankers' Clerks" appeared the other day in the *Times*' City Article at the foot of a letter asking for a few more holidays than the scarcely any they ever get, and also praying that banks may be opened a little less early after dawn. Truly, Sir, I am such a tender creature, that methinks I could weep an this prayer be refused.

I have had a dream, *Mr. Punch*, not past the wit of man to say what dream it was this time. I dreamt that the body of London Bankers did meet together and pass resolutions, granting to their clerks certain holidays in the course of the year, and ordering that banks from henceforth shall be opened at ten instead of nine in the morning. Marry, Sir, I trust fulfilment awaits this last dream of

NICHOLAS BOTTOM.

Not Generally Known.

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA is an Irishman and a Fenian; his assumed name is THEODORUS, his real THE O'DORUS. The quantity being wrongly taken (so to speak "a reduction being made on taking any quantity") we shall soon find his name made to stink in English nostrils as *The Odorous*.

NAME! NAME!

WHAT people possess only one letter of the alphabet?
The Singalese (*Single e's*).

LAW FOR LADIES.

WHY ought every Lady nowadays to learn the Legal doctrine concerning "Wrong to the Person?"

Ans. They ought to *learn* it because its *Tort*. (Ask any barrister!)

WHY BURN GAS?—when you can purchase *Punch's Almanack*. The sparkle of its pages will light the darkest room. N.B. Moreover, it is certainly the only perfect substitute for marmalade at breakfast.



AS BIRDS' FEATHERS AND TRAIN DRESSES ARE ALL THE GO, MISS SWELLINGTON ADOPTS ONE OF NATURE'S OWN DESIGNS.

THE POETRY OF MURDER.

ON Banners carried at the head of a column in a Fenian Funeral Procession at New York were printed these lines:—

"Whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is when he dies for man."

The foregoing poetry is very fine, but the subjoined doggerel would have been more appropriate:—

If ever on the scaffold high
Men die for slaying man,
They should, who slew, no matter why,
Policeman guarding van.

After the Fire.

"WHY are Policemen stationed at all the doors of Her Majesty's?" asked Somebody.

And Somebody replied, "To prevent the fire *breaking out* again, I suppose."

"The Power of Sound."

WE know several fellows who declare that they feel themselves to be better men since they heard MENDELSSOHN'S *Reformation Symphony* at the Crystal Palace.

SELWYN'S APPOINTMENT TO THE BLACK COUNTRY.—A Mission to *the Niger*.

COOKERY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE French Minister of Public Instruction, M. DURUY, has made arrangements for instituting in every principal town in France cheap lectures, to be delivered by competent professors of an evening two or three times a week, on history, geography, astronomy, natural science, and chemistry, to young ladies of the middle classes. Of this scheme for enlarging the education of women, the *Post* observes:—

"The plan has of course encountered a most determined resistance from the Church and the Ultramontane party; and MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, is understood to have expressed his disapproval in no measured terms."

There is a proverb according to which Heaven may send us good meat, but cooks may be sent from another quarter. This appears to be the opinion of the irrepressible M. DUPANLOUP. The BISHOP OF ORLEANS can surely not think that history, geography, natural science, and chemistry are other than good intellectual meat for young ladies. But he doesn't consider those articles of mental diet digestible *au naturel*. He thinks that they would not be wholesome so served up, as they would be by lay professors; and that, to be rendered fit food for the mind, they ought to be subjected to ecclesiastical cookery. What a wonderful likeness there is, with a difference, between BISHOP DUPANLOUP and ARCHDEACON DENISON! How pleasant it would be to see them brought together! They would, doubtless, first rush into each other's arms, and, having embraced, then set foot to foot, and pitch into each other. Their combat would afford rare sport if they had to fight it out, as they might, with laths, weighted, each of them, by a connecting thong, with a blown bladder.

The Weather and the Parks.

A MEDICAL MAN and a Barrister met in "the Parks" during "the weather." Says the Barrister, "I can't keep myself warm o' nights, and yet I'm always well wrapped up when I go to bed."

"Just my case," returned the Doctor. "I suffer from being *rapped up* several times during the night."

"A LADY'S OUTFIT."—About August.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING—with delight, when you roar at *Punch's Almanack*. Price only Threepence, or Fourpence, being stamped.

THE VOICE OF THE BLACKGUARD

(*Addressing Mr. Punch*).

'Tis the voice of the Blackguard; I hear him complain,
"You are always one-sided; for Order's stern reign.
A little mob-law, and a little mob-riot
You can never put up with in patience and quiet.

"You take Government's part if we ever rebel,
Dead against us, because we're ruled what you call well.
And you make no allowance for that discontent
Which some natures, however they're governed, must vent.

"You can pity the wealthy man, only half choked
For the sake of his watch, which a poor one provoked;
Never feel for the humble garotter, who stripped
The rich of his riches with violence—whipped.

"Yah, coward, so anxious for guarding base life
From a brother's revolver, or bludgeon, or knife!
Cruel jester, in picture, in prose, and in rhyme,
Holding up to derision the martyrs of crime!"

New Parisian Pieces.

Robinson Crusoe, as a Comic Opera, by M. OFFENBACH.
Gulliver's Travels also at another theatre.

The Drury Lane Pantomimes of the last twenty years will probably furnish the French Librettists with subjects for some time to come. In many of their Spectacles in Paris, they have used our Transformation Scenes, sent direct "this side uppermost," which have been greatly admired by Travelling Cockneys who returning say, "Ah, you don't see this sort of thing in England." This may be the right sort of thing to *say*, but it isn't the fact.

A Sign of the Times.

IT is stated that there has been of late years a very considerable increase in the number of fires throughout the country, and that five-sixths of such fires occur upon insured property. If this is the case, there is reason to infer that prudence, in perhaps five cases out of six, is a *solitary* virtue.

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAUX VIII. AND IX.—SOPHIA THERESA, THE LONG-ENGAGED.
TABLEAU X.—MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.

BEING delayed in Town [*vide* picture, just past, of my Late Friend] it will be as well to call upon the CHERTTONS. To MISS TERESA CHERTTON I have been for a long time engaged.

I should not allude to this delicate subject but that her picture is still in my book; and now, in the words of the song,—— but no; let events explain themselves, and, by the way, I don't recollect the precise words of the song.

"*Terésa Mia!*" as I used to call her passionately many years ago, [which my Funny Friend would translate, and did, as "*mere* TERÉSA;" for which liberty I could have knocked him down, only I couldn't,] when as a sunbeam she first crossed my path.

"Lovely! Brighter than morning! softer than moonbeams! sweeter than the honeysuckle! my heart is thine, my heart is thine!"

By the way. The above, commencing at TERÉSA, is extracted from a diary which five or six years ago I used to keep. I wrote this passage at night, in July, by an open window, and cried over it. Even now I think there is some poetry in it.

I also find in the same MS.:—

"The soft winds murmur through the trees"—

I recollect as well as possible that it was after this line I said to myself, "I must either shut the window or put on my dressing-gown." I put on my dressing-gown, and gazed out upon the lawn. The MS. continues:—

"Nature is hushed: the world 's asleep"—

I think the latter idea was suggested by my Great Aunt, who *then* had her room next to mine, and snored. MS. as before:—

"I sigh her name, I tell the breeze,
I clutch my hands, I start and weep."

Distinctly do I remember sneezing at this moment, and thinking to myself, aloud, "If I don't shut the confounded window I shall have a jolly cold to-morrow."

And what is more I *did* have a cold, a severe one—not at all a "jolly" one (a stupid word much used by my Funny Friend); and I couldn't move out, so I didn't go to a certain pic-nic. My absence created a temporary coolness between TERÉSA and myself, and the reaction forced me to a sudden declaration at our next meeting.

I have two pictures of TERÉSA CHERTTON. One, by a country photographer, taken six years ago, now much faded. I have lately visited the site of that photographic artist's studio, *he* has faded away entirely. Mine also was taken at the same time by the same person. It is fast disappearing from the card; but, dear me, as I look at it *now* I can understand how it was SOPHIA THERESA returned my passion.

I showed it to GRIGG, and asked him who it was, because I should have been pleased if he couldn't believe it was a picture of *me*. He replied, "Don't know; it looks like an acrobat in private life."

I said, "No; that 's a picture of me, six years ago."

"Is it, indeed?" he exclaimed. "What an utter, helpless idiot you must have looked."

There 's only one way to treat GRIGG—that is, to laugh? So, when he said this, I laughed.

People say of my Funny Friend, "Oh, you mustn't mind what GRIGG says!" and so he is encouraged. But if some one *did* mind, and would kick him for being rude, I am sure it would do him good. I 'd give sixpence to any one who 'd kick GRIGG. If this was Venice, I 'd hire a Bravo (not an expensive one) to kick GRIGG. This by the way.

Seated with my Confidential Friend (Tableau X). I tell him everything. My Confidential Friend tells *me* everything, and we exchange confidential information. I do not know that I am a bit the better for hearing *his* secret history, or he for being made acquainted with mine; but it 's pleasant, and, in a general way, soothing. The only fault I find with my Confidential Friend is, that he does not sufficiently sympathise with *my* experiences, but is always illustrating any peculiar occurrence in my past life by some equally peculiar and similar event in his own. If it wasn't for this, I should heartily sympathise with him; but *his* experience, so to speak, vulgarises mine.

I show him pictures IX. and X. SOPHIA THERESA. "Ah," I say, mysteriously, "I 'll tell you about her one of these days." He makes no observation, so I add, "Quite a romance!" to interest him.

"Ah," says he, "I could tell you of two or three romances in *my* life."

"I dare say," I return. I make this reply, because, in the first place, I don't want to hear them until I 've told mine; and, secondly, it seems as if he rather snubbed *my* romance, as if I wasn't at all the fellow to be mixed up with anything romantic. "I won't mention the name," I say to him, beginning my story so as to get the start of him, "and, of course, this is strictly between ourselves."

"Oh, of course," he replies.

"Besides," I continue, "I think you know some of the people mixed up with it." Not that he does, but it is artistically thrown out to excite his curiosity. I commence—"I was in Somersetshire six years ago ——"

"Somersetshire!" he exclaims. "What part?"

"Not far from Salisbury," I answer. "Well,—one day as I was driving past a neat little house, I saw the figure of a lady stooping to pluck a rose."

"Ah!" says he, smiling thoughtfully, and nodding, "Go on. I 'll tell you something presently. Go on."

This interruption upsets me at the beginning, under the impression that the "something presently" contains all the leading features of my story, and also having a presentiment that if it does *not* in fact it *will* in narrative, I excuse mine as nothing particular (which is weak after heralding it as a romance), and I further profess to cut a long story short.

"Well," says he, immediately I 've finished, "now I 'll tell you a curious thing. But you mustn't breathe a word of it. If you did, upon my word, I should be very much annoyed. I shouldn't mention it even to you, only I know I can trust *you*."

I am flattered. He *can* trust me. And I know another fellow whom I can trust, too. I generally tell him my Confidential Friend's stories, and he invariably says he 's heard 'em all before; from which I gather how very confidential is my Confidential Friend. However, I don't call telling *him* a breach of confidence, because I *know he* wouldn't breathe anything I tell him to a living soul.

My Confidential Friend then tells me his romance of real life, which, strange enough, sounds very like mine, only considerably developed and highly coloured.

I have known my Confidential Friend come four miles post haste, at an early hour in the morning, for the sake of intrusting me with a confidence. Not that I could assist him in any way, not that either of us gained aught by his communication; he had merely told me in order that I oughtn't to tell. And after this I 've found that several other people were keeping the secret upon the same conditions. So we all kept it among ourselves, and we talk over my Confidential Friend's secrets whenever we meet; and on the whole I don't suppose there is in all England anybody whose private business is more public, or whose secrets are more universally known than are those of my Confidential Friend.

I have since discovered that, if I want anything published abroad, the shortest and safest course is to tell it to my Confidential Friend as a profound secret.

But to return to THERESA. And as I have time (for my Late Friend has dropped me a line suggesting, after all, that we start for Zurich the day after to-morrow) we will look at her first picture taken, as I 've said before, some six years ago.

On the whole I am not sorry that THUNNIWELL hasn't been punctual, as it has given me an opportunity of attempting some valuable alterations in my travelling apparatus invented by my Portable Friend [next portrait].

I dine with him this evening.

In the meantime, SOPHIA THERESA.

KING MOB.

KING MOB was a rough low fellow;
He did in a League combine,
And defiance and menace bellow,
Reeking nought of the hempen line.
A straw, a straw, a straw for the hempen line!

There came to him others than POTTER
And BEALES who but sought to shine;
Many a pickpurse and brute garotter,
Undismayed by the hempen line.
A straw, &c.

Mad Fenians red hot who were burning
To avenge Ireland's fancied woes,
From America's shores returning,
Cried "Death to our Saxon foes!"
A straw, &c.

A noose for the rough low fellow
BRITANNIA was forced to twine,
On his knees then she made him bellow,
Oh, the law and the hempen line!
The law, the law, the law, and the hempen line!

BEST COALS.—The fire of wit this Christmas burns in *Punch's Almanack* as brightly as of yore. The jokes are all well sifted, and good for family use.

TWO SYNONYMOUS TRADES.—A Hairdresser; a Lockamith.



PATERFAMILIAS, ANTICIPATING A SEVERE WINTER,

UTILISES THE DISCARDED CRINOLINES OF HIS DAUGHTERS!

SMILES AND THIERS.

M. THIERS made a remarkable speech in the French Legislative Body on behalf of the temporal Papacy, and against Italy. The eulogist of the Monster Highwayman spoke as follows:—

"Let us look at the position of France before the world. From Mexico (*various movements*)—from Mexico we withdrew our troops to preserve peace with the United States; last year we allowed to be consummated in Germany an immense revolution against us; and to-day we should abandon the Pontifical States to Italy! What! France, so powerful, so proud, abandon thus positions which her honour commands her to retain? (*No, no!*)"

So then, France, according to M. THIERS, disobeyed the command of honour, when she left MAXIMILIAN to be shot because she dared not fight the strong United States. She disobeyed the command of honour when she declined war with strong Prussia. She obeyed the command of honour when she occupied the Pontifical States in defiance of weak Italy, and when her Chassepot rifles did wonders on Garibaldian volunteers. She has retrieved the honour that she lost in cowering to the strong by menacing and subduing the weak. M. THIERS entertains peculiar notions of honour. They are hardly so high as *Falstaff's*, though.

M. THIERS declares that the proper policy of France would have been to prevent the formation of an united Germany and united Italy. He holds that France should have hindered the creation on her frontiers of a nationality of twenty-five millions. Why not an united Italy and an united Germany as well as an united France? What has France to fear from either or both? Simply disobedience to French dictation. Therefore, concludes the moral M. THIERS, France would have done well to deprive her neighbours of their natural liberty to unite as Frenchmen have united. The same morality as that of M. THIERS would make an individual deprive his neighbour of his goods against his will. It is fortunate for M. THIERS that he has lived in easy circumstances.

Moreover, in the estimation of M. THIERS, Rome belongs to the POPE and the Roman Catholics at large throughout the world. He thus makes out that every Roman Catholic is not only spiritually but civilly a Roman subject. No one can be a subject of two sovereigns, or a subject of a sovereign and also a citizen of a republic at the same time. All Roman Catholics, therefore, everywhere but in the Roman States, are aliens. Perhaps M. THIERS does not see this consequence. His logic is as peculiar as his notions of honour, and his ideas of right and wrong.

If, as M. THIERS says, Rome belongs to the Roman Catholics, they should all go there, live under the POPE's government, which they love so much, and put his unwilling subjects in a small minority. There would not be room for them? That objection might surely be disposed of by a miracle, which would convert mankind. But M. THIERS apparently does not believe in miracles. He believes in NAPOLEON THE FIRST, and he thinks that his own view of the Papacy would now be taken by VOLTAIRE. The POPE and the Papists are happy in their patron, THIERS.

The Registration Conference.

THE memorable cry of "Register, Register, Register!" has been borrowed by the French Government. It will be addressed to all the Powers who may think it worth while to attend the Conference, to be held, after all, notwithstanding LOUIS NAPOLEON'S foregone conclusion. That conclusion is what they will be invited to "Register, Register, Register!"

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Anti-Ritualists object to the existence of the officer in Her Majesty's Household known as Groom of the *Stole*. Also naturally to the *Censer* (of Plays).

NOT FOR JOSEPH—only, but for ALBERT, CHARLES, AUGUSTUS, ARTHUR, LOUIS, ALEXANDER, HERBERT, HENRY, HORACE, GEORGE, MATTHEW, EBENEZER, PAUL, JACK, JIM, FRED, NED, TIM, BOB, BILL, BEN, SAM and TOM, as well as for VICTORIA, ALBERTA, ALEXANDRA, MARY, CAROLINE, AMELIA, EMMA, MARGARET, JEMIMA, HANNAH, EMILY, AUGUSTA, ANN, MAUD, BLANCHE, BESS, BET, KATE, SAL, PEG, LIZ, LOO, POLL and MOLL. Persons christened with these Christian names, or with any others, should purchase *Punch's Almanack*, as being the "best substitute for Silver," or for copper; or, if they prefer to buy a sovereign's-worth, for gold.

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BRITISH YOUTH.

Considerate Nephew. "NOW, AUNT, IF YOU FEEL AT ALL NERVOUS, YOU KNOW, I'LL CHANGE HORSES WITH YOU DIRECTLY."

A PRECEDENT BY A POLICE MAGISTRATE.

ON the bench of the Thames Police Court, the other day, a very extraordinary judgment was pronounced by MR. BENSON. The charge which it related to rested on the evidence of a child ten years old. This is enough to say about that matter. The judgment speaks for itself:—

"MR. BENSON said he had fully considered this case, which was one of great importance to the public and the prisoner. The girl had given her evidence in a very clear and straightforward manner, and with an appearance of great truth. At the same time he could not help noticing that she was entirely uncorroborated, and that another girl who was with her had not come forward."

The case had been twice remanded to enable that other girl to be produced. His Worship proceeded, referring, of course, to the evidence of the sole witness:—

"Against her evidence he must balance the testimony of a reverend gentleman, the incumbent of a large parish, who had known the prisoner five years, and spoke of him as a well-conducted, respectable, and moral man. He thought in a case of this description character was extremely valuable, and such a character as the prisoner had received left the evidence of the little girl in doubt. He hoped he was not doing wrong in the step he was about to adopt. He thought the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the doubt he had in his mind, and he should discharge him."

Now really this is an extraordinary judgment, a very extraordinary judgment, a very extraordinary judgment, indeed. That is to say it is a judgment very remarkably different from the judgment ordinarily delivered by a Police Magistrate in the class of case which it concerned. The ordinary judgment of such a Magistrate in such a case is based on a rule which, superseding a certain prior rule, declares that in the mouth of one witness only shall every word be established. MR. BENSON was evidently quite aware that he was venturing on a course which some people might censure as unprecedented. "He hoped he was not doing wrong in the step he was about to adopt." The really worthy Magistrate may make up his mind on that point. He was not doing wrong in refusing to convict on evidence which, whether true or false, was insufficient. He was doing right. In so doing he certainly did what was, as aforesaid, a very extraordinary thing, but will be, let us hope, in good time an ordinary thing, as it will whenever Magistrates in general get accustomed invariably to weigh evidence by the standard of reason and justice. MR. BENSON has shown them how to use the scales.

SOME REALLY COMIC SINGING.

LONDON has long wanted a comic English opera-house; and, thanks to MR. GERMAN REED, the want is now supplied. St. George's Opera-House, in Regent Street, was opened on the 18th, and we hope it will be long before it will be shut. Having lately lost one opera-house, we are glad to get another, though we still have a strong hope that the one lost will be rebuilt. Every Englishman who likes an hour or two of cheerful music is pretty certain, when in Paris, to pay a visit to the pleasant Opéra Comique. When in London, he may now go to the Comic English Opera, and hear OFFENBACH and SULLIVAN to his heart's content. We wish all so-called "comic" singers would go and learn a lesson from these composers' comic songs. It is really quite a novelty to hear some comic singing done by English singers, without feeling a strong wish that one had been born deaf. "Tol de rol," and "Rumti-iddity," and such old English comic chorusses, have long since had their day. Go to the St. George's Opera if you would know what comic English chorusses should be. In the interests of good music, we thank MR. GEAMAN REED for giving men a chance of hearing something better, in the way of comic singing, than "*Champagne Charley*," or "*Costermonger Joe*." We hope his charming little opera-house will tempt people from going to the vulgar, stupid music-halls, when they want to hear some singing which may make them laugh. Speaking for musicians, with all our art we wish success to MR. REED, and hope that every evening at his doors he will find a growing rush.

Patriotism and Treason.

WE are sometimes asked whether the Fenians and Garibaldians are not exactly alike? Not exactly. There is this little difference between them. The Garibaldians want to constitute an United Italy; the Fenians are trying to dismember the United Kingdom.



THE CHRISTMAS CHIGNON.

ADDRESS TO AN ELEMENTARY SUBSTANCE,

On the threatened Public-houses Closing Extension Act.

SIMPLE body, that art found
Chiefly on volcanic ground,
Primrose in thy native hue,
When ignited burning blue,
Of the three ingredients one
In the fuel of the gun.

Mingled, in division fine,
With interior fat of swine,
Thou canst cure the Northern ail,
Eased, but for the worse, by nail.
Couldst thou heal its every kind,
Thou wouldst comfort many a mind.

Lo, that peat, JOHN ABEL SMITH,
With vexatious BAINES, and with
Meddling BAZLEY, once again
Leagued, on holidays to pen
People out of tavern doors!
O the three confounded bores!

Sulphur, would that use of thee,
Tried upon, could rid, those three
Prigs of their affection sore;
That their fingers might no more
Itch for power to interfere
Between the people and their beer!

Romeo Past and Present.

A VERY old gentleman the other day, during MISS VESTVALI'S performances, remarked, at the Mcgatherium: "When I was a boy, there was a ROMEO COATES, and now, Sir, now I understand there is a Petticoats *Romeo*.

A *BLUE*-BELLE OF SCOTLAND.—Authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

A FEW FRIENDS.

(FROM MY PHOTOGRAPH BOOK.)

TABLEAU X.—MY CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND.—(CONTINUED.)

TO SOPHIA TERÉSA or THERESA CHERTTON I have been, as I have had occasion to remark before when we first came to her portrait, engaged for the last five or six years. I say five *or* six, because *now* it doesn't much matter.

SOPHIA is the youngest of four and the eldest of five. I don't mind the first part of this, but I object to (I was going to say I hate) the latter

The Eldest. I have portraits of all of them, you may be sure; but as I have no wish to assist or interfere with MRS. CHERTTON'S matrimonial plans, I shall not dwell upon them.

The Eldest of the family is quite married; I mean, she has been a mother for several years. I like her: she doesn't come across me, in fact I only see her occasionally, and have never caught more than glimpses, so to speak, of her, as she became MRS. WINSLEY when I was first formally engaged to SOPHIA TERÉSA.

The Second has retired from the world; that is, she takes vows by the fortnight or the month, to some High Church Superioress, and goes out for what she calls Church-work in a Quakerish-looking dress. From what I hear, she "has words" with the Superioress once every four weeks, and has several severe things to say about the conduct of certain among the Sisters of the Cloister.

I am bound to say that I believe she does a great deal of good, and if she wouldn't attack me at all meal-times on Church matters, and lead me into arguments, where she has it all her own way, being a very positive young lady (for I can't contradict her without being rude), I should like her very much. The photograph is of ANNE, in her sisterhood's dress—in fact, as SISTER ANNE. MRS. CHERTTON, a sensible woman on some points, thinks that she could do all her charitable work without her grey dress; and old MR. CHERTTON (who is in the City from 9 A.M. till 5 P.M.—very prim at 9, and very shady at 5) calls it a parcel of Puseyite nonsense, and asks her if she hasn't got duties to her sisterhood at home. But ANNE only turns up her eyes (fine eyes, too) and I think looks upon her parent as a sort of irreclaimable *Daddy Longlegs*, who won't say his prayers, and who therefore knows nothing about the matter.

Being engaged to SOPHIA for six years, has made me, apparently, the family property.

Old CHERTTON wants something done. FREDDY (meaning me) will do it. MRS. CHERTTON requires anything at any distance off, entailing cabs and telegraphic messages: FREDDY will do it; and pay for it, too.

They want to make up their number at dinner—*I* am called in. They want to decrease their number to something even—I am called out, and requested to drop in, afterwards, in the evening.

Does SISTER ANNE want to let off her temper in an argument, then am I to be argued with.

Does NELLY want some one to find "*The Deserted*," I must offer to look for it; or to turn over the pages of music (a dreadfully responsible post), *I* am sent to her side.

Number Three is the musical one of the family: she is perpetually practising the piano and getting into difficulties with her pieces of music, which she mislays or loses as soon as they are bought. I am always hunting for "*Tell me, my Heart*," which I find in the fauteuil with a false cushion to lift and keep music under. "*Soft and Low*" is another favourite reported missing whenever wanted. "*The Deserted*" has perhaps given me more trouble than all her other songs put together.

By the way. I wish some one *would* put them together and keep them in order.

Not Too Common.

SHY ELEANOR has such a horror of being thought forward, that she is taking the greatest pains to alter the character of her writing, having been told that hers is "a bold hand."

THE SHOP AND THE STAGE.

AN Apothecary describes the version of the *Doge of Venice* performed at Drury Lane as *Mistura Byron: Comp:*

NOT EXACTLY A RIDDLE.—What is the sensation that an educated person derives from a sensational novel? A sensation of nausea.

MY "JUNIUS" DREAM.

Christmas dinners were expecting me, Christmas dances were on the cards. Was I provided with a novelty in conversation, warranted to amuse any lady I might take down (do the ladies never take us down?), or take round, in Upper Kitchener Street, or Walsingham Gardens? I smoked and mused. What would wear best? Folk-lore? How in the West of England it was looked upon as an infallible cure for heartburn, if you could get and suspend round your neck by the hairs plucked from a grey mare's tail on a windy night, a piece of the first love-letter received (clandestinely through a hole in the garden wall) by the second unmarried daughter of the nearest widower, reduced to a white ash by a fire fed with sandal-wood between twelve and one at night, moistened with lard from an adder's tail, and enclosed in an embroidered bag made out of the wedding-petticoat of the great-grandmother of the Borough-reeve of Bulwinkle. How also, in East Anglia, it was thought very unlucky for a newly-married couple, when they came home from the honeymoon, to enter their house without first placing a new shilling on the back of a pure black cat, with a long green ribbon round its neck, held on each side by the senior sidesman and the junior ale-conner, and turning the coin three times, the bride with her thumb and ring-finger, the bridegroom with his right hand in a taffeta glove, sewn with orange-tawney, and saying both at the same moment, with their faces turned towards the South-east:—

Puss and we
Happy be!
One—two—three—
Lady Lee.

This done, the pair must step over the threshold without treading upon it, go into the best parlour, turn the second chair on the right three times round, and then throw a feather from the wing of a chough, or a crow, if a chough is not accessible, dipped in ambergris, in summer, up the chimney, in winter, out of a window looking to the west.

On reflection I felt that if I went on in this way in society I should draw upon me the notice of the whole company, and, being constitutionally nervous, should break down in details. So I thought of old local customs as a less exciting topic. For instance, at the ancient town of Crankley Poyntz, in the Midland District, on Shrove Tuesday, all the unmarried men between the ages of 18 and 45 assemble at the ringing of the pancake bell by the junior Alderman, in the Market Place, and after raffling for orangea, form a procession headed by the Mayor and the two Coadjutors carrying the silver-gilt maces presented to the Town by Charles the First, to the "Forty-acre," to play at foot-ball, the Mayor and Recorder choosing sides.

When the game has continued for an hour and twenty minutes, refreshment is served on the Corporation plate, consisting of penny loaves spread with medlar jam and spiced hippocras, provided out of the benefaction of Hercules Carpendale, once a poor boy of the town, and afterwards Lord Mayor of London, who, on Shrove Tuesday, A.D. 1689, as he was returning from football in the Aircham Meadows, found on the Northwell Road a purse of gold, which being never claimed, was the beginning of all his prosperity and good fortune as a Clothworker in the City of London.

This topic also did not please me: it seemed too antiquarian. So I walked about my room, till a message of remonstrance came from the gentleman underneath, considering other lively subjects, such as hippophagy, urn-burial, miscegenation, origin and antiquity of yule-buns, &c., settling at last, like the busy bee, on an old question of exciting interest, which has lately been revived by the publication of an able-minded book—the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*. I devoted the rest of the evening to getting up this subject, in which I felt convinced that Jenny Billington and Kate Coolngton would take an unwavering interest in the pauses of the dance, at Mrs. Norwell Woodhouse's New Year's Eve party.

With strict impartiality I mastered articles both for and against Sir Philip Francis, worked out with such ingenious advocacy that whereas at 10·30 I was an uncompromising Franciscan, at 11·45 I was as bigoted an Anti-Franciscan. Whilst re-perusing (at 12·20) some of the arguments advanced to prove that the letters were written by Peter Pindar in the earlier part of his career, with some assistance from Lord George Gordon and "Ossian" Macpherson, and that Wilkes was in the secret, and confided it on his death-bed to the beautiful Gunnings, I perceived a confusion in my brain, and detected myself in calling aloud for Lord Hollands and hot water, and bidding Merivale bring me a D'Oyly. So to bed.

Went to sleep and to every old book-shop in London, in search of the missing copy of the *Letters* bound in vellum, with gilt edges, which at last I found, on a rainy November night, in Gratton Street (W.C.), having been watched the whole time by a man enveloped in a large duffle cloak, with a crape mask over his face. He dogged me to Woodfall's, and from thence to the *Cock*, where W. was supping in company with Francis, dressed as an Indian Rajah with the Pitt diamond in his buttonhole, Nancy Parsons, in a lovely blue sacque, Burke, George Grenville, and Mrs. Trimmer, in cap and mittens. We had hard-boiled eggs (Woodfall's favourite dish), tripe with onions, a stick of celery, and hot elder wine. I was in the act of sipping some shrub with a clove in it, after agreeing to act as Francis's second in a duel he was to fight the following morning with Warren Hastings in Coldbath Fields, and had that moment been taken aside by George Grenville who told me that Cardinal York told him that Corbett told him that the author was—— when Calcraft (but this must have been a stretch of the imagination) announced the principal Librarian of the British Museum. Having heard of my discovery through Dr. Dodd, while dining at Ranelagh with Lord George Sackville, Colonel Barré, Peg Woffington, and Mrs. Elizabeth ("Epictetus") Carter, Sir Joseph Banks had taken a sedan-chair, and come to offer me a large sum down in gold and an annuity in exchange for the vellum-bound volume.

It was only a question of guineas instead of pounds, but the Estimates were passed, and the Duke of Grafton had told the King at Newmarket that "Chimney-pot" was sure to win the Two Thousand, so the gentlemen joined the ladies in the drawing-room, and after a turn or two I was asking Kate Coolngton what were her views as to the water-mark of the paper which Francis used, when the harp, and the violin, and the cornet, began again, and—— I awoke to hear the *Yule-tide Waltzes* played, at 2·45 A.M., by the descendants of the ancient family of the Waits, whose music I should listen to with more pleasure if the musicians could make it convenient to reach St. Pancras Place *before* I go to sleep.

Francis the Last.

Rosenhagen House,

PRETTY TIMES FOR THE CHURCH.

A newspaper called *The Church Times*, an organ of the copyists of the Church of Rome in the Church of England, commonly called Ritualists, amuses its readers with the following announcement:—

"A Sign of the Times.—It is reported that the conductors of *Punch* have resolved for the future to discontinue all ribald and offensive comments upon questions pertaining to Ritualism and Roman Catholicism."

Thus Ritualism is coupled with Roman Catholicism, as if they were as like one another as two golden pippins. But, on the supposition that Roman Catholicism is a golden pippin, Ritualism is not another golden pippin, but another thing in the shape only of a pippin, gilt—with base metal. The pretensions of Roman Catholicism are matter of opinion. But if Roman Catholicism is true, Ritualism is bosh. That is matter of fact—there is no doubt of that, anyhow.

Mr. Punch never makes ribald comments on any subject whatever. Offensive comments he must needs make whensoever he animadverts on any species of humbug. To some people his comments will always be offensive, so long as occasion for them is given by offenders: for instance, by ecclesiastical creatures of the nature of apes, and of jackdaws who persist in sporting peacock's feathers.

THEATRICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The Haymarket Theatre .	The *Sothern* Hemisphere.
The Holborn Amphitheatre	The *Horse-tryin'* dominiona.
The Adelphi . . .	"No Thoroughfare" shortly.
The Olympic . . .	Charles' Town.
The Lyceum . . .	*Dul*wich.
Gallery of Illustration . .	German-y et *Parry*.
The Queen's . . .	Manufacturing Districts. (Wigan, &c.)
Prince of Wales's . . .	Wilton.

THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE OF SYMPATHY.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to the Dowager Marchioness of Drivelderry, and is sorry to say that he cannot congratulate her on the destruction and ruin of poor people of the working classes by means of the Fenian Explosion in Clerkenwell. It is the earnest hope of *Mr. Punch* that a pious letter of condolence and sympathy addressed by a lady of rank to the criminals who were hanged for murder at Manchester, did not have the effect of encouraging other Fenians to commit the still more atrocious outrage which has occurred in London. *Mr. Punch* respectfully begs permission to express his wonder whether her Ladyship will feel herself at all called upon to make any charitable provision for the families that have been made destitute by the Gunpowder Treason perpetrated by the fellow-conspirators of her late pets.

Call a Spade a Spade.—After the devilish outrage at Clerkenwell, Fenianism surely would be better known as Fiendianism.



"HER VOICE WAS EVER," &c., &c.

Mistress. "JONES! *JONES!!* DO YOU *HEAR* ME?"
Jones (*from below—he does not yet know the voices of the house*). "YES, SIR!" [*Jones leaves at the end of the month.*

THE FENIANS' MOCK FUNERAL.

MARCH in procession,
Solemnly, slowly;
Make intercession:
Litanies holy,
Mixed with mad rant,
Howling and screaming,
Solemnly chant,
Fenians blaspheming!

Meet is blood-spilling
Treason to further.
Constable-killing
Never call murther.
Rest to the slayers;
Light ever beaming:
These are your prayers,
Rascals blaspheming!

Hanged, drawn, and quartered
GUY FAWKES, give glory.
Hymn all your martyred
Saints of like story.
Laud, in your psalms,
Hands with blood streaming,
Free from all qualms,
Blockheads blaspheming!

A Truly National Grievance.

THE *Nation*, raving Irish newspaper, declares that "The Constitution is in abeyance." Is that all? Let the *Nation* be thankful that the Constitution has not been destroyed, as it instantly would be if the power were equal to the will of the Fenians, and their abettors in the Irish Press.

FIENDISH OUTRAGE ON THE FRENCH POLICE.

To defend them from the Fenians, and other brutal miscreants, it has been suggested that policemen should be armed, and there clearly seems fair grounds for such a proposition. Doubtless, some would like to see them accoutred like gendarmes, wearing a cocked hat, and a sword at their left hip, and altogether looking more like soldiers than policemen. Most Englishmen, however, might object to this costume on the ground that we are not a military nation; and, certainly, the street boys would call out, "Who's your hatter?" if policemen were to take to wearing a cocked hat. Even in France a gendarme is not safe against street slang, as we may learn by this brief extract from the *Courrier Français*:—

"La population de Pouilly-sur-Loire (Nièvre) est fort émue par diverses arrestations qui ont eu lieu ces jours-ci pour le simple fait d'avoir crié: *Huo!* Il paraît que ce cri, très inoffensif en lui-même, est devenu désagréable aux gendarmes. * * Les arrêtés, après avoir séjourné quelque temps dans le *violon* humide et infect du lieu, ont été conduits enchaînés à Cosne."

Imagine a small street boy brought solemnly to Bow Street on the charge of having shouted "Bobby!" in the ear of a policeman! Certainly a gendarme must be extremely sensitive, if he cannot bear the cry of "Huo!" in his hearing. We sadly fear in England that no amount of arming will be able to protect our police from being chaffed. Probably their swords would get between their legs when chevying a snowballer, and if they fell upon their noses who could well help laughing at them? "Tuck up yer toasting-fork!" would soon be the street cry, when a policeman was seen running in pursuit of a pickpocket, and his sword was dangling behind him on the pavement.

Chaff is a harmless sort of safety-valve to let off surplus steam; and much as we in some things wish to imitate the French (for example, in their road-making, and street-cleaning, and cookery) we certainly have little wish to live to see the time when street slang will be viewed as a political offence, and boys will go to Newgate for having chaffed a Peeler.

PATRON SAINTS OF CHRISTMAS.—St. George and the Snapdragon.



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